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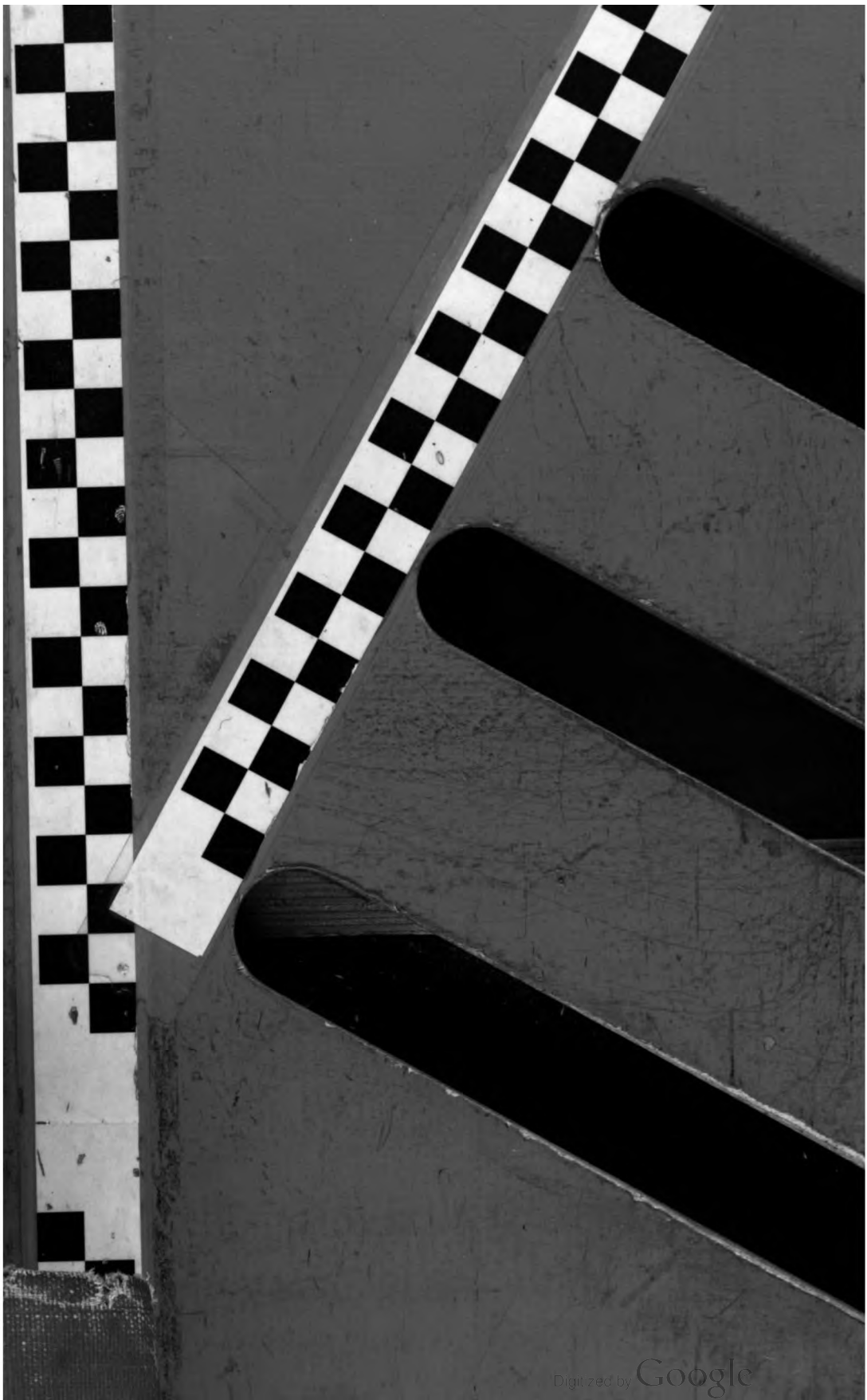
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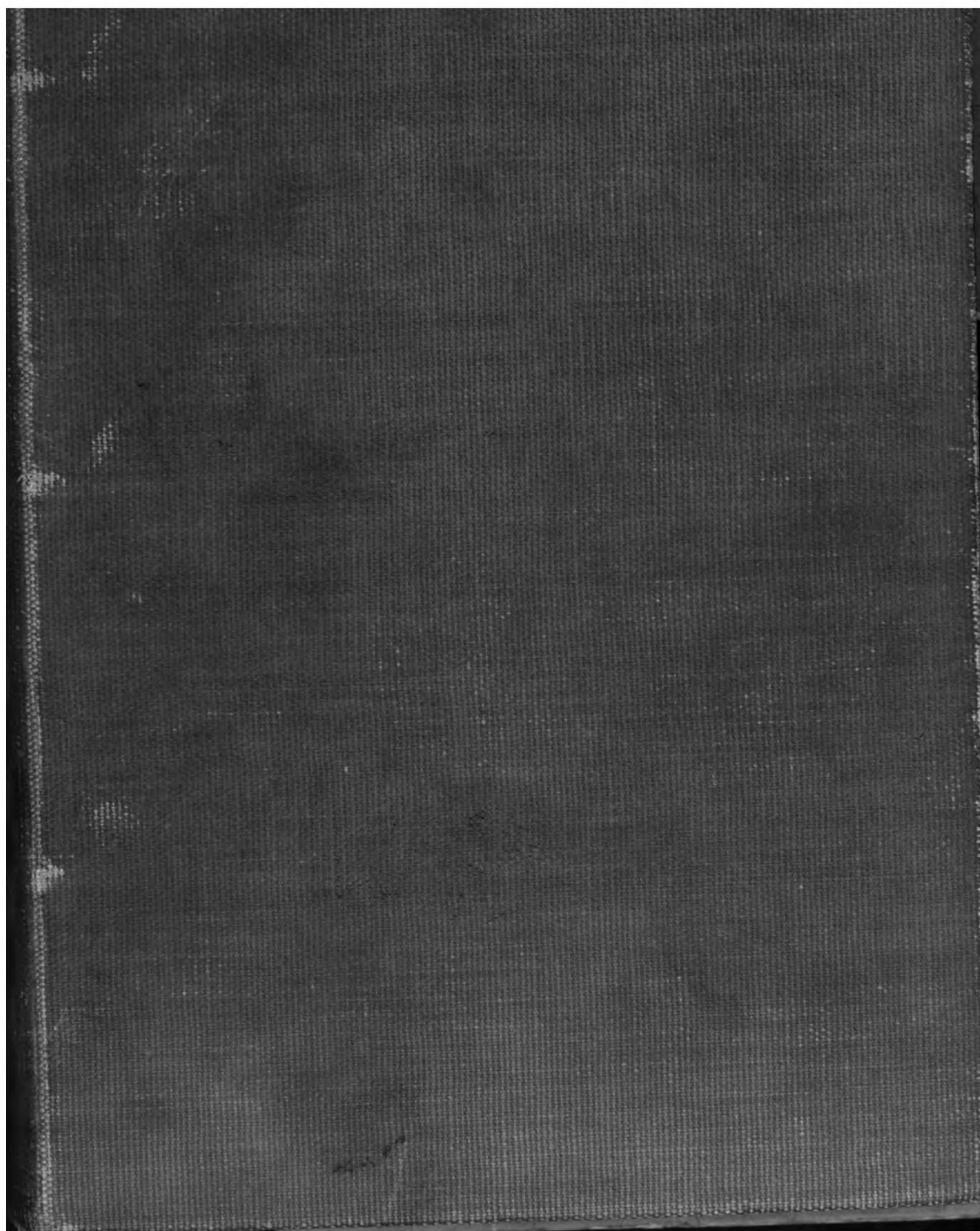






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Iron in the Spirit

ONE of Mr. Alfred W. McCann's recent articles calls attention to the importance of the presence of iron in the blood.

The little soldiers of life, called blood corpuscles, are never out of the presence of iron. Containing no iron themselves, they nevertheless swim about in a fluid which does contain iron. If that iron were not present, the little soldiers would die and become as useless as an army without a supply train.

The blood needs iron and it needs oxygen. For these two, combining, make the flame of life.

When you choke a man you shut off his supply of oxygen, which he gets from the air, and he dies because the flame goes out.

Likewise, if the blood contains insufficient iron, the body will pale and sicken.

The waste matter from the human tissues would destroy life in twenty-four hours if not carried off. And when it is only partially removed the result is auto-intoxication or self-poisoning.

"The iron in the blood," continues McCann, "uniting in the lungs with the oxygen of the air, carries its life-supporting freight to the tissues, where it oxidizes, or burns up, the waste substances so dangerous to life."

Iron in the soul is quite as necessary as iron in the blood.

By iron in the soul we mean that element which we call Courage, Resistance, Pluck, Grit or the like.

That we are unable to define it exactly or say just what it is does not alter the fact that it is absolutely necessary and that we cannot get along without it.

We do not know what the soul itself is, for that matter. And we do not know what life is.

But we do know that the element without which life cannot function, without which life is a flare and a failure, is spiritual iron.

We need joy, we need opportunity, we need liberty, we need all the other things that people praise and covet. We need these things as we need oxygen, and to shut them off is to asphyxiate life.

But if we have them all and have no iron within us, life fails and the spirit flickers.

Many parents are anxious to give their children all sorts of "advantages," by which we mean education, accomplishments and privileges.

But these things do not make life of themselves. In fact, they spell the ruin and the decay of life unless at the same time there is developed in the spirit a sufficient quantity of the iron of self-mastery, of the power of endurance, or, if you please, sheer moral stubbornness.

You cannot go on developing the imagination and the intellect and not developing the will, without heading for catastrophe.

One of the best effects of the influence of such a character as Theodore Roosevelt was that he emphasized the value of iron in the spirit to a young and exuberant nation that was inclined to pay too much attention to oxygen only.

Frank Crane



"HIS IS A MIND OF EXTRAORDINARY PENETRATION"

Wellington Koo is by all accounts one of the most remarkable men in the Washington Conference. He was a delegate from China at the Versailles Conference, and his experiences as minister to the United States and then to Great Britain have aided him in presenting the case of China before the bar of public opinion as well as before the Conference itself.

CURRENT OPINION

Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane



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No. 1

What the Conference Has Achieved

ONLY the future can assay the real value of the political results of the Washington Conference. But one large psychological result is already assured. It has restored to Americans their self-esteem. We needed that sort of thing pretty badly. The Versailles Conference was the first big international affair in which we ever participated. We entered it in a stellar rôle. We emerged from it in a guise that pleased nobody. We looked like quitters and we have been feeling like quitters ever since. Half of us were sore over the figure we had cut at Versailles and the other half were sore over the spectacle displayed in the Senate; but all of us were sore.

The Conference at Washington has given us again a sense of pride in ourselves. The acute author of "The Mirrors of Washington," writing in the *N. Y. Times*, puts it aptly as follows: "I suspect that what Mr. Hughes has done is what Mr. Wilson failed to do; namely, he has got us to play our necessary and legitimate part in world affairs. To take our place beside England, France and

Japan in managing the earth, we had to do so in a manner flattering to our national consciousness. What happened at Paris was not flattering. What has happened at Washington has been flattering. We have overcome a great many knaves in buckram, and we have enjoyed it. We are an international hero, and we like it. It has all been so easy, so simple, so glorious. We shall look forward to repeating the experience."

Aside from this pleasant feeling of self-satisfaction, what are to be the tangible results of the Conference?

Of course no one can speak positively of results until the Senate acts. If the Senate balks again there will be no tangible results and we shall appear before the world in a worse light than ever, that of starting things we can not finish. But it is a safe prediction that the Senate will ratify the action of our delegates after the irreconcilables, like Borah and Reed, have sobbed a sufficient while over Washington's Farewell Address.

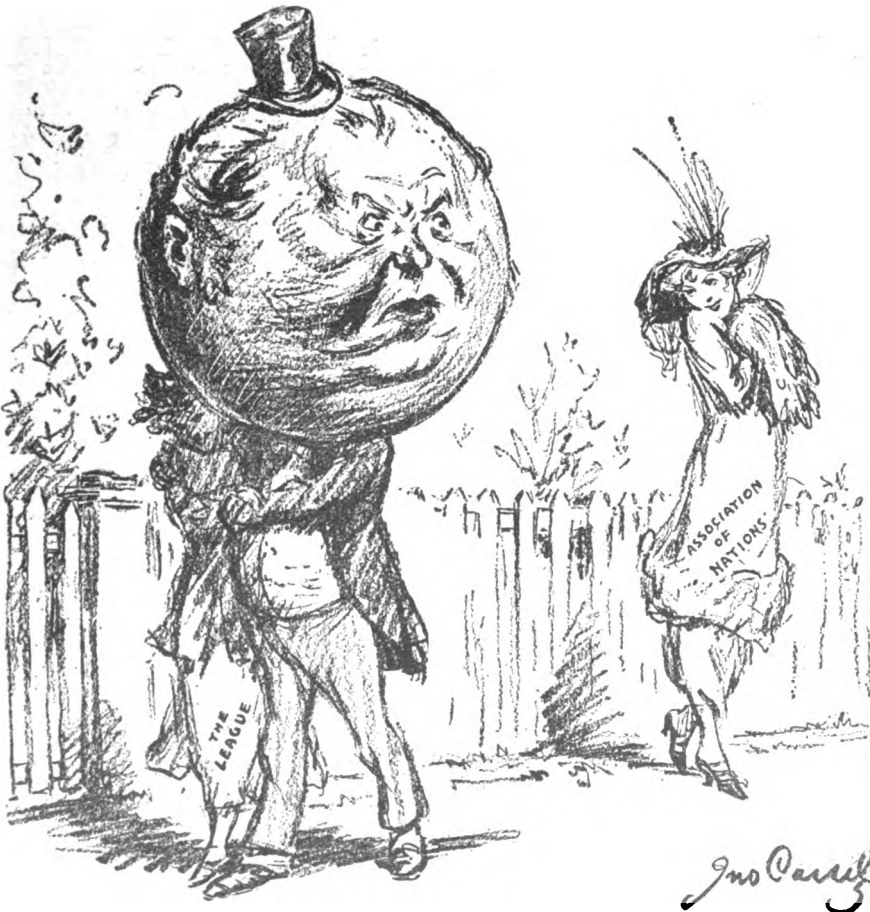
At the time of this writing agree-

Conference
or to the
the bar...

ments have been definitely announced on four things: namely, the naval ratio; the Pacific islands, including Yap; the "Root program" in regard to China; restoration to China of more or less provisional control over her post-offices, radio stations and courts.

The naval ratio is to be 5-5-3; which, being interpreted, means that Great Britain is to reduce her capital ships to an aggregate of 500,000 tons; the United States to 500,000 tons; Japan to 300,000. The ratio for France and Italy is still in dispute. The figures do not, of course, work out just that way, but that is the approximate ratio.

This, of course, is very far from meaning disarmament. A fleet of 500,000 tons, with all the smaller craft that go with it—cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats, submarines, etc.—would have seemed like a very formidable naval force a few years ago. And adding to them airships, dirigibles and poison gas, a nation might wage a very formidable war indeed. What the reduction will accomplish is not the ending of war or even, perhaps, making it any less probable. The gain is simply an economic one. It will save us something like 200 million dollars the first year. Great Britain and Japan will make similar



"GET OUT, I'M MARRIED!"

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.



A SHOCK TO THE FAMILY
 "Hey, Mom! Look what Pop's got!"

—Marcus in New York Times.

savings. Estimating their combined savings at half a billion only, this would mean the release, in capital and credits, of probably two or three billions of dollars for commerce and industry and that is very much worth while.

This naval ratio has been agreed on; but the terms of the treaty that is to effect the reduction is, at this writing, still the subject of negotiations. It hangs fire, apparently, on the question of fortifications in the Pacific—at Guam, for instance, and Cavite—and on submarines.

The Pacific islands have a treaty all to themselves—the so-called Four-Power Treaty. There are 3,000 islands in the Philippine group alone. How many are in the other Pacific groups even Senator Lodge

doesn't know and we can't tell him. The treaty that covers them all contains only 251 words, not counting the preamble and the signatures. The words of most importance to our interests are the last 20:

"... and thereupon the agreement between Great Britain and Japan which was concluded at London on July 13, 1911, shall terminate."

This, of course, refers to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which ends upon the deposit of ratifications of this new treaty. This is another tangible result very much worth while. Aside from that, the treaty, as the *Springfield Republican* observes, "shrinks to very tiny dimensions indeed." That paper finds it "so narrow as to inspire wonder at

the interest evoked in London, Paris and far away Tokyo." No one knew that there was any question about any of the Pacific islands except Yap, and the dispute over Yap is settled in a separate treaty.

The four-power treaty is signed by the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan. It relates only to their "insular possessions and insular dominions in the regions of the Pacific Ocean." The first of the four articles provides that if any one of these four nations has, with another of the four, "a controversy arising out of any Pacific question," which is not settled by diplomacy, "they shall invite the high contracting parties to a joint conference to which the whole subject shall be referred for consideration and adjustment." That is to say, if we have a dispute of this kind with Japan which we can't settle, we will call in Great Britain and France to help us adjust it.

This, as Senator Reed observes, in a horrified tone, would mean three votes to our one. So it would. It would also mean three votes to Japan's one.

The second of the four articles in the treaty has already called forth a lively debate in the Senate. Senator Borah has declared war upon it. So have Senators Reed and La Follette. It sounds to them appallingly like Article X of the League Covenant. It provides that when the Pacific rights of any of these four nations are threatened by the aggressive action of any other nation, the four powers "shall communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken, jointly and separately." This, asserts Senator Borah, obligates us to enter a conference with three other nations and, if the conference decides on war, we shall be morally bound to carry out that decision "just the same as we would be

under Article X." He goes farther. He sees in the treaty "nothing in the world but a military alliance by which the Pacific is to be controlled by the four great military powers of the world." From the fact that China is not a party to the treaty, he deduces that it is "a treaty for the exploitation of China."

The difference between Article X of the League Covenant and Article II of this new treaty is one of degree, not of kind. The League is a covenant between 49 or more nations, instead of four. It is a compact to "respect and preserve" the "territorial integrity and existing political independence" of all these nations. The four-power treaty is a compact to respect (it does not use the word preserve) the rights of each of the four nations pertaining to the Pacific islands only. The one covers the world, the other a comparatively insignificant part of the world. But Lodge will have a real job in showing that Borah is wrong when he claims that if Article X would have obligated us to go to war at the behest of the League Council, then Article II of this treaty obligates us to go to war at the behest of the four-power conference. In one case the Council "shall advise" what is to be done. In the other case the Conference is to take up the whole subject "for consideration and adjustment." The moral obligation, if there is any difference, is clearer in the second case than in the first.

The "Root program" with regard to the future of China is not a program at all. It consists of four general principles, such as: "to respect the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China"—without defining what territorial integrity includes; to provide opportunity to China "to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government," not indicating, however, how such opportunity is to be pro-

vided; to secure "equal opportunity" to all nations for commerce and industry in China. Standing by itself the Root program means nothing for China. "Since the time of John Hay," scornfully remarks Ma Soo, a delegate from the South China government, "these principles have been accepted by every power claiming to have an interest in China and of every treaty entered between them for the last 20 years." The *N. Y. Times* likens the adoption of these principles to "the renewal of a note with the old collateral and nothing paid on account."

But it is not quite as bad as that. Something is paid on account. For instance, one of China's grievances arises from the foreign control of her post-offices and mails. Japan has 14 post-offices, most of them in Manchuria. China has no power to inspect the mail coming to them from Japan by way of Dairen. In consequence, about 5,000 chests of opium are surreptitiously introduced each year into Manchuria through the mails, and the contents are distributed by peddlers. From this source alone, it is estimated, the Japanese are reaping a harvest of 20 million dollars a year. Now the Washington Conference has reached a formal agreement that all foreign postal agencies shall be abandoned (provided China maintains an efficient service) by January 1, 1923, and in the meantime Chinese customs officers shall have the right to examine all foreign mail that is not obviously ordinary letter-mail.

That is something. There will be more for China by the time these pages are read. The "conversations" on Shantung seem promising, and it has been agreed that a commission will be appointed to examine into China's judicial system, with a view to putting an end to the extra-territorial courts administered by foreigners. What will be

done about foreign leaseholds remains to be seen.

China, the real crux of the Eastern problem, has, indeed, been relegated to the background in the news of the last few weeks. Her delegates have been sadly handicapped. First there was the protest from Canton against their being allowed to speak for all China. Then their expenses were inadequately provided for by their own government. Before they had reached Washington news came that their government had defaulted on five and a half millions of bonds payable in Chicago. When "conversations" were begun between the Chinese and Japanese delegates, at the request of the Conference, to seek an understanding about Shantung, Chinese mass-meetings were held in Washington, Cincinnati and elsewhere to protest, and cries of "Traitors! Traitors!" were hurled at Dr. Koo and Dr. Wang on their way to the Conference. Whatever China gets will be due to the ability of her delegates, not to any backing they have from their own people.

It has been "officially admitted" that a nine-power treaty is being constructed to deal directly with the questions concerning China. If that is true, then the U. S. Senate will have before it soon at least four treaties: one on navy reduction, one on the Pacific islands, one on Yap and one on China.

The success of the Conference, one month after its opening, seems to be taken for granted in the press of the world. It is, indeed, difficult to account for the enthusiasm of much of the comment. The *London Post*, for instance, speaks of the treaty on the Pacific islands as "indisputably the greatest achievement of constructive statesmanship of our time." The *London Times* thinks America may be justly proud of the treaty. "Never," it says, "has an agreement upon a subject of such unprecedented importance been so



THE ELOQUENT APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

—Wahl in Sacramento Bee.

easily and gladly sanctioned by the spokesmen of nations whose most vital interests it concerns." Says the *London Observer*: "To the United States and its President belongs the chief glory of this extraordinary achievement without parallel for its direct and even dramatic manner and scarcely paralleled in the substance of what it achieves." The *Rome Tribuna* thinks the treaty renders Japan harmless because "the islands forming the necessary base of any offensive action against America will be guarded by a formidable quadruple entente quite capable of forcing any power to respect the other three." The *Paris Temps*, however, takes a different view. Japan loses nothing essential; she gains much: "The Anglo-Japanese alliance gave Japan her entry among the great nations of the world, and now the Washington treaty confirms her place there. England would never have held to the treaty against America in case of war, but now the Japanese position as an Asiatic power with a rôle in Asia is *more confirmed than ever*. For ten years Japan can send to Asia her formidable excess popu-

lation, and the thinly peopled districts along the Pacific Coast will have nothing to fear."

American comment is surprisingly favorable. The *N. Y. World*, one of the most caustic critics of the Harding administration, now speaks of "the able diplomatic policy of the Republican administration" and says: "whatever may be the outcome, the press and the public need not delay for a Senate verdict their commendation of the work of the Conference." The Hearst press, however, is already working itself up into a frenzy of opposition to the whole Conference program, with the slogan of "America first, America always, America alone."

China has a number of friends with taking ways.
—Greenville Piedmont.

□ □

Salvaging Our Industrial System

THE word salvaging is not too strong a word in this connection. It implies that our industrial system is a sort of derelict, and it is. It still floats and carries its freight and passengers; but, taking the occidental world at large,



NEXT!

—Thomas in Detroit News.

it is very much of a wreck. Parts of it are submerged, as in Russia and Austria. Parts of it are still sinking, as in Germany. And no part, not even in America, is any too high above the waves.

But the war-storm that struck the world seven years ago is not the sole cause of the trouble. The war between capital and labor is a continuing thing and it seems to grow more and more bitter. Records kept by the Government at Washington show that during the last five years the average number of strikes each year in this country has been 3,000, and of lockouts 100. That means an average of 60 strikes a week for five years. What they cost can be calculated only in part. In 1919, the strikes, it is estimated, cost the employees 800 millions of dollars and cost the employers 1,300 millions—a total of 2,100 millions of dollars. What they cost the public aside from this sum is the part that can not be calculated. It also is stupendous.

But the cost of strikes is, perhaps, exceeded by the cost of the slumbering discontent that continues between strikes. "The skill or energy or effort to accomplish," says Judge E. H. Gary, "is not one half what it was formerly." This means a sheer



THE MOVIES FOR ME!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

economic loss of prodigious proportions, what Judge Landis calls "waste for waste's sake." When we talk of the cost of industrial strife, as when we talk of the cost of a world-war, we must talk in billions of dollars. And the one comes to an end while the other seems to have no end.

While the nations are holding conferences to end war, what are we doing to end industrial strife?

A great deal is being done to intensify it. All the radicals, right, center and left—Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists, Bolsheviks, Anarchists—are doing their best to fan the flames, on the principle that the worse the industrial system grows the sooner it will come to an end and give them a chance to apply their cure-alls, as in Russia. They fan the flames but they have little to do with kindling them.

The struggle, in this country at least, is not a struggle between irreconcilable theories. It is a struggle for power between organized labor and organized capital, with the public, for the most part, standing around cheering one side or the other, and with the courts



THE "OPEN DOOR"

—Oppen in New York American.

and the government taking a hand only when the contestants begin shooting into the crowd.

An important change is taking place. There is increased activity on the part of courts and the government in the effort to limit the struggle and reconcile the contestants. Perhaps the most important thing in President Harding's message last month, in the opinion of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, was the passage relating to industrial strife. This is the passage in part:

"As we have great bodies of law carefully regulating the organization and operations of industrial and financial corporations, as we have treaties and compacts among nations which look to the settlement of differences without the necessity of conflict in arms, so we might well have plans of conference, of common counsel, of mediation, arbitration and judicial determination in controversies between labor and capital. To accomplish this would involve the necessity to develop a thoroughgoing code of practice in dealing with such affairs. It might be well to frankly set forth the superior interest of the community as a whole to either the labor group or the capital group. With rights, privileges or immunities and modes of organization thus carefully defined, it should be possible to set up judicial or quasi-judicial tribunals for the consideration and determination of all disputes which menace the public welfare."

On the assumption that this may mean a federal court of industrial relations similar to that in Kansas, Mr. Gompers takes issue with this utterance. The adjustments in labor, he thinks, must be by voluntary, not enforced, agreements. But according to later reports what the President has in mind is simply an extension of the idea embodied in the Railroad Labor Board to other basic industries, especially to coal mining, in which another crisis is likely to come next April when the present agreements terminate.

The Railroad Labor Board, composed of representatives of employers, of employees and of the public, has averted, or at least deferred, one big strike and is asserting its authority in several directions. It has just succeeded, by unanimous action, in revising the rules governing employment in six federated shop-crafts unions, involving 400,000 railway employees, and supplanting the National Agreements which were imposed upon the railroad managers by the action of the federal administration just before the roads were returned to private control. Those agreements, the managers claim, have been not only the cause of the loss of many millions paid for unnecessary work but the cause also of a great loss in morale. A bitter fight has been expected and a long delay in adjusting these rules. That the Board has been able to act so speedily and unanimously is a propitious surprise. The result, says the *N. Y. World*, is heralded as a victory for the roads, but it "should none the less be heralded also as a victory for intelligent and far-sighted union-labor leadership," which is represented on the Board.

This is but a sample of the recent extensions of governmental authority over railroad disputes. To-day no changes in working conditions or in wages can be made by the railroads without the authority of the Board. It is a similar authority that President Harding would now extend to coal-mining and perhaps other basic industries.

Court decisions form another striking effort to salvage the industrial system. The U. S. Supreme Court last month rendered a decision on the use of "pickets" in time of strikes. The case was that of the American Steel Foundries Co., operating in Granite City, Ill., versus the Tri-City Trades Council et al. Said Chief Justice Taft, speaking for the U. S. Supreme Court:

"In going to and from work men have a right to as free a passage without obstruction as the streets afford, consistent with the rights of others to enjoy the same privilege. We are a social people, and the accosting by one of another in an inoffensive way and an offer by the one to communicate and discuss information with a view to influencing the other's action are not regarded as aggression or a violation of that other's rights. If, however, the offer is declined, as it may rightfully be, then persistence, importunity, following and dogging become unjustifiable annoyance and obstruction which are likely soon to savor of intimidation. From all of this the person sought to be influenced has a right to be free, and his employer has a right to have him free."

Another assertion of federal authority has been made in regard to the collection and use of labor funds. By the "check-off" system, the dues paid to labor unions by the members are deducted from their pay envelopes, by the employers, and handed over to the union. The efforts of the United Mine Workers of America to break down the opposition to unions in several counties in West Virginia has led to actual battles in which the federal troops had to be called upon. The money used in financing these battles on the labor-union side to the extent of \$2,500,000, has come from various parts of the country, collected by the unions through the check-off plan. Judge Albert B. Anderson, of the U. S. District Court of Indiana, accordingly issued an injunction, October 31, restraining coal operators from collecting money and turning it over to the United Mine Workers unions. It was a sweeping decision against the collection of all monies collected by that system in the coal-mining industry, and strikes seemed imminent as a result all through the industry. But on an appeal to the Federal Court of Appeals, the

injunction was suspended and later greatly modified.

These are major court decisions, but many other minor decisions showing the growing application of governmental authority might be cited, such, for instance, as an injunction granted by Judge Guy, of the N. Y. County Supreme Court, on the application of the Ladies Garment Workers' union, restraining the members of the Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Association from making any effort to persuade employers to break their agreement with the union. This use of the injunction is especially notable as it was secured by the employees against their employers. The injunction is thus seen to be a weapon that will cut both ways.

But court decisions and government boards are as likely to aggravate conditions as to nullify them if the basic relations between capital and labor are wrong. They may, indeed, simply extend the industrial struggle into politics and endanger the political as well as the industrial system. Already the more level-headed leaders of labor unions are finding it more and more difficult to hold their own against the radicals. "Those who heedlessly attack the moderate leaders of labor," says the *N. Y. Mail*, "should learn something from the cases of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Thomas [of England]. Such men as they are continually the objects of sinister and subtle attacks from within their own movements. Those attacks are never more bitter than when labor leaders remind their followers that they have duties as citizens as well as duties as union men."

Something more than court decisions are needed to bring harmony into industry. What shall it be? No saner program has been offered by any man than that offered by Mr. B. Seeböhm Rowntree, head of a cocoa manufactory in England that employs 7,000 persons. He has



THE MODERN SAINT GEORGE AND HIS DRAGONS

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

been visiting this country recently to study our industrial methods. He is a careful student, a confidential adviser of Lloyd George, a man of both vision and experience.

"All over the world," says Mr. Rowntree in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "federated capital is confronted by federated labor." It is essential that we devise better industrial methods and "there has never in human history been a more favorable opportunity for doing this." The initiative should be taken by employers. He lays down five minimum conditions which any satisfactory scheme must provide:

- (1) Earnings sufficient to maintain a reasonable standard of comfort.
- (2) Reasonable hours of work.
- (3) Reasonable economic security during the whole working life and in old age.
- (4) A reasonable share, with the employer, in determining the conditions of work.
- (5) An interest in the prosperity of the industry in which he is engaged.

Not one of these conditions but all of them are essential. The first

involves "minimum wages for workers of normal ability." It involves higher wages; but whence shall they come? He does not think they can come to-day out of profits, nor from an increase in prices. They must come from "increasing the output per worker"—that is, better work on the part of employees and improvement in industrial processes and in administration. He suggests statutory laws making it essential for all industries, within a given time, say six years, to raise wages to a certain fixed minimum point. If an industry finds that impossible, it must be regarded as a parasite whose death will be no loss.

The third of his five conditions involves the retaining of a labor reserve (five per cent. would, he thinks, be adequate) to take care of the unemployed. This reserve force must be paid, even when not employed, a sum sufficient for living without serious privation. He suggests half pay with an addition for a wife and children up to 75 per cent. of the normal wage. "Just as



LOOKS LIKE THE SAME CHILD, OR A TWIN SISTER

—Knott in Dallas News.

a well-administered firm," says Mr. Rowntree, "sets aside capital reserve in periods of prosperity so that it may equalize dividends over good and bad years, so an industry or a firm should establish a wages equalization fund, which will enable it to pay part wages to its reserve of workers during the periods in which their services are not needed."

In his own manufactory, a certain sum is set aside each year for unemployment insurance, and the entire administration of the fund is handed over to the workers, with power to refuse benefits to any who are able but who refuse to work. All of the employees, having a stake in the funds, are interested in preventing abuses of it. The two most potent causes of labor unrest, Mr. Rowntree believes, are the fear of unemployment and the sense of injustice growing out of that fear. He thinks that the fund should be paid, as in England, in part by the state, in part by the industry.

Mr. Rowntree is a firm believer in the labor-union. "The fundamental right of labor to insist upon collective bargaining is scarcely ever disputed now in Britain." Over and over again, he says, they settle difficulties by going to the trade-union secretary, and "we find that he can deal with the workers more effectively than we can and exercise a discipline which we could not exercise." Working conditions generally are fixed by mutual consent. Each side retains a veto power, but it is hardly ever exercised. Even in the appointment of a foreman the workers are consulted, the management, however, retaining the right of final decision. It retains that right also in dismissing a worker for inefficiency or because of depression in trade.

Mr. Rowntree has become a reluctant convert to the idea of profit-sharing. He knows and has himself used all the objections to it; but he



A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE

—Kirby in *New York World*.

has come to feel that it is "a necessary condition of industrial peace." But it must not be a substitute for other necessary conditions; it must be in addition to them. He lays down eight fundamental conditions for profit-sharing, two of which are as follows: (1) employees must be free to join a trade-union; (2) strikes must not be penalized in any way under the profit-sharing scheme. His views in full can be obtained from his latest book (he has published five) entitled "The Way to Industrial Peace."

There are indications that the contest between organized labor and organized capital is going to grow worse in this country before it grows better. It is well to remember that there are men like Rowntree who have found a way to industrial peace and who have followed it successfully over a term of years. Allowances must be made in this country for the motley racial character of our labor and for the lack of that stability in many of our industries which has been attained

in an older country. But the principal thing, according to Mr. Rown-tree, that holds us all back in England as well as here, is the lack of constructive imagination on the part of employers as a class.

In this strange English language you seek to prevent scraps by scrapping.—*New York Herald.*

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The Irish Free State, or What?

And still the thoughts of Ireland brood
Upon her holy quietude.

—*From a poem by Wm. B. Yeats.*

ON the morning of December 6, at 2:20 by the clock, in the same room, at No. 10 Downing Street, London, which witnessed the final act severing the American colonies from Great Britain, the treaty to create the Irish Free State was signed. Lloyd George, head of the British delegates and Art of Griobtha (Gaelic for Arthur Griffith), head of the Irish delegation, are, singularly enough, both Welshmen.

Instead of "holy quietude," the immediate result has been the creation of four storm-centers, one in London, one in Dublin, one in Ulster and one in America. Edward Carson accuses Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead (two of the British delegation) of having "betrayed" Ulster. Lord Hugh Cecil accuses Mr. Lloyd George of having betrayed Great Britain and brought dishonor upon her. The *London Morning Post* (described recently as the best newspaper of the eighteenth century) terms the treaty "an abandonment and betrayal of British power and British friends in Ireland." Michael Collins (one of the Irish delegation), standing up in the first session of Dail Eireann, said he had been called a traitor to Ireland, and declared his intention of

meeting anyone calling him that at any time or place. John Devoy, editor of the *Gaelic American*, New York City, denounces de Valera as a man who has tried to destroy the Irish Republic. The Rt. Rev. Patrick J. G. Mythen, executive secretary of the Protestant Friends of Ireland (also in New York City), terms the treaty "the greatest betrayal in history." Judge Cohalan, chairman of the Friends of Irish Freedom (also of New York City), denounces de Valera as plotting for Ireland's destruction (tho de Valera is on the same side as the Judge in fighting the treaty), and he in turn is assailed by Major Michael A. Kelly, of a rival organization, as himself a betrayer of the Irish Republic and a slanderer of its President.

Never before did a single act seem so fraught with treason! Great Britain, Ulster, Ireland, are all, it seems, betrayed by it.

By a large majority, both houses of the British Parliament have ratified the treaty. Ulster's assent to the treaty is not required. All she can do is to decide whether to go in with the rest of Ireland or stay out. The fate of the treaty will be determined first in Dublin, by the Dail Eireann, and then, probably, by a vote of the people in Sinn Fein Ireland.

What the treaty will make of Ireland is another British Dominion similar to Canada. It will have its own parliament, its own executive, its own courts and police force. It can establish its own army and navy, make its own tariffs, levy its own taxes, issue a currency of its own. The ties that will still bind it to Great Britain, as one of the commonwealths of the British Empire, are three in number, as follows: (1) the members of the Irish Parliament are to take an oath to be "faithful to His Majesty King George V." and his successors (the word "allegiance," in the Canadian oath, is omitted).

ted); (2) a Governor-General of Ireland is to be appointed to represent the Crown; (3) the British army and navy are to have, in time of war, such harbor and other facilities as may be required for purposes of defense.]

These are the only limitations on Ireland's independence expressed in the treaty, tho there is an entire article carefully drawn up to insure religious freedom. But there are other limitations inherent in Ireland's position as a dominion, such as pertain to matters of foreign policy and to the final adjudication of certain cases by the House of Lords as a final court of appeals.

These limitations and the option given to Ulster are the sources of dissatisfaction that have led de Valera and two members of his cabinet to repudiate the treaty and that seem likely to split the Dail Eireann wide apart.

Ulster is given the right, within one month, by the action of both houses of her Parliament, to detach herself from the Irish Free State. If she does that, certain things ensue. She remains, in that event, a part of the United Kingdom, with a right to send members to the British Parliament, and with her own present parliament continuing to exercise the powers conferred on it last year. But she will have to submit to the same taxation for the Empire that other parts of the Kingdom are subject to, she will have to acquiesce in having her boundary line revized by a boundary commission (this may mean the loss of Tyrone and Fermanagh counties), and customs barriers will have to be placed along the boundary line.

If Ulster fails to detach herself from the Irish Free State, that is, if she takes no action at all within a month, she becomes an integral part of that state, but retaining her present parliament with its present powers of home rule. Ulster's cabinet has promptly rejected the invitation



"THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS—"

—Knott in Dallas News.

to enter the Irish Free State; but the rejection, to be decisive, must come in the form of an address to the King by both houses of the Ulster Parliament.

It is not what Ulster does but what the rest of Ireland does that decides the fate of the treaty. The Sinn Fein cabinet is divided four to three, the majority being for ratification. As we write an impassioned contest is going on among the 120 members of the Dail Eireann, with the probable result of a referendum to the people and a fervid campaign of the characteristic Irish sort. Whatever the result, it looks as if the solidarity of Sinn Fein is gone, with the President, de Valera, finding the terms of the treaty "in violent conflict" with the wishes of Ireland, and the Vice-President, Griffith, declaring his belief that "the end of the conflict of centuries is at hand."

The rejection of the treaty would mean, probably, the renewal of bloody guerilla warfare on a larger scale than before, and a military occupation that would destroy all

hopes of reconciliation between Ireland and England for another century. As the *N. Y. World* says, "in their efforts to accomplish the repudiation of the peace treaty, de Valera and his supporters have absolutely nothing to offer as an alternative except civil war," and as the *Chicago Evening Post* observes, "within a decade, if the settlement is ratified, we may expect to find the Irish pulling as hard for the Empire as the Canadians or South Africans do to-day."

A study of the prevailing color scheme indicates that most of the yellow peril emanates from the yellow press.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

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Japanese Press Opinion of the Washington Conference

TAKEN as a whole, the Japanese press seems favorably disposed towards the Hughes naval formula. There are objections here and there to the plan, but they are not profound or fundamental. This interpretation is confirmed by the *Tokyo Japan Advertiser*, an Anglo-American newspaper in close touch with the native press. If the Hughes plan, this high authority says, had run counter to any deep-seated Japanese ideas, "we should have known of it by now." The *Jiji* of Tokyo is the best-informed native newspaper in Japan on naval questions. Its endorsement of the Hughes scheme is enthusiastic. Without overstating the importance of first impressions, the Anglo-American daily in Tokyo feels justified in saying there are no national fears that work against the scheme. There is no spontaneous Japanese opposition to it. Officialdom, whatever may be said by isolated individuals, sees no great objection. Japanese press approval is, indeed, general appro-

val. There are admiration and surprise at the sweeping Hughes gesture.

For this reason, perhaps, the voice of dissent here and there is more noticed because its isolation gives it conspicuity. The *Tokyo Nichi Nichi* opens its columns to the plaint of those patriots who argue that the Hughes scheme will push Japan to the wall. "If England and America shake hands it will be a serious matter." Nevertheless editorially the great native *Tokyo* daily dismisses these fears.

Japan ought to derive the greatest benefit from the agreement, if arrived at finally, declares the *Jiji*, because the domestic situation in Japan is so difficult, if not dangerous. Hence the Japanese people, it believes, will welcome the Hughes program as a whole, though there are details which they would like to change.

The whole world is filled with admiration and wonder at the drastic character of the proposals made by Secretary Hughes, affirms the widely read *Yomiuri*, a *Tokyo* daily which has long had suspicions of the military influences at home. If the fourteen points advocated by President Wilson represented the ideal side of the American people, the present proposal made by President Harding may be said to embody their practical side. This delighted commentator amplifies in a most lofty strain:

"These representations made by the United States sufficiently prove the sublime and grand characteristics of her people in their contribution to the welfare and happiness of mankind and the civilization and peace of the globe. . . .

"Now the United States reveals its mighty will to destroy its own superb ships if the other powers will do the same splendid thing.

"Thus is brought within the bounds of realization the beautiful dream of the idealist and a whole world on its

knees will thank the United States again and yet again."

The *Nichi Nichi* wonders if it would not be well for Japan and the United States to dismantle their Pacific fortifications. The isles in that ocean bristle with guns. Let them be dismantled. This seems a good idea to the *Yamato*, another Tokyo daily which distrusts the warlike ambitions of the clans. The disposition of the naval bases in the Philippines, in Hawaii and other places has the closest connection with naval disarmament, it is obvious, or so the

organ of Japanese democracy insists. The widely circulated and popular *Yorodzu* sees trouble. The Japanese may not like some parts of the arithmetic of disarmament. For example, the naval power of a country is directly proportioned to the square of the number of capital ships it possesses. If the United States has 10 capital ships, its naval power will be 100. If Japan has one-half the number, her naval power will be 25. The slightly defiant *Shogayo* (Chugai) wants Japan to be placed by all new schemes on an equality with the United States.

The Observations of Mr. Wells

FRESH from his task of putting into two volumes the history of the world from trilobites to aeroplanes, Mr. H. G. Wells came over here six weeks ago to write about the Washington Conference. His first twenty-six letters, published daily in the *N. Y. World* and other papers, lie before us. They are about the world in general at the present time, with the Conference as a point from which to start and to which to return. "I will go on," he says in Number XVI, "with my account in general terms of what is happening in the world."

He was greeted with as much acclaim as Briand or Balfour. Mark Sullivan, who seldom slops over, spoke of him in the *N. Y. Evening Post* as the real colossus of the Conference, before whom premiers might well tremble! With so much expected of him, he could not well take anything less imposing than the world as his theme. We get from him very meager news of the Conference, but many interesting observations on the international situation, some of which we glean here.

Despite his cosmic flare as a writer, Wells is, as he says, "a very English Englishman," and he

is sure he speaks the mind of his people in the following remarks:

"The British people have been sleeping happily upon the belief that war with America is impossible. And for them it is impossible. In this matter the British have a special and extraordinary instinct. They will not fight the United States of America. I will not go into the peculiar feelings that produce this disposition; they are feelings great numbers of Americans do not understand, and have indeed taken great pains not to understand. But to the common British, fighting Americans would have much the same relation to fighting other peoples that cannibalism would have to eating meat."

THERE are two Chinas—cultural China and political China. The real enduring China is the cultural China, and because it cares nothing for politics, political China has gone to the bowwows. The masses of China, says Mr. Wells, are in their mental habits modern and not medieval. The Chinese student has "an intensely Western sense of public opinion," and English has become the second language of China. As for political China, she is struggling to Americanize herself. Says Mr. Wells:

"Her Manchu imperialism has proved itself to be hopelessly inefficient and China is now struggling to reconstruct upon modern republican lines, obviously suggested by the American example. A few decades ago Japan astonished the world by Europeanizing herself upon Prussian lines. China now, under far less favorable conditions and with a vaster country and a less disciplined people, is struggling to Americanize herself. But it is no easy task to make over a people at one stride from a medieval autocracy to a modern democracy. It is far easier to Prussianize than to Americanize, for in the one case you have only to train an official class and in the other you must educate a whole people."

AS for Japan, the very worst that can be said of her, as regards China, says Mr. Wells, is that she has been "too vigorously European." She has been driven by fear of European aggression rather than by her own militaristic instincts:

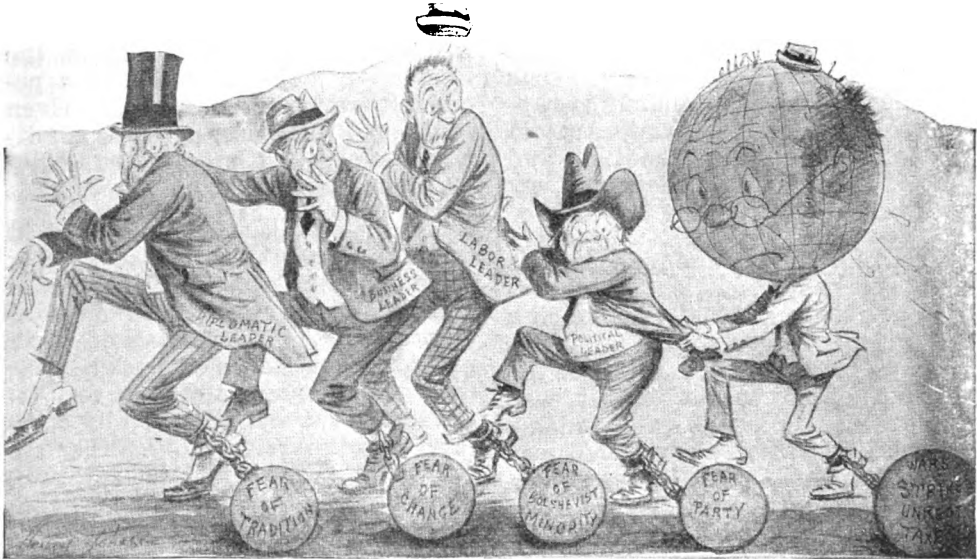
"For 300 years Japan waged no foreign wars; she was a peaceful, self-contained hermit. It was American enterprize that dragged her out of her seclusion and fear of Europe that drove her to the practices of modern imperialism. They are not natural Japanese practices. She fought China and grabbed Korea, because otherwise Russia would have held it like a pistol at her throat; she fought Russia, because otherwise Russia would have held Manchuria and Port Arthur against her; she fought in the Great War to oust Germany from Shantung. She is now pursuing an entirely 'European' policy in China . . . primarily because she fears that otherwise these things will be done by rival powers and she will be cut off from trade, from raw materials and all prosperity until at last, when she is sufficiently starved and enfeebled, she will be attacked and India-ized. These are reasonable, honorable fears."

THE Conference doesn't take up the subject of birth control, but Mr. Wells does. The agenda doesn't limit him. The only topics he shies at are prohibition and our police system. He finds in birth control a preventive of future wars. Japan, especially, in his opinion, needs to practice it:

"Has any country a right to sloop its population over and beyond its boundaries or to claim trade and food because of its heedless self-congestion? Diplomacy is curiously mealy-mouthed about many things; I have made a British official here blush at the words birth control, but it is a fact that this aggressive fecundity of peoples is something that can be changed and restrained within a country, and that this sort of modesty and innocence that leads to a morbid development of population and to great wars calls for intelligent discouragement in international relations.

"Japan has modernized itself in many respects, but its social organization, its family system, is a very ancient and primitive one, involving an extreme domestication of women and a maximum of babies. While the sanitation and hygiene of Japan are still medieval, a sufficient proportion of these babies died soon and prevented any overpressure of population; but, now that Japan has modernized itself in most respects, it needs to modernize itself in this respect also."

MR. WELLS has kind and soothing things to say about all countries but France. He loves France the great liberator of men's minds, France of the great Revolution, the France of art and light and beauty. But where, he asks, is that France to-day. It certainly is not at Washington. He is, indeed, so bitter toward France that the *London Mail*, that sent Mr. Wells over here as its correspondent, cut out passages from one of his letters, dismissed him from its staff, and editorially repudiated him as un-



THE CHAIN GANG

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*.

fair, prejudiced and an international mischief-maker. But Mr. Wells, like Mr. Britling, is seeing it through and his letters continue to appear in the American journals. Here are some of his most offensive passages. They are comments on Briand's speech, and Briand is, in Mr. Wells's eyes, a renegade Socialist, and there is, in consequence, we presume, a touch of personal venom in Wells's view of him. He writes:

"M. Briand was an anti-climax. France proposed to scrap nothing. France does not know how to scrap. She learns nothing and forgets nothing. It is her extreme misfortune. He explained the position of France in a melodious discourse of apologetics and excuses. . . . The plain fact of the case is that France is maintaining a vast army in the face of a disarmed world, and she is preparing energetically for fresh warlike operations in Europe and for war under sea against Great Britain. To excuse this line of action M. Briand unfolded a fabulous account of the German preparation for a renewal of hostilities. . . . And behind Germany is Russia. . . .

"Poor, exhausted Russia, who saved

Paris, desiring nothing but to be left alone; bled white, starving, invaded by a score of subsidized adventurers; invaded from Esthonia, from Poland, from Japan, in Murmansk, in the Crimea, in the Ukraine, on the Volga, incessantly invaded; it is this Russia which has put France on the offensive-defensive!

"One is reminded of the navy who kicked his wife to death to protect himself from her violence. . . .

"France is in about as much danger of an attack upon her three coasts as the United States of America is upon her Canadian frontier. Her ships are as safe upon the sea as a wayfarer on Fifth Avenue. If she builds submarines now, she builds them to attack British commerce and for no other reason whatever. All the Ludendorffs and Soviets in the world do not justify a single submarine. Every submarine she launches is almost as direct a breach of the peace with Britain as tho she were to start target practice at Dover Harbor across the straits, and every one in England will understand the aim of her action as clearly."

This is running amuck with a vengeance. Wells goes on at length to warn France that she is brewing

mischievous. The feeling, he asserts, is steadily changing here as in London against her. He also insists that feeling here is changing rapidly toward Germany and Austria to one of pity and indignation, and that it is drifting the same way with regard to Russia.

WELLS'S tenderness for Russia is well known. It is a little curious, therefore, to find him tracing the threatened destruction of Western civilization to the collapse of the medium of exchange, for it was this very thing that Lenin and his disciples professedly set themselves to bring about as the quickest way to smash capitalism. Says Wells:

"Europe cannot get to work, cannot get things going again, because over a large part of the world the medium of exchange has become untrustworthy and unusable. That is the immediate thing that is destroying civilization in the Old World. We have to remember that our whole economic order is based on money. We do not know any way of working a big business, a manufactory, a large farm, a mine, except by money payments. Payment in kind, barter and the like are ancient and clumsy expedients; you cannot imagine a great city like New York getting along with its industrial and business life on any such clumsy basis. Every modern city, London, Paris, Berlin, is built on a money basis and will collapse into utter ruin, as Petersburg has already collapsed, if money fails. But over large and increasing areas of Europe money is now of such fluctuating value, its purchasing power is so uncertain, that men will neither work for it, nor attempt to save it, nor make any monetary bargains ahead."

MR. WELLS attended the opening session of Congress and heard the President deliver his message. He was agreeably surprised, for he had heard scarcely a good word for Congress since he landed here, and the Senate, "by the unanimous tes-

timony of the conversationalists of the United States, combines the ignoble with the diabolical in a peculiarly revolting mixture." Even individual Senators, he says, admitted as much—with a sinister pride! But, says Mr. Wells:

"It puts all this sort of feeling right to see these two bodies in their proper home and to talk to these creatures of legend, the Representatives and the Senators. One perceives they are not a malignant sub-species of mankind; one discovers a concourse of men very interested about and unexpectedly open-minded upon foreign policy. They are critical but not hostile to the new projects and ideas. One realizes that Congress is not a blank barrier but a sieve, and probably a very necessary sieve, for the new international impulse in America."

He was favorably impressed by the President and thought the occasion simple and fine and dignified. "I found myself," he says, "leaving the Capitol in a mood of quite unanticipated respect."

HE regards America as to-day "the predominant state in the world" and he appeals to us to "assume not only the dignity but the responsibilities of leadership." He writes:

"I will not believe that the American spirit, distilled from all the best of Europe, will tolerate this surrender of the future, this quite hoggish abandonment of the leadership of mankind that continuing isolation implies. The American people has grown great unawares; it still does not realize its immense predominance now in wealth, in strength, in hope, happiness and unbroken courage among the children of men. The cream of all the white races did not come to this continent to reap and sow and eat and waste, smoke in its shirt-sleeves in a rocking-chair, and let the great world from which its fathers came go hang. It did not come

here for sluggish ease. It came here for liberty and to make the new beginning of a greater civilization upon our

globe. The years of America's growth and training are coming to an end, the phase of world action has begun."

Significant Sayings

"The modern woman is the finest product of the ages; and as for her skirts, they look better short and are far cleaner than they were when they swept the dust of the streets."—*Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York (99 years of age).*

"I am astounded and too full to express my opinion of the fact that a transcontinental railroad recently opened smoking compartments exclusively for the use of women."—*Mrs. Frances E. Burns, at National Council of Women.*

"An acre of potatoes will produce alcohol enough to plow it with tractors for 100 years."—*Henry Ford.*

"There is no moral isolation for the defenders of Liberty and Justice."—*Secretary Hughes.*

"Habit is the fly-wheel of civilization."—*William James.*

"Ireland will now be one of the finest places in the world in which to live."—*Earl of Granard.*

"I believe that the Conference at Washington is the biggest thing that has happened in my lifetime."—*Admiral Sims.*

"We are going to succeed"—in the Washington Conference—"beyond our fondest hopes."—*President Harding.*

"The thing itself"—the agreement on Ireland—"is absolutely unthinkable. We have always been slaves, but unwilling slaves. Now we are subscribing to our slavery."—*Dr. Gertrude Kelly, President Irish Women's Council (resident in N. Y. City).*

"Dublin is asking, can it be true? . . . For all the dreams of all the heroes will have come true, and the legendary ones who sleep in the hidden caves of Ireland, their hands upon their swords, may sleep forevermore."—*Katharine Tynan (resident in Dublin).*

"In another generation I believe that liquor will have disappeared not merely from our politics, but from our memories."—*Warren G. Harding.*

"I am an optimist. My mother and grandfather died in their old age worrying about things that never happened. I decided I would not worry—that I would turn to fun and jokes. The result is that many of my fellow countrymen don't take me seriously, but I'm still alive."—*Chauncey M. Depew (87 years of age).*

"What has been German ought to become German again. This is what you must bear in mind, O German Youth!"—*Marshal Hindenburg.*

"The wages paid are only a part of the story. The failure to render an hour's work for an hour's pay is even worse. The skill or energy or effort to accomplish is not one-half what it was formerly, so that the rates now paid are actually quadrupled instead of being doubled."—*Judge Gary.*

"A reduction of military and naval expenditures by even one-half would set free probably not less than 4,000 million dollars annually for trade, and credit would speedily revive with an increasing sense of security."—*From statement issued by San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.*

"The League of Nations has come to stay. No one can kill it. The idea is too strong and there is nothing else in the world to satisfy that idea."—*Arthur J. Balfour.*

"Disastrous beyond possibility of description to society is the condition when women measure their lives not by the number of their offspring but by the number of their husbands."—*Archbishop Hayes.*

"To-day there is no longer any doubt that not Germany but the league of enemies systematically prepared the war and purposely precipitated it."—*William Hohenzollern.*

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

Will Civilization Collapse?

IN his letter of November 26, reporting the Disarmament Conference, Mr. H. G. Wells gives it as his opinion that this civilization is on the road to collapse.

He gives some very conclusive and convincing reasons for the faith that is in him.

But the peculiar thing about this sort of question is that it cannot be settled by adducing facts, nor by marshaling facts into arguments.

The man who disagrees with Mr. Wells could find quite as many facts and of them make quite as cogent arguments in favor of his opposite view.

Mr. Wells in passing hurls a brick at "optimists" and indulges in a contemptuous snort at those who interpret conditions by their own temperament rather than by solid logic.

But right there is where he makes his mistake. And his mistake is that the thing he is talking about, which is whether civilization is going to collapse or to triumph, is in the very nature of the case not a thing that any human mind is capable of proving.

The causes of what will become of civilization lie in the deep mind of destiny, and comprise unknown elements that we cannot possibly grasp.

In other words, no matter how excellent and clever the proof, it would not carry conviction, however much it might surprise us as a feat of mental gymnastics.

God knows whether civilization

is going to collapse or to triumph—and God alone. Because the eventuation comprises such vast and multifarious factors as God alone can grasp.

Whether "it is all going to come out right somehow," or whether we are all headed for the dogs, is not a matter of fact. It is and always will be a matter of point of view, a matter of attitude of mind.

Always the most accurate term for the thinker who believes in a happy ending is "optimist." And for the thinker who believes that the end is tragedy the most accurate term is "pessimist."

For so long as the human mind is subject to its present limitations, neither of them can absolutely prove his position. And the one who assumes that he has proved it and sneers at the other as an ignorant sentimentalist is merely an egoist.

That, unfortunately, is what Mr. Wells is. While he is the sanest and most constructive thinker whose writings I have read concerning the Disarmament Conference, I am forced to recognize that he is oversophisticated.

I believe that civilization will triumph, that it will emerge successfully out of its present difficulties, and I am frankly an optimist. Not because of a lot of facts and reasoning, but simply because I have faith in the cosmic energies of Nature: that health will overcome disease, that sanity eventually will drive away insanity, and that truth will outlive the most vigorous lies.

There is not a living man that should not be dead for the very best reasons. There is not a single

business concern that should not be bankrupt for reasons equally as good. And if all we needed were proof, there is plenty of it to convince anybody that the human race should have been extinct years ago.

But we still live. That force of which Mr. Wells has often spoken so admirably, that force of growth, development and health which we call God, continues to function.

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Why a Republic Will Not Work

COUNT Bethlen, of Hungary, when questioned whether Hungary might not utilize her present plight to adopt a republican form of government, replied thus vigorously:

"The law dethroning the Hapsburgs explicitly declares Hungary to be a monarchy. Even tho it be a kingdom without a king or even a royal family, it is wiser to maintain the monarchic principle. Elections are too bitterly fought in Hungary to make the choice of a President every four years advisable. We cannot treat politics so calmly as you do. We are too hot-blooded, like the South Americans. A republic simply would not work."

What Count Bethlen said is true enough. A republic would probably not work in Hungary.

He might have gone further and stated with equal truth that a republic will not work anywhere.

That is, it will not work if we agree with what is in Count Bethlen's mind as to what working means.

For a government to work, in the opinion of the every-day European politician, means for it to get along without confusion.

The only difficulty is that confusion is precisely what a country needs.

For the object of a government is not to keep things fixed as they are, not to secure all classes in their present state, and all conditions firmly established. The object of a government is to enable the people to grow.

And without confusion, experiments, mistakes, failures, upsetting and the like, we have only a peace of stagnation.

Monarchy gives stability, but it is an artificial stability and never develops a people. They remain just as they are. They are kept in a continual childhood.

It is for this reason that all autocracy is suspicious of education among the common people. By education they get ideas and ambitions, and become restless.

So we might say that education does not work.

If you are going to test the question as to whether anything works or not by whether anybody wants to change things, then an absolute monarchy, supported by a standing army, is best.

But people do not exist for the State. The State exists for the people. The State has no divine right. It is a man-made contrivance and its only reason for existence is that by means of it the people may be developed.

We need the stab of confusion to make us grow.

For this reason no scheme of government which is a mere chloroform of contentment is what a people needs.

It all goes back to the question: What are we here for? Why are we created? We were not created to remain just as we are; we were created to improve and to go on.

Life is fluid, it is not fixed.

A nation should be an organism, a living, throbbing, fallible and experimenting thing, if it is to be ideal.

As a matter of fact, it is monarchy that will not work. It never

has worked. One by one the monarchies have disappeared and are disappearing.

They were discarded because they were an attempt to fix by artificial confinements the growing life of populations. You might as well try to hold the sprouting acorn down under heavy clods.

And, after all, it is the thing that moves and lives that lasts longer than the thing that is fixed.

Rome fell but the Tiber still runs. The castles and temples and walls of ancient days have crumbled, but life still bourgeons upon the planet.

A republic will work simply because it is a living thing, the expression of a living and improving people.

In fact, monarchy is one of the oldest forms, if not the original form, of the old fallacy of efficiency. For efficiency is not only a good thing but, like all good things when pushed to excess, may become a very bad thing.

Efficiency is necessary in business; but it not infrequently happens that a man makes his business so infernally efficient that it is a curse to all the human beings upon whom it lays its heavy hand.

Efficiency is a good thing in a household; but many a woman has driven away her husband, made rebels of her children and spoilt her own happiness by insisting upon the mint and anise of efficiency to the ruin of love and cheerfulness and such weightier things.

Efficiency is good in a school-room; but it can never take the place of that warm humanity in a teacher which as a flame lights all the little candles of the Lord in her charge.

In the same way, efficiency has its place in government. But that place is far, far inferior in importance to the necessity of giving to the people that initiative and opportunity requisite for growth.

What Is Worth While?

A MOST shocking and senseless tragedy took place some time ago in Paris.

A gentleman and lady were preparing to step into a limousine. Suddenly a man stepped in front of them and fired point blank two shots, killing the gentleman instantly and seriously injuring the woman.

Then the assassin turned the smoking muzzle of his revolver to his own head, fired once and dropped.

The assassin was not fatally wounded, and after his wounds had been dressed he was examined by the magistrate. The examination brought out the fact that he did not know his victims at all. He gave his name as Philibert Beaujeu. He was a waiter in a café. Then he explained his act.

"I did this because I hate society," he said. "I did my part in the war, and I came back poorer than when I went to the trenches. I've had a hard time trying to earn my living since. I was jobless and broke, so I decided to put an end to my misery. But I meant to take somebody along with me; I didn't care who, so long as he was rich.

"I happened to be walking along the rue Royale at noon, when I saw a couple of rich people all togged out, climbing into a machine. They were what I was looking for. I drew my revolver and shot them, altho I didn't know them from Adam. I am sorry I missed myself. I wish to God I were dead."

This story ought to be printed in capital letters, together with a photograph of the scene, and hung up in every headquarters where cohorts of envy meet.

It ought to be read regularly to all parlor Bolsheviks and the rest of the whining, bitter and hateful apostles who call themselves ene-

mies of society, but who are really enemies to the human race and to themselves. By their fruits ye shall know them. And the fruit of envy and dull hate is misery and death.

The dark and seamy side to the great game of getting on is made by the number of those who cannot win and do not know how to lose.

The strange truth is that it is not the winners who are all happy nor the failures who are all wretched. For, often as not, you may find the successful to be miserable and the unsuccessful to be quite cheerful.

It is all a matter of the spirit. It is a matter of considering the life more than meat.

When people give themselves up to materialism and make their contentment to stand or fall on the amount of things they possess or upon the station in life they are able to occupy, they have laid the foundation for bankruptcy in happiness.

It is hard to tell which are more disgusting, the rich who pride themselves upon their possessions and the upper classes who preen themselves upon their privileges, on the one hand; or, on the other, those who are envenomed by their lack of success and destroy all beauty and joy in their own lives because they have not been able to get their fingers into the flesh pots.

Of all the kinds of education, perhaps the kind we most need is that which shall train children to know What is Worth While.

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The Universal Dollar

THERE used to be talk of the Almighty Dollar.

It looks very much at present as if it were to be the Universal Dollar.

Italy some time ago adopted the dollar standard as the basis of its gold circulation, while retaining, of

course, its old monetary nomenclature.

The pound sterling as the standard in monetary exchange was dethroned.

While too much need not be made of this action, at least it shows the advance toward common sense in the employment of the decimal principle in moneys.

As one newspaper said: "It will not necessarily tend to simplify the fundamental problem of exchange now troubling so persistently the commercial and financial world. But it will make its terms for the people of Italy easier of comprehension. It may have the effect of stabilizing European currency. Other countries may be expected to follow Italy's example."

In a non-official way, the dollar is insinuating itself all over the world.

If you make any considerable business deal in Poland, you will find that the contract is drawn up in dollars.

In the shops in Paris, Madrid and Rome, the merchants are not only quite willing to make their price in dollars but very often they insist upon it.

The reason is simple. Everybody knows just how much a dollar is worth.

And they not only know what it is worth to-day but they have a reasonable belief in what it will be worth in a year from now.

It is something stable, or as stable as anything can be in money matters, while the local currencies fluctuate more or less violently.

The growing supremacy of the dollar is not, of course, due to the fact that the Americans are a superior race, but only to the fact that we have the gold with which to redeem every dollar that is issued.

In this way the dollar becomes a very effective advance agent for international unity. It is very sub-

tly breaking down the pride of provincialism.

Commerce, of course, knows no patriotism and is wholly international. And the nearest thing that comes to representing that idea in such practical way as appeals to every shopkeeper is the American dollar.

So, while the statesmen are at work in Washington or Geneva and trying to get the various governments of the world to cohere, working as it were at the top of society, the little old dollar is working at the bottom, showing to all the people of the world that there is some sort of a common denominator to human affairs.

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What Is Barbarism?

BARBARISM is Individualism. Civilization is merely the Socialization of the Conscience.

Ernest Seillière, in an interesting and original criticism on the philosophy of imperialism, says:

"Don't understand, when I say 'imperialism,' that I mean the word in its ordinary use as a political system. It is a sentimental and romantic tendency, rather, which for a century has been growing, to confound God with Nature, and Nature itself with human instinct, and which thus arrogates to the individual all rights and recognizes no duty. When our dramatic authors build up three acts upon the right of some little woman or some wilful man to 'live one's life,' that is a good example of imperialism."

In other words, imperialism is nothing but another form of the very common disease known as egotism.

Its working out in a political way results very much the same as its working out in the individual.

The original barbarian, back somewhere among the cave men, had a conscience just as we have

a conscience. The main difference was that it concerned only himself. Self-defence is the first law of Nature, and he had not got past the first law. His own rights, passions, desires and ideas were the things that appealed to him and the things that he had to defend.

When he took a wife and begat a family, his conscience enlarged a bit, and his new relationships became a part of his individuality. He defended his women and his offspring as loyally as himself.

Afterwards, in the course of evolution, his children intermarried, and he became a part of the tribe. He had expanded. His conscience became a tribal conscience.

The process of enlargement continued. The tribe became a duchy or a small state.

Then these smaller groups became united in a larger group called the nation.

His individual conscience now had expanded to become what we call patriotism.

But patriotism is not the stopping-place. It is a way station on the road to progress.

The goal is Humanity.

The conscience of man cannot be called civilized until it responds to a broader appeal than nationalism.

For the real and permanent basis of conscience is the human race.

In proportion as we are actuated by a sense of obligation to "all men everywhere" we are civilized. And in proportion as we have any less vision, we are barbarians.

In Blaise Cendrón's *Negro Anthology*, it is said that Nsame, the creator God, taught men that it is wicked to steal within the tribe.

By the same token, that sort of nationalism that teaches that we should be loyal and just only to our own fellow countrymen is semibarbaric.

The great ideal toward which the world is laboring, toward which events are carrying us, and toward

which the best thought in the world is rapidly converging, is the unity of mankind and the necessity of the exercise of all those human qualities of justice and equity toward other nations that we feel bound to employ toward those of our own race.

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Investments

SOME time ago an important convention of the Investment Bankers' Association was held in New Orleans.

The discussions did not receive as wide publicity as they should have had.

For Investment is a matter that concerns all of us, and that whether we have anything to invest or not.

Whenever the subject of Investment comes up, a good many of us are inclined to think that it does not concern us, but only bankers, millionaires and other rich people.

We are inclined to turn away hastily from the investment page of the newspaper, just as some of us are not interested in the sporting columns or in politics.

Investment, however, has even more to do with the poor than with the rich.

The greatest problem that confronts the poor is how to quit being poor.

The only way to do this is by thrift.

Many other ways have been suggested, such as communism, anarchy and the like, but such are the mere suggestions of ignorance and envy and not of intelligence.

It still remains true that the road that leads out of poverty into competence is only that of saving and self-denial.

But it does no good to save unless the money is in some sort of an Investment.

The bank is merely one of the cogs of Investment. It is a link between

the individual and his final investment. For a bank must take the money deposited with it and invest it; otherwise it could not continue in business.

Whatever, therefore, injures Investments, makes them uncertain and fluctuating, eventually robs the poor of their savings.

It thus cuts the nerve of thrift. It thus blocks the road that leads from poverty to competence.

It is for this reason that the inflation of currency is such a curse. For it makes the \$1,000 that the poor man has amassed at the end of one year to be worth only \$700 or \$800 in the coming years.

The first effort, therefore, of Government should be to see that Investments are stable, that frauds are prevented, and that the money which the poor man can save will not be taken from him by the manipulations of the market.

This, of course, cannot be perfectly accomplished, for there is necessarily more or less risk in all business. But a few sensible and plain rules could render investments much more certain than they are at present.

The best place for an Investment is in some kind of production. The country needs capital. It needs the capital of the poor man. It needs his accumulated savings. This capital, put into manufactures and business enterprises, creates opportunities for labor and increases general prosperity.

The obnoxious income tax, which exempts Investments in certain State and Municipal and Federal bonds, draws capital in this direction, and takes it away from production, and is, therefore, one of the greatest causes of unemployment.

If the poor man properly understood the situation, he would be most anxious to make capital secure and to relieve it from all senseless taxation.

He should be desirous that capital be directed into the business of development and production, and that such enterprizes should be made as stable as possible.

Investment is a matter that concerns us all, from the least to the greatest. For it is nothing more nor less than giving a man assurance that the surplus profits of his labors shall be properly conserved.

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Training the Chief Servant

IN the old days when kings were thick, a good many volumes were written about the training of princes.

In fact, it is only somewhat recently that we have paid much attention to the training of the public.

The reason is apparent. In the former days the destiny of the public was supposed to lie entirely in the hands of the prince; in these days of Charles Hapsburg and William Hohenzollern and others, the destiny of the prince seems to lie more in the hands of the public.

But if we are going to have kings at all, it is well to give attention to their education. And even in the case of the King of England, while he is largely ornamental, at the same time that perhaps he cannot do much good he could easily do a tremendous lot of mischief.

Whatever we may say about the weakness of monarchy, evil kings are certainly efficient.

The young man who at the time of this writing is the heir apparent to the English throne seems to be a delightful and promising personage.

Some time ago he went abroad and visited various ports. The people everywhere seemed charmed with him. His last trip is a voyage to India.

The thing which strikes the by-standing mind, however, is the utter fatuity of all these voyages.

It is conceivable that this youth might learn much that would do him good and help him in the job to which he is destined if he could go around a bit like the Kaliph Haroun-al-Raschid and find out something really about the people.

But on these voyages he seems to be carefully shielded from any contact with realities.

He is carefully kept preserved in his class and the one thing that he needs is to be taken out of it.

In India he rides in a special train made for him in the workshops of the Northwestern Railway, which cover acres of ground and employ some 6,000 or 8,000 workers. The exterior of this train is cream color with royal blue to throw up the paler color, and it has about ten new coaches.

The Prince's bedroom on this train contains a real bed, and all the furniture is engraved by skilled Indian artisans.

There are salons, ice boxes, pantries, plate-glass windows, rooms for his valet, his aid-de-camp, his suite and all their valets and their valets' valets.

It is in this gorgeous affair that he is supposed to ride around through a country periodically smitten with famine, a country where most of the millions of people live continually within a few inches of starvation.

Perhaps the British Government knows what it is doing when it sends its young hopeful about the world in this manner, with the idea of stiffening the traditions that uphold the throne and impressing the commons with the power and majesty of what is ruling them.

Perhaps the British Government knows what it is doing when it educates its future ruler thus.

And, then, again, perhaps it does not.

THE FIRST MONTH OF THE CONFERENCE—A CLOSE VIEW

By P. W. Wilson

Former Member of Parliament, American Correspondent of the *London News*

IN the annals of mankind there has been no history made like that which will be recorded in years to come of the first month of the Washington Conference. At close quarters we have been watching a diplomatic phenomenon which would have seemed incredible to Talleyrand or Bismarck, or even to reformers like Mazzini or Kossuth. As for the methods of the men who govern this Conference, we may search long and in vain for a precedent. They belong to a country which is new in spirit as in geography.

-It is not simply that Harding and Hughes and Hoover have abandoned the statesmanship to which the nations had been accustomed. They did not need to abandon it, for it was a statesmanship that they had never acquired. Harding and Hughes and Hoover, the three great aspirates of American public life, have approached foreign policy with nothing to unlearn. Into spheres of human activity where bad faith had been a tradition, they have entered with good faith as their assumption. Knowing nothing and caring nothing for ancient sophistry, they have substituted for it plain dealing and common sense. They have taken it for granted that public men representing honorable nations will tell the truth. Reasons alleged and arguments advanced are supposed to be the real arguments and the sincere reasons. For hidden motives and undisclosed ambitions and unworthy misgivings there is no place in the scheme of the Conference as designed by Secretary Hughes. If the people want a thing done, like disarmament, and somebody says that it can't be done, then,

in the opinion of Secretary Hughes, the people have a right to know who the somebody is and what are the grounds for his objection. It is an assertion of the supremacy of public opinion. No man has a right any longer to resist good and maintain evil without explaining why. And no nation has the right.

At Washington what has been happening day by day is a layout of the facts. While, for reasons of convenience, the committees sit in private, everyone knows in the evening what has been argued and decided during the morning and the afternoon. On many subjects one may hold more than one view. Many issues have to be decided. But there are no state secrets. If France has a scrap with Italy and a dust-up with Britain, everyone, including even Lord Curzon in London, knows it. If Japan wants seventy instead of sixty per cent. of naval tonnage and the battleship Mutsu, there is no mystery. If Dr. Sze speaks for China, he has to prove for how much of China he speaks. Everyone is fairly and courteously treated as in a law-court, but nobody is permitted to subordinate the essentials of truth and justice to his own national susceptibilities. France accuses Germany of refusing to repent and of keeping up large armies under another name. Very well. France is our friend and honored guest; but Germany also has rights and must not be condemned unheard. Let us then send for Germany and listen to her side of the case. The attitude of Secretary Hughes is the attitude of the United States Supreme Court of which he was once a judge. He does not dictate. He does not contend. He

merely asks for proof. And when a man representing one hundred million citizens asks for proof, you cannot sweep him aside.

The city of Washington is entirely different from any capital to which the delegations are accustomed. There is no court. Diplomacy is stripped of gold lace. The only palaces are the hotels. The aristocracy consists of correspondents like Stephen Lausanne, H. G. Wells and Colonel Repington, with the great host of American writers whose comradeship has meant so much to us visitors. Last night I dined with two Samurai from Japan. "Yes," they said, "we have found that our pens are mightier than our swords." All the etiquette that assisted the Richelieus and the Walpoles to play their game is here obliterated. There is a green baize cloth on a table and you sit there like boys at school. You say that you must have these submarines. Just so. But why? Your reason is doubtless the best reason in the world. But what is it?

No delay is permitted. Mr. Hughes arranges for the Committee to meet and meet it does. You suggest that a topic be postponed until next week. Everyone is most anxious to oblige provided that you will explain why it will be easier to talk about it then than it is to talk about it now. If all the facts are available to-day, would it not be well at once to face them? Will they be any less formidable if we procrastinate? Unless we face the facts, how can we expect to arrive at a solution? The delegates look at one another, and as there is not one vestige of a wrinkle on the green baize tables behind which to hide the cards they don't want to play, they must perforce show their hand, whoever may hold the trumps. It is a triumph of law and logic over trickery and deceit. We are out in the daylight, and for deeds of evil you need darkness.

All the proceedings are conducted strictly according to the usual rules of debate. Minutes are kept. Resolutions are moved and carried. Reports are presented. It is thus distinctly awkward, to say the least, for a nation to try on any maneuver behind the back of the other nations. If the delegates did not find it out, the journalists would, which would be even worse. The iniquitous plotting and planning which have stained the map of Europe with the blood of successive generations cannot be pursued at Washington because it is of the essence of such practices that they are not to be avowed. The mere fact of a strict secretariat prevents abuses creeping in. Formal correctitude wards off substantial anarchies. To the Continental Hall there are only front stairs, and so also at the Pan-American. Back stairs are available in neither building. It may be that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has not been officially repudiated; but you are not conscious of its existence. Even the Japanese are not depending on it or pressing for its renewal. Apart from the Alliance, they are finding that they are to have a fair deal. When once you place men and nations at a table where the recognized rule is frankness and equity, you discover that General Smuts was right when at the Imperial Conference in London this year he denounced special treaties between special nations as unnecessary and mischievous.

Of course, nations visiting Washington have seen the United States at her best. For three centuries this country has been making strangers welcome. In the arts of hospitality, therefore, Americans are by universal consent supremely accomplished. The Conference has enjoyed, therefore, not only a social reception that was most gratifying, but also a diplomatic reception that could not have been more helpful and encouraging. All foreign cor-

respondents were invited to the daily talks given by Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes to the press, and this has meant that the same freedom has been extended by the foreign delegations to American correspondents and to each other. Cut off as we were from our own newspapers in Europe and in the Far East, we have found day by day that the American press deals with the Conference from every standpoint, giving to the writers of each visiting nation a full opportunity of making clear that nation's attitude towards each problem as it has developed. The French have been impelled, therefore, to read what the English are saying and the English have been impelled to read what the French are saying, which has meant that the international differences which must arise on occasions like this, instead of festering under the surface, have been exposed to the light where they can be dealt with promptly and courageously. The Conference is thus a great symposium, a true university, where minds intermingle and produce the mind that is larger than us all, the common sense of common men.

With every day that passes, it is seen clearly that what people care about is not the open door in China or any other political question, but just this one thing—the abolition of war and of the preparations for war. It was for disarmament that the Congress cheered on the opening day. It is disarmament that the keen-witted managers of the movie-houses have fastened upon as the only issue at the Conference that interests the millions who throng their entertainments. This watchword has completely upset the calculations of certain delegates to the Conference and especially of the French. With Japan, the ground had been carefully prepared by advance negotiations. Japan thus got over her surprise before she came to the Conference. She had taken the

measure of Mr. Hughes and knew what to expect from him. But France entered the Conference with certain assumptions in her mind. The first of these was that there would develop serious differences between Great Britain and the United States which would require the mediation of a third party. Such mediation would have given France a place in the Conference in which she would have been able to obtain a hearing for her special aims, namely, the guarantees against Germany and the cancellation of the Allied debts. Great emphasis was laid on the emotional value of the mission of Marshal Foch, who is and will always remain one of the idols of the American people. What, however, happened was that the British at once accepted the initiative of Mr. Hughes, which meant there was no reason for any mediation. France was thus faced by a choice. Either she could propose disarmament on land, or she must defend those armaments. M. Briand had no opportunity of taking Paris into his confidence. He was here at Washington and he had to say either the one thing or the other. He had been told informally that there was little chance of his obtaining from the United States a guarantee of the French frontier. He had, therefore, to take up a negative attitude and to declare that a large French army could not be dispensed with. If he had said anything else, his Government at Paris would have been fiercely attacked by M. Poincaré and all the followers of Clemenceau, including the redoubtable Tardieu. As a matter of fact, Briand had promoted a very substantial reduction in the French army. The term of service was to be abbreviated from three years to one year and a half, and the number of men with the colors was to be cut to one half, namely, from about 900,000 to under half a million.

Briand's bark was thus a good deal worse than his bite; but it was only the bark that was audible. Speaking at long distance to Paris, he was heard too loud at Washington. At a Conference called to disarm the nations, any nation that says it cannot disarm must find itself rather like a fish out of water. The British were upset because M. Briand did not mention in his speech the sacrifices made by the Allies in the defence of France. And with a lively quarrel going on between the Foreign Offices of France and Britain over Turkey, it was perhaps no wonder that M. Briand left New York conversing about the British navy's resemblance to sardine tins, while Lord Curzon exploded in haughty fashion about French diplomacy.

What France needs is time to assimilate the idea that there can be disarmament. It is to her people an entirely unfamiliar idea. Let them think it over. The immediate result of M. Briand's non possumus has been a strong stand by Italy. Senator Schanzer has bluntly demanded that disarmament on land shall remain on the agenda.

What Italy fears is the east of Europe, Balkanized into small states, each with its army and its munitions, and many of the forces either uncontrollable or merely counters in the hands of France. The collision between Italy and France has been even sharper than that between France and England. The isolation of France was thus sudden and to her alarming. M. Briand, perhaps a little hastily, indicated that France would demand a navy as big as that of Japan, in addition to her army. This threat struck straight at the entire scheme of disarmament at sea by the three chief naval Powers, which was to be the first and the biggest work of the Conference. It threw France inevitably against American as against British and Italian and Japanese

aims. And it received from President Harding an effective and final answer.

The personality of President Harding has grown upon the Conference day by day. His ability to hold himself in reserve and to say no more than is needed and to say it at the right time has greatly impressed the statesmen who had no previous experience of the President's character. Mr. Harding could not enter into any controversy with France. He was the host of all the Delegations and therefore in a special position of impartiality. His only course was to decline to accept the verdict of France as final on land disarmament. He thus hinted that the Conference might meet again at some future date and even develop into a permanent association of nations. This meant that France would have to repeat her negative and again repeat it in the face of the broader spirit of brotherhood which cooperation is calculated to foster. It also meant that a new factor would be introduced into the debate and that factor would be Germany herself. Excluded from the League of Nations, chiefly at the instance of France, Germany would be invited to Washington and would be permitted to state her side of the case before she is subjected to a new condemnation. That Britain and the other European Powers hail this prospect with enthusiasm goes without saying. They want to see Europe united. They cannot live any longer in the old world of dissension and hatred and bankruptcy. Nor do they believe that France herself, when she has further considered the matter, will resist the general sense of civilized nations.

For this Conference is showing us the revelation of new things. It is a new Japan that has come to Washington. It is the new England. It is the new Italy. It cannot be other than the new France and the

new Germany. I have watched with wonder the liberalism displayed by our English Tories like Lord Lee and Mr. Balfour—by Japanese nobles like the Prince Tokugawa, heir to the Shogunate. It is astonishing to see Admiral Beattie accept with philosophy the scrapping of his favorite ships. Even Congress seems to have had a rebirth. The cheers that rang out for the cause of peace at the first plenary session have been accepted as a pledge that the covenants necessary to peace will be ratified.

For the President and Mr. Hughes have determined to make it known

that to them this great occasion is something more than a political caucus of the nations. The world has lost faith in God and in man. Religion has decayed. Morals have been relaxed. Blood has flowed in rivers. Skepticism has had its human sacrifices more dreadful than any instituted by superstition. Over this dark prospect of pessimism and apostasy, President Harding has uttered strange words for a man in his position—the words of the Lord's Prayer. It was a challenge to criticism and to cynicism and to every other ism except that of hope and life and upward effort.

IS SOCIALISM PASSING?

By William MacDonald

THE world has been treated of late to more than one illusion. There was the illusion of a war which was to end war. There was the illusion of a world of peace, reconciliation and brotherhood such as Mr. Wilson pic-

tured in his messages. There was the great illusion of a league of nations of which all peoples should be members and to which all governments should yield respect. Wise men talked, only a little while ago, about self-determination, freedom of the seas, and open diplomacy as if those phrases really meant something which before long should take tangible form. Must socialism, that new form of state of which great men dreamed and for whose establishment thousands of devoted adherents zealously worked, be relegated also to the domain of the

THE writer of this, William MacDonald, was until recently associate editor of *The Nation*. His sympathies are by no means predisposed against the radicals. This fact gives special significance to his conclusion, reached after first-hand observation in European countries, that Socialism has had its day as a political power in those countries. This development of the war has received scant attention. It will bulk larger and larger as we get a true historic perspective.

imagination and classed with the things which the present generation, at least, may never expect to see realized?

Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, socialism seemed on the highway to becoming in most European

countries an accomplished fact. The theory of socialism, expounded with elaboration and force in the classical writings of Karl Marx and his followers, had apparently withstood some of the strongest arguments leveled against it, and had been popularized in innumerable works in almost every language. Political parties, organized to spread the doctrine and to embody its principles in legislation, were to be seen actively at work in almost every country and had become a political force to be reckoned with. Half the statesmen of Europe

were, in one way or another, avowed socialists, while the membership of socialist parties, nominal or actual, ran well into the millions.

What was more, it seemed to many that the doctrines of socialism were actually being worked out in practice. European governments everywhere were doing things which socialists demanded. Germany from the days of Bismarck, the first of the great statesmen who had affected to read the handwriting on the wall, had apparently become more and more a socialistic state. France, Italy, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries and some of the larger British dominions showed a vast quantity of socialistic legislation, especially in matters affecting the wage-earning classes and the daily life of the average citizen. Even in Great Britain, naturally conservative and little inclined to accept innovations, the theory and practice of socialism were making their way, thanks in large part to the ceaseless activities of the Fabian Society; and the much-discussed program of the British Labor Party, launched during the war, was hailed in England and America as a socialist charter to which enlightened British legislation was certain to conform more and more. It had become fashionable to call oneself a socialist, to denounce the evils of capitalism, to champion the cause of the proletariat, and to acclaim each new amelioration of working-class conditions as a step in the direction of ultimate and complete socialism. And when great employers of labor, impressed by the undoubted evils of the system which they represented, themselves championed social reforms, it seemed to many of the faithful that the day of emancipation was at hand. Everybody knows how we felt about socialism ten or twenty years ago.

Then came the great war. In the one absorbing struggle for victory,

whichever side that one happened to support, everything save the war and its necessities for the time being went by the board. Most socialists, whatever they thought of the immediate responsibility for the contest, were at heart convinced that the war was at bottom a natural result of capitalism, of the intense and relentless struggle for commercial and political supremacy which they had all along denounced as the inevitable consequence of the capitalistic system. But they all supported the war. With inconsiderable exceptions, socialist parties and their leaders everywhere rallied to the support of their governments. The action of the Majority Socialists in Germany in voting for the war budgets was matched by the action of the socialist parties in France in joining the so-called "union sacrée" in which the French parties for the time being sunk their differences.

Where stands socialism to-day now that the war is over? From the standpoint of those who, before the war, felt that the ripe fruit of socialist agitation was about to fall into their hands, the outlook is discouraging. As a political force, socialism in Europe is everywhere demoralized. An aggressive minority, including most of those who, either at the beginning of the war or during its progress, opposed the war and the governments which prosecuted it, have become communists, seeking in that powerful and growing movement the realization of a socialist program to which, in their opinion, the former socialist parties have been traitors. Those who still call themselves socialists have split into numberless groups, parading under more or less meaningless names, and no longer present a united front or endorse a common political program. When they unite in a legislative chamber it is usually in support of the government whose capitalistic character they have, in

fervid but empty rhetoric, just been denouncing. Without a common program or a common basis of theory, the socialist parties of Europe have become in the main sources of petty and irritating opposition to the party in power, or else, as with the Italian Fascisti, a menace to the stability of the state by reason of their open attacks upon the communists. There is not to-day, in any European country, a government that may properly be called socialistic, nor is there in any country a government policy which embodies anything that Karl Marx and his earlier followers would have cared to call their own.

So far as party effectiveness is concerned, the situation in the United States is no more encouraging than is the situation in Europe.

In short, socialism, as a political force, seems pretty much to have gone to pieces. The explanation of its decay is not to be found wholly in the war. It is easy to see how socialism, even if its followers had been true to their convictions, might naturally have suffered a great check when nations were battling for their lives. It is not apparent why, if its foundations had been as sound and deep as its followers professed them to be, it should have become so thoroly demoralized. The fact is, of course, as anyone who looks closely into the history of the movement will see, that socialism appears to have been studied superficially. Marx' "Capital," the Bible of the socialist, was indeed translated into many languages, but "Capital" is a solid work in three large volumes, and most people preferred summaries, adaptations or popular explanations, with the result that socialism as expounded came to mean many different things to many different people.

What is clear now is that socialism, as a theory of society, had really never been tried. There was no social state, there was not even

an important socialist community. What would have happened when the war came on if such a state had actually existed must now remain a matter of speculation, but everyone can now see that a bit of socializing of industry or governmental organization here or there was not socialism. The capitalistic system, vigorously attacked in theory in a whole library of books, pamphlets, reports and magazine articles, was at no time seriously attacked in fact, except about the edges or at some small point of special weakness. No one took the trouble to work out in detail the steps by which the enormously elaborate and complicated structure of a modern industrial and commercial society was in fact to be replaced by a new order in which private capital, privately controlled in the main, was to have no place.

Will socialism recover its former prominence when distracted Europe has settled down? At present the outlook is dubious. As a political program, socialism seems, as yet, to have no message for Europe or the world. Most of the aggressive socialists, as has been said, are now communists, and between socialists and communists the fight becomes daily more bitter and relentless. Capital, entrenched in vast industries and tending more and more to the formation of huge international trusts, and at the same time bound up inextricably with a financial situation for whose solution some method must soon be found, is not only stronger than ever as a political force, but has also assumed an aggressive attitude with which socialism seems quite unable to cope. It would be hard to name a single problem of economic or political reconstruction in any country in Europe which is being approached from any standpoint properly to be called socialistic; the world of Europe is a capitalist world.

HUGHES AS A 1922-MODEL SECRETARY OF STATE

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, now Secretary of State and chairman of the conference on armaments, stood one afternoon with becoming dignity and poise at a corner in New York and signaled an oncoming street car in a grave and repressed but commanding manner. The car did not stop. Neither did the next one. A third came and was likewise signaled ineffectually. A fourth car was following. Mr. Hughes placed himself close beside the track, fierce determination in his manner, hot resentment in his breast and with every individual whisker bristling with rage. He semaphored with his arms and lifted his voice to a thunderous "Stop!" As set forth by Mr. Hughes in recounting the incident, he had two main lines of thought at the moment, both homicidal. It was his firm determination to get aboard this car if he killed himself in the effort; and it was his firmer determination, if he did get aboard without killing himself, to kill the conductor. As the car went by he flung himself at it and pulling himself aboard was catapulted through the vestibule, caroming off the conductor.

"What do you mean by such contravention of public rights?" demanded Mr. Hughes of that functionary. "Why didn't you stop this car for me. You saw me signal it. It's an outrage—a damnable outrage. I'll—I'll—"

"Aw, what's bitin' ya?" broke in the conductor. "Sit down. You're aboard, ain't cha?"

Indubitably, Mr. Hughes was aboard. He sat down and pondered the circumstances, and by process of elimination concluded that nothing was biting him—not a thing—and nodded in a grave and repressed manner when the conductor said affably as the future Secretary of State left the car: "Good work, old top; you done that flyin' leap like a athalete."

Samuel G. Blythe, in the *Saturday*

Evening Post, cites this incident as analogous to later stages in the career of Secretary Hughes, which may be summarized in this manner: Just before the 1916 convention at Chicago he decided to take the Republican organization car and ride in it to the White House. The car came along, manned by a thoro organization crew, not planning to stop for Hughes. He boarded it but the car did not arrive at its scheduled destination. It was switched off at the last moment, leaving its principal passenger on a side track; but he "was aboard" and had "had a good ride."

The scene shifts to a time four years later with Mr. Hughes again waiting for "a big car, proudly lighted, that swung around a curve and came clattering toward him. He signaled it to stop and held up his ticket in plain view, for he had a ticket this time. The car did not slow down. He saw the conductor glowering at him. It was the Republican organization car and it was not the intention of anybody on it to stop for Mr. Hughes, but to leave him standing on the corner. As the car came by he swung aboard.

"What's the idea?" asked Boies Penrose, the burly conductor.

"I am to be Secretary of State."

"It makes no difference to us who is to be Secretary of State," was the rejoinder. "The Senate will formulate the foreign policy of the United States."

The keen analytical Hughes mind considered the situation pro and con. Obviously, if the Senate would formulate the foreign policies of the United States he was on the wrong car. But would it? Mr. Hughes, we are assured, was perturbed momentarily, but he remained on the car and "the Senate is not formulating the foreign policies of the United States. The Secretary of State is attending to that, to the full



TWO OF THE BIG GUNS AT THE ARMS CONFERENCE
Arthur J. Balfour and Charles Evans Hughes are standing and smiling together over the results accomplished at the historic parley in Washington.

exercise of his keen and analytical mind."

But it is not the cold and insistent Charles Evans Hughes who dug mercilessly into the insurance scandals in New York, nor the aloof Governor Hughes, nor the cloistered and congealed associate justice of the Supreme Court, nor yet the bewildered and bedeviled candidate for President of the United States who has been superintending the arms parley. It is another sort of person, a new-model Hughes, with all the latest and up-to-date geniality, cordiality and communicative

appliances of an administration extensively fitted therewith. The 1921-22-model Hughes is reported to have what in motor parlance is called "stream lines."

It would sound well to set down that the ranking member of the Harding Cabinet has mellowed under the impact of the years, but that would hardly state the case. What he has mellowed under, declares the *Saturday Evening Post* biographer, is the impact of his job.

"If the years have done anything for Hughes, save broaden his experiences, clarify his mind and grizzle his whiskers, what they have done is not apparent, because his intellectual and physical vigor remains undiminished; but his job has softened his contacts. Once brusque, he is now almost benign. Once arbitrary, he is now amenable. Once solitary, he is now gregarious. All this in a manner of speaking, of

course, but predicated on the daily evidence that he just loves his job. Hughes intends to stay on the car."

Close observation of the Secretary of State makes two facts outstandingly apparent: The first is that his mind rejects the generalization and demands the specification; is objective and not subjective. The second is that he possesses to a marked degree the faculty of clear expression.

What the mind of Hughes seeks to do, we are told, and does do if the basis is there, is to translate whatever is presented to it into facts. "He might

well have been born in Missouri, instead of in Glens Falls, New York, so insistent is his show-me attitude."

Secretary Hughes is not admitted to be a brilliant man as the term is ordinarily applied. He makes no epigrams and turns no dazzling rhetorical periods. His mind is an instrument of exactness, separating the material from the immaterial and clarifying the material until nothing remains but the fundamental ingredients. Knowing the capabilities of his own mental processes his inclination is to do things himself to insure their being done exactly to the Hughes way of thinking. Also, like most men of superior mentality, he is avowed to be intolerant of the fumbings of men of lesser caliber, and does not conceal his intolerance. But where it was once open and glittering, it is now veiled and mellowed.

Secretary Hughes is a little fuller of figure than he was when he lived in Washington as a justice of the Supreme Court; heavier in weight, but with nothing else heavy about him. His whiskers are graying to white. His face is rounder. His blue eyes have softened a bit, and his smile is opportune—a smile that draws back his upper lip, lifts his heavy mustach and shows an amazingly white, even and strong row of teeth. He stands before the reporters for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and radiates candor, implies ingenuousness, has nothing to conceal—except of course what it would be impolitic not to conceal. He makes his jokes, parries inquiries that are too pertinent, marks confidential what is confidential, and seems to enjoy it.

"Mr. Hughes," asked an earnest young seeker after truth one day when there was a discussion of the men who were to attend the limitations conference, 'do you speak French?'

"No, but I taught it once."

"Taught it and don't speak it?"

"Exactly. You see, I was just out of college and needed a job, and as the only job I could find was teaching French I taught French."

A brief but brilliant light on the

chairman of the arms parley is thrown by Arthur J. Balfour, who, informally addressing the English-speaking Union at a recent dinner in New York City, and describing the opening of the conference as a red-letter day in his life, recalled talking over the proceedings with the Secretary of State on the preceding evening, when the latter explained the general course that was to be pursued, the character of the President's address, and the plan for Mr. Balfour to move the election of Mr. Hughes as chairman. Mr. Balfour proceeded: "Then he said after that, 'I propose to speak for thirty or thirty-five minutes, but I shall not tell you what I propose to say.' What he proposed to say is one of the most remarkable utterances which has ever been made by any statesman under any circumstances."

"It struck home and it struck directly. So far as I am aware, except to the three other members of the American delegation, so far as I know, he had told nobody the line he was going to take. He must have consulted before with his advisers, but I am confident that nobody outside of that room knew the least of the line he was going to take, nor did the earlier part of his speech obviously lead up to the great climax. When the climax was reached, the appropriateness of the preface was obvious, but while the preface was being spoken he gave no hint of the climax. I don't know whether Mr. Hughes was conscious that he was at that moment not merely a great statesman but a great artist. But, to speak perfectly impartially, I say that he was both."

There is no official at the national capital, observes a British correspondent, Herbert W. Horwill, in the *Contemporary Review* (London), who is on such genial terms with the corps of Washington journalists "who have not concealed their surprize at finding him, in this respect, so different from the man with whom they were expecting to have to deal." The English, the French, the Japanese, the Italians and

all others who touch him at any point have found in the chairman of the conference "a man with a most courteous manner, a most agreeable voice, a remarkable clarity of expression, a detailed understanding of the problems under discussion, an unswerving foundation of Americanism and an insatiate appetite for realities. They have found a man with instant and exact ability

to define his terms, a man willing to lay his cards on the table, and who has demanded the same procedure from others; a man who would listen to a hypothesis only on the basis that it be acknowledged to be hypothetical, who never confounds a theory with a condition, who refuses to accept argument for fact, and who has not bought a gold brick since he was a mere child."

VISCOUNT TAKAHASHI: AMERICANIZED PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN

NO LIVING Japanese statesman knows this country quite so intimately, perhaps, as does that genial son of the Samurais, Korekiyo Takahashi, a financial genius who is to-day Prime Minister at Tokyo and a Viscount into the bargain. His introduction to America was under tragic auspices, for he was lured here as a lad with the promise of an education only to find himself a peon on a far western ranch. He was rescued from this servitude by a missionary who had known his people in Japan. This was half a century ago, when Takahashi was a lad in his teens. Not long after his return home, the youth told his American friend, William Elliot Griffis, that he cherished no animosities. That keen sense of humor which never deserts Korekiyo Takahashi sustained him then as it sustains him to-day.

How shocked the little Japanese was when he landed in San Francisco and beheld Americans there wandering the streets with cigars in their mouths! The missionary had warned him against tobacco. Then there was that teamster who lashed his horse, shouting "Giddap John!" John! That name had been pronounced by his missionary friends back home with such reverence! In the unintelligible America of his revered preceptor, Professor Griffis, they bestowed the name of the disciple whom Jesus loved upon a mere horse. They beat the horse too. Professor Griffis

admits in the *New York Herald* how discomfited he felt at Tokyo when his bright young pupil, whose future greatness was but vaguely suspected then, recalled such inconsistencies while absorbing physics and chemistry at the native university and incidentally revealing his mastery of Japanese literature. Takahashi has the literary temperament and wanted to write poetry and romances in the manner of Ikku. He became instead the greatest financier in his country's history, a bank president, a cabinet minister.

Like his old friend and neighbor, the slain premier Hara, Viscount Takahashi hails from the Rikuchu country, not far from Morioka. The people there have been likened to our own New England stock, for they are a dominant type, most thrifty, mettled, sturdy, flushing furiously through their pale skins when anyone hints that they are not white people. The breed from which both Hara and Takahashi spring deem themselves no more yellow than are the British, and in the England of to-day their social equivalents are "squires." Their fathers rank as gentlemen and their ancestral trees go farther back than those of the Cecils and Howards in England. The hills all around Morioka belonged to the ancestors of Korekiyo Takahashi before there were Dukes of Norfolk, and it was a Takahashi who brought first into Japan the pear trees and the quinces



THIS IMPRESSIVELY WEALTHY JAPANESE GENTLEMAN, ONCE A SLAVE TO A CRUEL CALIFORNIAN, IS NOW PRIME MINISTER.

Viscount Takahashi, despite his vast wealth, never forgets how poor and friendless he once was himself, and many a ruined countryman of his owes his present riches and success to the advice of this financial genius.

which flourish now in Rikuchu province.

Altho he is sixty-six, the new Prime Minister at Tokyo, despite his plumpness, retains the quickness and nervousness of his early years and even, the *Matin* says, his full laugh, the latter a trait unusual in the Japanese, who smile often but who deem unrestrained hilarity, to which Takahashi is prone, in bad taste. The Viscount uses a highly idiomatic English, most of which he picked up in this country as a lad. This facility was exploited with an effect that amazed American financiers when they negotiated the old loans with him sixteen years ago. Takahashi is not decided and emphatic in manner, like his political opponent, Viscount Kiyura, nor is he reserved and dignified like Viscount Uchida, but he is as witty a talker as Baron Shidehara and as democratic in his sympathies as his political master, the Marquis Saion-ji. Takahashi has for some time maintained a stately home in the capital not far from Shiba Park and here he entertains in a free and easy fashion which those who move in the circle around the Elder Statesmen deem somewhat promiscuous. A notorious European swindler was known to have established a hiding place not far from Tokyo and when the detectives from Paris had sought the man vainly for days, the sarcastic Kiyura is quoted as having said: "Why don't they search Takahashi's dining room? One meets the most suspicious characters at his table."

In view of the brilliant rise of Takahashi from the poverty of his early years to great wealth, his advice is much sought by those of his young countrymen who would become, like him, officials in the national bank, negotiators of huge loans and pillars of railway finance. No one is readier, the French organ notes with pleasure, to place his experience at the service of the rising generation and to impart a word of counsel. On one occasion he was sought by a youth in very hard luck, the son of a soldier who belonged to the lower nobility under the feudal system. Takahashi — then a mere

Baron—listened patiently to a tale of dire poverty, for the mere boy in this case was a signalman in a tower just outside Tokyo. "How much do you earn?" asked the financial wizard and, when he received a prompt answer, he asked next: "How do you spend it?" The youth gave a series of indefinite details whereupon Takahashi, as the anecdote runs, cut in. "For the next six months," he said, "put down on paper the amount of every sum you part with, when you parted with it and what you got for it."

When that youthful signalman put in another appearance at the end of the six months, Takahashi was in the confusion of an impending trip to the United States. He was a director in the Bank of Japan and in that capacity on the eve of a critical financial mission. The impecunious youth was at once admitted, nevertheless, into the presence of the man of millions and was highly complimented upon his promptness. Takahashi was delighted with the neatness and order of the accounts exhibited by the signalman. They had been kept in the thoro Japanese manner. For the next two hours the elderly man and the young one audited that diminutive budget to the exclusion of international finance. "It is as I supposed," sighed Takahashi, "you want to save but you don't know how." He implored his visitor not to be downcast. Was there not a time when the great Takahashi himself did not know how to save? Indeed, said the Baron, he had acquired the art of saving only after long and assiduous practice, for saving is like painting and music, a stern taskmaster. "After I had formed the purpose to save," confessed the financier, "I was five years in learning how to save." Thereupon he threw out a hint or two. Baths, for instance. Why three a day—all hot? Would not two—one cool—suffice in the twenty-four hours? Flowers, again. Do without! Thus the extravagant features were cut out as the wizard's eye ran down the list. The interview ter-

minated with a fresh appointment at the end of the next six months.

With how genuine a pride that thrifty signalman walked in upon Takahashi at exactly the time fixed! His budget this time balanced on the right side. The Viscount shook his head at one item only. Two hats in six months! "At your age," remonstrated the financier kindly, "I wore the same hat for a year and I would have worn it for another year only it blew off and I couldn't catch it." However, the youth was dismissed to prosperity, for the news that Takahashi was financing him gave his credit an enormous bound and his persistence in the practice of thrift enabled him at last to go into business for himself. He is now an important depositor in the Bank of Japan and an industrial magnate.

Here, in the light of all impressions, we have revealed the human, sympathetic, inspiring, humorous Takahashi, the rare spirit that endured with un-failing patience slavery in America, poverty in Morioka and responsibility in Tokyo. There is not a list of successful business men in modern Japan which would not include name after name that owes its standing to the inspiration afforded by Takahashi in

some hour of adversity. There is good humor even in his reproofs. He had to do on one occasion with a prodigal who announced an intention to save a large sum of money in an indefinite future. "Anyone can save a large sum of money in the future," objected Takahashi with his ready laugh. "The important thing is to save a small sum of money to-day." It is observed, moreover, as proof of his financial genius, that there is not to be found in all Japan a single enterprize that remained insolvent after he had taken it in hand.

There are moments when the Viscount wishes he had remained plain Korekiyo Takahashi and consecrated his life to the Japanese authors he was so fond of in his youth—the poets, especially, whose lines he knew by heart. He confessed to a French journalist that nothing makes him so indignant as the charge of some western critics that Japanese literature lacks genius, however varied it may be and bright and even interesting. He insists that the Japanese novelist Bakin is worthy of a place besides the Balzacs and the Thackerays of the west and at his dinner table is reported to have said: "I think we have a dozen poets as good as Wordsworth."

A RAILWAY PRESIDENT WHO BEGAN AS A "PRINTER'S DEVIL"

IN Galesburg, Illinois, some forty years ago, the employees on the local paper were accustomed to sign the payroll every week. At the top of the list was the business manager's name, with the amount of his salary—\$25 a week. At the bottom of the list was the name of the office boy or printer's devil. His wages were \$1.50 a week, and the name he signed was Harry E. Byram. But the printer's devil of those days is now president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, a system comprizing over ten thousand miles of track and with sixty thousand em-

ployees when operating with a full complement of men.

Reviewing his advance from a small town newspaper press room to the executive office of one of the greatest railway systems in the world, the president of the C. M. and St. P., in the *American Magazine*, imparts a deal of inside information about the development of oaks from acorns in American business life. The fact that he began as a poor boy, knowing by actual experience the workingman's problems, has been of greater value of him, he declares, than any other one thing. "Anybody can

study the other elements in railroading—train schedules, maintenance of way, rolling stock, operating costs and so on. But more important than all else is the human element which can be learned of the workingman only by being one." And he declares that, as applied to America, Bolshevism would be a greater disaster to the poor than to the rich because "the real financiers of this country are not the bankers, or the captains of industry, or the men of Wall Street, but the wives and mothers in millions of wage-supported households in which they are the family bankers."

Byram was a printer's devil for three years, by which time his wages had risen to \$3.50 a week. Then, at sixteen, he got a job as call-boy with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad at \$16.50 a month and by a circuitous route entered the employ of the Great Northern Railway where, oddly enough, he laid the foundation for meteoric advancement by offending James J. Hill. In the Great Northern service he had risen from a clerkship to be assistant superintendent of the Montana Central, a subsidiary, and then division superintendent of the Cascade division of the Great Northern, with headquarters at Everett, Washington. Six years had passed when an opportunity came to him to go to the Rock



TO HIS BOYHOOD POVERTY HE ATTRIBUTES HIS RISE IN THE RAILWAY WORLD

Harry E. Byram was working for \$1.50 a week forty years ago and is now president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

Island road, in a better position and at a higher salary.

"I took the offer and left the Great Northern. I wanted to come back to the part of the country I was familiar with. I also wanted to advance. And I thought that if I went to Mr. Hill and told him about this opportunity it would look as if I were trying to get a raise out of him. I can see now that my reasoning was mis-

taken; but I was sincere at the time. So I resigned and went to the Rock Island.

"I had been there a year or two when the management of the road changed. The new president brought some of his own men with him, and I was let out.

"That, in itself, was one proof that I had made a mistake in leaving Mr. Hill, who had done so much for me and who, I might reasonably have expected, would continue to be interested in me. When I found myself out of a job I went to St. Paul and asked to be taken back on the Great Northern.

"Frank Ward, general manager of the road, gave me a division with headquarters at Minot, North Dakota. But when he told Mr. Hill about it, Mr. Hill said that I had not treated him fairly, and that I couldn't have the position. My trunk was packed and I was going to leave for Minot that night, when Mr. Ward told me the thing was off.

"He suggested that I go down to Chicago and see Daniel Willard, who was then vice-president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. At the time I felt pretty bad; for I realized that I had made a mistake in leaving Mr. Hill; that my reasoning had not been right. But here is what happened: I went to Mr. Willard, and he made me *general* superintendent of the Nebraska district. So I received a better appointment than the one I had just missed getting in Dakota.

"But that isn't the whole story. I found later that Mr. Hill had been back of the whole proceeding. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy was controlled by the Great Northern. Mr. Hill was still interested in me and in my future. He felt that I had not treated him fairly, and he saw to it that this fact was brought home to me. But at the same time, without my knowledge that he had anything to do with it, he had me sent to Chicago, and through his influence I was given a better position than the one he had refused to let me fill. I think that was a striking example of his wise kindness."

Thus Byram found himself back on the road with which he had started as call-boy, but now he had charge of four thousand miles of the road. In the regular line of railway promotion a general superintendent becomes a general manager and finally a vice-president. He skipped the general managership and after five years became Willard's

assistant. A few months later Daniel Willard became president of the Baltimore and Ohio and Byram succeeded him as a Burlington official.

When the employees of a road have any complaints or differences which they fail to settle with their division or general superintendent they may appeal to the vice-president in charge. In this case, they send their own committee to take up the matter at headquarters. On certain of these committees which came to Byram as vice-president were some of the very trainmen to whom he had gone as a call-boy. "They knew me and I knew them. I had known their wives and families, had been in their houses over and over again. I understood their conditions, and they knew that I did. Across the conference table they called me 'Mr. Byram'; but when business was over, I was 'Harry' to them, and we were simply old friends and acquaintances. But this never stood in the way of their purpose. They would push their point as vigorously as if they never had seen me before. But I am sure that our knowledge of each other made it possible for us to discuss things on a basis of mutual understanding and sincerity."

It was soon after he had become a division superintendent of the Great Northern that the president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul received a salutary lesson in humility. On a vacation he went back to Galesburg to visit his family and confesses that he expected to create quite a ripple in the community. "When a young fellow of twenty-five has achieved any success at all he is pretty likely to exaggerate its importance." But "the first time I went down town after I got home I met one of my old friends who was in the grocery business; and he wanted to know what I was doing. I thought he was going to be quite impressed when I replied that I was a division superintendent with the Great Northern Railway. Instead of regarding me with the admiring awe expected, John said:

"'Let's see! The Great Northern? Where does that run?'"

CHRISTMAS OUTSIDE OF EDEN

By Coningsby Dawson

THIS is the story the robins tell as they huddle beneath the holly on the Eve of Christmas. They have told it every Christmas Eve since the world started. They commenced telling it long before Christ was born, for their memory goes further back than men's. The Christmas which they celebrate began just outside of Eden, within sight of its gold-locked doors.

It is a merry, tender sort of story. They twitter it in a chuckling fashion to their children. If you prefer to hear it firsthand, creep out to the nearest holly bush on almost any Christmas Eve when snow has made the night all pale and shadowy. If the robins have chosen your holly bush as their rendezvous and you understand their language, you won't need to read what I have written. Like all true stories, it is much better told than read. It's the story of the first laugh that was ever heard in earth or heaven. To be enjoyed properly, it needs the chuckling twitter of the grown-up robins and the squeaky interruptions of the baby birds asking questions. When they get terrifically excited, they jig up and down on the holly branches, and the frozen snow falls with a brittle clatter. Then the mother and father birds say, "Hush!" quite suddenly. No one speaks for a full five seconds. They huddle closer, listening and holding their breath. That's how the story ought to be heard, after nightfall on Christmas Eve, when behind darkened windows little boys and girls have gone to bed early, having hung up their very biggest stockings. Of course I can't tell it that way on paper, but I'll do my best to repeat the precise words in which the robins tell it.

THIS is one of the most delightful Christmas fantasies we ever read. The sensation created by the birth of the first baby, among the animals on earth, the angels in heaven, and even in the mind of the surprized Almighty himself, is an inimitable bit of humor. The freedom which the author takes in depicting the Deity and the Virgin Mary may strike some as irreverent; but the story should be read as a myth-story. The right cue is in the first sentence: "This is the story the robins tell." The conception of Deity is a primitive one, as required by the nature of the tale. We reprint it, by permission, from *Good House-keeping*, to which also we are indebted for the highly successful illustrations by Eugene Francis Savage.

II

IT was very long ago, at the beginning of all wonders. Sun, moon and stars were new; they wandered about in the clouds uncertainly, calling to one another like ships in a fog. It was the same on earth; neither trees, nor rivers, nor animals were quite sure why they had been created or what was expected of them. They were terribly afraid of doing wrong, and

they had good reason, for the Man and Woman had done wrong and had been locked out of Eden.

That had happened in April, when the world was three months old. Up to that time everything had gone very well. No one had known what fear was. No one had guessed that anything existed outside the walls of Eden or that there was such a thing as wrong-doing. Animals, trees and rivers had lived together with the Man and Woman in the high-walled garden as a happy family. If they had wanted to know anything, they had asked the Man; he had always given them answers, even tho he had had to invent them. They had never dreamed of doubting him—not even the Woman. The reason for this had been God.

Every afternoon God had come stepping down the sky to walk with the Man through the sun-spangled shadows of the grassy paths. They had heard the kindly rumble of His voice like distant thunder, and the little tones of the Man as he asked his questions. At six o'clock regularly God had shaken hands with the Man and climbed leisurely back to the sky-blue stairs that led to Heaven. Because of this the Man had gained a reputation among the animals for being wise. They had thought of him as God's friend. He had given orders to everybody—ever

to the Woman—and every one had been proud to obey him.

It was in April that the great change had occurred. There had been all kinds of rumors. The first that had been suspected had been when God had failed to come for His customary walk; the next had been when He had arrived with His face hidden in anger. The trees of Eden had bent and clashed as if a strong wind were blowing. Everything living, that was not rooted, had run away to hide. Nevertheless, when God had called to the Man, they had tiptoed nearer to listen. The trouble had seemed to be about some fruit. God had told the Man that he must not pluck it; he had not only plucked it, but had eaten of it. So had the Woman. It had seemed a small matter to make such a fuss about. They had supposed that God's anger would soon blow over and that everything would be again as friendly as before.

And so everything might have been had it not been for the Man. Instead of saying he was sorry, he had started to argue and to blame the Woman. At that God had refused to speak with him longer. He had ordered the Man and the Woman and all the animals to leave Eden immediately. He had given them no time to pack. Lining them up like soldiers, He had numbered them to make certain that none were missing, and then, with the Man and Woman leading, had marched them on beyond the walls and locked the golden gates of Eden against them forever.

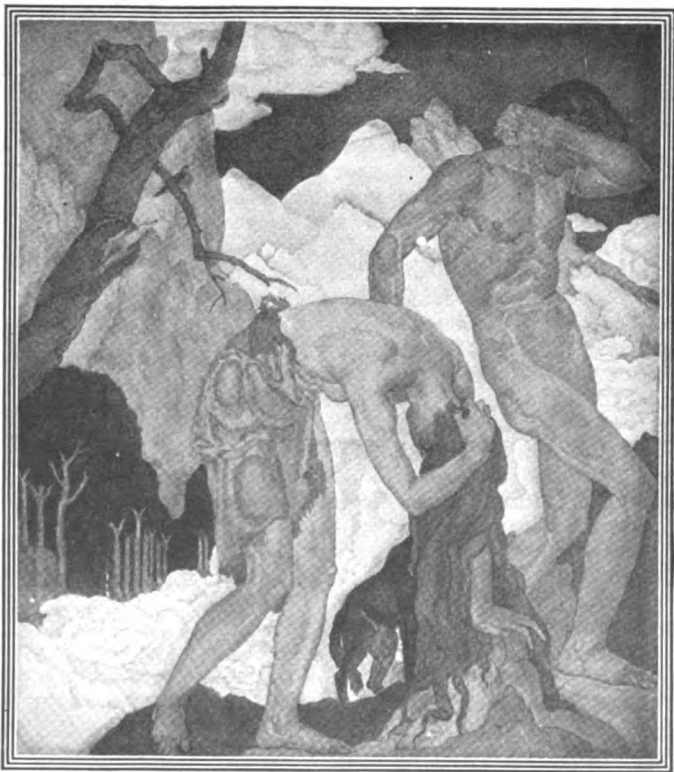
Since then all had been privation and confusion. The animals, from regarding the Man as their lord, had grown to despise him. They had blamed him for their misfortunes. They had told him that it was his fault that they had lost their happiness and that God walked the earth no more. The Woman had told him so most particularly. Of all the created

world only the dog and the robin had remained faithful to him. The dog slept across his feet at night to keep them warm, and the robin sang to him each dawn that he should not lose courage.

III

THROUGH the world's first summer things had not been so bad, tho, of course, the wilderness that grew outside of Eden was not so comfortable as the garden they had lost. In the garden no one had needed to work; food had grown on the trees to one's hand, and because it was so sheltered, the weather had been always pleasant. It hadn't been necessary to wear clothing, it hadn't been necessary to build houses, for it never rained. Birds hadn't troubled to make nests, nor rabbits to dig warrens. Everybody had felt perfectly safe to sleep out-of-doors, wherever he happened to find himself, without a thought of protection.

Here in the wilderness it was different. There were no paths. The jungle grew up tall and threatening. Thorns leaned



God had given the Man and the Woman no time to pack. He had marched them beyond the walls and locked the golden gates of Eden against them forever.

out to tear one's flesh. If it hadn't been for the elephant uprooting trees in his fits of temper, no one would have been able to travel anywhere. One by one the animals slunk away and began to lead their own lives independently, making lairs for themselves. Every day that went by they avoided the Man and Woman more and more. At first they used to peep out of the thicket to jeer at their helplessness; soon they learned to disregard them as if they were not there. From having believed himself to be the wisest of living creatures, the Man discovered himself to be the most incompetent. Often and often he would creep to the golden, locked gates and peer between the bars, hoping to see God walking there as formerly. But God walked no more. As He had climbed back into Heaven, He had destroyed the sky-blue stairs behind Him. There was no way in which the Man could reach Him to ask His advice or pardon.

But it was the Woman who caused the Man most unhappiness. It wasn't that she despised and blamed him. He'd grown used to that since leaving Eden. Everybody, except the dog and robin, despised and blamed him. The Woman caused him unhappiness because she was unwell—really unwell; not just an upset stomach or a headache. In Eden she had always been so strong and beautiful, like sunlight leaping on the smooth, green lawns—so white and pink and darting. Her long, golden hair had swayed about her like a flame; her white arms had parted it as tho she were a swimmer. Her eyes had been shy and merry from dawn to dusk. She had been a darling; never a cross word had she spoken. The furry creatures of the woods had been her playmates, and the birds had perched upon her shoulders to sing their finest songs.

Now she was wan and thin as a withered branch. Like the elephant uprooting trees, she often lost her temper. Sometimes she was sorry for her crossness; more often she wasn't. When the Man offered her things to eat, no matter what trouble he'd taken to get them, she'd say she wasn't hungry. And yet he loved her none the less for her perverseness. He was so afraid. He couldn't have told you of what he was afraid, for nobody had had time to die in the world as yet. He was filled with dread lest, like God, she might vanish and walk the earth no more. So he cudgelled his brains to find things to

cure her. He invented wrong remedies, just as in Eden he had invented wrong answers to the animals' questions. He was never certain whether they would do her good or harm, but he always assured her gravely that if she'd only try them she'd feel instantly better. She never did; on the contrary, she felt worse and worse. Perhaps the wilderness was the cause. Perhaps it was the forbidden fruit she had eaten. Perhaps it was a little of both, plus a touch of Eden-sickness. She had never known an hour's ill health up to the moment when she had eaten the fruit and been turned out of the garden. The poor Man was distracted. He didn't care what he did or whom he robbed, if only he might hear her singing again and see her once more smiling.

What he did wasn't tactful; it only made the animals hate him—all except the dog and the robin—and brought new dangers about his head. It was the month of October, and nights were getting shivery. He had scraped together fallen leaves to make a bed for her and had woven a covering of withered grasses. In spite of this, from the setting of the sun till long after its rising, all through the dark hours her teeth chattered. She cried continually; every time she cried, out in the jungle the hyena scoffed. The Man rarely got any rest until full day. All night he was rubbing her back, her feet, and her hands in an effort to make her warm. As a consequence he slept late and accomplished hardly any work. He didn't even have time to notice how all the animals were building houses. The Woman was so fretful that he never dared leave her for longer than an hour. The poor thing was forever complaining that God might have made her out of something better than a rib, if He was going to make her at all.

IT was on a colder night than usual, when the Woman was crying very bitterly and the hyena was doing more than his ordinary share of scoffing, that the idea occurred to the Man. The hyena was scoffing because he was comfortable; he was comfortable because of the heavy coat that he wore. The Man determined to teach him a lesson by taking his coat from him. It was another remedy; he hoped that if he clothed the Woman with it she might grow strong. Telling her that he wouldn't be gone for long, he padded stealthily away, followed by the

dog, and faded out of sight among the shadows.

They found the hyena in an open space which the elephant had been clearing the day before. He was seated on his hind legs, gazing up at the moon with his fine, warm coat all bristly, scoffing and scoffing. He was far too busy with his ill-natured merriment to hear them coming. In a flash the dog had him by the throat, holding him while the Man robbed him of his clothing. When they had stripped him of everything, even of his bushy tail, they let him go, and he fled naked, howling the alarm through the forest. By the time they got back to the Woman, all the underbrush was stirring. From every part of the wilderness, in twos and threes, the animals were coming together. The night was alive with their glowing eyes; the leaves trembled with their savage muttering.

"Be quick," whispered the Man. "Put this on."

She dried her tears as she felt the warmth of the fur. "It's comfy," she sobbed. "It fits exactly." And then, "Oh, Man, I'm frightened. What have you done? You gave me a present once before."

The Man was making a club out of a tree. As he stripped it of its branches, he answered boastfully: "It was I and the dog; we did it together. You were cold, so we took the hyena's coat from him. All the animals are angry. They know that we shall do again what we have done once. They feel safe no longer. They say it must be stopped. They want to get back the hyena's coat from us."

"And they will, oh, my master," the dog interrupted, "unless we protect ourselves. Through the wilderness, not many miles from here, a limestone ridge rises above the forest. In the limestone ridge there is a cave. If we can win our way to it before our enemies have come together we can stand in the entrance and guard the Woman."

So the dog ran ahead, growling with such fierceness that everything fled from his path. Behind him came the Man, carrying the Woman very closely because he loved her, and trailing his tremendous club. By dawn, before their enemies could guess their purpose, they had gained the cave. By the time the animals had held their conference and decreed that the Man and the dog must be punished, they had escaped and were ready to defy all comers.

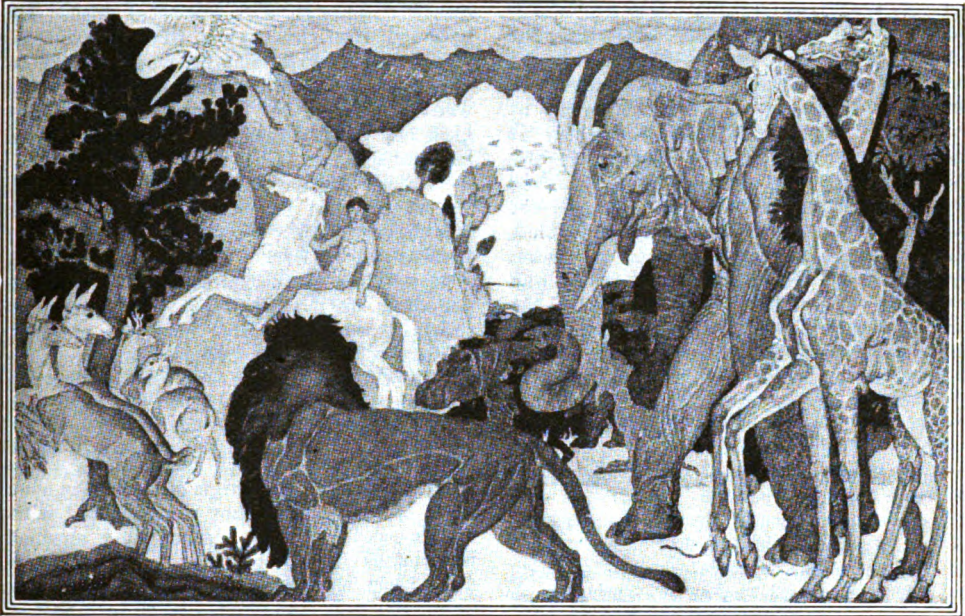
IV

FROM that moment a new and exciting kind of life started. Not an hour out of the twenty-four was free from anxiety. Always, whether it was day or night, the Man and the dog had to take turns at guarding the entrance. The Man gathered piles of stones and learned how to throw them unerringly. The dog trusted to his teeth and the fear which his bark inspired. The animals were furiously determined; they never ceased from attempting to surprise them. Quite often they would have succeeded had it not been for the robin who, hiding in the bushes, overheard their strategies and flew back to the Man in time with warnings.

The cave was well chosen. It was approached by a steep and narrow path. Only one enemy could attack at once, so the defenders were always able to roll down boulders on him before he gained a footing. That was how they treated the lion when he came on the first morning, thrashing his tail and roaring, to make them prisoners. They gave a rock a big shove and knocked him over like a ninepin. He was so hurt in his feelings that he sulked in bed for a week; for many more weeks he was easily tired. Seeing that he was the King of Beasts and the President of their Conference, this made the animals more indignant and the more determined that the Man and the dog must be punished.

The next to attempt their capture were the elephant and the rhinoceros. They boasted that they weren't afraid of rocks; nevertheless, they came together to back up each other's courage. Half-way up the slope they stuck. They were too heavy for so steep a path. The ground crumbled from beneath them, the dog worried them, the Man struck them, and away they went, bumping down the hill, rolling over and over. They never stopped till they reached the bottom, where they lay on their backs with their feet in the air, grunting and panting like a pair of upturned locomotives.

AT first the Man and the dog regarded the enmity they had aroused in the light of a huge joke; they got a good deal of fun out of fighting. But the sporting side of the affair ceased to appeal to them when they were compelled to recognize the seriousness of their predicament. They were absolutely cut off from supplies at a season when food was running short.



The Man yawned. "I am still tired. Fetch the horse that he may carry me back to my dwelling." The horse came galloping up obediently. Clutching him by the mane, the Man bestrode him. Off they started at a sharp trot, with the animals shouting and following behind them.

They had to sneak out at night at the risk of capture to get anything to eat at all. They had on their hands a sick woman who cried not for food, but for delicacies. Instead of gathering strength, she grew steadily weaker. And then there was the matter of sleep; it was as scarce as food. They hardly snatched a wink of it. When they weren't on guard or fighting, they were soothing her fretfulness, foraging for her, or thinking up some new method of keeping her warm. It was damp in the cave; sunlight rarely tiptoed farther than the entrance. It didn't take them long to discover that the hyena's coat had been as dearly purchased as the forbidden fruit that had lost them the garden. Peace, which they might have concluded in the early days, was now entirely out of the question. Even an offer to return the hyena's coat wouldn't have made any impression. They had carried hostilities too far; there wasn't an animal whom they had not wounded and who wasn't angry with them clean through, from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail. Often and often, standing in the entrance to his cave, the Man would gaze longingly across the bronzy roof of the forest to the distant shining of the padlocked gates of Eden. He was farther than ever from

the garden now, with its tranquil blessedness. If only he hadn't learned to steal! Stealing had been the cause of his downfall—first the forbidden fruit and then the hyena's coat. If he had been less enterprising and more obedient, he would still have been the friend of God. After a wakeful night he crept to the entrance to discover that the worst thing of all had happened.

"A worse thing!" you exclaim. "I thought you were going to tell us a cheerful Christmas story."

And so I am, but all the unfortunate part comes first—that's the way the robins tell it. If you'll be patient and read on, you'll find that this is the very cheerfulness story that was ever told in earth or Heaven. You may not have noticed that we've not yet come to the first laugh. The Woman has smiled, and the hyena has scoffed, but no one has laughed. It's when we come to the first laugh that the happiness commences.

THE worst thing of all that the Man discovered when he crept to the cave entrance after a wakeful night was this: With a terrible, stealthy silence snow was drifting down so that even the distant shining of the gates of Eden was blotted

out. It was frightening; snow had never fallen in the world before. If it had, the Man had not seen it. Within the walls of the garden summer had been perpetual. He stood there, staring out forlornly at the misty sea of shifting whiteness. It chilled him to the bone. It seemed to him that the pillars of the sky had collapsed and the dust of the moon and stars was falling. Soon everything would be buried, and the world itself would be no more. He looked at the calendar which he had scratched upon the wall. It was the twenty-fourth day of December. He wondered whether God knew what was happening and whether He had planned it. Then he gave up wondering, for behind him, from the blackness of the cave, the Woman called.

"Oh, Man," she cried, "I cannot bear this any longer."

He groped his way to her and raised her in his arms so that her head lay on his breast. Even in the darkness he could see the glow of her hair, like the shadow of a flame growing fainter and fainter.

"My Woman," he whispered, "what can I do for you?" And again he whispered, "What can I do for you?"

She pressed her face close to his before she answered, petting him the way she had been used to do in Eden. "Do for me! Nothing. You've tried with your remedies—you've tried so hard. Poor you! If we could only find God!"

"If we could," the Man said; "but—"

And then they both grew silent, for how could they find God when He had climbed back to Heaven, destroying the sky-blue stairs behind Him?

"Perhaps He still walks in Eden." It was the Woman who spoke. "If you were to go and watch through the bars of Eden till He comes, and were to call to Him—if you were to tell Him that I cannot bear it any longer and that we're sorry, so sorry—that we did it in our ignorance—" Without ending what she was saying, she fell to sobbing.

He didn't dare to tell her that the moon and stars were falling and that the gates of Eden were blotted out. From where she lay in the blackness of the cave, she could see nothing; she was too weak to crawl to the entrance. And he did his best to comfort her.

"If we could only find God again," she kept whispering.

So at last, having ordered the dog to guard her, the Man departed on his hope-

less errand. It was brave of him. He believed that in trying to find God he would get so lost that he would never be able to retrace his footsteps. Before he went he kissed the Woman tenderly, begging her forgiveness for all the misery he had caused her.

"But I caused it, too," she confessed. "It wasn't your rib that was to blame. It wasn't you at all. I wanted the fruit, and we ate it together."

It was the first time she had acknowledged it; until then she had insisted that the fault was his solely. So in the moment of farewell she restored to him one little ray of the great, lost sun of his flaming happiness.

VI

THE air was so thick with falling snow that he was well-nigh stifled. His eyes were blinded as tho they were padded with cotton-wool. The flakes brushed against his cheeks like live things. At his sixth step from the entrance he lost his direction. His feet commenced to slide; against his will he went avalanching and cavorting down the path.

At the bottom he lay panting for a time; then, because he was cold, he picked himself up and went blundering on, not in the least knowing where he was going. Bushes clutched at his feet. Trees slashed across his face. He was inclined to weep, but checked himself, remembering that on one of those sunny afternoon walks God had told him that to cry wasn't manly.

"And I must find God, I must find God," he kept repeating to himself.

The only way he knew of finding God was by pressing forward. God had once confessed to him, "The reason I am God is because I show courage."

"Then I'll show courage, too," he thought.

Presently he found himself in the heart of the forest and began to breathe more freely. Avenues of giant trees stretched before him, which criss-crossed one another and faded into the gloom of twilight, colonnaded tunnels. He could almost feel the gnarled trunks bracing themselves and the crooked branches linking arms to bear up the weight of the downpoured roof of whiteness. As his eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, he saw the animals strewn flat among fallen leaves, their noses pressed between their paws, shivering with terror. Overhead birds and monkeys sat in rows, squeezed side by side for companionship, weeping silently. Of a sudden he regained

his majesty, being filled with contempt for their cowardice.

"For I am Man," he reminded himself, "so like to God that I could easily be mistaken for Him—and these are the creatures who dared to talk of punishing me."

Throwing out his chest, he strode valiantly past them, utterly ignoring their presence.

From behind him a voice called whimperingly. It was the lion's, the King of Beasts, squeaky and falsetto with panic. "Master, thou art wise. What has happened? Tell us."

Had he known how, the Man would have laughed. But the laugh comes later in the story. Without turning his head, still going away from them, he answered: "It is a punishment for what thou and thy people have done to me and my Woman, O lion."

He had made up the answer on the spur of the moment; he knew no more than they did what had happened. But he loved inventing and was never so content as when he was pretending that he was God.

Immediately they forgot the wrong answers he had given them, and how he had deceived them in the past. The leaves rustled as they lifted up their heads from beneath their paws. Their voices trembled as one when they besought him: "Master, stay with us. We are in terror. Make it leave off."

Turning slowly, he blinked at them through the dimness. Folding his arms, he regarded them thoughtfully, with his legs wide apart. He did it as he supposed God might have done it. He spoke at last. "It's only just begun. Why should I make it leave off?"

"Because thou art strong, and we are repentant."

Their manner was so humble and adoring that he felt sorry for them. They had begged his pardon in the same words that he had intended to beg God's. And then he was just—the only just creature that God had created. In his heart he knew that he had merited their revenge; there was scarcely one of them at whom he had not hurled his rocks. He came back, walking in stately fashion till he stood fearlessly in the center of them. Looking up through the burdened branches at the calamity which he did not understand, he commanded,

"Leave off."

To his immense surprise, on the instant

the snow ceased falling. It settled gently, like a tired bird into its nest. The serenity of the stillness was unbroken.

"I am hungry," he said.

The animals hurried to their stores of food and waited on him.

"I have not slept."

The squirrels scraped fallen leaves into a bed, and the bear and the wolf stood guard.

WHEN he awoke, it was a brilliant winter's morning. The sun was charioting in highest heaven. The forest was white as the cotton-wool had blown through it. As far as eye could search, everything glittered, sheathed in a film of glass. Snow bulged from branches like pillows filled to bursting. Icicles hung down like fantastic swords. Down the colonnaded avenues trees cut their shadows in heavy bars; the spaces between them were golden splashes.

The Man yawned. "I am still tired. Fetch the horse that he may carry me back to my dwelling."

He ordered the horse to be fetched, because he had forgotten where his cave was. It was clever of him. He did it to keep the animals from knowing his ignorance.

The horse came galloping up obediently. Clutching him by the mane, the Man bestrode him. Off they started at a sharp trot, with the animals shouting and following behind them. As they traveled, the Man could hardly keep from smiling at picturing what a fine fellow he was. He made no attempt to restrain himself from giving orders. All the time he kept urging the animals to shout louder. He wanted the Woman to hear them, so that she might crawl to the entrance of the cave and be a witness of his triumphant home-coming. It wasn't good enough merely to picture himself as a fine fellow. He was anxious to hear her say to him,

"Oh, Man, what a fine fellow you are!"

He'd forgotten completely the purpose of his errand, that he'd set out through the world's first snow-storm in search of God.

So at last they burst forth from the forest and reached the foot of the slippery ascent. Because it was so slippery, the Man dismounted; the horse could carry him no further. Having commanded the animals to go on shouting for at least half an hour, he left them and commenced to climb the steep and narrow path. He had

to go gingerly on his hands and knees. There were places where he slipped back two steps for every one he advanced. By snatching at rocks and bushes, he dragged himself slowly to the turning which brought him in sight of the entrance. There, seated in the entrance to the cave, he saw—

You must remember that by now it was the twenty-fifth of December. To remember that is most extraordinarily important. What he saw is so exciting that it deserves another chapter.

VII

HE saw the Woman—but not the Woman as he had left her. She was no longer sick. She was completely restored. As in the old days, her hair clothed her like a flame. Her face parted it into waves as tho she were a swimmer. He could see the pink dimples in her knees where she sat, and the marble whiteness of her feet, which flashed like jewels. She was again the darling who had delighted his heart when she had darted like a sunbeam across the shaven lawns of Eden, but now she was ten times more radiant.

What was it that had changed her? Her tenderness made a golden mist about her which inspired him with awe. He had precisely this sense of sunny quietness when he had walked through those long, still afternoons with God.

She was unaware of him. Her eyes were deep pools of sapphire. She was smiling gently and brooding above something which nestled in her arms. He called to her softly; she paid him no attention. Far below the ridge, in obedience to his commands, the animals were still shouting. Was it because of them that she was smiling? Had the robin flown ahead of him to tell her what had happened? The robin was perched on her shoulder, fluttering his little wings and singing her his finest song. He called to the robin; like the Woman, the robin was too occupied to hear him. No, it wasn't because of him that she was smiling, he felt sure. Then why was it?

He gazed back on the dazzling landscape that spread away below him, hoping to find something there that would tell him. How transformed it was from the gloomy jungle that had been wont to threaten him! It was like a nest of down. From its farthest edge where Eden lay, a beam of glory spanned it with an orange path. It was this beam that made the golden

mist about the Woman. To his amazement he saw that Eden's gates were open. Even while he watched they began to close, slowly and slowly, with the beam ever shortening, till at last they were utterly locked and barred.

The memory of lost happiness overwhelmed him. He turned again to the Woman. There she sat in the golden mantle of her hair, enthroned on the snow's pure whiteness. Creeping to her humbly, he fell to covering her feet with kisses, so great was his need of her.

"My Woman," he wept, "they are cold—so cold. Never again will I leave thee, not even to find God."

She bent toward him, lifting his chin in her hand. "I shall feel the cold no more. Put thy hand in my breast. Dost thou feel it? I have that next my heart which, tho I grow old, shall keep me forever warm."

As he slipped his hand in her breast, she parted her hair and showed him. Kneeling beside her, he gazed down wonderingly at a thing that he had never seen before. He could find no name for it. It was like himself, and it was like her, also, only it was tiny and no thicker than his forearm. It had wee feet and hands, a rosebud of a mouth, and it was smooth and soft. Its head, which was the size of an apple, was covered with silky floss. Lowering his face, he sniffed it all over. It smelled sweet like the flowers that used to bloom in Eden.

"What is it?"

She shook her head. "It was here when I awakened." Her eyes became bright and immense as stars. "It's ours," she whispered tenderly.

VIII

IT was awkward to have something for which you could find no name, especially when it was something that you had already begun to love.

"We'll have to ask someone," the Man said. "If I knew where He was, I might ask—"

The Woman's face blanched. "Not God," she begged. "Because of the fruit we ate He might take it from us."

Just then they were disturbed by a rustling of snow. Looking up, they saw the rabbit watching them with timid eyes and recovering his breath after the long climb.

"What d'you want?" the Man asked sharply.

The rabbit flicked his white scut and sat

up on his hind legs, his whiskers quivering with excitement. "I want to see it," he panted. "The dog's been boasting. I hurried because I wanted to be the first to see it. I'm so little I couldn't do it any harm."

"Let him see it," said the Woman. "He's gentle. He might be able to tell us what to call it."

So the Man told the rabbit that he could have just one peep. But when the rabbit tried to get his peep by standing up alongside the Woman's knees, he wasn't tall enough; so the Man had to lift him till he lay, all furry, against the little creature that was in the Woman's arms.

"I can't suggest anything," said the rabbit. "We ought to consult the other animals. They all want to be friends; they're so curious. But there's one thing I do know: we're both small, and my coat would just fit it."

Before they could stop him, he had pulled off his coat and was tucking it snugly about the little stranger. He was right; it did fit exactly. So the first garment of the earth's first baby was a rabbit-skin, which accounts for the rhyme which mothers sing about "Gone to fetch a rabbit-skin, to wrap the baby bunting in."

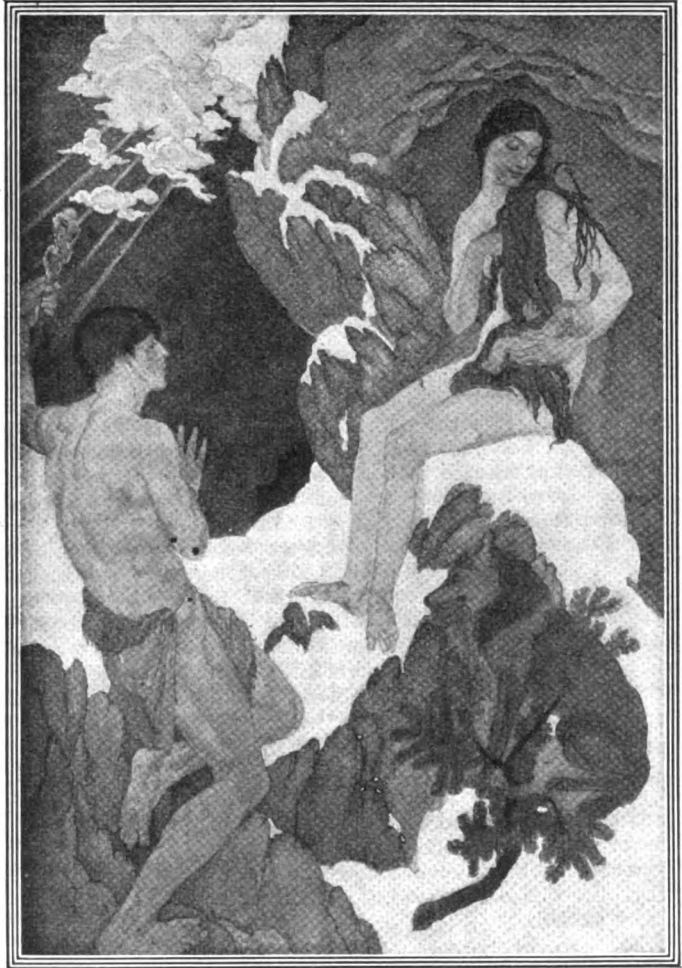
When the rabbit had presented his gift, he hopped down from the Woman's lap very much thinner. "And now can I bring the other animals?" he asked.

The Man hesitated. He was remembering the last visits of the lion and the elephant and the rhinoceros.

"They might find a name for it," the rabbit pleaded.

Then the Man nodded, and the rabbit scuttled off.

They hadn't long to wait before they



There, seated in the entrance to the cave, the Man saw the Woman, but not the Woman as he had left her. She was completely restored. Her eyes were deep pools of sapphire. She was smiling gently and brooding above something which nestled in her arms. The robin was perched on her shoulder, fluttering his wings and singing her his finest song.

heard a deep breathing and grunting. Struggling up the frozen path to the cave came all the animals God had created. They advanced in single file, the great and the small mixed up together; the giraf followed by the hedgehog and the mastodon preceded by the frog. They came hand-in-hand, forming a chain to pull one another up, treading on one another's heels, jostling and slipping back on one another. Those behind kept whispering to those in front to hurry; those in front were too winded to retort. Their ascent was made more difficult by their generosity, for all save one of them car-

ried presents. The one who came empty-handed was the stork. He led the procession, looking stately and pompous, as tho he were taking the credit for having occasioned the disturbance. The Man learned later that that was precisely what he *was* doing—taking all the credit. He had been telling the animals that it was he who had left the strange little creature at the Woman's side the night before. Because of this he pretended that it wasn't necessary for him to bring a present. There were many who believed him. There still are.

When they had all climbed safely to the top, they gathered in a semicircle about the Woman, having piled their gifts before her. In silence they waited; then she parted her hair and showed them the wonder that nestled in her arms.

The Man, standing at her side, addressed them. "Oh, brothers, I am wise, for I have walked with God, yet never have I seen anything like it. There was nothing like it in Eden. I have sent for you that I may ask you what to call it."

No one answered. He questioned each in turn, but none of them could advise him.

"We have to find a name for it," he said crossly, "so let's sit down and think hard."

So they sat down in the snow, scratching their heads, and thought hard. From time to time the Man inquired whether any of them had had an inspiration. They never had, which was discouraging when you consider what a lot of them were thinking. In this way at least an hour must have passed.

THINGS were getting both cold and embarrassing, when the little creature who was being thought about so hard showed signs of waking and began to stir in the Woman's arms. I ought to have told you that ever since the Man's home-coming it had been sleeping. First it kicked out with its bandy legs. Then it fisted its pudgy hands and yawned. Then it puckered its wee, red face in a manner most alarming and, to the amazement of them all—The Woman was so amazed that she nearly let it drop. And yet what it did was perfectly natural. It opened its eyes like two blue patches of heaven, and blinked at them. Last of all it emitted a thin, wailing sound that made everybody abominably unhappy. The crocodile became so emotional that his tears froze in two long icicles. After a pause the sound was repeated. All the animals rose on

their hind legs and covered their ears with their paws.

The Woman stared at them apologetically. She was distressed and puzzled. "Please don't cover your ears," she begged. "And don't think that I'm hurting it. There's something that it's trying to tell us. It's said the same thing before. It began saying it the moment I first found it. It's gone on saying it, on and on—There, there, my little one, my belovedest."

As if to corroborate her assertion that it had gone on and on, it commenced to cry afresh. Out of politeness to the Woman, tho the sound hurt them, the tender-hearted animals uncovered their ears and listened intently. This is what they heard, repeated over and over:

"Baa-aa-by! Baa-aa-by! Baa-aa-by."

They were all shaking with sobbing when the elephant, in his coarsest manner, lifted up his trunk and snorted through it contemptuously.

"Stop snorting," the Man ordered impatiently. "There's no reason why you should snort."

"Isn't there?" The elephant shuffled to his feet to depart. Before he went, just to show his independence, again he snorted. Across his shoulder he remarked: "And you think yourself so wise! You want to know what to call it. Every time it speaks it tells you."

The thing cried once more.

"There you are!" The elephant trumpeted triumphantly as he seated himself at the top of the slide, having pulled his tail from under him preparatory to tobogganning down the path. "Don't you hear what it says? 'Baa-aa-by! Baa-aa-by!' It couldn't be put more plainly. It's asking you to call it baby."

As the elephant pushed off and vanished in a whirl of flying snow, the Woman turned to the Man with a smile of gladness.

"The clumsy fellow's right. Weren't we the stupid! Fancy not understanding our own baby!"

IX

AS you may imagine, all the beasts and birds went back to the jungle very discontented. They didn't see why they shouldn't have babies. They were wild to have babies. They talked of nothing else. No sooner had they got down the hill from visiting the cave than they turned round and started to climb back again. They kept urging the Woman to be frank with them and to confess how her baby had

happened. Of course she couldn't confess, seeing that she didn't know herself. All that she knew was that she hadn't felt well since she had eaten the forbidden fruit in Eden, and now that the baby was there, she felt completely restored. Such information wasn't of much use to the animals, for the forbidden fruit grew inside of Eden, and the gates of Eden were locked.

At last the Man had to interfere to prevent her from being bothered. He stuck up a notice at the entrance to the cave, "*December 25th. Mother and Child Both doing Well. Don't Knock.*" When the animals came to call, he prevented them from entering by explaining gravely that having a baby was a very touch-and-go business and left one decidedly exhausted. To listen to him you might have supposed that he'd spent all his life in rocking cradles, whereas he was such a novice that, had it not been for the elephant, he wouldn't even have known that babies were called babies. Like all fathers, he deceived himself that there was nothing he didn't know about baby-lore. What was very much more surprising, by whispering and looking secretive he managed to impress the animals with his new-found learning and paternal importance.

BUT what had happened to the robin while all these excitements were going on? The last time we mentioned him, he was sitting perched on the Woman's shoulder, singing her his very finest song.

The robin, tho you may not have heard it, has always been a most religious bird. He had made up his mind, the moment the Man had come back, that the first thing to be done was to go and tell God. The chief difficulty about accomplishing this errand was due to God Himself. As you will remember, in returning to Heaven God had destroyed the sky-blue stairs behind Him. But the robin had wings; moreover, he was an optimist. He hoped that by fluttering up and up he would be able to reach Heaven in safety. The reason he had never tried before was because he had been afraid that God would not want him. He felt sure of his welcome, now that he was the bearer of such glad tidings.

He found the journey much harder than he had expected. There were parts of it that were so bitter that his wings would scarcely flutter. After he had lost sight of earth, he had to wind his way between the burning stars; they were so close to-

gether in places that his feathers were scorched. But he pressed on valiantly till he made out the quiet shining of the gates of Heaven and entered through the unguarded wall of jasper into a garden, which was in no way different from the one that God had planted upon earth.

Beneath scented trees the angels were scattered about disconsolately. There were black rims under their eyes; it was easy to see they had been worrying. Their beautiful, white gowns had come unstarched; it was many days since they had tidied themselves. There wasn't a sound of any sort—least of all, of music. Some of them still carried their harps, but most of them had stacked them in open spaces the way soldiers stack their rifles. When the robin sank spent to the grass in front of them, they paid him scant attention. When he weakly chirped his question, "Where's God?" they jerked their thumbs, indicating the direction, too listless to waste breath on words.

"What's the matter?" asked the robin.

"We're unhappy." After they had said it, they had difficulty to choke back their sobs.

"But why are you unhappy? Whoever heard of being unhappy in Heaven!"

"Because—because—" They glanced at one another forlornly, hoping that some one else would be the first to answer. "Because of the forbidden fruit. It's made God cross."

"Pshaw!" The robin swelled out his little breast with importance. "You'd better visit earth and see our baby. If the Woman hadn't eaten the forbidden fruit there wouldn't be any baby."

The word "baby" was entirely new to them. They sat up beneath their scented trees and began to ask questions. But the robin didn't want to be delayed; he spread his wings and fluttered on.

At last he came to the smoothest of smooth lawns, in the midst of which grew a mulberry tree, beneath whose shadow God was seated with the Virgin Mary. Despite the flakes of sunlight falling and the gold-blue peace by which They were surrounded, Their attitudes were no less despondent than the angels'. God sat with His elbows digging into his knees. His face was buried in His delicate hands. His eyes, peering through His fingers, were strained and red with always staring broodingly straight before Him. Of the Virgin Mary, crouching at His feet, the robin could see only the glint of her flaxen

hair and the paleness of her narrow shoulders. Her head was bowed in the lap of her Maker as if she had been beseeching Him always.

THE robin was overwhelmed with terror. All his chirpiness was gone. "Dear God," he quavered, "I beg Thy forgiveness. I have come when I was not bidden."

He paused, hoping that God would encourage him. When God took no notice, he felt himself to be the most insignificant and impertinent of living creatures. He spoke again, lest the silence should kill him on the spot.

"I have brought glad tidings—at least, we on earth think they are glad. The Woman, whom Thou didst cast out for eating the fruit that was forbidden, has been very sick. She has been sick since April, till just before daybreak this morning, when she miraculously recovered. At her side she found lying a little thing—such a little thing—so like to Thyself, O God. It has bandy legs and arms no thicker than Thy smallest finger. It has a baldy head about the size of an apple, with threads of gold spread over it like floss. It has a pink, wee face and a rosebud of a mouth. Its eyes are like patches of Thine own blue Heaven. And it is soft and cuddly. The Woman calls it her 'Belovedest.' And it smells sweet, like the flowers we used to breathe in Eden. We didn't know what it was. Even the Man didn't know. He summoned the animals to come and find a name for it. While they were sitting on their hind legs, behold, it awoke and told us that its rightful name was 'baby.' And now, O God, we birds and animals want to have babies. We're all trying to find out how it happened. And I want to find out most especially, because—"

"A baby, thou sayest! What is a baby? I, thy Creator, know nothing of it. The last thing I fashioned was the Woman, who has brought this deep shame upon Us."

God had spoken through His hands very softly, yet His voice was like a great wind blowing. It took the robin some seconds to recover from the shock. By the time he was ready to answer, the angels were rustling through all the glades of Heaven, and the Virgin was gazing at him with wistful intensity.

"What is a baby?" he said, audaciously repeating God's words. "It is a little Man and a little God. Surely Thou knowest?"

"I know nothing," God thundered, let-

ting fall His hands from before His face. "Begone."

When the hurricane of sound was ended the robin found himself hovering in the gateway between the jasper walls, where the sheer drop which lies between earth and Heaven commences. He turned to look back before he took the leap, and saw that behind him the angels were following. Following most closely was the Virgin.

"Tell me again," she pleaded. "It's little and soft. It's cuddly, and it smells like the flowers that bloom in Eden."

Perched on her shoulder, with his beak against her ear, he twittered to her his tale once more. While he was telling her, the angels crowded round, smoothing his feathers with shy caresses. But he didn't dare stay too long, for distantly, from beneath the mulberry tree, he still felt the brooding eyes of God. Launching himself from the Virgin's shoulder, he sank between the burning stars and through the bitter coldness of clouds snowladen, till late in the wintry afternoon he reached the cave on the limestone ridge, whence a murmur of secret singing was emerging.

X

ON the threshold he paused to listen.

Yes, it was the Woman. It was the first time she had been happy enough to sing since she had been cast out of Eden. But her song was entirely different from anything that she had sung before. It was more little and tender. It was a lullaby of mother nonsense, which she hummed when she couldn't find the proper rhymes, and made up as she went along.

As the robin fluttered through the gloom to her shoulder, she pressed her finger to her lips to warn him. The baby eyes were the merest slits of blueness. The little thumb was in the mouth, and the baby lips were sucking hard. The tiny knees were digging into the Woman's body, and the baldy head was cushioned on her bosom. The dog snoozed across her feet. The Man crouched against her, shrouded in the mantle of her hair, overcome with weariness. She was mothering them all, rocking herself slowly and singing gently her silly little song. The crooning of it over and over seemed to hush them with a sense of security:

"You are my ownty,
Dear little don'ty,
Sweetest and wonty,
Pudding and pie;

Good little laddie,
Just like your daddy,
Fallen from Heaven,
Come from the sky."

"But he didn't," whispered the robin.

The Woman paused in her singing. "Didn't what?"

"He didn't fall from Heaven. God's just been telling me; He never heard about him."

The Woman smiled. "Never heard about him! It doesn't matter; his Mummy's heard about him."

She stooped to kiss the soft little bundle, for he had commenced to stir. Then she resumed her singing.

Gradually the day failed. The late afternoon faded into evening. Gray twilight stole swiftly down. For a while the white fields of snow outside reflected a vague dimness; then night came with a noiseless rush, closing up the entrance to the cave with a wall of blackness.

Perched on the Woman's shoulder, the robin dozed. She still went on singing. How long he had been dozing he had no means of telling. He was awakened by a multitudinous rustling, as of a crowd assembling and drawing nearer. At first he thought it was some of the more persistent of the animals, coming once more to urge the Woman to tell them how babies happened. Then, of a sudden, he knew that he had been mistaken. The gloom of the cave was lit up by a glowing brightness. Peering across the threshold, with all the haloed hosts of Heaven tiptoeing behind her, was the Virgin Mary. It was the crowd of haloes that was causing so much brightness.

Stepping to the Woman's side, she gazed down longingly at the small God-Man.

"I want one. Oh, I want one so badly," she murmured.

The angels, thronging behind her, folded their wings and repeated her words, "So badly! So badly!" The sound was like a prayer, dying out in the void which spreads between earth and Heaven.

"Let me hold him," she begged.

Because she was the Virgin, even tho it might wake him, the Woman did not dare to refuse her. But she asserted her authority, as all mothers must, by pretending that she was the only person who knew how to hold him properly. And perhaps she was the only one at that moment, for there was no other mother beside herself in earth or Heaven. She showed the Virgin how to support his little head be-

cause it was wobbly; and how to keep one arm under his back because it was weak; and how he liked to be cuddled against her breast because it was warm and cushiony. And then, becoming generous, she taught her the silly little lullaby.

"I shall never go back to Heaven," the Virgin whispered. "I shall stay here always and help you nurse him."

"Never go back to Heaven," the angels echoed; "stay here always."

The Woman's eyes became troubled. "But I want him to myself," she faltered. "I don't want helping." Then she ceased to frown, for she had discovered a stronger argument. "Besides, what about God? You wouldn't leave Him all by Himself in Heaven. He'd be lonely."

The Virgin nodded her head vigorously. "I would, for I also am a woman. There are no babies in Heaven. I couldn't be happy without a baby."

Behind her the angels nodded their haloes. "No babies in Heaven. Couldn't be happy without a baby."

IT must have been so much talking that disturbed him; the baby woke up. As he opened his eyes and saw the Queen of Heaven bending over him, he smiled. It was his first smile.

On the instant the Woman, like all mothers, became jealous and snatched him back into her possession. She liked to believe that no one, not even the Man, could make him as comfortable as she could. Piling her golden hair upon her knees to make a pillow for him, she laid him naked on his back and commenced playing with his toes. If he had not given her his first smile, she would at least make certain of his second.

She was so taken up with her playing that she did not notice Who had entered. She was the only one who had not noticed. The angels were cowering against the walls of the cave. The Man had roused and crouched, covering his face with his hands. Only the Virgin stood upright, meek and fearless, with a look of unconquerable challenge. The Woman was quite oblivious; she went on with her mother nonsense. And there stood God regarding her through a cloud of puzzlement and anger.

The game that she played with the baby feet she was inventing on the spur of the moment. Starting with the tiniest toe, she wiggled it. Then she wiggled the next tiniest, till she came to the biggest of the tiny toes. To each toe as she wiggled it,

she gave a name; when she had wiggled them all, she buried her face in the fat, kicking legs.

"And this is Peedy Peedy," she said as she wiggled the littlest toe. "And this next babiast is Polly Loody. And this in the middle is Lady Fissle. And this tall fellow is Lally Vassal. And last we come to the *big, big* toe, who's King of them all. His name is the Great Ormondon." Then she dived her lips into the little squirming legs and kissed them as if she were going to make a meal of them.

She had to do it four times before the baby smiled at her. At first he only looked serious and astonished. The fifth time his smile broadened, and he gurgled. But the sixth, as she came to "the Great Ormondon," he burst into a crowing laugh. Never before had a laugh been heard in earth or Heaven. It was so surprizing that the angels ceased from cowering and the Man uncovered his face in order to see better.

Then God spoke. His voice was kind and tender like the cooing of doves—so kind and tender that the Woman, discovering His presence, wasn't a bit frightened. Sweeping the hair back from her eyes, she nodded to Him in the old, friendly fashion in which she had been used to greet Him in Eden.

"Can you make him do it again?" God asked.

He came nearer and leaned above her shoulder. So she made the baby laugh again.

"Could I make him?"

"Try," said the Woman.

So God wiggled the little toes, starting with the tiniest, and the Woman whispered the five magic names to Him secretly, so that He might say them all correctly.

"Peedy Peedy. Polly Loody. Lady Fissle. Lally Vassal. And the Great Ormondon."

When God boomed out the last, large, sounding name, the baby doubled his little fists, crowing and laughing unmistakably. Then God laughed, too, and the Virgin and all the Host of Heaven, and the Man and the Woman, till at last the dog and the robin couldn't restrain themselves any longer and joined in His laughter. When once they'd started laughing, it was difficult to stop. Besides, they didn't want to stop. They were doing it for the first time, and they liked the feeling of it. God laughed till the tears streamed down His face. By the time He held up His hand

for silence, there was scarcely an angel in Heaven who wasn't wearing his halo crooked.

"That's done us all good," said God. "I must have a baby for My very own exactly like him. I almost think that everybody ought to have babies." Then, catching sight of the dog and the robin, He added, "I mean animals, too."

He turned to the Man. "What day is this? I've not been counting since I ceased to walk in Eden."

The Man answered humbly, "Dear God, it is the twenty-fifth of December."

"I must remember that," said God thoughtfully. And then, to the Virgin: "Come. It grows late. There is no one to light the lamps of Heaven. You shall have your desire, for you, too, are a woman."

AND the robins say that God did remember, for it was on the twenty-fifth of December, centuries later, that His own son was born into the world. They say that the limestone ridge within sight of Eden was the spot where Bethlehem grew up after Eden had vanished. They even say that the cave to which Mary came on another winter's night, when the doors of the inn had been closed against her, was the very same. There, where the world's first baby had been born, she wrapped God's son in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, for the cave had now become a stable. Perhaps the heavenly host who sang "Peace and good will" to the shepherds was the same, tho the robins do not assert that.

Of one thing they are certain: that every time a baby is born, God laughs again, and His laughter travels down the ages. And that is why on Christmas Day every one is especially kind to children, because it was a little child who gave the first laugh and taught grown people, even God Himself, how easy it is to love when one is merry.

A CORRECTION

A letter received by us from Rebecca West, of England, informs us that her real name is not Regina Miriam Bloch, as was stated recently in these pages. The misinformation came from the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" which, ever since 1915, has printed: "Rebecca West, pseud. (Regina Miriam Bloch)."

ANNA CHRISTIE

A Play Both Above and Below the Dramatic Sea-level

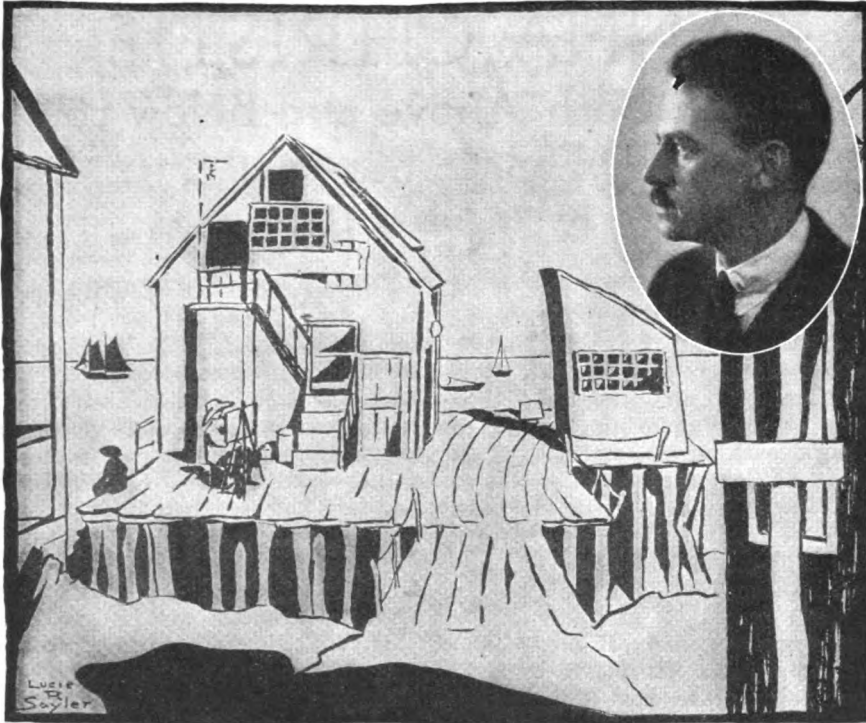
By Eugene O'Neill

CRITICAL opinion is a unit in admitting Eugene O'Neill to be a playwright of genius, but the critics view and review his new play, "Anna Christie," produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Vanderbilt Theater in New York, with mixed emotions. This genius of the one-act play is declared, by the New York *Sun* critic, to have proved once again that he can write a strong, high-class, full-length drama. In it J. Ranken Towse, of the *Evening Post*, finds passages of indisputable dramatic power, which, if not of the highest kind, makes the play a remarkable one, falling just short of a masterpiece. Nothing in the four acts is thought by the *Herald* reporter to be worthy of O'Neill excepting the love scene in the second act, which "contains passages of vibrant and moving passion." Alan Dale, of the *American*, flippantly defines it as "a quantity of dialog entirely surrounded by fog," while Alexander Wollcott, in the *Times*, heralds it as "a singularly engrossing play, crowded with life," and "because it has sprung from as fine an imagination as ever worked in our theater and because it has been wrought by a master of dramatic dialog, it is worth seeing again and again."

"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord achieving marked distinction in the title rôle, is the tragedy of an old Swedish bosun, Chris. Christopherson (George Marion), who has developed a great fear and hatred of the sea. It has killed the men and saddened the women of his world as far back as the tales of them run. When his own lonely wife dies he packs off his little daughter, Anna, to some farmer cousins in Minnesota, so that she may grow

up inland and never know the spell and the curse of his old devil sea. This motherless child of the sea is growing up into a forlorn and bitter woman, and it is from a raided brothel in St. Paul, disconsolate and convalescent, that she finally comes east to meet her father—and the sea. How it welcomes her and cleanses her till she feels as tho all her tribulations had been those of some gone and forgotten person; how, in spite of her father, it is a husky seaman, Mat Burke (Frank Shannon), she falls in love with; how this fellow goes wild-tearing drunk when she, impelled by her great love, discloses her past life to him; how she is repudiated by both her lover and father and forgiven by both, is the skeleton of the plot.

The first act discloses a New York waterfront saloon of pre-prohibition times, kept by one Johnny-the-Priest (James C. Mack) and much frequented by Chris. Christopherson when ashore. We are introduced to Chris., now the captain of a coal barge, who receives a letter stating that his daughter, Anna, is on her way from Minnesota and may arrive at any moment. His bewilderment is intensified by the presence of a sodden drab, Marthy Owen (Eugenie Blair), who has shared his cabin and is his constant company. How shall he get rid of her, now that his daughter is coming to live with him? By accident it is Marthy who, in the "family" room of the saloon, first encounters Anna during the temporary absence of Cap'n Chris. The girl, on entering, orders and feverishly drinks a glass of whisky and gingerale, remarking as she puts down the empty glass: "Gee, I needed that bad, all right, all right."



Courtesy of The Drama

A SEASIDE THEATER AND THE MAN WHO MADE IT FAMOUS

It is the Wharf Theater at Provincetown, Massachusetts, where Eugene O'Neill's plays were first produced.

MARTHY. (*Nodding sympathetically.*) Sure, yuh look all in. Been on a bat?

ANNA. No, traveling, day and a half on the train. Had to sit up all night in the dirty coach, too. Gawd, I thought I'd never get here.

MARTHY. (*With a start, looking at her intently.*) Where'd yuh come from, huh?

ANNA. St. Paul, out in Minnesota.

MARTHY. (*Staring at her in amazement slowly.*) So—yuh're— (*She suddenly bursts out into hoarse, ironical laughter.*) Gawd!

ANNA. All the way from Minnesota, sure. (*Flaring up.*) What you laughing at? Me?

MARTHY. (*Hastily.*) No, honest, kid. I was thinkin' of somethin' else.

ANNA. (*Mollified—with a smile.*) Well, I wouldn't blame you, at that. Guess I do look rotten—yust out of the hospital two weeks. I'm going to have another 'ski. What d'you say? Have something on me?

MARTHY. Sure I will. T'anks. (*She*

calls.) Hey, Larry! Little service! (*The bartender comes in.*)

ANNA. Same for me.

MARTHY. Same here.

(*Larry takes their glasses and goes out.*)

ANNA. Why don't you come sit over here; be sociable. I'm a dead stranger in this burg, and I ain't spoke a word with no one since day before yesterday.

MARTHY. Sure thing. (*She shuffles over to Anna's table and sits down opposite her. Larry brings the drinks and Anna pays him.*)

ANNA. Skoal'. Here's how!

MARTHY. Here's luck!

ANNA. (*Taking a package of Sweet Caporal cigarets from her bag.*) Let you smoke in here, won't they?

MARTHY. (*Doubtfully.*) Sure. (*Then with evident anxiety.*) On'y trow it away if yuh hear someone comin'.

ANNA. (*Lighting one and taking a deep inhale.*) Gee, they're fussy in this dump, ain't they? (*She puffs, staring at*

the table top. *Marthy looks her over with a new penetrating interest, taking in every detail of her face. Ann suddenly becomes conscious of this appraising stare resentfully.* Ain't nothing wrong with me, is there? You're looking hard enough.

MARTHY. *(Irritated by the other's tone—scornfully.)* Ain't got to look much. I got your number the minute you stepped in the door.

ANNA. *(Her eyes narrowing.)* Ain't you smart! Well, I got your's, too, without no trouble. You're more forty years from now. That's you! *(She gives a hard little laugh.)*

During further conversation Anna discloses her brief but sorry history to Marthy, who shrewdly guesses her identity and informs her that her father is a coal-barge captain. This announcement astounds the girl and dispels her hope of finding a home with him. She had thought him to be a janitor. They are interrupted by Chris. entering the saloon and learning from Marthy that his daughter has arrived. Marthy exits while Chris. and Anna get acquainted. Noting that she looks tired and hearing from her that she has been ill he suggests that they adjourn to his barge. She demurs. Whereupon:

CHRIS. You don't know how nice it's on barge, Anna. Tug come and ve gat tow out on voyage; yust water all 'round, and sun and fresh air, and good grub for make you strong, healthy gel. You see many tangs you don't see before. You gat moonlight at night, maybe; see steamer pass; see schooner make sail—see everything dat's pooty. You need rest like dat. You work too hard for young gel already. You need vacation, yes!

ANNA. *(Who has listened to him with a growing interest—with an uncertain laugh.)* It sounds good to hear you tell it. I'd sure like a trip on the water, all right. It's the barge idea has me stopped. Well, I'll go down with you and have a look and maybe I'll take a chance. Gee, I'd do anything once.

CHRIS. *(He picks up her bag.)* We go, eh?

ANNA. What's the rush. Wait a second. *(Forgetting the situation for a moment.)* Gee, I'm thirsty.

CHRIS. *(Sets down her bag immedi-*

ately—hastily.) Ay'm sorry, Anna. What you tank you like for drink, eh?

ANNA. *(Promptly.)* I'll take— *(Then suddenly reminded—confusedly.)* I don't know. What 'a' they got here?

CHRIS. *(With a grin.)* Ay don't tank dey got much fancy drink for young gel in dis place, Anna. Yinger ale, sas'prilla, maybe.

ANNA. *(Forcing a laugh herself.)* Make it sas, then.

CHRIS. *(Coming up to her—with a wink.)* Ay tal you, Anna. Ve celebrate, yes, dis one time because ve meet after many year. *(In a half whisper embarrassedly.)* Dey gat good port vine, Anna. It's good for you. Ay tank, little bit, for give you appetite. It ain't strong, neider. One glass don't go to your head, Ay promise.

ANNA. *(With a half-hysterical laugh.)* All right. I'll take port.

CHRIS. Ay go gat him. *(He goes out to the bar. As soon as the door closes, Anna starts to her feet.)*

ANNA. *(Picking up her bag—half aloud—stammeringly.)* Gawd, I can't stand this! I better beat it. *(Then she lets her bag drop, stumbles over to her chair again, and covering her face with her hands, begins to sob.)*

The second act shows the deck of the barge, at anchor in Provincetown, Mass., harbor, ten days later. It is night. By the light of a deck lantern Anna is discovered enveloped in fog. The sea voyage from New York has transformed her into a healthy, tanned girl of twenty, hatless and wearing an oilskin coat. Her father appears, maligns the sea and pays his sardonic compliments to the fog.

ANNA. I love it! I don't give a rap if it never lifts! *(Chris fidgets from one foot to the other worriedly. Anna continues slowly, after a pause.)* It makes me feel clean—out here—s'f I'd taken a bath.

CHRIS. *(After a pause.)* You better go in cabin—read book. Dat put you to sleep.

ANNA. But I don't want to sleep. I want to stay out here—and think about things.

CHRIS. *(Walks away from her toward the cabin, then comes back.)* You act funny to-night, Anna.



Photo by Abbe

CAP'N CHRISTOPHERSON IS ASHORE, YET HALF-SEAS OVER

It is a dramatic moment in "Anna Christie" when he learns that his motherless daughter has arrived in New York from the West to live with him.

ANNA. (*Her voice rising angrily.*) Say, what're you trying to do, make things rotten? You been kind as kind can be to me, and I certainly appreciate it, only don't spoil it all now. (*Then seeing the hurt expression on her father's face, she forces a smile.*) Let's talk of something else. Come. Sit down here. (*She points to the coil of rope. They sit.*)

CHRIS. It's getting pooty late in night, Anna. Must be near five bells.

ANNA. (*Interestedly.*) Five bells? What time is that?

CHRIS. Half-past ten.

ANNA. Funny I don't know nothing about sea talk. But those cousins was always talking crops and that stuff. Gee, wasn't I sick of it—and of them!

CHRIS. You don't like live on farm, Anna?

ANNA. I've told you a hundred times I hated it. (*Decidedly.*) I'd rather have one drop of ocean than all the farms in the world! Honest! And you wouldn't like a farm, neither. Here's where you belong. (*She makes a sweeping gesture seaward.*) But not on a coal barge. You belong on a real ship sailing all over the world.

CHRIS. (*Moodily.*) Ay've done dat many year, Anna, when Ay was damn fool.

ANNA. (*Disgustedly.*) Oh, rats. (*After a pause she speaks musingly.*) Was the men in our family always sailors, as far back as you know about?

CHRIS. (*Shortly.*) Yes, damn fools! All men in our village on coast, Sveden, go to sea. Ain't nutting else for dem to do. My fa'der die on board ship in Indian Ocean. He's buried at sea. Ay don't never know him only little bit. Dan may tree bro'der, older'n me, day go on ships. Dan Ay go too. Dan my mo'der she's left all 'lone. She die pooty quick after dat—all 'lone. (*He pauses sadly.*) Two my bro'der dey gat lost on fishing boat same like your bro'ders vas drowned. My oder bro'der, he save money, gave up sea, dan he die home in bed. He's only one dat ole davil don't kill. (*Defiantly.*) But me, Ay bet you Ah die ashore in bed, too!

Their conversation is interrupted by a man's voice faintly coming out of the fog, calling for help. It develops that there has been a shipwreck and four exhausted survivors are seeking port in an open boat. They are brought aboard the barge, one of them being a stoker, a husky son of Erin, named Mat Burke. Anna brings him a tumbler of grog which sets him on his feet and

loosens his tongue. They are alone on deck.

BURKE. And what is a fine, handsome woman the like of you doing on this scow?

ANNA. (*Coldly.*) Never you mind. (*Then half-amused in spite of herself.*) Say, you're a great tone, honest—starting right in kidding after what you been through.

BURKE. (*Delighted—proudly.*) Ah, it was nothing—aisy for a rale man with guts to him, the like of me. (*He laughs.*) All in the day's work, darlin'! (*Then more seriously, but still in a boastful tone, confidentially.*) But I won't be denying 'twas a damn narrow squeak. We'd all ought to be in Davy Jones at the bottom of the sea, be rights. And only for me, I'm telling you, and the great strength and guts is in me, we'd be being scoffed by the fishes this minute!

ANNA. (*Contemptuously.*) Gee, you hate yourself, don't you? (*Then turning away indifferently.*) Well, you'd better come in and lie down. You must want to sleep.

BURKE. (*Stung—rising unsteadily to his feet with chest out and head thrown back—resentfully.*) Lie down and sleep, is it? Divil a wink I'm after having for two days and nights, and divil a bit I'm needing now! Let you not be thinking I'm the like of them three weak scuts come in the boat with behind me. They may be bate out, but I'm not, and I've been rowing the boat with them lying in the bottom not able to raise a hand for the last two days we was in it. (*Furiously, as he sees this is making no impression on her.*) And I can lick all hands on this tub wan be wan, tired as I am!

ANNA. (*Sarcastically.*) Gee, ain't you a hard guy! (*Then with a trace of sympathy as she notices him swaying from weakness.*) But never mind that fight talk. I'll take your word for all you've said. Go on and sit down out here, anyway, if I can't get you to come inside. (*He sits down weakly.*) You're all in; you might as well own up to it.

BURKE. (*Fiercely.*) The divil I am!

ANNA. (*Coldly.*) Well, be stubborn, then, for all I care. And I must say I don't care for your language. The men I know don't pull that rough stuff when ladies are around.

BURKE. (*Getting unsteadily to his feet again—in a rage.*) Ladies! Ho-ho! Divil mend you! Let you not be making game of me. What would ladies be doing on this bloody hulk? (*As Anna attempts to go to the cabin, he lurches into her path.*) Aisy, now! You're not the old square-head's woman, I suppose you'll be telling me next, living in his cabin with him, no less! (*Seeing the cold, hostile expression on Anna's face, he suddenly changes his tone to one of boisterous joviality.*) But I do be thinking, iver since the first look



ANNA "BLOWS IN" TO NEW YORK FROM MINNESOTA
Pauline Lord, in the title rôle of Eugene O'Neill's new play, achieves marked histrionic distinction

my eyes took at you, that it's a fool you are to be wasting yourself, a fine, handsome girl, on a stumpy runt of a man like that old Swede. There's too many strapping great lads on the sea would give their heart's blood for one kiss of you!

ANNA. (*Scornfully.*) Lads like you, eh?

BURKE. (*Grinning.*) Ye take the words out o' me mouth. I'm the proper lad for you, if it's myself do be saying it.

And toward the close of this talkative act, Burke announces with all the ardor of his nature that he has found the one woman in the world for him.

ANNA. (*Is held by his eyes for a moment—then shrinks back from him with a broken laugh.*) Say—are you—going crazy? Are you trying to kid me? Proposing to me! For Gawd's sake! On such short acquaintance.

(*Chris. comes out of the cabin and stands staring blinkingly astern. When he makes out Anna in such intimate proximity to this strange sailor an angry expression comes over his face.*)

BURKE. (*Following her, with fierce, pleading insistence.*) I'm telling you there's the will of God in it that brought me safe through the storm and fog to the wan spot in the world where you was! Think of that now, and isn't it queer—

CHRIS. Anna! (*He comes toward them, raging, his fists clenched.*) Anna, you gat in cabin, you hear?

ANNA. (*All her emotions immediately transformed into resentment at his bullying tone.*) Who d'you think you're talking to—a slave?

CHRIS. (*Hurt—his voice breaking—pleadingly.*) You need gat rest, Anna. You gat sleep. (*She does not move. He turns to Burke furiously.*) What you doing here, you sailor fallar? You ain't sick like oders. You gat in fo'c'stle. Day give you bunk. (*Threateningly.*) You hurry, Ay tal you.

ANNA. (*Impulsively.*) But he is sick. Look at him. He can hardly stand up.

BURKE. (*Straightening and throwing out his chest—with a bold laugh.*) Is it giving me orders ye are, me bucko? Let you look out, then! With wan hand, weak as I am, I can break ye in two and fling the pieces over the side, and your crew after you. (*Stopping abruptly.*) I was forgetting. You're her Old Man and I'd not raise a fist to you for the world. (*His*

knees sag; he wavers and seems about to fall; Anna utters an exclamation of alarm and hurries to his side.)

ANNA. (*Taking one of his arms over her shoulder.*) Come on in the cabin. You can have my bed, if there ain't no other place.

BURKE. (*With jubilant happiness—as they proceed toward the cabin.*) Glory be to God, is it holding my arm about your neck you are! Anna! Anna! Sure it's a sweet name is suited to you.

ANNA. (*Guiding him carefully.*) Sssh! Sssh!

BURKE. Whisht, is it? Indade and I'll not. I'll be roaring it out like a foghorn over the sea! You're the girl of the world, and we'll be marrying soon, and I don't care who knows it!

ANNA. (*As she guides him through the cabin door.*) Sssh! Never mind that talk. You go to sleep. (*They go out of sight in the cabin.*) Chris., who has been listening to Burke's last words with open-mouthed amazement, stands looking after them helplessly.)

CHRIS. (*Turns suddenly and shakes his fist out at the sea—with bitter hatred.*) Dat's your dirty trick, damn old daval, you! (*Then in a frenzy of rage.*) But py God, you don't do dat! Not while Ay'm living! No, py God, you don't!

Act three transpires in the cabin of the barge, at dock in Boston, a week later. Anna and her father are discovered in an argument over the attentions Burke has been paying her.

ANNA. Aw, come on, be good. What's eating you, anyway? Don't you want no one to be nice to me except yourself?

CHRIS. (*Placated—coming to her—eagerly.*) Yes, Ay do, Anna—only not fallar on sea. But Ay like for you marry steady fallar got good job on land. You have little home in country all your own.

ANNA. (*Rising to her feet—brusquely.*) Oh, cut it out! (*Scornfully.*) Little home in the country! I wish you could have seen the little home in the country where you had me in jail till I was sixteen! (*With rising irritation.*) Some day you're going to get me so mad with that talk, I'm going to turn loose on you and tell you a lot of things that'll open your eyes.

CHRIS. (*Alarmed.*) Ay don't vant—

ANNA. I know you don't; but you keep on talking yust the same.

CHRIS. Ay don't talk no more, den, Anna.

ANNA. Then promise me you'll cut out saying nasty things about Mat Burke every chance you get?

CHRIS. (*Evasive and suspicious.*) Why? You like dat fallar—very much, Anna?

ANNA. Yes, I certainly do! He's regular man, no matter what faults he's got. One of his fingers is worth all the hundred of men I met out there—inland.

CHRIS. (*His face darkening.*) Maybe you tank you love him, den?

ANNA. (*Defiantly.*) What of it, if I do?

CHRIS. (*Scowling and forcing out the words.*) Maybe you tank you marry him?

ANNA. (*Shaking her head.*) No! (*His face lights up with relief. Anna continues slowly, a trace of sadness in her voice.*) If I'd met him four years ago, or even two years ago, I'd have jumped at the chance. I tell you that straight. And I would now, only he's such a simple guy, a big kid, and I ain't got the heart to fool him. (*She breaks off suddenly.*) But don't never say again he ain't good enough for me. It's me ain't good enough for him.

Burke arrives presently, beaming with good humor which Chris. vigorously and at length proceeds to dampen while Anna goes out for a walk on the dock. The argument grows heated, and the infuriated parent, drawing a sheath-knife, throws himself at Burke, who handles him as he would a child. Christ. is disarmed and struggling in the other's grasp when Anna reappears at the cabin door and demands an explanation.

BURKE. (*Draws a deep breath.*) The whole of it's in a few words only. So's he'd make no mistake and him hating the sight of me, I told him in his teeth I loved you. (*Passionately.*) And that's God's truth, Anna, and well you know it!



A DRAMATIC STUDY IN CONTRASTS

Anna Christie (Pauline Lord) meets Marthy Owen (Eugenie Blair) in a waterfront saloon and tells the dissipated older woman "You're me forty years from now."

CHRIS. (*Scornfully—forcing a laugh.*) Ho-ho! He tal same tang to gel every port he got!

ANNA. (*Shrinking from her father with repulsion, resentfully.*) Shut up, can't you? (*Then to Burke, feelingly.*) I know it's true, Mat. I don't mind what he says.

BURKE. God bless you!

ANNA. And then what?

BURKE. And then— (*Hesitatingly.*) And then I said— I said I was sure. I told him I thought you had a bit of love for me, too. (*Passionately.*) Say you do, Anna! Let you not destroy me entirely, for the love of God! (*He grasps both of her hands.*)

ANNA. So you told him that, Mat? No wonder he was mad. Well, maybe it's true, Mat. Maybe I do. I been thinking and thinking. I didn't want to, Mat, I'll own up to that; I tried to cut it out, but— (*She laughs helplessly.*) I guess I can't help it, anyhow. So I guess I do, Mat. (*Then with a sudden joyous defiance.*) Sure I do! What's the use of kidding myself different? Sure I love you, Mat.

CHRIS. (*With a cry.*) Anna!

BURKE. God be praised!

ANNA. (*Assertively.*) And I ain't never loved a man in my life before, you

can always believe that, no matter what happens.

BURKE. (*Goes over to her and puts his arms around her.*) Sure, I do be believing iver word you iver said or iver will say. And 'tis you and me will be having a grand, beautiful life together to the end of our day! (*He tries to kiss her. At first she turns away her head, then, overcome by a fierce impulse or passionate love, she takes his head in both of her hands and holds his face close to hers, staring into his eyes. Then she kisses him full on the lips.*)

Anna bids him good-by, declaring that she can't be his wife. He is nonplussed. Chris. is jubilant. There is a volley of criss-cross-examination into what she means, ending with:

ANNA. (*At the end of her patience—blazing out at them passionately.*) You can go to hell, both of you! (*There is something in her tone that makes them forget their quarrel and turn to her in a stunned amazement. Anna laughs wildly.*) You're just like the rest of them, you two! Gawd, you'd think I was a piece of furniture! I'll show you! Sit down now. (*As they hesitate—furiously.*) Sit down and let me talk for a minute! You're all wrong, see? Listen to me! I'm going to tell you something, and then I'm going to beat it. (*To Burke—with a harsh laugh.*) I'm going to tell you a funny story, so pay attention. (*Pointing at Chris.*) I've been meaning to turn it loose on him every time he'd get my goat with his bull about keeping me safe inland. I wasn't going to tell you, but you've forced me into it. What's the dif? It's all wrong, anyway, and you might as well get cured that way as any other. Only don't forget what you said a minute ago about it not mattering to you what other reason I got so long as I wasn't married to no one else.

BURKE. That's my word, and I'll stick to it!

ANNA. (*Bitterly.*) What a chance! You make me laugh, honest! Want to bet you will? Wait 'n' see! (*She stands at the table, rear, looking from one to the other of the two men with her hard, mocking smile. Then she begins, fighting to control her emotion and speak calmly.*) First thing is, I want to tell you two guys something. You was going on 's if one of you had got to own me. But nobody owns me, see? 'cepting myself. I'll do

what I please, and no man, I don't give a hoot who he is, can tell me what to do! I ain't asking either of you for a living. I can make it myself, one way or other; I'm my own boss. So put that in your pipe and smoke it! You and your orders!

BURKE. (*Protestingly.*) I wasn't meaning it that way at all, and well you know it. You've no call to be raising this rumpus with me. (*Pointing to Chris.*) 'Tis him you've a right—

ANNA. I'm coming to him. But you, you did mean it that way, too. You sounded—just like all the rest. (*Hysterically.*) But, damn it, shut up! Let me talk for a change!

BURKE. 'Tis square, rough talk that, for a decent girl the like of you!

ANNA. Decent? Who told you I was? (*Chris. is sitting with bowed shoulders, his head in his hands. She leans over in exasperation and shakes him violently by the shoulder.*) Don't go to sleep, Old Man. Listen here, I'm talking to you now.

CHRIS. (*Straightening up and looking about as if he were seeking a way to escape—with frightened foreboding in his voice.*) Ay don't vant for hear it. You vas going out of head, Ay tank, Anna.

ANNA. (*Violently.*) Well, living with you is enough to drive anyone off their nut. Your bunk about the farm being so fine! Didn't I write you year after year how rotten it was and what a dirty slave them cousins made of me? What'd you care? Nothing! Not even enough to come out and see me. That crazy bull about wanting to keep me away from the sea don't go down with me. You yust didn't want to be bothered with me. You're like all the rest of 'em!

CHRIS. (*Feebly.*) Anna! It ain't so—

ANNA. (*Not heeding his interruption—revengefully.*) But one thing I never wrote you. It was one of the cousins that you think is such nice people, the youngest son, Paul, that started me wrong. (*Loudly.*) It wasn't none of my fault. I hated him worse'n hell, and he knew it. But he was big and strong— (*Pointing to Burke.*) Like you.

BURKE. (*Springing to his feet, his fists clenched.*) God blarst it! (*He sinks slowly back in his chair again, the knuckles showing white on his clenched hands, his face tense with the effort to suppress his grief and rage.*)

CHRIS. Anna!

ANNA. (*To him, seeming not to have heard their interruptions.*) That was why

I run away from the farm. That was what made me get a yob as nurse girl in St. Paul. (*With a mocking laugh.*) And you think that was a nice yob for a girl, too, don't you? (*Sarcastically.*) With all them nice inland fellars yust looking for a chance to marry me, I s'pose. Marry me? What a chance! They wasn't looking for marrying. (*As Burke lets a groan escape him—desperately.*) I'm ownin' up to everything fair and square. I was caged in, I tell you, yust like in yail, taking care of other people's kids, listening to 'em bawlin' and crying day and night when I wanted to be out—and I was lonesome, lonesome as hell! (*With a sudden weariness.*) So I give up finally. What was the use? (*She stops and looks at the two men. Both are motionless and silent.*) You don't say nothing, either of you, but I know what you're thinking. You're like all the rest! (*To Chris.—furiously.*) And who's to blame for it, me or you? If you'd even acted like a man, if you'd even been a regular father and had me with you maybe things would be different!

CHRIS. Don't talk day vay, Anna! Ay go crazy. Ay vont listen. (*Puts his hands over his ears.*)

ANNA. (*Stridently.*) You will, too, listen! (*She leans over and pulls his hands from his ears—with hysterical rage.*) You keeping me safe inland. I wasn't no nurse girl the last two years. I lied when I wrote you; I was in a house, that's what! Yes, that kind of a house, the kind sailors like you and Mat goes to in port—and your nice inland men, too, and all men, God damn 'em! I hate 'em! Hate 'em.

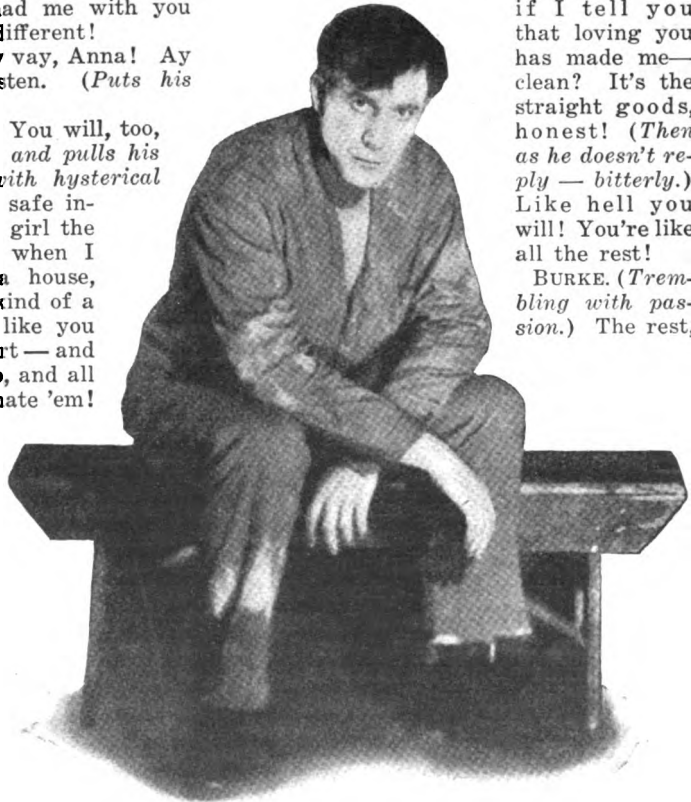
As a climax, she taunts Burke for not still urging her to go ashore with him, and continues:

ANNA. I s'pose if I tried to tell you I wasn't—that, no more, you'd believe me, wouldn't you? Yes, you would. And if I told you that yust getting out in this barge, and being on the sea had changed me and made me feel different about

things, 't'if all I'd been through wasn't me and didn't count and was yust like it never happened—you'd laugh, wouldn't you? And you'd die laughing sure if I said that meeting you that funny way that night in the fog, and afterwards seeing that you was straight goods stuck on me, had got me to thinking for the first time, and I sized you up as a different kind of man—a sea man as different from the ones on land as water is from mud—and that was why I got stuck on you, too. I wanted to marry you and fool you, but I couldn't. Don't you see how I'd changed? I couldn't marry you with you believing a lie—and I was ashamed to tell you the truth—till the both of you forced my hand, and I seen you was the same as all the rest. And now give me a bawling out and beat it, like I can tell you're going to. (*She stops, looking at Burke. He is silent, his face averted, his features beginning to work with fury. She pleads passionately.*) Will

you believe it if I tell you that loving you has made me—clean? It's the straight goods, honest! (*Then as he doesn't reply—bitterly.*) Like hell you will! You're like all the rest!

BURKE. (*Trembling with passion.*) The rest,



HE SEES A HAPPY FUTURE FOR HIMSELF AND ANNA
Matt. Burke (Frank Shannon) falls in love with the girl and it proves to be a terrific test of his character.

is it? God's curse on you. Clane, is it? You slut, you; I'll be killing you now! *(He picks up the chair from which he has been sitting and swinging it high over his shoulder springs toward her. Chris. rushes forward with a cry of alarm, trying to ward off the blow from his daughter. Anna looks up into Burke's eyes with the fearlessness of despair. Burke checks himself, the chair held in the air.)*

CHRIS. Stop, you crazy fool! You vant for murder her!

ANNA. *(Pushing her father away bruskiy, her eyes still holding Burke's.)* Keep out of this, you! *(To Burke—dully.)* Well, ain't you got the nerve to do it? Go ahead! I'll be thankful to you, honest. I'm sick of the whole game.

Burke, with an oath, strides out of the cabin. Chris. dully announces that he will go ashore also. Whereupon:

ANNA. Not after him! Let him go! Don't you dare—

CHRIS. Ay go for gat drink.

ANNA. *(With a harsh laugh.)* So I'm driving you to drink, too, eh? I s'pose you want to get drunk so's you can forget, like him?

CHRIS. *(Bursting out angrily.)* Yes, Ay vant! You tank Ay like hear dem

tangs. *(Breaking down, weeping.)* Ay tank you wasn't dat kind of gel, Anna.

ANNA. *(Mockingly.)* And I s'pose you want me to beat it, don't you? You don't want me here disgracing you, I s'pose?

CHRIS. No, you stay here! *(Goes over and pats her on the shoulder, the tears running down his face.)* Ain't your fault, Anna, ay know dat. *(She looks up at him softened. He bursts into rage.)* It's dat ole daval, sea, do dis to me! *(He shakes his fist at the door.)* It's her dirty tricks! It was all right on barge with yust you and me. Den she bring dat Irish fallar in fog, she make you like him, she make you fight with me all time! If dat Irish fallar don't never come, you don't never tal me dem tangs, Ay don't never know and everytang's all right. *(He shakes his fist again.)* Dirty ole daval!

"Don't bawl about it," says Anna to her whimpering father. "There ain't nothing to forgive, anyway. It ain't your fault and it ain't mine and it ain't his, neither. We're all poor nuts. And things happen. And we yust get mixed in wrong, that's all." Yet in the end Anna is forgiven by both men and her marriage to Burke is forecasted.

CHALIAPINE, PREMIER ACTOR OF THE OPERATIC STAGE

FEODOR CHALIAPINE, the Russian basso, whose versatility makes him a candidate for the unique place in opera vacated by Caruso and whose appearance at the Metropolitan has been an event of the operatic season, calls himself "the enemy of tradition." Others of the critical fraternity call him "the greatest actor on the operatic stage, whose interpretation of a part is never twice the same." Carl van Vechten, in the *Boston Transcript*, informs us that this "prodigious Russian" does not study his rôles in solitude, poring over a score as most artists do. Rather, interpretations come to him extemporaneously, even when he is on the stage. He depends, "to a degree that would

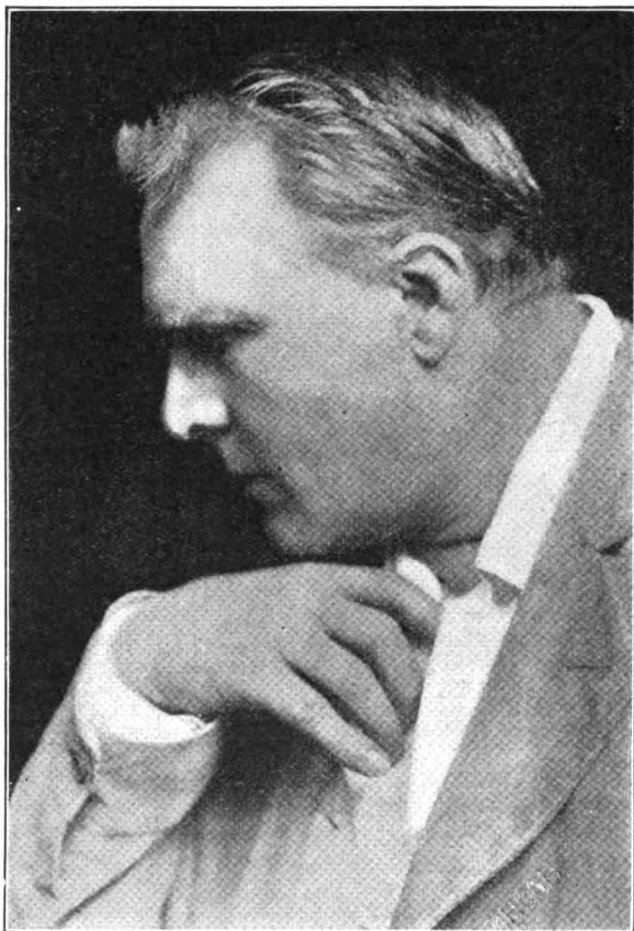
be unsafe for others who may be misled by his success," on inspiration to carry him through, once he begins to sing. This, however, does not mean that he does not study his rôles beforehand with great care and thoroness. It means, as he himself declares, on the contrary, that he has immersed himself in such study. "When I sing a character I am that character; I am no longer Chaliapine. So whatever I do must be in keeping with what the character would do." This is true to so great an extent, says the *Transcript* critic, that it can be taken for granted by any one who sees Chaliapine in a new rôle that he will develop the character with atmosphere from his first entrance, perhaps even without the aid

of a single gesture. His entrance on horseback in "Ivan the Terrible" is a case in point. Before he has sung a note he has projected the personality of the cruel Czar into the auditorium.

As an actor, writes Mrs. Newmarch in her book on "The Russian Opera," Chaliapine's greatest quality is his extraordinary gift of identification with the character he is representing. He does not merely throw himself into the part, to use a phrase commonly applied to histrionic art. He seems to disappear, to empty himself of all personality, that Boris Godunov or Ivan the Terrible may be reincarnated for us. "While working out his own conception of a part, unmoved by convention or opinion, he neglects no accessory study that can heighten the realism of his interpretation. It is impossible to see him as Ivan the Terrible, or Boris, without realizing that he is steeped in the history of those periods, which live again at his

will. In the same way he has studied the masterpieces of Russian art to good purpose, as all must agree who have compared the scene of Ivan's frenzied grief over the corpse of Olga, in the last scene of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, with Repin's terrible picture of the Czar, clasping in his arms the body of the son whom he has just killed in a fit of insane anger. The agonizing remorse and piteous senile grief have been transformed from Repin's canvas to Chaliapine's living picture, without the revolting suggestion of the shambles which mars the painter's work."

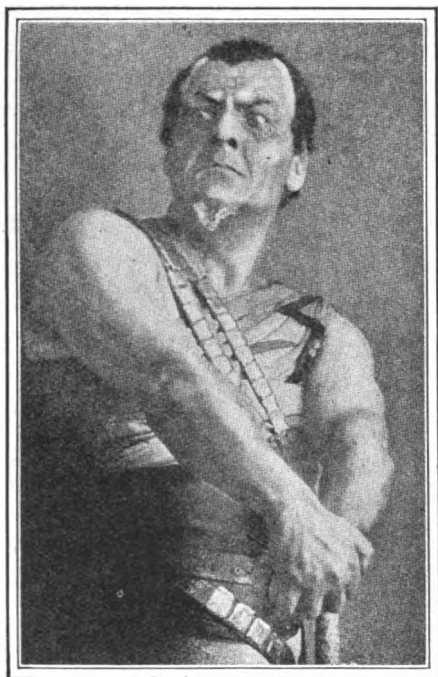
Chaliapine seems to Carl van Vechten



HE IS A GIANT BOTH PHYSICALLY AND ARTISTICALLY Feodor Chaliapine, for reasons best known to himself, remains an adherent of the Russian Soviet Government. American operagoers have been receiving him with acclaim.

to realize more completely than any other contemporary singer the opportunities afforded for the presentation of character on the lyric stage. In costume, make-up, the simulation of emotion, he is a consummate and painstaking artist. His limitations are said to be those of the voice which "sometimes he uses by main strength." In fact "he has never learned to sing, in the conventional meaning of the word."

As an actor, we read the murder-haunted Boris Godunov is, perhaps, his most overpowering creation. His Ivan is almost equally great. His Dositheus, head of the Old Believers in "Khovan-



SHOWING FEDOR CHALIAPINE AS HE APPEARS IN BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE" AND AS THE MAD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE IN MASSENET'S OPERA OF THAT NAME.

china," is a sincere and effective characterization along entirely different lines. Altho this character, in a sense, dominates Musorgsky's opera, there is little opportunity for the display of acting which Boris presents to the singing actor. By almost insignificant details of make-up and gesture the bass creates before your eyes a living, breathing man, a man of fire and faith. As the Tartar chieftain in "Prince Igor," Chaliapine has but few lines to sing, but his gestures during the performance of the ballet, which he has arranged for his guest, in fact his actions throughout the single act in which this character appears, are stamped on the memory as definitely as a figure in a Persian miniature. And the noble scorn with which, as Prince Galitzky, he bows to the stirrup of Prince Igor at the close of the prologue to this opera, remains a fixed picture in the mind. There is also the pathetic Don Quixote of Massenet's poorest opera. All great portraits these, to which must be added

the funny, dirty, expectorating Spanish priest of "Il Barbieri."

Chaliapine is one of the few great artists of Russia who have allied themselves with the Soviet. Officially, we are told, he is "in Bolshevism up to the neck," and is quoted as saying: "It has been my great privilege to have saved the art of Russia throughout these years of revolution—to have saved this art for Russia and the world." His private fortune, however, was confiscated in the early days of the revolution. "The Government needed it," is his simple comment. "A Government must have money."

Chaliapine is of peasant stock and was born at Kazan forty-eight years ago. It is said that he is almost entirely self-educated, both musically and intellectually. He worked for a time in a shoemaker's shop, sang in the archbishop's choir and, at the age of seventeen, joined a local operetta company. He seems to have had difficulty in collecting a salary from this latter

organization, and often worked as a railway porter in order to keep alive. Later he joined a traveling theatrical troupe, which visited the Caucasus. In 1892, Oussatov, a singer, heard Chaliapine in Tiflis, gave him some lessons, and got him an engagement. He made his début in opera in "A Life for the Czar," but Petrograd impresarios

did not appraise Chaliapine as one of the great figures of the contemporary lyric stage and he was not permitted to sing very often. In 1899 he was engaged to sing at the Imperial Opera in Moscow at sixty thousand roubles a year. Since then he has appeared in various European capitals, and in North and South America.

MRS. FISKE DISSECTS AND RIDICULES SEX-NONSENSE ON THE STAGE

IT IS mainly because most plays are written by men that so many sex-ridden heroines are exploited in the drama, contends no less an actress than Minnie Maddern Fiske. At the same time such rôles never lack for intensely sympathetic interpretation by stage women, she goes on to say, in the *Theatre Magazine*, because "we who are on the stage pass, as do other women, through violent attacks of feminine perplexities. We have our jungle fever in the group- ing period, the exalted fever later on. Perhaps the third and last attack upon our surcharged nervous system is the fever of illusion, when we discover that the normal pulse depends upon regaining our spiritual temperature. . . . The more tempestuous we are at first, the better our understanding of what is nonsense afterwards."

Playwrights are driven to write plays about sex-nonsense, Mrs. Fiske thinks, because, when they write plays that endeavor to show a perfectly normal woman, there are critics who do not understand them. In her own stage experience she has found that most heroines are eternally talking about their problems, their woes, their tortured souls, existing in a sort of clinic of emotions which are operated upon by the dramatist and explained by the actors. They are interesting, she admits, in their relation to the psychology of feminine complexity, but "they are literary nonsense, or emotional nonsense, nevertheless," because "they offer no solution except a tragic one, just as if

the majority of women in real life do not overcome tragic issues, rising above them unselfishly."

As regards the so-called "chicken" heroine, who is characterized as the last word in dramatic delicacies cooked up in French sauces and garnished with green morals, she "belongs either in farce or in the waste-basket so far as any value she may have to the theater." Reviewing the various heroines it has been her lot to portray, such as "Hedda Gabler," "Tess," "Becky Sharp," "Magdalene," "Salvation Nell" and "Mme. Sand," Mrs. Fiske makes the interesting observation that all, in their separate ways, "have accumulated a new perception of the kind of heroine women understand, a heroine who has adjusted her problems, survived them with credit to her sex." They are not all to be regarded as theatrical nonsense because they were interesting examples of different sorts of women; but, it is emphasized, they were women who were "viewed with masculine vision and not always true women."

In the character of Marion Blake, in "Wake Up, Jonathan," Mrs. Fiske finds a woman void of sex-nonsense, a woman of perfect balance, possessing and expressing a certain sense of humor and a knowledge of the values of silent beauty. She has learned the lesson so many women find puzzling, namely, that some men are like the giants in fairy-tales who frighten only those who are without a sense of humor such as giants should always inspire.

HOMER'S WORLD THROUGH THE EYES OF GEORG BRANDES

IT is 50 years since Georg Brandes delivered his first lecture at the University of Copenhagen, and the occasion has been lately celebrated at a gathering at which the entire literary, artistic and scientific world of the Danish capital joined in hailing the noted critic who will be 80 years old next February. He stood upon the very platform from which, half a century before, his lecture had fallen like a bombshell into the camp of the conservatives; but his object now was to enlighten, not to shock. He spoke on Homer, and when he had finished he was fêted in a torchlight procession. The address is printed in full in the Danish liberal daily *Politiken*.

Homer, like Dante, is taken for granted and is seldom read outside of class-rooms, but his influence, Brandes intimates, is a very living one. If we visit Greece we can still see the high-lying islands that constituted so much of ancient Hellas. If we breathe the fresh pure air of the country, enjoy its sunlight, wander in its olive groves, drive beneath its cypresses, partake of its roast lamb cooked in oil, or drink of its good country wine, we are sharing the essential experience of the men and women who inspired Homeric poetry three thousand years ago. "Whoever lets the eye dwell on the dark, straight-built men of modern Greece, observes its peasant girls with their sure, swaying movement, the little ones with the bright, black eyes—these children called Aristidi and Aristoteli—can gain a glimpse of what the old-time Greek country-people looked like. As in the days of antiquity, so now the peasant folk of Hellas are erect, sober, industrious, talkative."

Greece, we should never forget, is first of all a peninsula. Peloponnesus, in Brandes' words, "joins the mainland like an oak-leaf fastened to the tree-trunk by a little stem." The islands which stretch across the Aegean Sea

might be conceived as giant stepping-stones. Intercommunication between them and between parts of the mainland separated by mountains is made possible by the sea. It has often been noted that while Greece is smaller than Portugal its coast-line is longer than Spain's. A noteworthy feature of the country is the small scale on which everything seems to have been planned. Brandes says:

"Nothing seems immense or immeasurable. There are neither far-reaching prairies nor illimitable deserts. The mountains are mostly low, more like hills and heights. Mount Olympus is the exception. The rivers are not broad nor swift; they are more like creeks. There are many springs. The woods are not extensive nor with close-standing trees, but are rather groves. From all this comes the Greek saying: *Meden agan*—nothing on too grand a scale. There must be purpose and a limit. *Moir*a means not only fate but the reasonable, fitting goal.

"The Greek is by nature opposed to all that is strange, enormous, formless. What he loves and what he exacts of nature, of mankind, of art, is form. Roland kills 100,000 men with his sword; such a thing is unknown to Homer. He detests the interminable, what we barbarians deify under the name of the infinite, eternity that consists of billions of years. Homer is not fond of the limitless, that to which there is no end; what the Greek terms *Apeiron* is, for instance, his word for balderdash.

"We, with our officious mentality, dwell in the uppermost story of a sky-scraper; the Greek lived in a summer house where he could see the open water. Babylon has its mighty buildings, Egypt its pyramids and its sphinxes, Assyria and Persia their gigantic monuments. In the classic Greece all was proportionately little. It is a relic from the prehistoric era of the giants when Homer makes Ares cover many acres with his body and give forth a cry as of 10,000 fighters when he falls. Grandeur ordinarily appears in Hellas through the joining of the separate parts. Greatness is more of the inner consciousness."

Another outstanding quality of Greek thought and Homeric poetry is clarity. When reference is made in the second Book of the *Odyssey* to the Cimmerians, a people that dwelt north of the Black Sea in a land enveloped in fog and gloom, the object is to draw a contrast in Greece's favor. "Considered both physically and spiritually," Brandes declares, "Greece is the land of clarity, the land of distinctness. Fogs breed dreams, elves and such. Fogs bring contemplation regarding the beyond, that which lies back of the vaporous circle of earth-life. But here the sunlight produces sharp contrasts of light and shadow. This is the reason why in this country all art is of a plastic, figurative character; this is why Greek thought likes to express itself in reliefs."

The mind of the Greek, as Brandes goes on to interpret it, inclined to ceremonialism, not to mysticism. His joy was in song and dance rather than in mystery.

"Naturally, in the country districts the Greek was a farmer. But his characteristics were most pronounced where he was seaman, pirate, warrior or merchant. His individuality does him justice as he rows his boat along the coasts. He steps ashore, makes inquiries, learns this and that about the old and new, talks, is listened to, becomes efficient through repetition, practises how to omit the dull, how to add the entertaining, condenses his experiences into pithy language. Returning home he relates his adventures and adorns them. He lies a great deal and is fond of writing poetry. He loves anecdotes. Even in his myths he introduces these. These myths that at first reproduced nature and shaped the godheads of nature, that were allegories or symbols full of secretiveness and cumbersome, in his hands lose their heaviness and their mysticism, and with few exceptions become fables that are easily told and full of life.

"The verse comes into being as a memory-instrument centuries before such a thing as prose art exists. Prose is not easily remembered. The verse binds itself to remembrance, and the style is such that nothing is misunderstood or left out. Greek worship becomes sacrifice in which the one who sacrifices takes the major

part with recitation, song and dance just as the myth is turned into entertaining narrative. Both the one who creates the verse and the one who sings them entertains. Worshippers experienced beauty, pleasure and joy in living."

In such an atmosphere the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* came into being. Only a very uncritical person, Brandes says, could believe that a single man wrote these masterpieces of folk-poetry. At the same time, there probably was an original poet, Homer. He may have been an Aeolian, brought up among the Ionians of Asia Minor. The Aeolians, we know, remodeled old legends so that they became hero songs.

Brandes says that the first characteristic in the intellectual history of Hellas is that it produces the hero. The second is that the hero absorbs the gods, taking possession of them.

"Moral scruples do not trouble them. They teach their favorites how to become proficient in lying and cheating and not only forgive them for stealing and bearing false witness but teach them to steal and swear falsely, as Hermes in the *Odyssey* instructs Autolykos. In spite of the many moral sayings later incorporated in the poems, the gods seldom give a thought to right and wrong. The good or bad does not concern them. With what amounts to feminine tenderness they cling to individuality. It never would have occurred to Aphrodite to blame Helen because she followed Paris and left her husband behind. Athene would never have reminded Odysseus, who is in a rage because the suitors are consuming his pigs and sheep, that he himself had for years lived as a pirate, plundered foreign properties, killed men, sold women and children into slavery.

"The primitive Greeks enjoyed existence, they were like children highly gifted. Still, the main thing is not their joy in living and lying, which is so evident here, but that we discern plainly how gradually the heroic figure and the divine blend into a whole and become the center for Greek existence. Everything crystallizes finally around the hero, as in the case of Hector, or the clever, ingenious Odysseus: the hero draws to himself the gods, recreates them in his own image, and thus brings to life the arts, sculpture and painting, as well as poetry."

ON WRITING YOUR OWN EPITAPH

I BELIEVE every man should write his own epitaph; no one else can do it fairly. I believe, too, we ought to begin thinking on our epitaphs pretty early in our mature life; it is a healthful exercise.

One lady who heard me say this declared she felt it to be just the opposite of healthful; she considered it morbid for anyone to be pondering the inscription on his tombstone. She has never tried it. If you will sit down to write your epitaph you will discover that your thoughts are not of death and of dying, but wholly of life and its achievements, and if you are made at all sad it is by some consciousness that at this point or that you have not done so well with your five talents as you might have done.

I think you are most likely to find on contemplation, however, that even this tinge of regret will diminish; life is not yet over; luck and time, and to some extent human determination, are capable of bringing in changes—men lose their hope in projects and in God, but there are very few who actually despair of themselves.

An epitaph says what your life, among all the other millions of lives, amounted to. At first thought it would seem this is not for you to say. But who else can say it? History would probably get it right; a judgment which could look back over a hundred years or so could probably appraise you justly. But unfortunately most of us will not be visible at all from that distance; our little sum will long since have been lost in the Grand Total. Most of us are not important enough to command an impersonal estimate, even from

THESE pregnant reflections have nothing whatever to do with the Armament Conference or the Christmas season or the labor situation or anything else that has happened, is happening or is about to happen. That is probably one reason why they make such pleasant and profitable reading—they are so detached from the troubled affairs of here and now. We find them in *The Villager*, the little four-page magazine published in Katonah, N. Y., by Samuel Straus, to whose pen we are indebted for this discourse.

our contemporaries; only our relatives, our friends, and our enemies know us.

And are you not nervous when you think how any one of these would inscribe your tombstone? Your enemies, those who can see nothing but your faults and your

failures, would be grossly unfair to you; it would be a calamity if, by some fanatic legislation, it should be required that every man have his enemy write his epitaph for him—we should all of us go through life trying to please everybody, and I can think of nothing that would so disintegrate character.

On the other hand, however, friends and relatives are even more unjust than enemies. Relatives write most of the epitaphs, and many a poor mild soul must feel the embarrassment of them clear to Heaven. Especially are those of a few talents exposed to this danger; if you write rather silly short stories for a living, your relatives are inclined to snap their fingers at George Eliot; if you serve a term as mayor, they hold Pericles a feather-weight; if you paint some fair-to-middling daubs, they think Ruysdael small potatoes.

If you have been important enough to attract a few enemies, they will go to appalling lengths. A few weeks ago I stood before Citizen Genet's tomb up in a remote corner of Rensselaer County. The fulsome, interminable inscription was written by his son. It was meant to vindicate the memory of the man whom Washington called "that thing." As I looked around this obscure place, the quiet fields, the little village of some half a hundred white cottages, and, beyond all, the blue Catskills, firm and independent, I thought

how a quaint tale could be fitted into the situation.

In fancy I saw Genet's spirit flitting uneasily about these sweet surroundings. . . . The passer-by who has read the record in history looks at this stone and smiles. It is such torture for the spirit thus to be made fun of that it cannot enjoy Heaven but haunts this old Schodack neighborhood night and day, hovering about, waiting for the rare visitor to pause before the tomb, and then striving feverishly to speak and protest that he never sanctioned, or indeed deserved, these overdrawn eulogies; that he, like the spectator, feels the lack of dignity in this particularism, the absurdity of argument in granite.

But the spectator never hears; he always smiles and shrugs his shoulders, and desperately the spirit shrieks after him, "I did not write it! I did not think it! I was no such thing!"

Perhaps what offends most in the memorial Genet *files* contrived is its note of explanation. Writing your own epitaph, you will soon dispense with explanations; it is ridiculous to set the stonecutter to work on a string of excuses. You would not want such an epitaph as, "He was hampered by a tendency to tuberculosis," or "Her father did not give her a good education." You must keep your enemies in mind as well as your friends, but you will discover that it will not do to try to justify yourself before them and their children who will know your children.

On the other hand, I think no vanity can stand up before the thought that some may laugh at your inscription if you claim too much for yourself. A man may believe he is the savior of mankind; but when he thinks of putting his belief on cold, enduring stone, and briefly, he takes into account the opinion of those who thought him by way of being quite the opposite.

He genuinely endeavors to assess himself—do you not think this is a healthful exercise? He will not get out of it by setting down, "He did the best

he could." That is your first impulse when you set about your epitaph. On reflection, however, you see it won't do; everybody says that of himself, damned scoundrels and all. What counts is what you were able to do by doing the best you could.

"She worked hard." A young woman of our acquaintance says this is the only epitaph she can think of which both those who love her and those who don't would acknowledge, and I confess that the more I ponder it the more I incline to believe she has chosen a summary which is not anywhere near as general as on first hearing it sounds. They lead you to nice distinctions, these epitaphs. You would not write, "She was the best bridge-player in the town"; but when the passer-by stooped and saw on your mossy stone that you won a silver cup for making the best ski-jumps in your county, or raised the only blue-ribbon Jerseys in your neighborhood, he would nod and smile pleasantly, knowing just what sort of man—or woman—you were.

It is a hard task, however. You cannot be too specific. "He labored for daylight saving and workmen's compensation"—your epitaph will teach you that the details do not matter, and only the broad, human things do. But on the other hand it does not give you your due merely to say you were a good citizen or did your duty.

Our forefathers often sneaked out of the difficulty. They washed their hands of the earthly record and asserted merely that "he rests in the arms of Jesus." But I do not think this is quite fair. Every man has his niche on earth.

There are singularly few of us who expect a place in history or have envy of those who will achieve such consequence. A man will readily enough admit he is mediocre and without any genius—just a plain man, he will say. But I do not believe there is anybody would let it be said of him that he amounts to nothing at all; everyone knows he fills some particular place in the scheme of things. It is the business of the epitaph to say what place

this is, and I am of the conviction that the only one who can bring to the appraisal anything like the impersonality it demands is the subject of the epitaph himself.

Ah, how thin fine writing looks, how little vanity and mock-modesty become when you go about it to write your epitaph! How the small personalisms vanish, how important broad judgment and stout sincerity become! Here is

one of the best epitaphs I have ever read; you can see for yourself how much it gains by being written by the subject of it. "Mannes, son of Orymas, who was the best of the Phrygians in the broad lands of Athens, lies in this fine tomb; and, by Zeus, I never saw a better woodman than myself. He died in the war." Not pompous nor too light, yet how filled with honest pride, how warm, and droll, and human!

THE SPIRITUAL LEADER OF NEW IRELAND

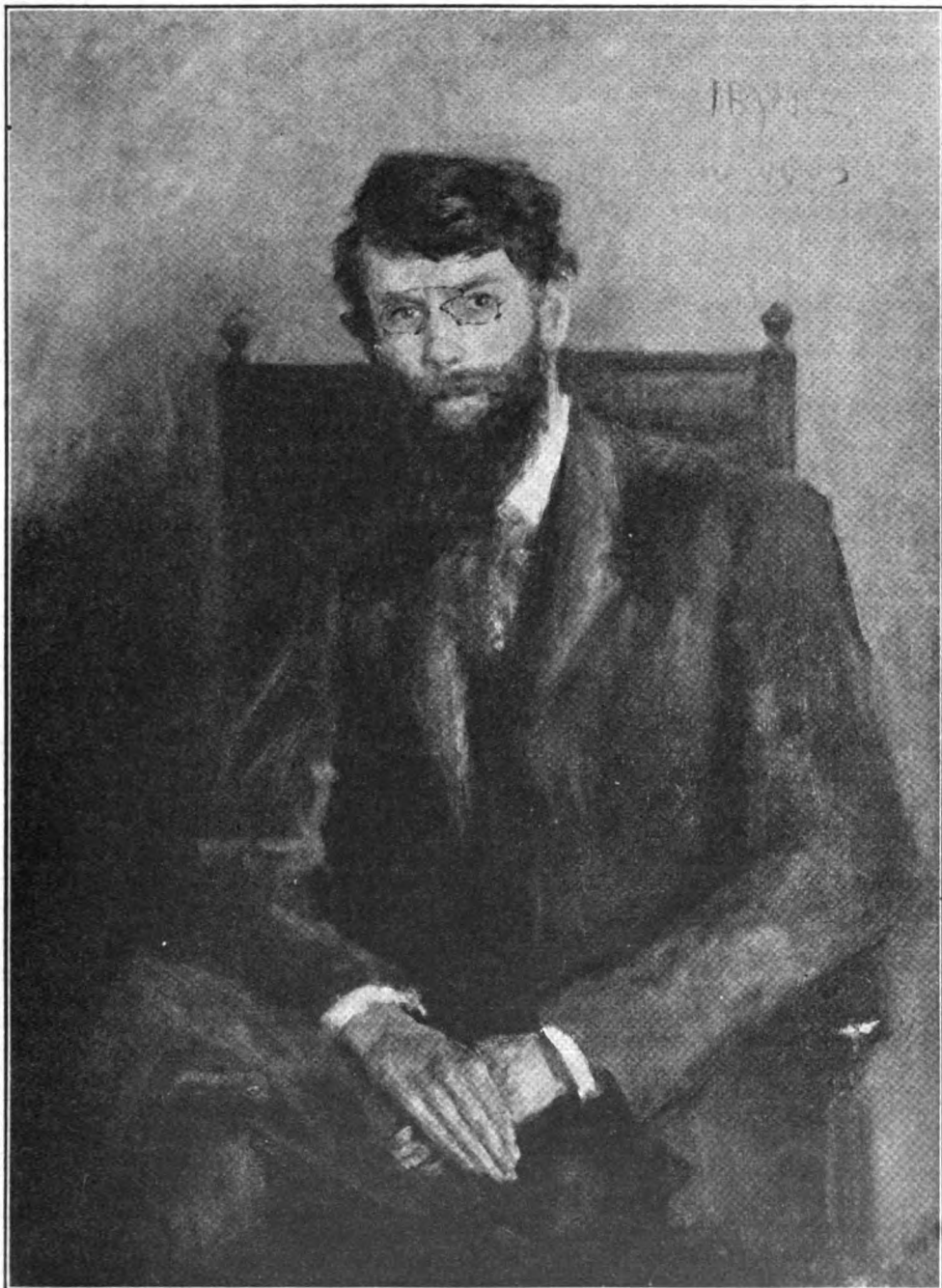
SOMETHING of the strain of Tolstoy and of Mahatma Gandhi has gone into the composition of George William Russell, the Irishman whom Sir Hamar Greenwood, in the British Parliament, once described as a dangerous extremist and who now emerges as the spiritual leader of his people. It may be that Russell is dangerous. He tells us himself that the letters "A.E.," which constitute his *nom de plume*, are taken from Aeon, an angel who revolted against heaven and left its courts. But he is dangerous only in the sense in which imagination is always dangerous, and he says that he does not believe in physical force. There is no one in Ireland to-day who is better known and better loved than this man whom the London *Nation* has lately described as "poet, visionary painter, visionary thinker and practical economist." If Arthur Griffith is the architect of new Ireland, if Sir Horace Plunkett is its agricultural genius, George W. Russell is the voice of its deepest aspiration.

He is, strangely enough, an Ulsterman and a Protestant, and the little town of Lurgan in which he was born 54 years ago is notorious for the harshness of its religious dissension. "It is in the nature of things," St. John Ervine has written in the *North American Review*, "that from a place of great bitterness should have come a man of reconciliation, bidding Catholic

and Protestant to meet not in Geneva or in Rome but on the holy hills of Ireland under the protection of the ancient gods."

We must go back a quarter of a century to understand the spirit in which young Russell gave himself to the Irish cause. He was earning his living as an accountant in a dry-goods store in Dublin. In his spare time he was reading and writing, studying the art and the legends of his country, and indulging the strain of mysticism which has always been strong in his nature. Then he met Sir Horace Plunkett, a man who by birth and lineage belonged in the privileged class but who was entering, with the spirit of a crusader, on plans for the redemption of rural Ireland. The two were congenial; and Russell was soon appointed to the staff of the *Irish Homestead*, the paper created to serve the new movement. He even went out to organize creameries and farming centers. He likes to think of himself as an expert on the price of butter and milk and cows and sheep, but "he is more than an expert on these things," St. John Ervine says; "he is Blake pretending to be Sir Horace Plunkett, or Walt Whitman pretending to be President Wilson."

In course of time he became the editor of the *Irish Homestead*, and to this day and hour may be seen in its offices in Plunkett House, Merrion Square, Dublin. They are wonderful offices,



From a painting by J. B. Yeats

Courtesy of the Survey

HE IS POET, PAINTER, MYSTIC AND PRACTICAL ECONOMIST

George W. Russell, or "A.E.," as he is generally known, is as potent a figure in Ireland to-day as Eamonn de Valera, Arthur Griffith or Sir Horace Plunkett. He gives to the Irish movement its spiritual basis, and enchants us all by the beauty of his prose.

decorated by immense murals of whimsical and mystic woodland scenes which he made himself, but they are no more wonderful than the man. He is hard to describe, says R. C. Feld, in an article in the *Century* from which we quote:

"The upper part of his face looks like that of a smiling faun; his eyes are young and clear, and his hair falls over his forehead like that of a careless child. It looked damp, like that of a boy who had been running. The lower half of his face is the strange feature of A.E. It is bearded in a way unusually attractive—attractive not in the sense of being becoming or handsome or beautiful, but attractive in the sense that its effect is compelling. His beard is brown and long, somewhat wavy, and cut square across the bottom. 'Druidic' is the only word I can think of to describe it. Or perhaps it is not his beard alone that is attractive or druidic, but the effect of it completing the picture of a face whose eyes, forehead, mouth and expression are exceedingly young. It is not hard to understand the pictures and poetry of A.E. after one has seen him, and certainly inexpressibly easy after one has heard him."

Russell, like many Irishmen, is a brilliant converser, and some of his conversation has been reported. It is in his books and articles, however, that he stands most clearly revealed, and to them we must turn for an understanding of the esoteric doctrine that sustains him.

Mysticism underlies it all. "The universe," he says, "exists for the purposes of soul." In his reveries men are strayed heaven-dwellers, or kings in exile who await the hour of their restoration. One of the most remarkable of his books, "The Candle of Vision," offers an alphabet with which to interpret the language of the gods. The same book is full of "visions" which, to the author, are as real as any experiences possibly can be. When he writes the following he wants us to accept it not as a day-dream or fantasy but as an actual happening:

"So did I feel one warm summer day lying idly on the hillside, not then thinking of anything but the sunlight, and how

sweet it was to drowse there, when, suddenly, I felt a fiery heart-throb, and knew it was personal and intimate, and started with every sense dilated and intent, and turned inwards, and I heard first a music as of bells going away, away into that wondrous underland whither, as legend relates, the Danaan gods withdrew; and then the heart of the hills was opened to me, and I knew there was no hill for those who were there, and they were unconscious of the ponderous mountain piled above the palaces of light, and the winds were sparkling and diamond clear, yet full of color as an opal, as they glittered through the valley, and I knew the Golden Age was all about me, and it was we who had been blind to it but that it had never passed away from the world."

The Golden Age, he would have us believe, is here and now if only we can open our eyes and see.

"Once, suddenly, I found myself on some remote plain or steppe, and heard unearthly chimes pealing passionately from I know not what far steeples. The earth-breath streamed from the furrows to the glowing heavens. Overhead the birds flew round and round crying their incomprehensible cries, as if they were maddened, and knew not where to nestle, and had dreams of some more enraptured rest in a diviner home. I could see a plowman lift himself from his obscure toil and stand with lit eyes as if he, too, had been fire-smitten and was caught into heaven as I was, and knew for that moment he was a god."

All this has direct bearing on Russell's political beliefs. It is just because he sees godhood and kingship in the common man that he is a libertarian and a democrat. His political efforts have been directed toward creating a society, as he writes in his book, "The National Being," where people will be at harmony in their economic life, and "will readily listen to different opinions from their own, will not turn sour faces on those who do not think as they do, but will, by reason and sympathy, comprehend each other, and come at last, through sympathy and affection, to a balancing of their diversities, as, in that multitudinous diversity which is the universe, powers and dominions and

elements are balanced and are guided harmoniously by the Shepherd of the Ages."

Internationalism is implicit in this doctrine, but it is based on nationalism. We may say that Russell is a nationalist because he is an internationalist and because he sees no secure basis for internationalism other than a sane and satisfied nationalism. In applying this idea to Ireland at the present time, he has written in an article in *Pearson's*:

"What is the root of the Irish trouble? The Irish people want to be free. Why do they desire freedom? I think it is because they feel in themselves a genius which has not yet been manifested. . . .

"The first thing to realize, if you would understand Ireland to-day, is that the Irish people are truly a nation with a peculiar cultural or spiritual ancestry; that its genius for hundreds of years has been denied free national expression, and the passion for freedom is more intense to-day than it has ever been. We do not expect from Italy, France, Germany or England anything differing in character from what they have already given to the world. They are like artists who have accustomed the public to a certain character in their work. They have done, perhaps, the best it was in them to do. But people like the Irish, the Russians and the new nations in the new world have yet to give to the world the best which is in them. They are like the Greeks before Pericles, Phidias, Sophocles, Plato and all that famous life whose aftercoming justified a small city state in resisting the domination of a great empire. Ireland through Sinn Fein is fighting for freedom to manifest the Irish genius. I feel this is the root of the matter. If there was not an incorruptible spiritual atom of nationality in the Irishman he would never have suffered and sacrificed for so many centuries."

In a later article in the *Survey* answering the question, What Would the Irish Do With Ireland? Russell predicts that the Irish people in a generation or two "will have a civilization as distinct in character as the Japanese." He wants the Irish Government to foster a knowledge of Gaelic, and he is confident that the Gaelic tradition, "an almost untapped fountain of beauty," will affect poetry, drama, romance, mu-

sic, painting and the arts applied to industry, "so that we may expect houses, their furniture, carpets, decorations, pottery and ornament gradually to take on a national character evolved from a study of ancient Irish ornament."

This article reveals Russell as "sufficient of an Anarchist to have a dread of the State." He hopes, in Ireland, for "thousands of self-governing economic communities, minute nations, in fact, leaving but little for central government to do for them." Then he speaks of 500,000 peasant proprietors and of the impossibility and undesirability of trying to realize the program of "land nationalization" advocated by Irish labor and Socialist organizations. Their greater hope, he thinks, lies in the direction of the cooperative movement. "I feel certain," he says, "that Irish labor, which does not lack intelligence by any means, will realize that it can gain nothing by dashing against the agricultural mountain in its advocacy of land nationalization. It will find it can gradually win freedom and self-control of its own energies by an orderly evolution in society from the stage of trade-unionism, selling labor to capitalist employers, to the stage where in cooperative productive guilds of builders, clothiers, glass workers, wood workers, miners, etc., it will undertake public and private contracts as the Italian unions have done so successfully." The article concludes:

"This is only advice and not prophecy. Heaven alone knows what is going to be on earth and none of the precious or tragic secrets it holds have drifted out of eternity into time. It is only a faith with me that something great will come out of my country. I cannot believe that the legend of the Gael, which began among the gods, will die out in some petty peasant republic or dominion as a river which rose among the mountains might eddy at last in mud flats and the sewage of squalid cities. What began greatly I think will end greatly, and there will be some flare-up of genius before the torch of the Gael is extinguished and it becomes like the torch once held by the Greeks and other races of genius which are now but memories in Eternal Mind."

ONE OF THE LIVING MASTERS OF THE PULPIT*

THOSE who have read "Old Dela-bole," by Eden Phillpotts, will not soon forget the little Cornish village—so near to the "sounding shores of Boss and Bude"—where men win with patient toil, and not without peril, the famous dark gray slate that is the delight of every good builder. But even to the dwellers of that "City of Slate," the religious activities of the village, divided between "Wesleyans" and "Uniteds," take rank with the affairs of the great quarry in interest and importance. It is worth while to know Granfer Nute, the village philosopher, who comes aptly to the rescue of every perplexing situation with his shrewd humor and his quaint estimates of men and things. Foregathered one day with his special crony, they discuss the aims and actions of certain young people, as old folk are wont to do:

"Pity your grandson hedn't more like his brother Pooley, and not so fond of dolly-mopping with the girls," said the friend of the philosopher.

"Pooley has the Methodist mind," Granfer replied. "Ned hedn't. He's feeling out for the joy of life, while Pooley wants the joy of truth."

Not all may be willing to agree that there is a Methodist mind, as a thing distinct and set apart, on the ground that others have an equal right to Granfer's highly honorable phrase. However that may be, there is a Methodist genius, unique, particular, precious—joining mind and heart, uniting the joy of truth with the joy of life—and there has never been a more perfect incarnation of it than Bishop Quayle; in whom humor, pathos, literature, life, faith, philosophy and poetry are made incandescent by a spiritual genius who is also an unveneered human being.

Many times I have heard Bishop Quayle preach, before he was elevated

to the episcopate and after, but one day stands out in my memory as showing the many-sidedness of the man. It was at a conference over which he presided in Iowa, and I can still see him as he stood transfigured by the autumn sunlight falling through a lovely window—tall, stockily built, stooped, his massive head crowned with reddish hair tinged with gray, his great blue eyes the homes of laughter and of tears, his face as mutable as the sea. As I entered the church, I heard first ripples and then roars of laughter, for no great preacher of our time makes so liberal a use of wit and humor in his work; bright wit in which there is no sting, sweet humor without any acid. The bishop was receiving a group of young men into the ministry, to an accompaniment of a running commentary on the requirements and duties of a minister as laid down in the Discipline. Nothing was omitted, not even "the expectorations subject of tobacco," and neither before nor since have I heard so much common sense taught in the guise of nonsense. Among other things he advised each minister to have a patch of ground—large or small—all his own, where he could take refuge from obstinate bishops and obstreperous elders, and assert his rights. We laughed until we cried as he described the foibles of the minister, and the difficulties and trivialities of his work; then we cried in earnest as he spoke of the meaning of the ministry, its dignity, its pathos, and its sacred service amid the lights and shadows of life.

A child of the Isle of Man, brought up in the large and liberal air of the middle west of America, the life of Bishop Quayle, as one day it will be told, shows us the growth of a great preacher and the process of his making. How interesting it is to compare the earliest volume of his sermons, "Eternity in the Heart," a fruit of his Kansas City ministry, with his latest

* This sketch is taken from one of the series of articles on "Some Living Masters of the Pulpit," by Joseph Fort Newton, now appearing in the *Christian Century*.

volume, entitled "The Dynamite of God," and note the deeper insight and the greater wealth of beauty and suggestiveness. In the first volume there is hardly a literary allusion; in the second there are almost too many. If only we had a volume between them, a trophy of his pastorate at St. James Church, Chicago, we might the better study the stages of the rapid unfolding of his vision and power; how he took all life and all literature as his province, levying tribute in the name of his Master. Yet it would be hard to name anything more brilliant than his fraternal address to the British Wesleyan Conference in 1902, tho what I best remember about it is his unforgettable tribute to his father. Every man has his own idiom, which is the accent of his heart, the native gesture of his mind; but of late years Bishop Quayle has fallen into certain mannerisms of style which mar his work, giving at times almost an impression of artificiality—a thing utterly alien to his nature. In these despites, not since Joseph Parker went away have we had a preacher so epigrammatic, so quotable, so happy in his power to startle and sting the mind with the sudden surprise of beauty and of truth. His fertility of thought is matched by an exceeding aptness of imagery, as of one who thinks in pictures and talks in lyrics. His illustrations are both illuminative and instructive, as in a passage in his sermon on "Life's Criminal Agnosticism"—a title too harsh for the setting of the text—which tells what many have felt:

"Do you read John Burroughs? You ought to. He likes dirt. He says dirt is good enough to eat in the spring. All told, as nature writers go, I think John Burroughs the best of all the sweet chorus. I have all his books except the one on Whitman. I have asked to be excused on that for a time. But do you read Burroughs' books? What is the lack of them? I will tell you. He has missed the Gardener. Burroughs is apparently an agnostic. I have gone through all his books, seen him walk on his dirt, gone down among the water lilies with him, stopped

on the Hudson banks with him, heard the water brooks bubbling strangely intelligible speech with him, have been allwheres with him, but never saw a hint about the Gardener. If he only once had looked into the Gardener's face and said, 'I bless thee, Gardener, that the garden is so sweet,' Burroughs would have had no fellow in the earth as an interpreter of the out-of-doors. But in the garden he has missed the Gardener. Is He at home? I call you to mark that you are out in God's flower garden, all abloom and all aperfume, and all arapture of green. Do not miss the Gardener."

In all the preaching of Bishop Quayle, at least in his later period—over it, through it—there is the breath of the out-of-doors: singing birds, growing flowers, drifting seas and rustling woods and the wandering, brotherhood of the winds.

Joined with his love of nature is a lyric love of humanity, not unlike that of Browning, so genuine and joyous that all men feel the glow of it. Nothing human is alien to his insight and interest. He has an essay on "The Preacher as an Appreciator," and he is a model of his own precept. He knows "The Fine Art of Loving Folks," and his worship of little children just stops short of idolatry. No wonder his book on "The Pastor-Preacher"—note the order of the words—is one of the richest of its kind, made so by his abounding humanity, no less than by his knowledge and experience of "preacher-craft." No one can talk to preachers as he can, unless it be Dr. Jefferson, and Quayle is more of a poet, more of a mystic. It would be hard to name anyone else who could have written the chapter on "The Preacher a Mystic," in which we see that window in his heart open toward the City of God, through which falls a "light that never was on sea or land." Seldom has genius been more communicative. The very informality of the book is half its charm, dealing, as it does, both with the trivialities and the sublimities of our holy art. Never was there a more responsive listener or a more gentle-hearted critic. From Spurgeon he de-

rived little, Brooks he knows only by report, but his tribute to Beecher is memorable:

"Since the apostolic days preaching, as preaching, has never soared so high as in Henry Ward Beecher. There were in him an exhaustiveness and an exuberance, an insight deep as the soul, a power to turn a light like sunshine for strength on the sore weaknesses of humanity, a bewilderment of approach to the heart to tempt it from itself to God that I find nowhere else; and it has been my privilege to be a wide reader of the sermonic literature of the world. Compared to him, Berry, the English preacher, whom Beecher thought most apt to be his successor in the Plymouth pulpit, was an instrument of a couple of strings matched with Beecher's golden harp of gold. Phillips

Brooks cannot in any just sense be put alongside him; and Simpson in his genius was essentially extemporaneous and insular. Beecher was perpetual, like the eternal springs. In Robertson of Brighton are some symptoms of Beecher, but they are cameo not building-stone resemblances. Beecher was the past master of our preaching art. Storrs and Beecher were contemporaries in the same city. Storrs was a field of cloth of gold. Gorgeous he was, and a man of might. But you cannot get from the thought of effort in him and in his effects. In Beecher is no sense of effort, any more than in a sea bird keeping pace with a rushing ship. In him are effortless music and might of a vast power of reserve. This estimate of Beecher may be right or wrong. I give it as my estimate of him. He has no successor, as Samson had no son."

FRENCH AMAZEMENT AT OUR ESTEEM OF LAFAYETTE

WHEN Pershing exclaimed at the tomb in the Picpus cemetery: "Lafayette, we are here!"

France was taken by surprise. She had no idea of a greatness thus capable of surviving across the seas the oblivion that had overtaken it at home. Those among the French who knew America at all were not, however, surprised, says the Count d'Haussonville, of the French Academy, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. When a number of years ago the descendants of the army of Rochambeau were invited by the American government to take part in the Yorktown celebrations, the Count was in the big band of grandchildren, and he was struck then by the immense popularity of the very name of Lafayette in this country.

This popularity, adds the Count, had its embarrassing features for the hero's descendants to the number of six who came over here for the memorable occasion. They could go nowhere without being observed by the multitude. One of the half dozen descendants wanted a hat. He entered a store, followed by the throng, and the owner of the busi-

ness refused to take any money from a descendant of Lafayette, saying that he felt sufficiently honored by the privilege of giving the hat for nothing to so glorious a customer.

There was no reason whatever for the French to suppose, the Count declares, that the Americans would so cherish the name of Lafayette that his services would be one of the decisive factors of our entry into the war. The French themselves had overlooked, if they had ever realized, how chivalrous was the action of the young Lafayette who, at the age of twenty, escaped from France despite the formal orders of the Court and the opposition of his family, leaving behind him a young and beautiful wife who was soon to become a mother and embarked for America on a ship he bought out of his private means. He braved the prospect of capture by the British cruisers, firm in his purpose to blow up his own ship before he would surrender it. Lafayette threw a characteristic elegance into the very form of the pledge he gave to Washington when he landed in America to serve the cause of the United States with all

possible zeal and without compensation.

There can be no doubt that the action of Lafayette and his enthusiastic devotion to Washington and the cause for which the Americans fought agitated a powerful section of French opinion and carried great weight with the court at Paris. The heroic initiative of Lafayette induced the King and his advisers to come to the aid of the colonies in revolt against the British crown. The United States owed their birth as a nation unquestionably to France, says the Count, and if France went into our war of revolution and fought England for our independence, that was because Lafayette had inspired and caught the French imagination by his high-spirited action. This is the circumstance which the French in our own day had forgotten. The American people remembered it and it was the act of the United States which brought back to his own countrymen the dashing conduct of the youth they had altogether overlooked in counting over their assets as a nation.

The popularity of Lafayette in his own country remained considerable as long as the French revolution endured, or at any rate in the first stages of that episode. Later on Lafayette became involved in the controversial events of the time at home and, since no era in French history has evoked more passionate partisanship, Lafayette was attacked as furiously by some as he was defended by others. Mirabeau, who did not like him because he was a rival for popular applause, referred to Lafayette by a nickname of disrespect. Lafayette was actually denounced for leading the French mob in its acts of frenzy, crime and shame.

Critics of Lafayette have denounced his inactivity during the empire set up by Napoleon. It occurred to Sieyès to say, when they asked him what he had done under the Terror: "I survived." A similar query addressed to Lafayette might justly evoke the retort: "I kept on my feet." He was not without merit in merely standing upright, for the

bright dawn of that liberty which meant a brilliant career to him was extinguished and his career was extinguished with it. The restoration of the Bourbons brought Lafayette again on the scene but this period was the most tempestuous of his varied career. He was reproached for having forgotten his comrades of the revolution at the very time the royalists were belittling him for his association with that element. He has been indicted for hesitations, for vague attitudes, for a half complicity with doubtful conspirators in more dubious plots. He had more days of triumph in 1830 but his function as chief of the national guard and his famous white horse did not win him a durable prestige in the eyes of the rising generation. After that the name of Lafayette almost faded from the memory of the French.

With what amazement this generation of Frenchmen learned, notes the Count, that this countryman of theirs, whom they had forgotten, was a valuable national asset, a magic figure whose very name meant help when help was imperative in the only quarter that could extend it. The aid Lafayette in the dim and forgotten past afforded to the patriots in a revolutionary war must have been estimated at its true value by the Americans. France has discovered Lafayette in this age only because America never forgot him. "Following the example of the Americans," says the Count d'Haussonville, "the French have acquired a fresh curiosity, a new taste, it might even be said a tenderness, for Lafayette. Homage has succeeded homage, honors to honors, celebrations have come one after another. Wreaths of flowers have been laid at the feet of the statue somewhat tardily reared. People have gone on pilgrimages to his château of Chavaniac, which was bought up by a popular subscription. In a word, he has been put upon a pedestal and, all things considered, this was right, for he remains, despite certain weaknesses, a very elegant figure."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S RELIGION

TO those who have followed Roosevelt's career, it may seem superfluous to point out that he taught in Sunday schools, memorized hymns, felt it a sacred duty to go to church and read the Bible with diligence. His life was so obviously that of a religious man. There is still room, however, for efforts to trace and define his developing faith and to show how it worked; and two writers have lately set themselves to the task. The first is Edward H. Cotton, author of articles on Roosevelt's religion now running through twelve numbers of the Boston Unitarian weekly, the *Christian Register*. The second is Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, whose recent article, "Roosevelt and Religion," in the *New York Times*, is the fruit of long inquiry.

Dr. Reisner starts his article with a denial of the charge that Roosevelt either swore or took the name of God in vain, and he seems to prove his case. General Leonard Wood, it seems, once said to Reisner: "I have no recollection of hearing Colonel Roosevelt take the name of God in vain." To another the General said: "When Theodore gets mad enough to swear, he cannot do so because immediately he begins to stutter." Dr. Lambert, who was Roosevelt's hunting companion as well as physician, said: "I never even heard him explode in anger with expletives, much less take God's name in vain."

Joseph B. Bishop told Dr. Reisner that long fellowship with Roosevelt convinced him that when Roosevelt referred to Thomas Paine as "that filthy little atheist" he put into it all the contempt he felt for an atheist. It mattered not that Paine was not an atheist at all. He felt that Paine had helped to undermine the Christian religion. Something of the same spirit was evident in Roosevelt's refusal to entertain Maxim Gorky who traveled in this country with a woman not his legal wife; but this time it was the institution of marriage, not re-

ligion, that was involved. "Gorky in his domestic relations," wrote Roosevelt, "seems to represent with nice exactness the general continental European revolutionary attitude, which in governmental matters is a revolt against order as well as against tyranny, and in domestic affairs is a revolt against the ordinary decencies and moralities even more than against conventional hypocrisies and cruelties."

Dr. Reisner asked Henry L. Stoddard, who was very intimate with Mr. Roosevelt, how he knew Mr. Roosevelt was religious. He replied: "Mr. Roosevelt's favorite hymn, the only one sung at his funeral, answered that question completely. It was:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word,
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?"

The article proceeds:

"William Allen White wrote me that Mr. Roosevelt arrived in Emporia, Kan., one Saturday night about 2 o'clock, after a wearisome campaign tour, and yet, as was his custom, he insisted on going to church on Sunday morning. He avoided the big, popular church and sought out his own denomination, the Dutch Reformed, with its tiny building. He always did that. He did not need a noted preacher and a renowned choir to be able to worship. Mr. Allen remarks: 'He sang with his hands behind him, without the book, from memory, the entire hymn, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," and did not miss a word.' In the same way I heard him, while President, sing 'Ein' Feste Burg,' Luther's battle hymn in German, without a break. He knew scores of hymns by memory, and he always sang and followed the full liturgy in a church service."

We learn that Roosevelt was only sixteen years old when he was received into St. Nicholas' Dutch Reformed Church, in New York, by the Rev. J. M. Ludlow. For three years before going to Har-

vard he taught a Sunday-school class. Some doubt has been thrown on a very characteristic incident of the Harvard period, but Dr. Reisner says that it is undoubtedly authentic. Here is the story:

"Ex-Congressman Washburne, a class and mess mate in the private eating-club which Theodore organized at Harvard, wrote me that Mr. Roosevelt taught a Sunday-school class for four years at Harvard. One day a boy appeared in the class with a black eye and the teacher, learning that it was received in thrashing a boy who had been rough to the fighter's sister, gave the lad a dollar. The pastor, learning of this approval of 'fighting,' asked for the young teacher's resignation. Mr. Roosevelt promptly and smilingly quit that school, but found another and again taught boys."

As Governor, Vice-President and President, Roosevelt was particularly insistent on the necessity of church-going. He was willing to walk for miles, if necessary, on a Sunday in order to attend church, and he ridiculed the idea that a man can worship God in the out-of-doors, playing golf, motor-ing, etc. "Yes," was his comment, "I know all the excuses; I know that one can worship the Creator and dedicate one's self to good living in a grove of trees, or by a running brook, or in one's own house just as well as in church. But I also know as a matter of cold fact the average man does not thus worship or thus dedicate himself."

A common sentence on Roosevelt's lips during the War was this: "I pray God will send them back to me safe and sound." He referred to his boys fighting in France. "He regularly," Dr. Reisner tells us, "attended the communion service. The day before Quentin sailed the family attended church together and knelt around the church altar to partake of the sacred elements. And the next day after the news of Quentin's death came, he was at the same place with his family." Dr. Reisner continues:

"Mr. Roosevelt was very practical in his religion, but he did not expect to grow its fruits unless he fertilized its roots and

sunned its soil by public and private worship and by spiritual culture. He was right in his demands for righteousness, but he did not believe uprightness and the 'square deal' and general decency were possible without personal and associated attention to the worship of God and the consideration of His demands."

Mr. Cotton's articles in the *Christian Register* amplify many of the points made by Dr. Reisner in the *Times* article. He tells us also of Roosevelt's devotion to Grace Reformed Church in Washington. It was his custom, if he found that he could not for any reason attend the Sunday morning service, to send a message beforehand to the minister (Dr. John M. Schick) explaining his absence.

As he grew older and the forces of opposition multiplied, Mr. Cotton says, he seemed to rely more and more on the grand injunctions of Holy Writ. "Thus in his fight with the Progressives he adopted as the war-cry for that movement, 'We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord.' Only a student of the Bible could have known that Armageddon, or the Valley of Megiddo, was the great battlefield of the Old Testament where Joshua, Barak, Gideon and Saul were all engaged in decisive conflicts with the enemies of Jehovah."

Mr. Cotton sums up the importance of Roosevelt's religion in the following passage:

"The religion of this man was the chief thing about him. Few persons have been so entirely controlled and dominated by a religious conviction, and few have been so successful in preventing the ostentation of the actuating motive of their lives. The biographies of Roosevelt thus far have not emphasized this essential, central explanation of his astonishing achievements, perhaps because his method of expressing the deep convictions that controlled him was not the popularly recognized method. Like everything else about this man of creative genius his religious faith was his own, and it seldom broke out in open profession. But surely in the history of faith realized in works there is not a better example of applied Christianity than that of Theodore Roosevelt."

THE JAPANESE CRAZE FOR HERBERT SPENCER

WHETHER would understand the Japanese mind of to-day ought to consider carefully the Japanese attitude to Herbert Spencer. His is the one mind in the western world which has profoundly impressed the Japanese intellect. According to Mr. E. T. Raymond* the agnostic mind of Japan took most kindly to the Spencerian philosophy partly because it is exceedingly prosaic and partly because it puts forward a rather arrogant pretension to finality.

The Japanese mind is intensely matter-of-fact, which is by no means the same as being practical and which may be, indeed, the reverse of practical. Thus, a Japanese engineer, in giving an estimate for a factory or for a railroad, will often state the cost to a fraction of a cent, and in the end prove inaccurate by hundreds of thousands of dollars. This trait is by no means connected with stupidity. It is part of the character of a people wholly in love with formality and dominated by a tyrannical passion for neatness of arrangement. The Japanese loves to pack his ideas and to dovetail them one into another with the same precision with which he makes two dozen lacquer boxes fit into one or constructs a house to hold exactly 820 floor mats of just the same size, without an inch to spare.

It is easy now, with this clue, to see just what has enchanted the Japanese in the Spencerian philosophy. It is his solemn way of assuming that the heavens and the earth and all that in them is, all space, all time, all life, all humanity, can be measured and reckoned to the tiniest fraction by his particular philosophical abacus.

Thus the Herbert Spencer school became potent in Japan. At the head of it stood that remarkable man, Prince Fukuzawa, who, more than any other, is responsible for supplying the moral

and philosophical basis of the new Japanese civilization. Occasionally Spencer favored his Oriental disciples with an encyclical, applauding them for their skill in keeping the European at bay, and giving them hints as to how best to realize a perfect morality unalloyed with the superstition which still disgraced the West. At one time Herbert Spencer had great hopes that Japan might realize his ideal of the State in which men are guided wholly by reason—a State untainted with imperialism, militarism, aristocratic prejudice or ecclesiastical faddism. Japan's subsequent essays in self-revelation are a sufficient commentary on these facts. In one sense Japan may still be called a Spencerian country. Unread here, the philosopher is still conned by hundreds of thousands of eager students in the Eastern Empire. He has been expanded and adopted by a whole succession of native pedants. Japan still admires the synthetic philosophy, but remains aristocratic, bureaucratic, imperialistic and militarist. Most truly she does not copy the West, but makes what she borrows her own. Herbert Spencer, who was really not far from an anarchist, has been converted into one of the chief buttresses of the State which is the nearest approach extant to the Prussianized German Empire.

The leaders of the intellectual life in Japan desire a godless religion and a creedless faith just as they are charmed with wireless telegraphy and horseless vehicles. They reject all Christian dogma as a superstition not less fantastic than the wildest perversions of Taoism. The Japanese idea is that Darwin and Spencer between them have solved the whole riddle of the universe. As far back as the nineties Japanese thinkers took a position not unlike that now occupied by certain dignitaries of the occidental churches. They even recommended, on what they deemed practical grounds, the adoption of

* PORTRAITS OF THE NINETIES. By E. T. Raymond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Christianity, carefully deprived of whatever conflicted with "scientific" notions, as the state religion of the Japanese empire. Such a conversion, it was held, would remove one great obstacle to the full admission of Japan to the comity of great powers. It would also provide the lower classes with a moral standard and motive superior to anything offered by the eastern religions in their decline. The point of view is illuminated by an anecdote of Mr. Gladstone:

When about 85 years of age, he was mentioned in the Japanese papers as having spent five hours of a Good Friday in public worship. For this he was praised, on grounds not a little singular, by a Japanese professor then in England. It was impossible, said the professor, for a man of such brilliant intellect to have any real belief in the religion he professed. Mr. Gladstone, of course, was in his heart of hearts as little a Christian as Professor Huxley. But, while Professor Huxley viewed

great questions only from the standpoint of a scientist, Mr. Gladstone was a great practical statesman, who recognized that the vulgar could be kept in their places only by due awe of the supernatural. Therefore, like a true patriot, he endured at his great age this serious fatigue in order that he might give an example to the masses. This (the professor proceeded) is the true source of England's greatness. Her public men, instead of spending their spare time in frivolity, keep ever in mind the necessity of preserving appearances in the presence of the proletariat, and the quiet and law-abiding character of the British people is their exceeding great reward.

It was of no use, we are told, trying to explain to the Japanese professor. He was too learned and illustrious to be argued with, and his conclusion was final so far as his own mind was concerned. He had discovered the secret of England's greatness and was satisfied.

A NEW AND DOMINANT FACTOR IN THE LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENTS

THE withdrawal of the battle cruiser *Tiger* from the British Atlantic fleet marks the end of an epoch, declares the naval expert of the *London Times*. The *Tiger* is the last of the coal-burning capital ships in the navy. So far as the main fighting force of the British navy of to-day is concerned, no coal whatever is used for purposes of propulsion. A few cruisers and sloops on foreign stations continue to burn coal, but they represent only a small proportion of the post-war navy, in which coal will soon be but a memory. Recognition of this fact prompted the commander of a British battleship to hang up in a prominent place on board his vessel a beautifully polished shovel, surmounted by the inscription: "Lest we forget."

For good or ill, the British navy is irrevocably committed to oil. The conditions which obtained during the war

are now entirely altered. In the war navy, oil-burning ships were in the minority. It was not until January, 1915, that the first oil-fired battleship, the *Queen Elizabeth*, was completed. The navy in the war used over four times as much coal as oil.

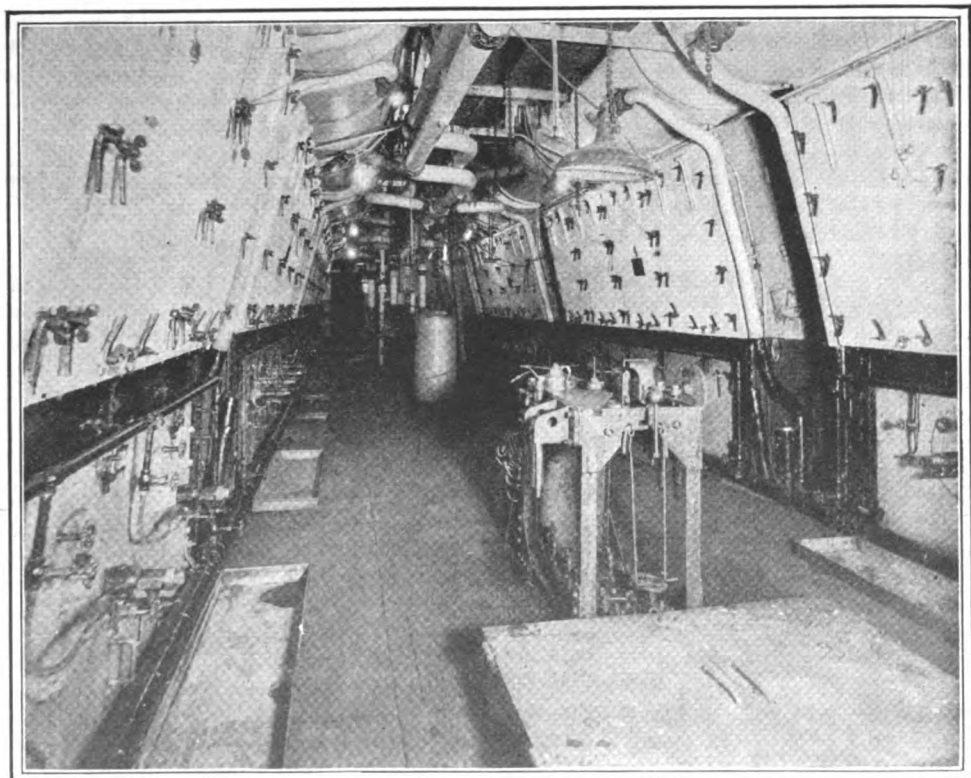
If hostilities were forced upon Great Britain in the near future the position in regard to coal and oil would be more than reversed. The ships which have been scrapped have been nearly all coal-burners. In fact, in certain classes, such as light cruisers, a line of demarcation has evidently been drawn between coal ships and oil ships. The well-known remark of Prime Minister Lloyd George to the effect that the British fleet floated to victory on a sea of oil can hardly be said to have applied to the navy in the past war but it may well sum up the situation in the next one. The fundamental change which

the substitution of oil for coal is bringing about in regard to the power of the British navy is hardly realized by anyone not directly connected with it. The naval expert of the *Times* continues:

"For half a century or more, our naval strategy has been influenced by our resources in coal and the situation and capacity of our coaling stations. All these advantages are now nullified, and we must begin afresh with the provision of oil depots. We have to build up what amounts to an entirely new basis for our strategy. The rapid progress in the application of oil for warship propulsion during the present century has brought us up against commitments of which the extent is enormous, but the discharge of which is essential to the navy and therefore to the Empire."

The British are establishing a re-

serve of oil at home upon a scheme extending to the year 1929 "for ordinary use and to be available in case of emergency." Abroad the British aim for the present only at meeting the ordinary peace requirements of the foreign squadrons. Where will the fleet of the future get its oil? A hint of the importance of this question was plainly given during the late war, when the U-boats made a dead set at the British oil tankers. On June 29, 1917, Admiral Sims had to report to Washington that orders had been given to use three-fifths' speed, except in case of emergency, owing to the difficulty in getting oil to the naval bases. At that time certain authorities believed that the whole of the American North Atlantic Fleet should have been moved to European



WHAT A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS SCENE BELOW DECKS AND THE OLD STOKES-HOLE! In the depths of the ocean liner at one time there was a dark region wherein men who looked like lost souls ran hither and thither with coal to be shot into furnaces. The degradation of the life is set forth in Daudet's novel of "Jack." Now the men in the ship's depths can work in a scene like the one here shown—eight Babcock & Wilcox boilers on the Matson Line steamship "Maul," fitted with Babcock & Wilcox oil burners.

waters. "Such a maneuver," says Admiral Sims, "was not only impossible but it would have been strategically very unwise; indeed such a disposition would have been playing directly into Germany's hands. What naval experts call the 'logistics' of the situation immediately ruled this idea out of consideration. The one fact which made it impossible to base the fleet in European

waters at that time was that we could not have kept it supplied, particularly with oil." When some months later an American battle squadron was sent over to join the Grand Fleet under Admiral Beatty, it was composed of coal-burning ships only. If such difficulties were met with in the last war, what will happen in the future, when oil is the sole fuel?

THE CRUSADE AGAINST FAIRY TALES

NOT a little agitation has been caused by the possibility that fairy-tales, legends, myths and romances are playing havoc with the minds of the young and that all diversions of the sort ought to be suppressed. No less eminent an educator than Madame Marie Montessori began the crusade against the fairy-tale, which is interpreted by some eminent psychologists as a positive war on imaginative recreation itself. She developed her views before a conference on child-study in London, and as the lady is a physician as well as a pedagog of renown, whose career as an educator of abnormal children has been important, the sensation spreads everywhere. The British admirers of Madame Montessori think she has made in the field of education discoveries as far-reaching as those of Froebel or Pestalozzi, for her methods are applicable not only to abnormal children, but to pupils of all ages and conditions.

Madame Montessori, as reported in the foreign press, appears to hold that fundamental psychological laws hold good for all races of humanity. No doubt there do seem to exist mental differences between the various races, but these differences invariably depend upon the quality of the intellectual food or culture administered during the formative years. That is why the children of the Germanic and Anglo-Saxon races adjust their mentalities to fairy-tales somewhat differently from the children of the Latin races. The former attribute a mystical and even a religious quality to the fairy-tale,

whereas the Latin children regard the fairy-tale not as symbols of some truth or other, but merely as a form of amusement. This difference arises, according to Madame Montessori, from the circumstance that among the Latins, mothers do not tell their children fairy-tales. Latin children hear such things only from the lips of their nurses or from servants of rustic origin. The teaching of fairy-tales as a part of the course is not permitted in the schools of the Latin race.

The Anglo-Saxons would be wise if they followed the Latin practice in this matter, insists Madame Montessori. Listening to fairy-tales is not a superficial practice that leaves no mental effect behind. Indeed, the fairy-tale has a profound psychical effect and enters deeply into the mental make-up of the growing child. In its early years the child is engaged in the tremendous labor of self-organization and self-discipline at a period when its critical faculties are not yet formed. Then the child cannot distinguish clearly between the real and the imaginary, between the possible and the impossible. Plunging the infant mind into the supernatural world merely prolongs the period of mental confusion, forcing the child to exist in a two-fold consciousness—in fact, to have two worlds on its hands.

Furthermore, the fairy-tale and the legend develop a dread of reality, a terror of the actual and a tendency to introduce into all interpretations of life and events a mystical element, a "wonder" world which turns out to be all falsehood in the child consciousness

when contact with reality is complete. The disillusion is too often a tremendous shock. In every Anglo-Saxon memory there remains some such tale as that of the little one who having heard there was no Santa Claus lost all confidence in its mother. The mother had lied on this subject—the same mother who had always taught the child never to lie. In a word, the upshot of the Montessori propositions is that the fairy-tale is morbid, pathological and deadly.

The uproar in the educational world occasioned by these suggestions is revealed in the animated discussions proceeding in journals of psychology and pedagogics and in the lay press, including newspapers of such importance as the *London Times* and *Observer*. The net impression is that Madame Montessori has not convinced the Anglo-Saxon world of the soundness of her theory. One disputant points out that wonder and romance hold a great place in Shakespeare, and what was good to Shakespeare ought to be good to us.

This reference to Shakespeare seems to that eminent student of folk-lore, Professor A. Van Gennep, writing in the *Paris Revue Bleue*, the best of all commentaries on the Montessori argument. She is too amazed at the educational system of the English-speaking peoples, in which cultivation of the imagination from the earliest infancy plays an important part. Adults in the Anglo-Saxon world continue in their state of delight at the world of fancy and imagination, often in spite of themselves. This seems somewhat infantile to the Latin races. This alliance of a practical realism pushed to the extreme with an imagination that tolerates no limit to its exercise does not seem to have injured the prospects of the Anglo-Saxon peoples throughout the world. Naturally, then, the Anglo-Saxons hesitate to take Madame Montessori quite seriously on this subject. There is the additional detail, overlooked by Madame Montessori, that the elements of the Anglo-Saxon world of wonder and romance are borrowed from many

sources that are not Anglo-Saxon at all, but continental European, as the work of Shakespeare and other writers shows. To Professor Van Gennep it seems plain that Madame Montessori is in error because she lays stress upon the lack of "reality" in the fairy-tale and in much folk-lore, and overlooks the tendency of such things as a whole.

In flat contradiction of Madame Montessori, Professor Van Gennep affirms that the fairy-tale and the "wonder" element in romances have no effect upon the rationalizing power of the child mind. They do not weaken its mentality. They do not lower its critical standards. These things are not even to very young children objects of faith in the sense that the Bible is an object of faith. The fairy-tales, the legends, the myths, are not linked with any religious system presented for the acceptance of the child mind. They contain the remains of former religious beliefs or superstitions, but the romantic element is extracted alone. The rest is in oblivion. In experiments with his own children, Professor Van Gennep says he has again and again been asked if these fairy-tales are true and he has always said they were not—they were simply tales. The child will often not remain satisfied with the fairy-tales told to it. Others are invented by itself or by its companions.

All experience with the child mind shows that the fairy-tale does not create the imaginative tendency, but serves to guide it in a certain direction. In the same way, the romance of Robinson Crusoe will instigate the boy to invent the game of the desert island and to play at being cast away like the hero of Defoe's tale. There is nothing dangerous in this form of imaginative recreation, declares Professor Van Gennep. In fact, fairy-tales and legends, provided they be divested of any religious significance in the child mind, tend to develop its creative power, to impart to native insight an imagination and a fancy that sharpen the mental vision, enable the mind's eye to see more clearly.

PASSAGE OF EVERY ATOM IN EXISTENCE THROUGH THE HUMAN HEART

VIBRATIONS of the atoms in the minute molecule are governed by the same exactitude as the march of suns. The flight of a comet and its return may be foretold to a day. The solar eclipse is predicted to a second.

Let us, suggests Mr. Hudson Maxim, follow the cycle of the suns. Nebulae are born in the crash of worlds. They become suns. These in turn give birth to planets, which evolve animal life up to man. Planets grow old. Their suns wither, grow cold and wander on to a predestined collision with other and perhaps dead old spheres, coming to meet them out of the darkness.

Then new nebulae, new suns, new planets and new men shall come again. Tho the process may be long, that counts for nothing in eternity. The life of a sun is relatively less in infinite time than the duration of a flash of a fire-fly compared with the life of our sun. Is this thought true then—and Hudson Maxim says we know of no reason why it is not—that races of man have occurred in all past time and will occur again and again during eternity? Their occurrences must be infinite in number, and, altho but an infinitely small portion of the ponderable matter in any solar system ever actually takes human shape, still it requires only time enough in order that every atom in existence shall pass through the human heart. In short, it requires only a period long enough for it to pass through the human heart an infinite number of times. As Mr. Maxim puts it in the *Scientific American Monthly*: "If the cards be shuffled times enough, we may all draw a royal flush, so it is but necessary for the infinite to shuffle the stars times enough to give every atom in existence the royal chance of mounting through the human frame to the dignity of brain, and throne of thought, mind, soul."

If all the atoms in the universe were

to be placed back again in exactly the same positions with respect to one another which they occupied a thousand years ago, possessing the same movement they then possessed, all the atoms would, after the lapse of a thousand years, be exactly where they are to-day. Consequently every human event would re-occur exactly as it has occurred during the last thousand years. He places this mental picture before us:

"Had we eyes of infinite powers, and could we fly outward through space at a sufficiently high rate of speed, we should overtake the rays of reflected light which left our earth thousands of years ago, and as we went we could look back and behold the history of our earth unravel, see the return of man to the apelike thing, see him and all animate forms finally converge upon the moneron plunged in the azoic sea. The effect would be similar to that of the cinematograph, when a course of events is reversed upon the screen by running the tape backward, which makes the divers who have plunged from a height into the water seem to plunge up backward, heels first, upon the platform from which they descended. It is an extraordinary fact—nevertheless a fact—that the reflections of all these antediluvian saurians who lived in the earth's infancy are still moving onward somewhere in immensity, and could we be there, with infinite eyes, we could still see them plunging about in the ancient ooze."

Celestial dynamics present some strange paradoxes! We have learned that the condensation of a nebula evolves heat—that is, the more the nebula condenses, the hotter it gets. This heat is being continually radiated into space. The result is still more condensation with the evolution of still more heat. In other words, the more a nebula cools off, the hotter it gets, until we have a solar system with an incandescent sun in the center, with planets revolving around it which broke away from the rotating mass during the proc-

ess of shrinking. The planets are at first incandescent, but, being smaller than the central mass, lose their heat more quickly, the smallest planets losing their heat first. The sun still goes on cooling and shrinking and still growing hotter and radiating heat into space until it passes the critical point when it changes from a gas to a liquid, when no further heat is produced by further shrinkage. Then the sun passes from the liquid to the solid, from incandescence to red heat, and from red heat to blackness and death. The enormous black mass sweeps on through the infinite night, with a velocity so tremendous that, when it encounters another

celestial body of nearly its mass and moving at a similar velocity, sufficient heat is generated by the impact to convert both bodies into a mass of incandescent gas so inconceivably hot that it is quickly expanded far out into space.

We have again a nebula, infinitely cold but not quite as cold as outer space. Hence condensation begins again—a new creation begins.

All celestial processions are in cycles. Hence it is not only possible but probable that somewhere in the universe to-day there are other worlds similar to our own with similar beings upon them.

A UNIVERSAL DELUSION REGARDING THE EFFECT OF COLD ON PLANTS

IN regions having a cold winter, with prolonged or repeated freezing, the native trees and shrubs become dormant in autumn. According to the general belief, this condition is brought about by cold. It is also the general belief that warm weather is of itself the sufficient cause of the beginning of new growth in spring. Both these ideas, declares Professor Frederick V. Coville, the eminent botanist, are altogether erroneous. In our native trees and shrubs dormancy sets in before cold weather. Cold weather is not necessary for the establishment of complete dormancy. After such dormancy has begun, the exposure of the plants to an ordinary growing temperature does not suffice to start them into growth. These plants will not resume normal growth in the warm weather of spring unless they have been subjected previously to a period of chilling.*

These discoveries have been made within the past ten years as a result of many experiments and they were all set forth at a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences. While en-

gaged in a series of greenhouse experiments, Professor Coville came upon a mysterious development which threatened to interfere seriously with his results. Healthy blueberry plants intended to be used during the winter for breeding purposes were brought into the greenhouse at the end of summer and were kept at an ordinary growing temperature. They refused to continue their growth during the autumn, gradually dropping their leaves, and went into a condition of complete dormancy. They did this at a greenhouse temperature which in spring and summer would have kept the plants in luxurious growth. This experiment was repeated many times and with many species of plants and without exception those trees and shrubs of our northern cold winter region which were tested went dormant in autumn or winter regardless of temperature.

In comparing outdoor plants with indoor plants of the same species, the most that can be said in favor of outdoor conditions is that dormancy progresses a little faster in outdoor plants, evidently because their foliage is injured by freezing weather and they drop their leaves somewhat earlier than

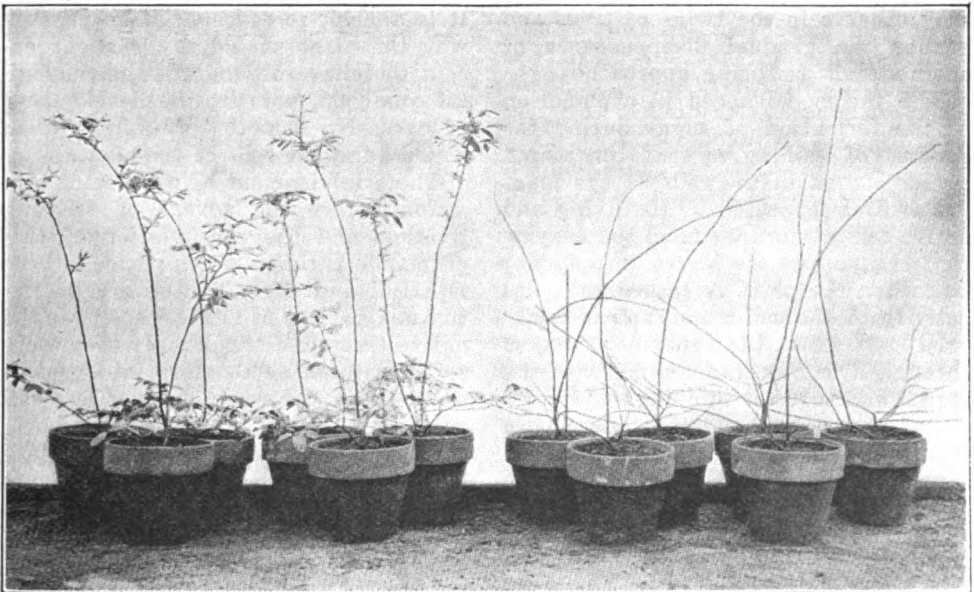
* INFLUENCE OF COLD IN STIMULATING THE GROWTH OF PLANTS. By Frederick C. Coville. Washington. Report of the Smithsonian Institution.

indoor plants. So, too, trees and shrubs that are kept continuously warm during the winter start into growth much later in spring than those that have been subjected to a period of chilling. In the late winter and early spring of his original experiment, Professor Coville waited patiently and then impatiently for his indoor plants to bloom and at last he realized that they never would bloom.

When compared with plants of the same kind that had been outdoors during the winter and had been brought into the greenhouse in early spring, the difference was astonishing. The outdoor plants burst into leaf and flowered luxuriously while the indoor plants remained dormant and naked. The experiment was repeated many times and with various species of plants. At first it was supposed that the plants needed to be frozen to start them into growth, but a single freezing proved not to be effective. Then it was found that the dormant plants would start into growth without any freezing whatever; it was

necessary only that they be subjected to a period of prolonged chilling, usually two to three months, at a temperature a few degrees above freezing. If plants are kept continuously in a warm place without chilling, the dormant condition often continues for an extraordinary length of time. In some instances plants remained dormant for a year under conditions of heat, light and moisture that ordinarily would make the same plant grow with the greatest luxuriance.

The conspicuous difference between chilled plants and plants not chilled can be produced experimentally upon various parts of the same plant. Plants thus treated present a most remarkable appearance. The difference in behavior of the indoor and outdoor branches could not have been caused by any special action of the root system, for in one experiment the roots were inside, in the other outside. It was clear that the causes that stimulated growth in the exposed stems operated in the stem itself, not in the roots.



Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution

CHILLED AND UNCHILLED BLUEBERRY PLANTS

The six blueberry plants at the left, after an outdoor winter chilling, were brought indoors on March 25 into a greenhouse having a temperature of 55° to 70° F. and were repotted. On April 20, when the photograph was taken, they had developed both leaves and flowers, while the six plants at the right, which had been in the same greenhouse at 55° to 70° F. all the fall and winter, and were repotted on the same date as the others, were completely dormant. (One-eighth natural size.)

The stimulating effect produced on dormant plants by cold is intimately associated with the transformation of stored starch into sugar. In most of our wild species of trees and shrubs the reserve carbo-hydrate material is stored away during summer and autumn in the form of starch. At the beginning of dormancy the twigs and sapwood are gorged with this material, the starch grains being stored ordinarily in the cells of the medullary rays and sometimes in the pith. As the process of chilling goes on, this starch little by little is transformed into sugar. The presence of large quantities of starch in the fall and early winter may be observed by applying to freshly cut surfaces of the twigs the well-known starch test of a 2 per cent. solution of iodine in a 1 per cent. solution of iodide of potassium. With a strong hand lens the starch is readily observed, if present, by the deep blue color it assumes under this treatment. The intensity of the coloration gives roughly an idea of the number of starch grains present, and thus by this simple means anyone may observe in the twigs of trees and shrubs the gradual disappearance of their starch as spring approaches.

The theory advanced in explanation of the formation of sugar during the process of chilling is that the starch grains stored in the cells of the plant are at first separated by the living and active cell membranes from the enzyme that transforms the starch into sugar; but when the plant is chilled the vital activity of the cell membrane is weakened so that the enzyme "leaks" through it, comes into contact with the starch and turns it into sugar.

But this transformation does more than make the starch available as food for the growing plant. It serves also to increase the tendency of the cells to swell and enlarge. In the form of starch the material is inert, but, when transformed into sugar, it becomes exceedingly active. According to the tests of H. N. Morse and his associates, a normal solution of cane sugar at 32° F. has an osmotic power of 25 atmos-

pheres of pressure. There sometimes occur in the cells of plants osmotic pressures as high as 30 atmospheres, or 450 pounds to the square inch—a pressure sufficient to blow the cylinder head off an ordinary steam engine.

There sometimes arise within the plant osmotic pressures of such intensity as to threaten the rupture of the cells. Consider the case of the exudation of drops of sugar solution from certain specialized glands. When this exudate of sugar occurs in flowers it is known as nectar and it serves a useful purpose to the plant by attracting sugar-loving insects which unconsciously carry pollen from flower to flower and accomplish the beneficial act of cross-pollination. But sugar solution is often exuded outside the flower, in positions, or at times, that preclude any relation to cross-pollination. For example, a blueberry plant during its spring growth, when a leaf has reached nearly full size, is sometimes observed to exude drops of sugar solution from certain glands on the margins of the leaf and on the back of the mid-rib. It is difficult to conceive of any reason why the plant should exude sugar except to relieve a dangerous physiological condition, namely, the development of excessive osmotic pressures which would burst the cells of the plant.

The establishment of a dormant condition before the advent of freezing weather and the continuation of this dormancy through warm periods in the late fall and early winter are protective adaptations of vital necessity to the native trees and shrubs. If they were so constituted as to start into growth as easily in the warm days of late fall as they do in the warm days of early spring, many species would come into flower and leaf in those warm autumn spells that we call Indian summer. The stored food the plant required for its normal vigorous growth in the following spring would be wasted in a burst of autumn growth which would be killed by the first heavy freezes and would be followed by a winter of weakness and probable death.

WHY CREATIVE LITERATURE IN RUSSIA IS LACKING

RUSSIAN fiction, it used to be said, is the greatest in the world; but that was before the War and the Revolution. At the present time, Russian culture, like Russia as a whole, is under a cloud. Despite the efforts of Maxim Gorky to interest the people in the literary classics, despite the appearance of a few rather notable poems, despite the remarkable vitality of the drama, the Russian creative spirit languishes. "In the realm of literature," writes S. Poliakoff-Litovtzeff in *Sovremenniya Zapiski*, a Russian monthly published in Paris, "it is difficult at present to point to even a single great work of art which could be called really creative, that is new and remarkable."

Is this only a temporary calm in the literary depths, in which the creative process is going on, or is it a fruitless vacuum, a hopeless stagnation? The same writer answers: "No, the present silence of the artists of the pen is not a hopeless vacuum. There will be life, and there will be culture, and consequently literary art will flourish."

The writer proceeds to call attention to the fact that, even before the War, literature dealing with the life of the Russian people was dying out. It seemed as if the masters of Russian fiction had exhausted this field in their astonishing productions. There remained only imitations and talented but fruitless attempts to grasp the shifting movements of new but not yet crystallized phenomena of life. "The Revolution," we read, "has swept out Russian life without leaving a trace. The seething chaos of absurd forms, the storms of changes, the succession of mad and bloody grotesques, are not life. Russian life can not be grasped by consciousness or by the feelings: The painter of life is helpless in this grayish fog. And much time will pass before the inexhaustible material of the life of revolutionary Russia becomes accessible

for artistic incarnation." To quote further:

"The working classes of humanity—the only solid foundation of every civilization—are seized by alarming discontent. The foundation is shaking under the cracked structure. The disinherited masses have since 1917 looked to Moscow with hope in their hearts. But the Russian experiments of social revolution proved to them tragically unconvincing. Unfortunately they do not yet want to give up their illusion of a Communistic kingdom, and are still inclined to ascribe the inherent organic vices of the Russian experiment to the unhappy conditions in which it is made. A tragic faith which is being corroded by secret disbelief. A mixture of illusions with skepticism."

No wonder that at such a period of universal spiritual discontent and confusion of thought, the creative will languishes! There is danger, the writer in the Paris monthly thinks, that the Russian literary movement may proceed along the line of negation and pessimism. The nightmares of the last few years would be a sufficient explanation for such a manifestation of the soul and mind.

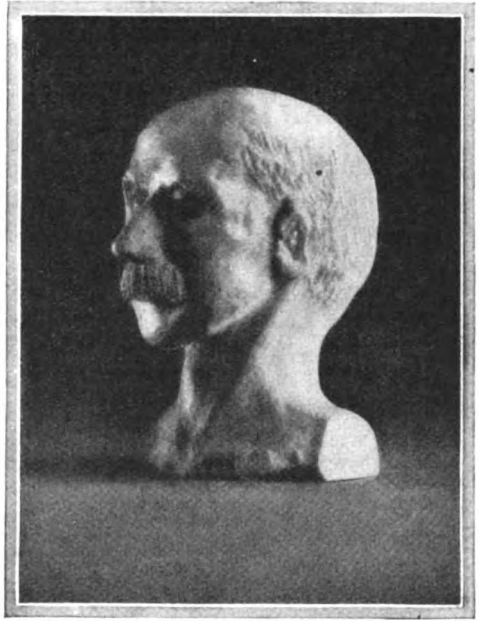
But such, he says, is not the path of creative work:

"The Spirit does not descend upon those who curse. They do not create. Malice is fruitless. There is creative wrath, but no creative malice. All there is of the elemental and all there is of the conscious and the wilful in the creative process, will direct the artists upon the eternal path of positive optimism. Those who came to curse will bless. The bloody flesh of the Russian revolution *must* become transformed in the furnace of tragedy which *must* be born on the Russian soil.

"The present silence of the artists of the pen has to be likened to the condition of the seed in the soil. The field has been tilled, the seed sown—there will be abundant sprouts, for the earth has been watered with tears of universal suffering and fertilized by the blood of martyrs."

MASKS THAT REVEAL AN ENTIRE CIVILIZATION

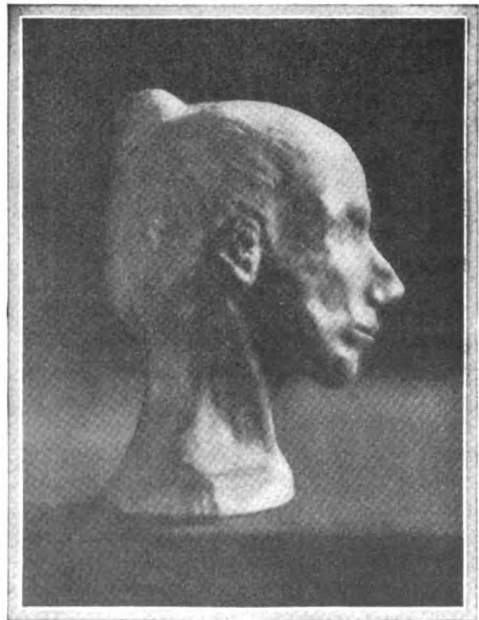
THESE "impressions in clay" were made by Mrs. Sherwood Anderson (Tennessee Mitchell) to illustrate "The Triumph of the Egg," a book of stories by her husband, who has just won the \$2,000 prize offered by the *Dial* "in recognition of the service to letters rendered by a young American writer." "You look at these masks," says a writer in the *Nation*, "and you shudder. Where have you seen these faces? Nowhere. Everywhere. You have seen almost no others. They sum up an age, an ethos, a civilization." The photographs used were made by Eugene Hutchinson, of Chicago, and are reproduced by courtesy of B. W. Huebsch.



A CHICKEN FARMER



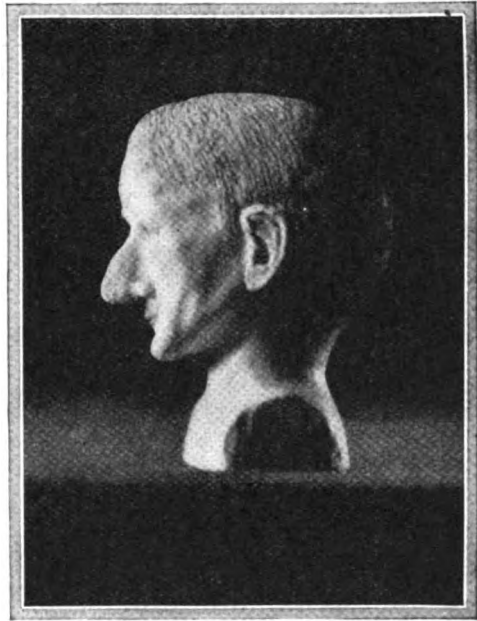
WELL-TO-DO



LABOR



SHE WORKED HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE



MELVILLE STONER



THE OLD SCHOLAR



"A TRACK NIGGER"

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S TWO-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PRIZE STORIES

THE first award of the New York *Dial's* annual prize of \$2,000 in recognition of the service to letters rendered by a young American writer goes to Sherwood Anderson, and it serves to emphasize the persistence of a somber and even pessimistic note in American literature. Our country is young. It might have produced a happy literature, but it has not. Our greatest humorist, Mark Twain, embraced, in the latter part of his life, a saturnine philosophy, while contemporary American writers from Edgar Lee Masters and Theodore Dreiser to Sinclair Lewis have deliberately chosen to portray the drab and dreary aspects of the American scene. To the group which these and others like them represent must be added Sherwood Anderson, an Ohio and Illinois man whose vision is compared by the *New York Times* with that of Dostoevsky, and who makes it his special business to expose the spiritual torment of weak and lonely people living in small towns. We enter his latest book, "The Triumph of the Egg" (Huebsch), through a kind of corridor consisting of weird sculptural "impressions" made by his wife, Tennessee Mitchell. The book itself is a veritable chamber of horrors. It puzzles, irritates, even disgusts, some readers, but for others it holds what Robert Morss Lovett, of the *New Republic*, calls "a haunting and unmistakable power." William Rose Benét, of the *N. Y. Evening Post*, is chiefly impressed by its spirit of pity. A critic in the *New York Nation* prefers to stress its "accusation," and adds: "This book of Sherwood Anderson's brings to a culmination that strain in our national literature which is commonly connected with the name of Spoon River. It is a book full of weariness, full of contempt and self-contempt, of a bitterness that has frothed its last and is now icy and stagnant. The writing is simple; it is almost flat. But the simplicity and flat-

ness are deliberate, like the toneless murmur of a man who has exhausted eloquence and passion and has found them of no avail. And in this bitterness and harsh simplicity there is a kind of greatness and impressiveness like the greatness and impressiveness of dry river-beds and sterile plains."

The story which gives the title to the book is a ludicrous account of a farm-hand who is induced by his wife to throw up his job and go into chicken-farming. The experiment is not a success. He finds that many and tragic things can happen to a chicken. He starts a restaurant; he is still thinking of eggs. "I have handled thousands of eggs," he says; "no one knows more about eggs than I do." But his knowledge avails him nothing, nor does the pan of vinegar by means of which he hopes to get an egg into a bottle and thus entertain a bored and inattentive customer. One wonders, with the narrator of the story, "why eggs had to be and why from the egg came the hen who again laid the egg." It is all an allegory in which the inane fecundity of life triumphs over the dreamer.

"I Want to Know Why" is a tale of a Kentucky boy's disillusionment, told with the art which conceals art. Few, if any, recent boy-stories are at once as simple and as genuine as this. The youngster is wild over horse-racing and runs away from home in company with "track niggers" and trainers. "It's lovely," he exclaims. "The horses are sweaty and nervous, and shine, and the men come out and smoke cigars and look at them, and the trainers are there and the owners, and your heart thumps so you can hardly breathe." What the boy "wants to know" is why his particular hero, Jerry Tilford, a trainer, can be at once so fine and so rotten. On a memorable day, Jerry's horse wins a race. There is a "shine" in Jerry's eyes and an answering shine in the boy's eyes. "Seemed to me there wasn't any-

thing in the world but that man and the horse and me." But in the evening, when the boy in a worshipful mood follows Jerry, he sees the latter go into a farm-house to meet a "bad woman." The shine in Jerry's eyes now is one of lust. "Darn him, what did he want to do like that for?" The boy is heart-broken. The egg has triumphed.

Sex and a sense of futility pervade these pages. Men and women in them are ever striving vainly to become articulate and to communicate with one another; or are walking through streets and meadows in search of they know not what. The "Man in the Brown Coat" is a historian. He has written "three hundred, four hundred, thousand words," but he cannot reach his wife. "Why," he asks, "do I not say a word out of myself to the others? Why, in all our life together, have I never been able to break through the walls to my wife? Already I have written three hundred, four hundred, thousand words. Are there no words that lead into life?"

One story, entitled "Brothers," describes how a man, out of sheer boredom and out of the dream of a happier life with a woman whom he hardly knows, kills his wife. Another, "The Door of a Trap," tells of a college professor who is tempted to escape from marital bondage in company with a young girl, but who merely kisses her and lets her go. "She will be imprisoned," he says, "but I will not have done it. She will never belong to me." A third story, "The New Englander," is a study of a virgin of thirty-five who had lived on a farm in Vermont and is taken by her parents to Iowa. She wants something to happen to her, but nothing does. One Sunday afternoon she walks in a corn-field down tunnels between stalks rising above her head. A storm approaches, and she hears children running home. She sees a young farm-hand with her niece. The man takes the girl into his arms, and at their kiss "her tense hands grasped one of the corn stalks. Her lips pressed themselves into the dust. When they had gone on



"POTENTIALLY AMERICA'S FOREMOST
FIGURE IN THE FIELD OF FICTION"

So Heywood Broun, of the *New York World*, characterizes Sherwood Anderson. "He is tipsy with life," Mr. Broun says, "and sometimes this condition makes him eloquent and sometimes incoherent."

their way she raised her head. A dusty powder covered her lips."

The spirit of the longest story in the book is sufficiently indicated by its title, "Out of Nowhere into Nothing." We feel again the agony of suppressed desires. A young woman has fallen in love with a married man and goes from Chicago to her home-town to ask the advice of her mother. She turns to her mother thinking "what a strange beautiful thing it would be if the mothers could suddenly sing to their daughters, if out of the darkness and silence of old women a song should come." And her mother's response is that there is no such thing as love. "Men only hurt women. They can't help wanting to hurt women. The thing they call love doesn't exist. It's a lie. Life is dirty."

The obvious comment on all this is that the characters described are not

typical and that the themes selected are morbid. As the *New York Nation* puts it, you can say: "The chap who sells me cigarets at a United Cigar Store or the plumber who comes to repair my drain is no Melville Stoner who feels that he has always missed life, that life always goes away from him. He is reasonably happy and contented and if he restrains his instincts it is only proper and decent that he should." Or you can adopt the tactics of Meredith Nicholson and say that "Pa Westcott" who, according to Mr. Anderson, "was without regret that life was becoming an old, worn thing for him," was a good husband and father and citizen and is beyond the reach of the slings and arrows of neurasthenic artists. And you can also say that Mr. Anderson is so obsessed by sex that his Rosalind Westcotts and Hugh Walkers and the foreman who murdered his wife have little or nothing in common with the great mass of decent, satisfied, clean-living Americans who put money in the bank and vote the old-party tickets.

To dismiss these counter arguments wholly is, in the *Nation's* view, unwise. It observes:

"Nothing is in the long run so impressive as the differences among people. The range of human sensibility is enormous. There are levels of insensibility

that are literally unimaginable to Mr. Anderson and his kind. With entire equanimity people do live lives that could drive him to suicide or madness. But he need not let that trouble him nor can that consideration bring any legitimate comfort to Mr. Nicholson. Mankind is a caravan marching in triangular formation. Somewhere between the base and the apex of that triangle begins that sensibility from which arise the hungers for beauty, freedom, power, expressiveness, and the accompanying aches of repression, disillusion, quenched aspirations and dreams and hopes. It is at this point that, in the deeper sense, humanity begins and unhappiness and the hunger for eternity and art. And therefore to confront Mr. Anderson's accusation with mere dead, numerous, contrary facts is not, frankly granting those facts, to have confronted it with anything. The question remains: What will people do with this book?"

Mrs. N. P. Dawson, who has no love for the stories and makes fun of them in the *New York Globe*, admits that some of them are interesting, while John V. A. Weaver, in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, hails Anderson as one of America's very greatest writers. Mrs. Mary M. Colum, in the *Freeman*, goes so far as to say: "The achievement of Mr. Anderson is that he has won for himself and the American people, out of whose life he writes, a stage of consciousness to which they had not before arrived."

WHAT ANATOLE FRANCE MEANS TO AMERICA

THE announcement that the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1921 has been awarded to Anatole France has led to some interesting comment in this country. We can follow, if we choose, the widening influence in America of this writer, who is generally regarded as the greatest living master of French prose and the most distinguished man of letters in contemporary French literature. For several years John Lane Company has been publishing here, in a uniform edition, English translations of his 50 odd works. He

has lately joined the editorial staff of the *New York Nation*. His autobiographical papers, "La Vie en Fleur," have been running in the *New York Dial*.

There are indications that his name is already becoming a kind of banner in the everlasting conflict that goes on, in this as in all countries, between the radicals and conservatives. His avowed Communism, his recent plea in the *Nation* in behalf of the Italian workmen, Sacco and Vanzetti, whom he chooses to regard as "condemned for a



ANATOLE FRANCE AND HIS BRIDE

Anatole France, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature at the age of 77, is shown here as he wedded Mlle. Eloise Lapr votte sixteen months ago. M. France and his bride, attended by their witnesses to the ceremony, are responding to the questions in the civil ceremony at Tours, France.

crime of opinion," are as warmly praised by some as they are condemned by others. With Whitman still excluded from New York's Hall of Fame, it is hardly likely, a writer in the *Freeman* declares, that the powers that govern such matters in this country would extend any mark of approval to so delightful a heretic as the pagan creator of J r me Coignard and author of the incomparable series of "Contemporary History,"—those four masterpieces of irony, "Le Mannequin d'Osier," "L'Anneau d'Am thyste," "L'Orme du Mail" and "M. Bergeret   Paris." This writer feels that, somehow, Anatole France "does not seem to fit in anywhere in our American scheme of things."

He suspects that even the native optimism of our class-conscious radicals might revolt from the sardonic disillusionment of "Les Dieux ont soif," if that dissection of the revolutionary mind had been applied to more immediate subjects than the heroes of the French Revolution. "Indeed, I might almost say that he is a phenomenon alien to the Anglo-Saxon world, tho I am told that the vogue of the handsome English edition of his works is both enduring and considerable."

The Anatole France that America knows best is the author of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." This story deals

with the most intractable of materials for idylls. The moral that it teaches, if it can be said to have any moral, is how to get pleasure from one's mind. "Sylvestre Bonnard" is used as a textbook in American colleges. "Tha s" and "L' le des Pingouins" are not so used; and thereby, Isaac Goldberg writes in the Boston *Transcript*, hangs more than one tale. France's paganism, Mr. Goldberg contends, is not Greek. It rather belongs to the turbulent era of Julian the Apostate. "He is a pagan haunted by the spirit of the Christian era. One who is preoccupied with the divinity of a new dispensation, who is torn between conflicting emotions, and in turn rejects and accepts the new conditions." Mr. Goldberg says: "Your new pagan differs from his prototype in that he has fought his way to his intellectual independence; in that he is so deeply conscious of it that he does not possess it entirely. He is in self-conscious opposition to a mode of life that he has rejected. Simple as it may seem, it yet needs to be said for the benefit of some of our young poets especially: one cannot to-day be Greek or primitively pagan." The argument proceeds:

"France—whose real name, of course, is Jacques Anatole Fran ois Thibaud—is the impressionist par excellence. He has

done much to destroy the fetich of impersonalism in creative art. He has called it a hideous waste of time to seek for truth, and has centered his efforts upon the quest of beauty, which, if it be quite as abstract as truth, possesses the advantage of lying nearer the fundamental instincts. If you want more labels, he is a neo-Epicurean; but remember that 'neo,' for it contains all the years that have passed since Epicurus lived to provide a noun and an adjective for restaurants. From an indulgent skepticism, France swerved to militant Socialism, thence to despair, and only the other day to the Clarté group, which, presided over by such leaders as Barbusse and Rolland, aims at the regeneration of this mad world through the leadership of the international intellectuals. France, too, an early disciple of Renan, replaces virtue by beauty. He recognizes no absolute in ethics or religion, nor is he much less dubious of science. Like Hardy, he is classic in spirit and style. Despite the proteanism of his intellect, there seems to be about his life work something serene, 'au-dessus de la mêlée.' Like d'Annunzio an egocentric, a pagan, he yet produces the impression not of a self-glorifier but of a self-distruster. He is more the pagan than Hardy, one imagines, because he has less fault to find with a god that he denies. Someone, indeed, called Hardy a 'pandiolist,' as opposed to pantheist—one who sees in all things not the hands of deities but the claws of demons. France possesses more than the other two that radiant quality called charm. D'Annunzio bathes in perfumes; Hardy chisels out of granite, France embroiders upon silk; the Frenchman achieves the rare feat of durability in delicacy."

There is something paradoxical in the temperament of Anatole France, as in that of most great men. It may be, as W. L. George suggests in a tribute published in the New York Socialist *Call*, that he is contradictory because his instinct is at war with his reason. "The instinct is always hedonistic; he loves Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, and even the Catholic Church for their beauty; he is fond of all the good things of the world, beautiful women, flowers, sweetmeats, of all the fine, disdainful aristocratic ideas of the artists and the philosophers. . . . But there is what may be called his social conscience,

which is utilitarian and Socialistic. That conscience tells him that however much beauty he may extract from it, this world, filled with wars, with cruelties, with factories, with ugly houses and ugly clothes, with mean prejudices, is a world for which he is responsible because he is a man. The dream of that ugly world will not let him sleep easily upon his rose-decked couch."

He tells us himself, in his reminiscences in the *Dial*, that he has always believed that "the only reasonable thing to do is to look for pleasure." Then he says:

"Like Jean-Jacques, I am tempted to defy any man to say he is better than I am. But I hasten to add that I do not on that account think highly of myself. I think that men in general are worse than they seem. They do not show themselves as they are; they hide when they commit deeds which will cause them to be hated or despised and show themselves when they act in a manner which will be approved or admired. I have rarely opened a door inadvertently without finding something that made me look with pity on humanity, with disgust or horror. What can I do? It is not pleasant telling, but I cannot help myself. Have I always been faithful to that truth I love so passionately? I flattered myself just now on that score. After ripe reflection I would not swear to it. There is little art in these stories; but perhaps a little has crept in; and when you have said art you have said arrangement, dissimulation, falsehood.

"It is questionable whether the language of humanity lends itself perfectly to the expression of the truth; it derives from the cries of animals and has kept some of their characteristics; it expresses emotion, passions, needs, joy and sorrow, hate and love. It was not made to tell the truth. There is no truth in the souls of savage beasts; there is none in ours, and the metaphysicians who have described it are lunatics.

"All I can say is that what I have done I have done in good faith. I repeat: I love truth. I believe that humanity has need of it; but surely it has a much greater need of falsehood which flatters and consoles and gives infinite hopes. Without falsehood humanity would perish of despair and ennui."

REDISCOVERING THE GENIUS OF HERMAN MELVILLE

IT is clear that we are in for a "Melville boom." For several months, writers on both sides of the Atlantic have been singing in ever-increasing volume the praise of the author of "Moby Dick." One such writer, H. M. Tomlinson, of the London *Nation*, ranks this strange and fantastic tale with "Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Pickwick Papers." It goes, he says, into "that small company of big, extravagant, generative books which have made other writers fertile in all ages—books we cannot classify, but which must be read by every man who writes." Arnold Bennett and Augustine Birrell are hardly less enthusiastic. And now comes the first biography of Melville, written by Raymond M. Weaver, of the Department of English at Columbia University, and published by George H. Doran Company. It pays tribute to Melville as mariner and mystic, and underscores the magnitude of his literary achievement, but brings out, above all, the tragedy of his career. "He spent his youth and early manhood," Professor Weaver writes, "in the forecastles of a merchantman, several whalers, and a man-of-war. He diversified whale-hunting by a sojourn of four months among practising cannibals, and a mutiny off Tahiti. He returned home to New England to marry the daughter of Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, and to win wide distinction as a novelist. . . . But he felt that triumph had not been achieved. . . . The last forty years of his history are a record of a stoical—and sometimes frenzied

—distaste for life, a perverse and seditious contempt for recognition. . . . He earned his living between 1866 and 1886 as inspector of Customs in New York City. His deepest interest came to be in metaphysics: which is but misery dissolved in thought." There are those who see deep spiritual significance in these closing years, but Professor Weaver cannot escape the conviction that Melville's career as a whole is "like a star that drops a line of streaming fire down the vault of the sky—and then the dark and blasted



Engraved on wood by L. F. Grant. From a photograph

THE LITERARY DISCOVERER OF THE SOUTH SEAS

The first biography of Herman Melville, just published, is a noteworthy sign of the revival of interest, on both sides of the Atlantic, in one of the chief and most unusual figures in our literature. His "Typee" and "Omoo" created "a South Sea style." His "Moby Dick" is hailed as a masterpiece.

shape that sinks into the earth."

It is true that Lowell and Longfellow praised the writings of Melville and that Nathaniel Hawthorne (to whom "Moby Dick" is dedicated) found him "better worth immortality than the most of us." Yet somehow, from the first, malign influences were pursuing him. His attacks, in "Typee" and "Omoo," on missionary activities in the South Sea Islands, were fiercely resented. His increasingly pessimistic philosophy left him friendless. When a fire in the office of Harper and Brothers in 1853 effectually reduced "Pierre"—his most daring book—to a safely limited edition, the public seemed to lose interest in this and his other writings.

It was not until he had been hailed in France as "an American Rabelais"; prized in England by the author of "The City of Dreadful Night"; greeted by Stevenson with slangy enthusiasm as a "howling cheese"; rated by Masefield as unique among writers of the sea; and resurrected in Barrie's "Peter Pan," that he may be said to have come into his own. At the present time there is none to dispute the statement of Professor Weaver that Melville is "one of the chief and most unusual figures in our native literature."

His claim to such high distinction is held to rest upon three prime counts. The first is his literary discovery of the South Seas; and tho, as Professor Weaver remarks, his ample and rapidly multiplying progeny includes such names as Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Warren Stoddard, John La Farge, Jack London, Louis Becke, A. Safroni-Middleton, Somerset Maugham, and Frederick O'Brien, he is still unsurpassed in the manner he originated. On this point, all competent critics are agreed.

His second achievement is well stated by the English sea-writer, W. Clark Russell, in "A Claim of American Literature." Here is the passage: "When Richard Henry Dana and Herman Melville wrote, the commercial sailor of Great Britain and the United States

was without representation in literature. . . . Dana and Melville were Americans. They were the first to lift the hatch and show the world what passes in a ship's forecabin; how men live down in that gloomy cave, how and what they eat, and where they sleep; what pleasures they take, what their sorrows and wrongs are; how they are used when they quit their black sea-parlors in response to the boatswain's silver summons to work on deck by day and by night. These secrets of the deep Dana and Melville disclosed. . . . Dana and Melville created a new world, not by the discovery, but by the interpretation of it. They gave us a full view of the life led by tens of thousands of men whose very existence, till these wizards arose, had been as vague to the general land intelligence as the shadows of clouds moving under the brightness of the stars." And to Melville and Dana, so Russell contends, we owe "the first, the best and most enduring revelation of these secrets." On this score, Conrad, Kipling and Masefield must own Melville as master.

Melville's third and supreme distinction rests upon his masterpiece, "Moby Dick," which, after the order of Melchizedek, is without issue and without descent, and seems, as Masefield says, to have "spoken the very secret of the sea." The motif of the tale is outlined by Professor Weaver in the following passage:

"The organizing theme of this unparalleled volume is the hunt by the mad Captain Ahab after the great white whale which had dismembered him of his leg; of Captain Ahab's unwearied pursuit by rumor of its whereabouts; of the final destruction of himself and his ship by its savage onslaught. On the white hump of the ancient and vindictive monster Captain Ahab piles the sum of all the rage and hate of mankind from the days of Eden down.

"Melville expresses an ironical fear lest his book be scouted 'as a monstrous fable, or still worse and more detestable, a hideous and intolerable allegory.' Yet fabulous allegory it is: an allegory of the demonism at the cankered heart of nature,

teaching that 'tho in many of its visible aspects the world seems formed in love, the invisible spheres were formed in fright.' Thou shalt know the truth, and the truth shall make you mad. To the eye of truth, so Melville would convince us, 'the palsied universe lies before us as a leper'; 'all deified Nature absolutely paints like a harlot, whose allurements cover nothing but the charnel house within.' To embody this devastating insight, Melville chooses as a symbol an albino whale. 'Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?'"

The astonishing variety of contradictory qualities synthesized in "Moby Dick" may be sought in vain in any other literature in such paradoxical harmony. These qualities, however, in differences of combination and emphasis, are found by Professor Weaver in all of Melville's writings. And he published, besides anonymous contributions to periodicals, ten novels and five volumes of poetry (two of the latter privately printed at the very close of his life). There survives, in addition, a bulk of manuscript material: a novel, short stories and a body of verse.

In that last stage of his life in which he came to regard the making of books as an irrelevancy, Melville informed Hawthorne that he had "pretty much made up his mind to be annihilated." It is worth noting, however, that as he grew in disillusionment, he grew in astonishment. In his relentless pessimism he boasted himself "in the happy condition of judicious, unencumbered travelers in Europe; they cross the frontiers into Eternity with nothing but a carpet bag,—that is to say, the Ego."

But in spite of this boast, he had, in fact, sent more bulky consignments on ahead, and "at the final crack of doom," his biographer prophesies, "this dead and disappointed mariner may yet rise to an unexpected rejoicing." For at that time of ultimate reckoning, according to the eschatology of Masefield:

"Then the great white whale, old Moby Dick, the king of all the whales, will rise up from his quiet in the sea, and go bel-

lowing to his mates. And all the whales in the world—the sperm-whales, the razor-back, the black-fish, the rorqual, the right, the forty-barrel Jonah, the narwhal, the hump-back, the grampus and the thrasher—will come to him, 'fin-out', blowing their spray to the heavens. Then Moby Dick will call the roll of them, and from all the parts of the sea, from the north, from the south, from Callao to Rio, not one whale will be missing. Then Moby Dick will trumpet, like a man blowing a horn, and all that company of whales will 'sound' (that is, dive), for it is they that have the job of raising the wrecks from down below.

"Then when they come up the sun will just be setting in the sea, far away to the west, like a ball of red fire. And just as the curve of it goes below the sea, it will stop sinking and lie there like a door. And the stars and the earth and the wind will stop. And there will be nothing but the sea, and this red arch of the sun, and the whales with the wrecks, and a stream of light upon the water. Each whale will have raised a wreck from among the coral, and the sea will be thick with them—row-ships and sail-ships, and great big seventy-fours, and big White Star boats, and battleships, all of them green with the ooze, but all of them manned by singing sailors. And ahead of them will go Moby Dick towing the ship our Lord was in, with all the sweet apostles aboard of her. And Moby Dick will give a great bellow, like a fog-horn blowing, and stretch 'fin-out' for the sun away in the west. And all the whales will bellow out an answer. And all the drowned sailors will sing their chanties, and beat the bells into a music. And the whole fleet of them will start towing at full speed towards the sun, at the edge of the sky and water. I tell you they will make white water, those ships and fishes.

"When they have got to where the sun is, the red ball will swing open like a door, and Moby Dick, and all the whales, and all the ships will rush through it into an anchorage in Kingdom Come. It will be a great calm piece of water, with land close aboard, where all the ships of the world will lie at anchor, tier upon tier, with the hands gathered forward, singing. They'll have no watches to stand, no ropes to coil, no mates to knock their heads in. Nothing will be to do except singing and beating on the bell."

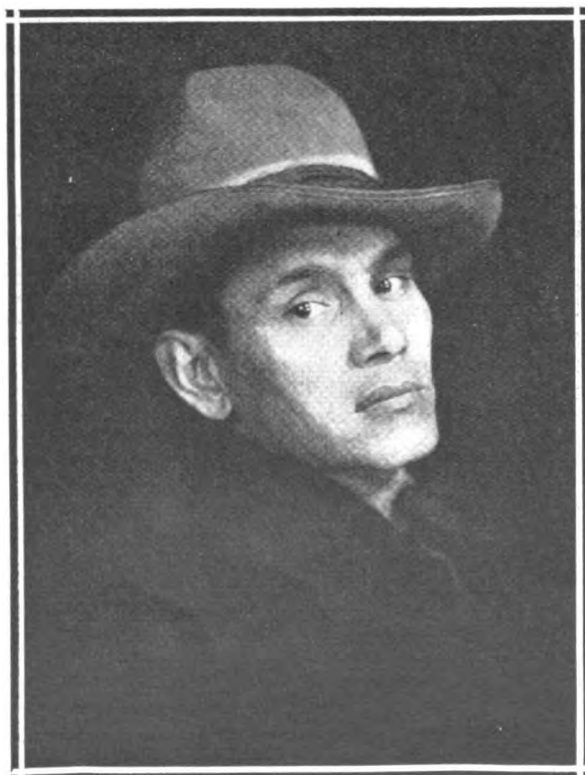
THE ONLY INDIAN PAINTER IN AMERICA

AN artist has lately come to New York with a personality and pictures that make a unique appeal. He is "Lone Wolf," said to be the only Indian painter in America, and his work portrays phases of life that until now have not found an interpreter. "He has vision, sincerity and conviction," Vance Thompson wrote, years ago, in the *Los Angeles Times*; "the message he has to give is his own; and already he has shaped—if he has not perfected—a distinct, individual and interesting technique." He is "young, courageous and loves both his art and his race," W. M. van der Weyde adds in a new article published in the *Independent and Weekly Review*.

The legal name of Lone Wolf is Hart Merriam Schultz. His father, James Willard Schultz, a man of Dutch ancestry, wrote memorable books on Indian life. His mother, Masowatan, was a Blackfoot Indian. He was born on the Blackfoot Reservation in Montana in 1883. As a child he played with sticks of colored chalk and was drawing pictures "of a sort" before he was ten years old. At fifteen Lone Wolf went out into the world to become a cowboy. He lived the free life of the plains, following "the game of cow-punching," as he terms it, for twelve years. "This work," Mr. Van der Weyde notes, "gave him the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with horses, and the cowboy spent most of his leisure hours drawing and painting those scenes which were always around him."

Lone Wolf is described as a very striking figure. "He is more than half a foot taller than the average man, is as dark as a native of southern Italy, as straight as a lance, beardless, high cheek-boned, deep-eyed, ebony-haired." His paintings, soon to be exhibited in New York, depict Indian scenes and cowboy life on the plains. One of these canvases, Mr. Van der Weyde tells us, pictures a blinding snow-storm through which staggers, almost hopelessly, a weary, wind-blown horse, valiantly seeking for the lost trail.

"Astride the groping horse is huddled an Indian squaw, and leashed on the dragging poles, on either side of the horse, is a pack that doubtless holds a well-protected papoose. The colors employed in this picture are blue and white only. The



Photographs by Van der Weyde

"LONE WOLF"

The Blackfoot Indian painter who is known to white men as Hart Schultz.



BREAKING CAMP

One of the pictures in which "Lone Wolf" not only captures the vanishing spirit of Indian life, but also shows himself to be a master of his medium.

atmospheric effect is extraordinary. So vivid is the handling of the subject by this Indian painter that the spectator poignantly feels the bitterness of the cold shown on the surface of the canvas. Lone Wolf has handled his subject in masterly fashion. A painting that can make me physically feel the actual suffering of the subjects portrayed is Art indeed, and I have no hesitation in asserting that Lone Wolf will be recognized as one of the most capable native painters of the Northwest.

"The painter told me that he very distinctly remembers, as a child, being carried by his mother, Masowatan, mounted on a horse, through just such a blinding snow-storm as he has pictured."

Other paintings by Lone Wolf that will be exhibited are "Breaking Camp," an Indian scene; "A

Critical Moment," showing a fallen horse and rider, a cowpuncher, attacked by the animal pursued; and the "Wild Horse Hunter," a scene on Montana plains.

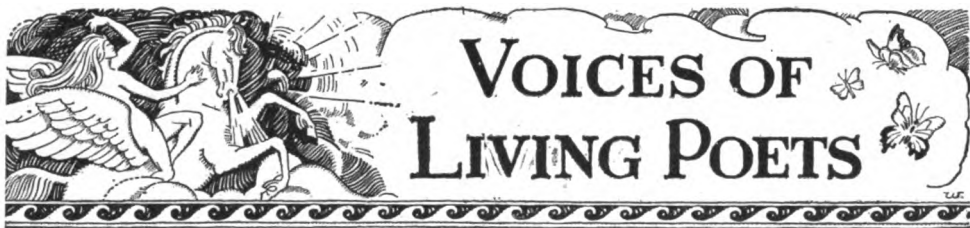
It is a striking fact that Lone Wolf has never attended an art school. The only "teaching" he has ever had grew out of a fortunate meeting in the Grand Canyon with Thomas Moran, of the famous Moran family of painters. In other words, Lone Wolf is a pupil of nature, like many of the great modernists.

The beauty of his work, the promise of his work, as Vance Thompson sees it, is that he has escaped the influence of schools and school-masters. "His work, for good or ill, is victoriously his own."



THE SNOW-STORM

"So vivid is the handling of the subject by this Indian painter that the spectator poignantly feels the bitterness of the cold shown on the surface of the canvas."



IT is always surprizing to be reminded that our Anglo-Saxon tendency to make of woman a religion and to worship her romantically as a superior order of being is a phenomenon of race development. In no other society, as Lafcadio Hearn once pointed out to the Japanese, is a corresponding reverence toward women exacted. In no other poetry is it so universally manifested. Consider, he acutely observes in "Books and Habits" (Dodd-Mead), a re-collection of essays sponsored by Professor Erskine, how the great mass of our poetry is love poetry and the greater part of our fiction love stories. Why, asks Lafcadio Hearn, should not only the novel writers but all the poets make love the principal subject of their work? In attempting to make selections of poetry and prose for class use at the University of Tokyo—and endeavoring to select material relating to other subjects than passion—he found it "impossible to select half a dozen stanzas of classic verse which do not contain anything about kissing, embracing or longing for some imaginary or real beloved." And "when a whole race is interested more in one thing than anything else, one may be sure that it is so because the subject is of paramount importance in the life of the average person." He asked his gaping Japanese pupils to "imagine a society in which every man must choose his wife and every woman must choose her husband, independent of outside help, and not only choose but obtain if possible. The best man—that is to say, the strongest and cleverest—is likely to get the best woman, in the sense of the most beautiful person. The weak, the feeble, the poor and the ugly have little chance of being able to marry at

all. So . . . every man has a struggle of some kind for the possession of every woman worth having." It is argued that the great function of poetry is to give a stimulus to the struggle—to throw a veil of illusion over the love-season, since "in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand the beauty of the woman is only imagined." At the same time, we are reminded, to imagine beauty is really to see it—not objectively, perhaps, but subjectively beyond all possibility of doubt, and the object of art in any form is, or should be, to make us imagine better conditions than may exist and by so imagining to prepare the way for the coming of such conditions. Were the great American interpreter of Western life and literature to the Japanese living to-day he might well rub his eyes over the following verses, which appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and which, despite the title, contain no suggestions of love between man and woman:

MY LOVES.

MARY DIXON THAYER

I LOVE. But my dearest loves are not
Aware of me.

I love a tree
Swaying against a sunset pale as faded
roses,
With branches quivering
Like pointed fingers,
Sunburnt and strong,
To where a long
Cloud lingers
And daylight closes.

I love a star that opens wholly
At dusk, like a young lily lifting
In some still, shadowed pool
Tinged with the cool

Green sense of dawn, and drifting
Upon white silences.

I love the hour
When love commences,
And the strange power
Of little things.

I love blue shadows laid
Like curling plumes on snow;
And icicles—clear shafts of jade—
And dreams that a thrush flings
Against cold stars.

I love wild streams that flow
Eternally in quiet places,
Tumbling, like silk spilt out and laces
Torn and shimmering. And I love low,
Trembling branches, eager and young,
That touch my cheek
And only speak
In whispers. I love songs sung
And half forgotten—melodies that break
Unending through us, and that make
The tunes our hearts beat time to.

I love each day
More than the last.
What is I love, and what is past—
What will be—even death—
The swirling, unrestrained breath
Of God, that sweeps a world and me
To a hidden destiny.

In the *New York Times Book Review*
and *Magazine* an entire page is appro-
priately given to the following timely
poem which deserves a place along with
Joyce Kilmer's "The White Ships and
the Red," which appeared in the same
medium:

THE PHANTOM FLEET

A LEGEND OF 1935

BY CORA HARDY JARRETT

OPEN the door of their kennels,
And whistle them forth to die,
The silent old sea-mastiffs
Dark in their docks that lie.
There's many a seaman's bosom
Will heave a sobbing breath
When the giant gray sea-mastiffs
Steam out to drink their death.

—— So we called to their keepers,
And we stood and watched them drown;
Dogged and dour and silent,
Our dogs of the sea went down,

Died for a word and a vision,
While the wise ones prattled of peace,
And the keen ones sketched new dread-
noughts
When the ten years' truce should cease.

Hearts of men, ye are shifting
As the shifting sand that blows,
But the deep-drowned heart of iron
Is steadfast to what it knows;
The deep-drowned old sea-mastiffs
Had still a watch to keep
Against the day of new-born fray,
Shaking the peaceful deep.

When the fleet went steaming seaward,
And the other fleet drew in,
Two grim half-moons of battle
In the morning-twilight thin,
Ere even a gun had spoken,
Men heard a seaman shout,
And—those gray points that prick the
wave,
Are they masts and funnels, or do we rave?
They rise, they loom—from its resting-
grave
The Phantom Fleet rides out!

Up from the floor of ocean,
Gray with her ancient slime,
Dripping arose the dreadnoughts,
The monsters of their time;
Rolling brine from their scuppers,
Rocked by an unseen swell,
They hailed the younger squadrons,
Foeman and friend as well.

"We bowed our heads to the ocean,
We drank her bitter brine;
We went to our death unconquered,
Mighty ships of the line;
We had carried our lives like banners,
But gladly we laid them down,
All for a word and a vision
And an end that Peace should crown.

"Will ye make of us a mocking?
Shall we have died for naught,
When we veiled our heads with the waters
And gave up the fight unfought?
We are the Phantom Squadron
With the barnacles on our rails,
And when we rise to battle,
By God, ye shall turn your tails!"

The wise ones tell of parleys
By which the fight was stayed
But ask the frightened gunners
That clung to the rails and prayed!
Courage was there, and guns to spare,

For foes of mortal breath,
But who can fight with a squadron
That has broken the doors of death?

So one fleet faded eastward,
And one fleet faded west,
And the wise ones told the story
In the words that pleased them best;
But the seamen know—and they tell it so—
That when men's hearts were hot,
The old sea-dogs the danger heard,
The drowned sea-mastiffs waked and
stirred,
And rose to war for the warrior's word
And the Peace that men forgot.

Another timely and admirable piece of "newspaper verse," deserving to be called a poem, is the following which we find in the *Chicago Evening Post*:

TO FOCH

BY HARRIET MONROE

MARSHAL of France and soldier of the world!
Our sword was yours for War, our wreath of bay
Was yours for Victory; and now—to-day—
Our hands, our hearts, our hopes, like flags unfurled,
Are yours for Peace, that they who grandly died
Shall not have died in vain. You, battle-strong,
Shudder at praise, but we must shout our pride
And lift your glory to the skies with song.

In her new book, "Cross-Currents" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), Margaret Widdemer has accomplished the difficult task (or pleasure?) of making a volume of lyrics that in depth of feeling plus singing quality are equal if not superior to anything in her two preceding collections. For example:

CRISIS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I THINK there are two aprons at home
that I can hem,
I can put a frill of lace for edge to one of them;
I will have blue ribbon to tie it, and to sew
Just above the pocket in a flaring bow,
And I can sit quite quiet, as if nothing had been

Except the needle's in and out and out and in. . . .

*(Every sorrow ends—every horror ends—
Everything ends that we have to face or do—*

These hours will end, too.)

Back where I live there still are green things to see,
Lilacs and a rose-bush and a tall old apple tree,

Everything is quiet there—everything will stay

Steady till I come to it as when I went away—

I must remember them, think hard of them, my flowers,
And village folks not caring, and the yellow morning hours. . . .

(Everything ends that begins beneath the sun—

There will be kind hours after these hours are done—

How slow, how slow they run!)

All of it will surely stop to-night at least by ten,

And I may be too numb to feel a while before then. . . .

And maybe if I seem too tired or too like to weep

They'll give me something merciful to let me get to sleep

And drop inert and shut my eyes and count as I lie still

Sheep slipping through a gap and running down a hill. . . .

(Lord, once you saw it through, the waiting and the fright,

And being brave for them to see, as if it all were right. . . .

Send quick—send quick to-night!

PLEADING

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

LIFE is not a brown book
Written full of sin,
For me to read and frown at
Everything within—
Life is not a wall to climb,
Life is not a fire
That I must toil by night and day
To build up higher,
Life is not a lesson-page
Day by day—
*Life is a lute
And I must play.*

Never try to make me
Scold men and be wise

Or build up the fire
 Or climb up the skies—
 All of you may do these
 Who walk the roads mute—
 But I was born laughing
 And fingering my lute. . . .
 Few are the lute-players,
 Echoless the way—
Life is a lute
And I must play.

CROSS-CURRENTS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I WENT through the streets of the quiet
 little town
 Among the kindly fisher-people passing
 up and down;
 Through the little green streets that softly
 ran to hide
 Among the smooth deep meadows where
 the millsails blew wide—
 Feather-fronded daisy-stalks, miraculously
 tall,
 Nodded to be friends with me across a
 low gray wall;
 And every smallest laneway had its rich
 falling plume
 and its close sweet scent of the white
 clematis in bloom,
 And I lingered for the coming of the far
 first star,
 While the barren crowded city seemed so
 mercifully far
 Where the rosy neighbor-women leaned
 and gossiped leisurely
 At ease between the riches of the sunset
 and the sea. . . .
 Till, pausing for the whisper of the wind-
 sweet way
 Behind a flowered lattice I could hear one
 say,
 "Jest the dreary village, an' yer man, an'
 yer child—
 I think about the city till I'm a'most wild—
 Nothin' but the gardens an' the streets
 you know. . . .
 I'm crazy fer the city . . . an' he says
 we'll go."

In and between the lines of this lyric,
 from the *Smart Set*, a very genuine
 emotion is all but perfectly expressed:

WAIT AWHILE

BY JEANETTE MARKS

I F you would know my mother-heart,
 Then wait awhile, be still;
 Watch for the settling dusky light,

The silence, on the hill;
 And wait awhile, be still.

Love, heed the clap of little hands,
 Of leaves upon my trees;
 And hear the traveling of the wind,
 The moving of the seas;
 Then wait awhile, be still.

If you would know my mother-heart,
 But watch the wasting day!
 The wind steps softly in the corn,
 The light slips to the hill;
 Love, wait awhile, be still.

Some notable poetry is finding its
 way into the pages of *Voices*, a journal
 of verse edited by Harold Vinal and
 hailing from Boston. In a recent num-
 ber the two following poems enlist our
 interest:

SHUT OUT

BY KATHARINE BATES

DEATH bars me from my garden, but
 by the dusty road
 Glints many a vagrant blossom the wind's
 caprices sowed.

Death locks my door against me and flings
 the golden key
 To sink with many another beneath the
 moaning sea.

But there are haunts for gypsies upon the
 heather moors,
 Where we share with one another the lore
 of out-of-doors;

And gypsy tells to gypsy what healing
 herbs are best
 When the old wound starts athrobbing and
 starlight brings no rest.

CONVENTION

BY OLIVER JENKINS

WHEN I catch a glimpse of you,
 An irritating glimpse of you
 Turning some distant corner,
 My body gives a sudden twinge
 And I want to run
 Shouting your name.

But my companions
 Continue their empty discussion
 Of indemnities
 And foreign trade
 In the same calm, monotonous fashion
 As before;
 And I remain listening.

A vigor of expression and reach of imagination not too often found in current poetry distinguish the ensuing poem, from the *Atlantic*, and augur a distinguished future for the author whose name is not familiar to us:

A YOKE OF STEERS

By DUPOSE HEYWARD

A HEAVE of mighty shoulders to the yoke,
Square, patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn;
The darkness swirling down beneath their feet
Where sleeping valleys stir, and feel the dawn;
Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,
Taking the summit in a drench of day.
The night-winds volley upward bitter-sweet
And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray
Under the slow-moving, cloven feet.

There is a power here that grips the mind;
A force repressed and inarticulate,
Slow as the swing of centuries, as blind
As Destiny, and as deliberate.

They will arrive in their appointed hour
Unhurried by the goad of lesser wills,
Bearing vast burdens on.

*They are the great
Unconquerable spirit of these hills.*

They are still writing straightaway poetry in England and still developing new poets of distinction. The name of the author of the following, from the *Nation and Athenæum*, is not familiar to us:

THE ALMOND TREE

By S. G. TALLENTS

THUS from a bitter ground,
By sorrow long retarded,
Pity, at last unbound,
At last unguarded.

From the heart of the gnarled wood
In dark and secret hour,
Steals silently to bud,
Silent to flower;

But blowing unconfined
In loveliness fugitive
Must soon to the sharp wind
Dumbly returning?

A sweet and bruised array,
So late in splendor burning,
To what blind prison of clay
Dumbly returning?

The lines that follow, and which we reprint from the *Smart Set*, may not be poetry—but poetry is somewhere in their neighborhood:

MOOD

By BEATRICE RAVENEL

THE touch of your wishes offends me.
But to-day, when you bent your head,
Leaving me, setting me free from your endless sadness,
A mood brushed by in the air
And wound about me like a scarf, a trail of fragrance
Blown from a woman in love.
And the world hung poised like the waiting
Just before storm.
Then broke into silver vibrations—
The infinite, shouting relief of the rain.
And I loved . . . something.
You?

Following is an excellent recipe to be read and digested by lovers as well as makers of poetry. It appears in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

AS TO ART

By TED ROBINSON

STRENGTH without taste is well in several things,
Taste without strength is pleasant in a few;
Not how, the soldier asks, but what you do—
You ask not what, but how, the tenor sings.
But can Art seek heaven with no wings,
Or how be loved on earth unless the hue
Of earthly flesh and blood tranfuse it through,
And Force solidify its vaporings?

Taste without strength makes teacup poetry
And namby-pamby trumperies of paint;
Strength without taste makes verses known as "Free"
And daubs of horrors that, thank Heaven, ain't.
But rarely strength and taste are wed,
and we
Have Genius—half a brute and half a saint.

FORD WOULD OUST BANKERS AND PARASITIC R.R. STOCKHOLDERS

ALMOST nothing in this state of our industrial existence satisfies Henry Ford, who is, nevertheless, an incorrigible optimist. He is glad things are as "mussed up" as they are because the muss has put the world in "the best raw material shape it was ever in." The "new era," as he calls it, is already here. For himself, he is just comfortably ready to begin on the truly big tasks he sees ahead. In turning his business dreams and visions inside out to two interpreters, Judson C. Welliver and William Atherton Du Puy, writing in the *Review of Reviews* and the *Nation's Business*, respectively, Ford denounces the great mass of business men who are in a hurry to accumulate riches and retire. The railroads, he says, are a fine illustration of too much hurry to get profits. They have most of them been built not so much to provide transportation as profits out of promotion and construction. Many have been built to sell, and such are defined as little more than blackmailing projects. Nearly all are suffering from overcapitalization, gambling and manipulation of securities during an era of huge consolidation for the sake of increasing the volume of securities rather than to reduce costs and better the service. Bankers, he complains, in the *Review of Reviews*, have gotten to the top in railroad control and their management has involved the railroads with business relations that are ruinous. "Too much banker management, too little real transportation management," is his objection. Yet, having passed out of banker financing into government financing, "the operation of the roads is left to executives whose real concern is to hold their jobs at high salaries. We needn't expect much from them." He doesn't believe in government ownership or operation of railroads, but rather would turn them loose and insure free competition. He objects to the

proposed funding of \$500,000,000 of railroad obligations to the Government through the War Finance Corporation; regards it as thoroly bad business. In the *Nation's Business* he is quoted as not wishing to criticize the railroad managers, for "with their stockholders on their backs and their banker bosses who don't know anything about railroading, what can they do? They must be liberated from the present system. And you can't do that by giving them \$500,000,000 to perpetuate something that is bad." Most railroads, Mr. Ford declares appositely, "have enough lawyers working for them to operate them if they were engaged in useful work" and the greatest burden the railroads are carrying is the unproductive stockholder.

"The real purpose of a railroad is to serve the public. There is no reason why it should be diverted from that service and set to doing an entirely different thing—putting money into the pockets of stockholders who make no contribution to the road's actual operation. Paying dividends to these people is a burden which should be lifted from the railroads. The greater the overcapitalization, the heavier the burden. It bears them down and prevents them from serving their purpose. In the end the public pays these dividends. They are a tax on the whole people."

Ford, in short, believes that the railroads should and could be owned by those who actually operate them and that they should not have to go to the banks for money. The first thing, he maintains, is to make a railroad work. Make it possible for people to use it as much as they want to, he argues, and there will be no trouble about finances.

Our money and banking system, he contends, in this connection, is "the invention of the Jews, for their own purposes of control, and it's bad. Our gold standard was founded by the Jews; it's

bad, and things will never get right until we are rid of the power they hold through it. I've figured thirty years on making and selling things—what a given article would bring, whether there would be demand for it. I have never figured in gold, which is about the most useless of metals, but in terms of human energy." And, apropos of labor unions, "there is no such thing as a labor union. There is a lot of noise and disturbance that the Jews and other agitators get up; but the only union is the union of union labor officials."

Ford is for open and free competition in every branch of industry, and is for abolishing patents, "which kill competition." The inventor, he contends, seldom or never gets the benefits of his patent. "An invention or device that is useful is always a matter of evolution. On the 'Model T' car, of which we have built 5,500,000, was one device which I patented, and was sure nobody could get. Afterward I found that the same thing precisely had been patented in 1826 by a piano tuner! We patented our magneto device, but afterward I found that Michael Faraday had produced the same thing long before. I got a patent on a universal joint inside a ball-and-socket joint, and was sure it

was new; later I found the very same thing on an old steam engine built 40 years ago! I keep that engine religiously just for the sake of that device. I have taken out 300 or 400 patents in all countries, and I undertake to say there is not a new thing on our car. People are constantly showing us how to put something else on the car, making more parts when we are trying to reduce it to fewer parts. But there is one advantage in that: the fellow who is showing you how to put on something new very often shows you how to take something off and simplify it all. The real thing is to get one piece where there have been two; to get the whole machine as near one piece as possible. The inventor who has a good thing or a good combination will find a way of getting his benefits out of it if he is let alone."

A concluding statement, of interest in view of recurrent predictions of an approaching petroleum famine, is that "an acre of potatoes will produce alcohol to plow it with tractors for 100 years. Before the war, in Germany they produced a gallon of potato alcohol for 9 cents—better fuel than gasoline, too."

A BILLION-GOLD-DOLLAR BANK AS A FIRST AID TO EUROPE

AS an alternative for the ter Meulen and other plans under consideration by the League of Nations to revive European finance and industry, Frank A. Vanderlip's proposal for the establishment of a Gold Reserve Bank of the United States of Europe is being studied by international bankers with varying degrees of enthusiasm. The plan, which contemplates a bank with \$1,000,000,000 capital in gold, the bulk of which would have to be supplied by this country, is yet lacking the whole-hearted support of any promi-

nent American banker. Its fundamental weakness, as a leading banker observes, in the *Wall Street Journal*, lies in the fact that the United States enjoys the only free gold market and "American banks having lost millions in the past two years trying to assist other countries that are no better off than before and having had their fingers burnt once, are not likely to stick them in the fire again." The *New York Journal of Commerce* approves the plan in theory but sees little in it to appeal to the investor, holding that it even lacks the

possible lure of the \$100,000,000 Foreign Trade Financing Corporation, now dormant because of failure to obtain sufficiently broad financial backing. It is "right in theory and workable if a way can be found to raise the capital and to overcome national jealousies," is the consensus of banking opinion.

The framework of the proposed Gold Reserve Bank of the United States of Europe is that of our Federal Reserve system, which, the New York *Globe* opines, is the most useful device which this country has obtained for the control of the business cycle.

"To the existence of the Federal Reserve must be attributed the reality that no financial panic has dumped its terrors into the lap of the present industrial depression. Something of the same steadiness might be imparted to world business—America would both give and receive in the transaction—if the Vanderlip plan were accepted."

Frank A. Vanderlip himself, in outlining the project in Berlin, did not pretend to say that so huge a sum as \$1,000,000,000 in gold could be raised, but it is his belief that "the plan is a sound banking measure applicable to the present chaotic situation in Europe, and if the nations of central Europe desire to adopt it, there is a fair probability that the capital would be subscribed." Its author does not claim that the plan is a universal panacea for the ills of Europe. He admits it will not balance a budget when the expenditures are extravagant and taxation insufficient. It will not cure an adverse foreign trade balance where the country is demanding large imports and has little to export. It would, however, offer some firm financial ground to stand on to commence the reconstruction of European finances. If it were carried out on the terms suggested, that is, a central bank with a capital of \$1,000,000,000 gold and a currency issue backed by a minimum of 20 per cent. of gold—it would provide the possibility of issuing \$5,000,000,000 of sound bank notes, in which the whole world would have confidence and which

would be uniform in character throughout the territory adopting the scheme.

A digest of the prospectus defines the bank as a sort of "super corporation" to be created through the League of Nations or in some way that would raise it above any particular nationality, and to issue an international currency and to discount approved commercial paper. Subscription to shares at \$100 would be open to any one able to subscribe and pay in gold. As America at the present time holds the predominating stock of free gold, it is presumable that the bulk of the initial subscriptions would come from this country. It is not proposed, however, that America should be necessarily the permanent lodgment of the stock, and provisions are proposed under which all stock might in the future be purchased by Europeans. With that in view, the stock would be issued in two classes. The stock subscribed for by Americans would be designated stock A. That subscribed for by Europeans would be designated stock B. The two stocks would be absolutely identical in all respects, except that Class A stock would be subject to retirement by call at 120.

The affairs of the corporation would be controlled by a court composed of nine trustees, who would be named in the articles of organization, five of these to be Americans and four to be Europeans. There would also be nine alternate trustees, similarly divided between America and Europe, any one of whom might act in the absence or disability of any trustee, and when so acting would have all the powers of a trustee. The aim would be to form this board of trustees of men of the very highest character and widest financial experience; men who would rise above even national selfishness, and from whom might be expected a devotion to the general financial rehabilitation of Europe. The trustees should elect a governor general and a deputy governor general from among their members.

There would be organized in each of those European nations which invite

the establishment of a branch of the Gold Reserve Bank of the United States of Europe a banking corporation created under special legislative act. These several banks will be referred to hereafter as "gold reserve national banks." A prerequisite to the establishment in any nation of a gold reserve national bank should be:

First—An official invitation by the government of the country concerned to establish such a bank.

Second—The furnishing, free of all expense, by the government of an adequate building, equipped for the purposes of the business; this building and the ground upon which it stands to be given the same ex-territorial rights as those enjoyed by a foreign embassy.

Third—An undertaking that there will in the future be no hampering legislation enacted against the free circulation of the notes of the Gold Reserve Bank of the United States of Europe; nor against their free exportation and importation; nor against the making of contracts payable in these notes; nor against the opening of deposit accounts in these notes in other banks.

Fourth—In lieu of all taxes, present and future, either against the reserve bank or upon its circulating notes, there would be paid to the government of the country in which the gold reserve national bank is located the profits of the bank, with such exceptions as may be determined. When the surplus of the gold reserve national bank reaches 50 per cent. of its capital, three-quarters of the earnings would go to the government of the country in which the bank is located, so long as the bank's surplus is maintained unimpaired at 50 per cent. of its capital. The remaining one-quarter of the earnings, after the regular dividend of 8 per cent. has been paid upon the stock, would be declared as extra dividend and be paid to the Gold Reserve Bank of the United States of Europe.

A bill has been introduced in Congress by Senator Hitchcock authorizing a somewhat similar institution. Senator Hitchcock's proposed bank, however, would have a capital stock of two and one-half billions. It presumes also upon the United States taking the initiative in putting it into operation. Mr. Vanderlip thinks that the initiative must come from Europe.

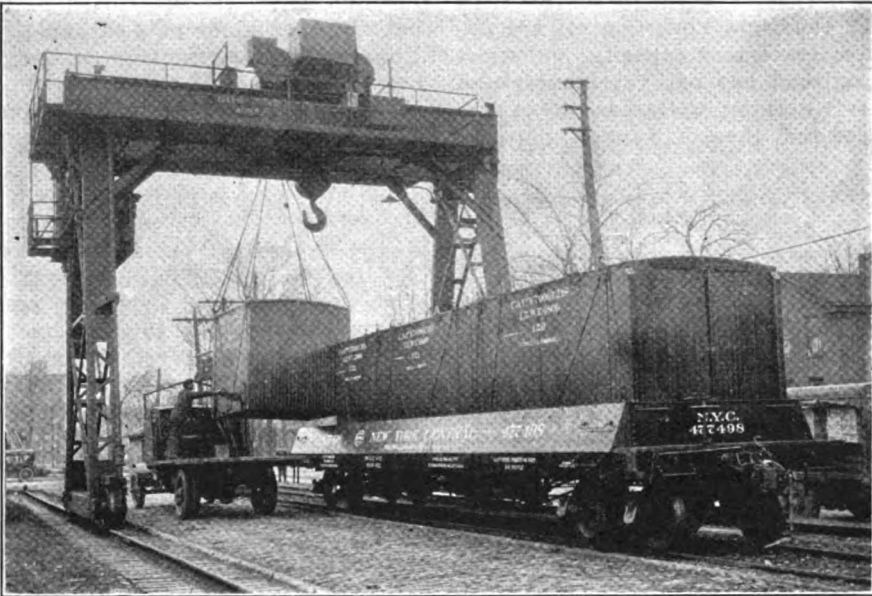
A NEW FREIGHT CAR THAT MARKS AN EPOCH IN TRANSPORTATION

TRANSPORTATION congestion, mail, express and freight robberies, which annually entail a loss of millions, and other railroad evils promise to end with the general adoption of a new "container car" which New York Central officials foresee as changing the whole physical appearance of freight, express and mail rolling stock. The innovation resembles nothing more than a long car loaded with large steel safes in which commodities of all kinds travel from consignor to consignee, inviolate against thieves, fire, weather and breakage. The safes or containers are lifted on and off the cars by cranes, permitting the "parent"

rolling stock to continue in immediate transportation circulation.

Wilbur Forrest writes, in the *New York Tribune*, that the express and mail type of the container car is 63 feet long and carries 9 containers. The standard freight car type is 53 feet in length and carries either 3 large or 6 small containers. All the cars are specially fitted with patent bulkheads into which the "safes" fit snugly down to the car bed. The "safe" is locked on being loaded by the consignor and once on the car is again locked by the railroad company.

The Post-Office Department, it is announced, has endorsed the "safety de-



THE "CONTAINER CAR" IS REVOLUTIONIZING FREIGHT, EXPRESS AND MAIL ROLLING STOCK

Adopted by the New York Central, it resembles a long car loaded with large steel safes inviolate against thieves, fire, weather and breakage.

posit, traveling lock-box" for all types of mail, and, we read, the New York Central has installed the invention permanently on its line between New York and Chicago.

Demonstrations have shown that the largest container car can be emptied of its nine containers by an ordinary crane in about 20 minutes. Fitted with other units, either empty or loaded, it can be back in circulation in about the same period. Either moving or stationary lifting cranes may be used for loading or unloading onto motor trucks, platforms or even the ground.

Railway officials assert that the tremendous expense of maintaining box cars and other rolling stock equal to all emergencies will be materially cut down because with the rapid handling of contents cars may provide double their present utility.

Some of the most important merchandizing firms in the East and Middle West cooperated with the railroad in the trial trips of container cars. On the first trip—from New York to Chicago—the nine containers of one car

were "craned" to motor trucks by an ordinary wrecking derrick mounted on a diminutive flatcar in from three-quarters of a minute to three minutes each. All were off the car in twenty-two minutes. A truck delivered the first one to a department store a mile away from the railway terminal in thirty-eight minutes and another container was delivered at its ultimate destination, five miles away, in one hour and fifteen minutes. All nine were unlocked by the various consignees in business houses, unpacked and returned to their bulkheads on the car, ready to start back East, within two hours.

Rehandling en route is, it is said, a simple operation of shifting a container from one car to another which will take it to the addressee, who may unpack and check the shipment, either at his own place of business or on the railway company's platform. Motor trucks and a billion dollars' worth of new roads projected throughout the United States are expected to play a large part in the container system. Its adoption by the leading railroads is assured.

The largest containers so far tried out by the New York Central are upward of three tons capacity, and while this railroad has not yet inaugurated the refrigerator container, it is announced that these will follow, not only

for the initial transportation of meat but all other kinds of perishable food. Under normal circumstances the ordinary motor truck of proper burden may carry them safely even to towns or villages where railroads do not exist.

HOW AMERICA CAN WIN BACK ITS LOST EXPORT TRADE

A MERICAN export trade is rapidly going to the place which Sherman identified with war, and, according to Alexander R. Zoccola, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, it is bound to arrive there soon unless American export manufacturers begin to establish local branches in foreign countries, particularly in Latin America. Early in 1921 the amount of money tied up, frozen abroad in repudiated shipments and extension of drafts, was estimated at more than \$3,000,000,000. In Buenos Aires alone there is said to be at least \$50,000,000 worth of American merchandise lying on the docks, which the buyers refuse to accept and pay for. In many cases the buyers claim some defect in the goods or plead delay in shipment; but as a rule, we read, they do not attempt to disguise the real reason, the cost of dollar exchange. In other words, "our customers have definitely, however unreasonably, cut the traces and determined to do their future business with Europe."

We have no orders coming in, yet if we had them how could we fill them when the banks absolutely refuse to negotiate any foreign drafts, to finance any foreign shipments? They point to the undigested mass of foreign credits and declare that, until it is absorbed, they cannot spare more money for this purpose, and we have practically no foreign banks in the European sense of the term. In Europe, as the *Saturday Evening Post* writer—an authority on the subject—points out, every foreign bank has funds solely available for financing shipments to the particular foreign market in which it specializes.

And, in his opinion, it is now too late for us to endeavor to overcome this drawback by the establishment of purely foreign banks, such as the contemplated \$100,000,000 Foreign Trade Finance Corporation, because, "even if such a bank were established, it would lack the essential requirements to success—foreign branches. It would have to rely on correspondents abroad, European or native banks, or the few branches existing abroad of American domestic banks."

Under the circumstances, the writer admits, American manufacturers are not justified in continuing to ship goods to foreign customers on credit terms nor, on the other hand, can we sell our goods for cash; but there is a third course exemplified by one or two automobile manufacturers who consign their cars to their own foreign branches for distribution in Argentina and elsewhere and are doing a handsome business. It is obvious that the United States manufacturer with his own branch, controlled by himself, managed by his own men, has no repudiations of shipments to contend with. When he ships cars to his branch they are accepted. He has no animosity, no resentment, no anti-United States feeling and European prejudice to contend with. This animosity, we are assured, is almost wholly confined to the large business man, the importer, and only to a very limited, let us say diluted, extent does it reach the buying public abroad, which "is not aware or concerned with the difficulties of doing business with the United States." Even an Italian, once he owns a flivver, will just as lief buy an American tire as an

Italian one, if it is attractively offered to him.

As to the exchange problem in this case, "let us assume that the American automobile manufacturer had 200 cars in stock when the crash came, that these cars retailed at 5,000 Argentine pesos each, and that he continued to sell them at the same price. At normal exchange this netted the manufacturer, say, \$2,000 United States per car. Exchange gradually rose from 100 to 150—let us say that it averaged 133. Instead of getting \$2,000 for his stock, Mr. X averaged only \$1,500. In other words, he took an inventory loss of 25 per cent.—exactly the same as he did in this country. His Buenos Aires branch did not show him any more loss than did his Boston branch, and he continued doing business! His sales, of course, were reduced in volume, but they did not stop, like his competitors' who sold to an English or an Italian or a French importer.

"On the contrary, he is taking advantage of the present lack of stock of local dealers to boost his sales. He doesn't have to discount a draft when he makes a shipment, wondering all the time if the draft will be accepted at the other end. He ships to the branch, and the branch, on the strength of its stock and of the reputation and credit of the home firm, has no trouble in borrowing what money it needs from local banks, and so pays the home firm long before it has sold the cars. If it sells the cars on credit it can discount its notes, which of course are in local currency, with local banks and remit the proceeds home without gambling on what the exchange will be when the notes mature. It can even anticipate its sales in order to fix what amount of dollars it will secure for its pesos, by selling for future delivery the pesos it will obtain from its sales next month or the month after. To finance a foreign branch is child's play compared with financing sales to foreign buyers."

Citing another case in point, the writer tells of traveling south on one occasion with the best type of Ameri-

can foreign salesman, well educated, speaking fluent Spanish and a man who thoroly knew his business. He was going to South America to introduce a well-known make of automobile tire—that is, well known here. The writer stayed at the same hotel with him in Buenos Aires, and will never forget how his spirit gradually broke on realizing the impossible, heart-breaking task he had set himself to overcome European prejudice there. He tried importer after importer, but it was no use.

"What?" they said. "American tires compete against European tires? Absurd!" This salesman bought a heavy French car, equipped three wheels with three different European tires, the fourth wheel with his own, drove it until he had driven the three European tires to shreds, with his own tire still full of service. And even then it was no use! They said there must be a trick in it somewhere; that anyhow the public demanded European tires. The salesman returned to the States broken-hearted but not quite defeated. He said to his firm, "Give me one more chance. Let me go down there with 10,000 tires and open a store, and I'll show them." The firm was clever enough to see the light; they formed a subsidiary company, sent him down to manage it, and told him to go ahead and shoot his orders. Within a few years that branch was selling more tires in Argentina than all the European makes combined, and still is, by many times.

It is emphasized that a branch office, merely for the purpose of taking orders, will not do. "We must permanently invest our merchandize in the foreign country in which we wish to dispose of our goods." This permanent investment will vary in extent. Naturally, it will take a smaller investment to open a branch in Lima, Peru, or in Iquitos than one in Buenos Aires or Paris. It is a mistake to suppose that only large foreign centers are suitable fields for the export branch. A small corset manufacturer, for instance, might possibly do much better with a branch in Caracas than with one in Buenos Aires.

Again, the proportion of the investment to the annual turnover must vary with the class of commodity. It is obvious that a manufacturer of a slow-selling line, such as furniture or jewelry, must invest a greater amount in proportion to the sales he will make than a producer of cotton yarn or of gasoline. In every case the branch must

be managed by an American or a foreigner who has resided in this country long enough to have absorbed a thorough American commercial education. A native resident in the country in which the branch is opened may make a very efficient employee, but he must never be put in complete charge. The American branch must be American.

PALESTINE IS FLOURISHING UNDER THE BRITISH MANDATE

ABOUT 10,000 Jewish immigrants have entered Palestine since the war, according to a report submitted to the British Government by Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner of the mandatory districts of Palestine and Trans-Jordan. The report, made public by the League of Nations News Bureau, covers the year ending June 30 last, and will serve as a basis for the report promised by the British Government to the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations.

It is especially interesting as reflecting the development of Palestine as the future home of the Jewish race. The High Commissioner points out that the country, if properly developed, ought to experience a future far more prosperous than it enjoyed before the war. Its geographical position may once more render it an important center to the commercial traffic of the larger surrounding territory. Within the limits of the province, he says, it offers the varieties of soil and climate of a continent. He describes the 64 Jewish agricultural settlements made since the inception of the Zionist movement and draws a drastic comparison between their prosperity and the condition of the rest of the country, with its hopelessly primitive agricultural methods.

The entire population is reported to be a little short of 700,000, or less than the province of Galilee alone in the time of Christ. Four-fifths of the population are Moslems. There is a small

percentage of genuine Bedouin Arabs, while the rest, altho they speak Arabic and are termed Arabs, are largely of mixed race. There are 77,000 Christians, the majority of whom belong to the Orthodox Church and speak Arabic. It is surprising to read that half a century ago there was only a handful of Jews in the country, and that an overwhelming majority of the Jewish population has entered it during the last forty years. The total number of members of that race in Palestine is now 76,000—less than one in ten.

Nevertheless, the recent immigration of Jews has proved far too rapid for the country to take care of, and for this reason as much as for any other the anti-Jewish outbreaks around Jaffa in May this year were made an excuse for closing the ports to additional immigrants. Conditions are said to be practically normal at present, and the ports have been opened to persons who can prove themselves belonging to one of the following categories: (1) Persons of independent means who intend to take up permanent residence in Palestine; (2) members of professions who intend to follow their calling; (3) wives and children and other persons wholly dependent on residents in Palestine; (4) persons who have a definite prospect of employment with specified employer or enterprise; (5) persons of religious occupation, including the class of Jews who have come to Palestine in recent years from religious motives, and who can show that they have means of

maintenance there; (6) travelers who do not propose to remain in Palestine longer than three months; (7) returned residents.

In regard to the future policy of the administration, the High Commissioner says that it is the duty of the mandatory power to promote the well-being of the Arab population as if there were no Zionist question and as if there had been no Balfour declaration. In such a policy he finds nothing incompatible with reasonable Zionist aspirations, and he says that if the present Arab majority were in any way wronged or harmed the moral influence of Zionism would be greatly impaired as a result of it.

Almost from the time of taking office, High Commissioner Samuels has been steadily working toward the establishment of some form of self-government for the district. In October, 1921, he instituted an advisory council with twenty members. Ten members of this represented the administration, and of the other ten, all of whom are nominated by him, four are Moslems, three Christians and three Jews. So far the cooperation between the council and the administration has been pleasant and fruitful, we are told, and no measure proposed by the council has been rejected by the High Commissioner. "Steps are now being taken," says the report, "to form a constitution for the country, which will include the elective element, and the leaders of the various sections of the population are being consulted as to its terms."

Many of the exhausting taxes imposed by the former Turkish administration have been repealed and a rea-

sonable and modern taxation system introduced. It is expected that in the future in every district a very considerable part of the income of the district will be derived from the tobacco industry which has been growing rapidly since the end of the war. The cultivation of tobacco, previously prohibited, has begun in several districts, while a number of factories have been or are being opened for the manufacture of cigarets from imported tobacco.

Notable work has been done by the Department of Public Health. Under the old Turkish régime there were no hospitals or dispensaries of any kind for the civil population. Now the government maintains 15 hospitals, 21 dispensaries, 8 clinics and 5 epidemic posts. The fight is particularly directed against malaria and eye diseases, which are the two curses of the country. Other epidemic diseases are absent to a marked extent. In the campaign against malaria more than 15,000 wells have been registered and are regularly being dealt with, and 670 villages are in the zone of supervision. The report shows equally promising results in the field of education, which previously lay as fallow as some of the waste lands that mar large portions of Palestine. Any town or village needing a school can now obtain it simply by providing a suitable building and keeping it in repair, while the government out of the general taxes defrays the salaries of the teachers and other costs of maintenance. It is believed that a satisfactory school system will be established in this manner for the entire country within four years.

The total number of persons ten years of age and over reported as gainfully occupied in 1920 was 41,609,192, which is an increase of 9 per cent. over the number occupied in 1910—38,167,336. Of the persons gainfully occupied in 1920, 33,059,793 were males and 8,549,399 were females. The males formed 61.3 per cent. of the total male population and 78.2 per cent. of the male population ten years of age and over.

Thirty thousand persons are injured in the United States every day of the year.

Every minute 5 persons meet death by accident.

Twenty-one persons are hurt every minute.

The total number of accidents and deaths is 11 millions a year.

These figures are given by Major J. J. Crowley, of the War Risk Insurance Department.

MASTER INVENTORS DISCUSS SOME REVOLUTIONIZING PROJECTS

WHEN two famous inventors get together in a laboratory and chat about their past achievements and future projects it is fascinating to sit and listen, as did Arthur Benington the other day to Thomas A. Edison and Edouard Belin, the French inventor of the method of transmitting photographs and handwriting over a telephone wire or by wireless telegraphy. The meeting occurred in the Edison laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey. Belin told Edison that his invention was the result of 26 years of intensive work. He had begun by trying to invent television—that is, seeing at a distance, as, for instance, seeing a person with whom one is conversing by telephone.

"Useless! Futile!" Edison is quoted in the *New York World* as exclaiming.

"But," rejoined the French inventor, "I succeeded in transmitting the light of a brilliant candle over a wire to a distance of 500 meters and make it visible as a point of light on a screen. This gave me the idea of transmitting photographs, outline maps and handwriting by wire."

"But why?"

"Because there was a great demand for such an apparatus. The commanders of the armies wanted to be able to send orders to subordinates and to report to superiors more rapidly than the telegraph or the wireless would carry their messages and with greater secrecy. Thus I came to develop the sending and receiving apparatus with which this can be done without any one except the sender and receiver being able to know the contents of the message—without, that is, the intermediary of a telegraph or wireless operator and without the possibility of interception. It proved very useful in the last stages of the war."

To which the American wizard rejoined, to the astonishment of the other: "A man who has the genius to

invent things like yours has the right to make a whole lot of money out of them. You cannot expect to make a very large amount of money out of this, and you ought to have it; you deserve it; it is your right."

M. Belin protested that he did not need a large amount of money; what would he do with it if he had it?

"Build yourself a fine laboratory where you could have everything you desire and be able to hire the greatest technical experts as assistants," replied Edison. "A laboratory in which you would be free to develop your ideas, to experiment, to carry out your ideals, to invent anything that comes into your head, regardless of expense."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and went on to say in defense of his invention, that there was a great field for it in commerce, business and diplomacy. The Paris Bourse, for example, has already accepted orders for the purchase and sale of securities sent by wireless from Spain and received in Paris as facsimile autographs of the senders. The great point of this system, which was news to Edison, is the absolute secrecy of the messages. "Yet," persisted Edison, "why not come down to earth and invent something that all the world needs, something to bring in the millions you should have for a greater laboratory?"

"I have another invention ready to release in 1922—an improvement in the motion picture."

"Now you are getting down to the level of the people," cried Edison. "What about it?"

"It is a method that does away with the obturator and takes pictures by continuous light, thus greatly increasing the speed."

After some technical discussion which would interest only those who make and use moving-picture machines, Edison said: "I tell you what you

should do now. You must invent a film with a much finer grain."

"I should very much like to," said Belin, "but every one of the cinema experts in Europe has been trying for 20 years to do that very thing and without success."

"I know," said Edison, "but that does not prove it cannot be done. . . . Nothing is impossible. We merely don't yet know how to do it."

Discussing the technicalities of the motion-picture film, the two inventors fell to drawing diagrams. One Edison diagram represented a series of three strips of film, one of which had fairly large openings, or windows, in the film, the next had smaller ones, and the next smaller still. Beside these he wrote figures: 1,000, 250 and 60. "This," he said, pointing to the larger, "costs \$100; this costs \$25; this last costs \$6. And this places the moving picture in every home in the wide world, in every

little country school house, in the hall of every church."

"That is just what I am hoping to do," said Belin.

"Fine!" cried Edison. "Do that and you have the fortune you deserve, and you can go to work on that ten times larger laboratory. And you will do it! A man with a head shaped like yours can invent anything."

Asked by the French inventor as to his opinion of the future of transatlantic aerial communication, whether it would develop along the lines of the airship or of the airplane, Edison promptly replied: "The helicopter."

"We have a very long road to go before the helicopter is perfected to the point of using it for transatlantic voyages," was Belin's skeptical comment.

"We certainly have," said Edison. "But the principle is sound, and I believe that 10, 15 or 25 years from now some one will discover the right way."

"THE BRIGHT HOPE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD"—THE TER MEULEN PLAN

SIR DRUMMOND FRASER, representing the Provisional Economic and Financial Commission of the League of Nations, recently laid what is known as the "ter Meulen plan" to revive European industry before President Harding, Secretaries Mellon and Hoover, Eugene Meyer, managing director of the War Finance Corporation, and members of the Federal Reserve Board. All are said to have approved it with the result that unofficial aid will be given in placing it in immediate operation.

It is characterized as "the bright hope of the industrial world," and, reduced to its simplest terms, is a device for putting government support behind the financial transactions of importers, the support in each case being given by the country in which the importer does business. The government in question issues special bonds bearing a reasonable rate of interest, these bonds being

based upon an estimated "gold value" placed upon some specific revenue-producing function of that government, such as import and export duties, forests, government-owned railways, monopolies and so on. The value to be placed upon such revenue-producing government enterprises is to be fixed by an international commission of the League of Nations, the plan being to aid the movement of necessities only, including raw materials.

A typical transaction will show how the ter Meulen plan, the author of which is a Dutch banker, a member of the firm of Hope & Co. of Amsterdam, is designed to operate.

Suppose, for instance, an importer in Czecho-Slovakia wanted to buy goods from an exporter in London, but was in such a financial condition that the exporter did not regard him as a good credit risk. Czecho-Slovakia having applied to the League of Nations Inter-

national Commission to have a valuation placed upon her revenue-producing properties and having issued ter Meulen bonds, the importer would apply for them to the amount demanded by the London exporter, which might be 60, 80 or 100 per cent. of the sum involved in the transaction. Czecho-Slovakia would issue these bonds to the importer, who would forward them to the London exporter and the goods would be shipped. If, as Bruce Bliven, in the New York *Globe*, interprets the operation, the account is paid when due, the London merchant does not even cash the interest coupons on his ter Meulen bonds but detaches and returns them to the importer, who in turn hands them back to the issuing government. When the transaction is all settled, the exporter returns all the bonds to the importer, who in turn gives them back to the government, which cancels them and issues new ones "in the same or a different currency" up to an equivalent amount. (This phraseology is used because the issuing government can make the ter Meulen bonds payable in its own or any other currency as is desired.)

If the importer isn't able to meet the obligation, he applies to the exporter for an extension of credit, to be approved by the League of Nations. Supposing the importer flatly fails and there is no hope of his paying for the goods, the bonds become the property of the exporter. If he wants to, he can

keep them until the date of maturity, cashing the interest coupons in the meantime. When they mature, the issuing government must pay him the face value.

If he doesn't want to keep them, they may be sold, tho he must first offer them to the issuing government for the exact amount of the debt owed him by the defaulting importer. If the government doesn't buy them, he may sell them in the open market. If the sum he realizes is larger than the amount of the debt, he must send the difference to the issuing government. If the sale of the bonds brings less than the amount of the debt, the importer—not the government—owes him the difference.

Those behind the ter Meulen plan insist that it does not mean governmental enterprise taking the place of private initiative. On the contrary, they insist that it is to restore private enterprise which is incapable of restoring itself.

It is well known that both Great Britain and France are now lending government aid to their nationals in the export business by underwriting 80 to 85 per cent. of the risk on export business, provided the debtors in these transactions can put up satisfactory collateral. Sir Drummond Fraser and his supporters believe that ter Meulen bonds would be the finest sort of collateral to be deposited by the importer with the government in such a case.

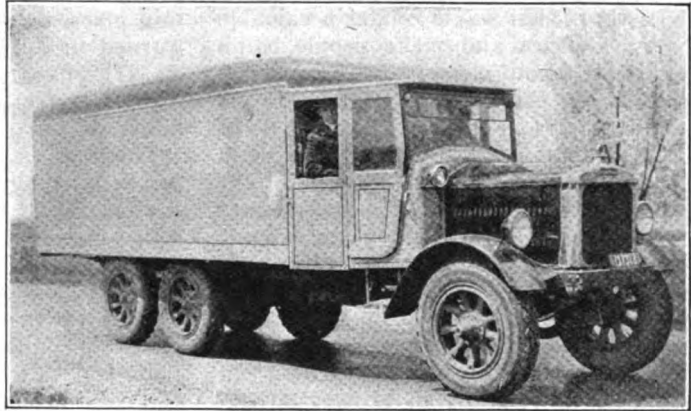
A 6-WHEEL TRUCK CROSSES THE CONTINENT IN A WEEK

A STRIKING illustration of the value of high-power motor trucks for highway transportation covering long distances was shown in the arrival at New York the other day of a 5½-ton truck which completed a transcontinental run from Los Angeles in the surprising time of 6 days, 15 hours and 23 minutes, actual running time. The distance traveled was 3,507 miles, averaging 21.9 miles an

hour while the truck was on the road. The total elapsed time was 12 days and 14 hours.

The truck is one of several recently built by the Goodyear Company for its long-distance express routes. It marks a departure in motor truck building in that it has six wheels, all equipped with pneumatic tires. The four driving wheels are in the rear, two on a side, and each is equipped with a safety

brake. This new type of truck is designed to obtain the maximum speed consistent with the load and with the minimum wear and tear upon the roads. Government highway experts are satisfied that a heavy truck fitted with pneumatic tires does less than one-fourth the damage to the road surface as is caused by the impact of heavy four-wheel trucks operating on solid rubber tires.



A FORMIDABLE RIVAL OF THE RAILROAD FREIGHT CAR
This 6-wheel truck has a maximum speed of 45 miles an hour. The body contains a comfortable sleeping berth, so that on long-distance hauls two men, working in 6-hour shifts, can keep a truck in continuous operation.

The route was over the Santa Fe trail to Kansas City and then for the greater part of the way by the Lincoln Highway. The fastest single day's run, reports the *New York Times*, was 420 miles, accomplished in 17 hours through New Mexico and Arizona. From Philadelphia to Jersey City, 93 miles, the run was made in 3 hours.

The total weight, including the load, was 21,800 pounds.

A St. Louis inventor's gauge to indicate the amount of gasoline in an automobile tank on a dial on the instrument board of a car is operated by the pressure of the fuel on a cylinder screwed into the bottom drain pipe.

URUGUAY ELECTRIC "TIME BALL" SUGGESTED FOR THIS COUNTRY

A BIG idea from a little country is reported by James H. Collins, in the *N. Y. Times*, to be the electric "time ball," which has its origin in Uruguay, South America. Every night precisely at eight the electric lights in Montevideo, Uruguay, are dimmed slightly, once, for about a second, just enough to attract attention. Whereupon people set their watches and clocks. It is known as the electric time ball.

Collins was so impressed with the novelty that on returning from South America a year ago he brought it to the attention of electrical men in this country. However, the "little group of serious thinkers, the technical men, were dubious about complications on their switchboards. The switching equip-

ment by which a city like New York is supplied with electricity, meeting variations hour by hour, the emergency demand when storms darken the city, and keeping current at even load, might be compared to the complex track and switch system of a big railroad terminal. The technical men are naturally skeptical when anybody wants to monkey with that."

But the commercial men heard about it, too. The commercial man is the fellow who has to sell "juice" and electric appliances, straighten out customers' complaints and create good-will for electric utility corporations. His viewpoint is naturally different from that of the technical man. It was not necessary to tell him twice about the possibilities for creating good-will through

something that would render a valuable public service and make people think favorably about electric utility corporations once every day. He was for it immediately.

In Schenectady, N. Y., a big electric manufacturing center, electric light flashes have been used for several years to announce election returns, one dip of the light indicating that Jones has won, or two that Smith has beat him. Frank H. Gale, advertising manager of the General Electric Company, began working enthusiastically for the Uruguayan time ball and talking about it at gatherings of electrical men. O. H. Caldwell, editor of *Electrical Merchandizing*, which deals with the commercial aspects of the industry, has taken it up journalistically as something through which electric utility corporations can improve their relations with the public. At least one utility company in Greater New York is studying possibilities with a view to overcoming technical difficulties. An executive of another metropolitan company, while stating that the difficulties in flashing a time signal over his great service networks seemed insurmountable, welcomed the popularization of the idea.

Distribution of correct time over electric-light systems seems to be the method that will serve the greatest number of people with the least trouble and expense, once technical difficulties have been overcome. Electricity is more widely distributed than telephone service, gas or any other convenience of modern life—even water, for electric circuits pass far beyond city mains. There are interlinked circuits in some sections of the country covering several States, so that the time signal flashed from one place would be communicated to several million people. The electric flash goes to people on the streets, in audiences, in their homes, motoring through country villages—in fact, everywhere that electric light circuits go. One flash gives the correct time to everybody, as against the costly individual service by telephone, and it is not necessary for people to go to a cer-

tain place, as with the time ball, or be warned in advance, or do anything at all. The flash as they make it in Montevideo is really only a slight dip—the lights do not go out or even waver.

The idea is interesting to manufacturers of timepieces, as well as jewelers who repair them. They believe that wider distribution of correct time will call the public's attention to inaccuracies in clocks and watches and create demand for more precise timepieces.

In this connection, we read that New York and Chicago are soon to enjoy a new electric time-keeping device, known as the Warren alternating-current clock, which already is operating in thirty or more New England cities. It is a timepiece entirely different from the familiar electric clocks rented by the month, as it may be purchased outright, in various forms. The alternating-current clock has no clockwork, but simply a tiny motor geared to the regular clock hands. Once installed, the hands set to correct time and the electric current turned on, it operates on the sixty-cycle current with such accuracy as to vary hardly a second a week—and the cost for current to run it is about ten cents a year!

Should any interruption of the current occur, moreover, even tho it be but a couple of seconds, the clock automatically displays an indicator with the word "Reset," announcing that it is inaccurate. In practice, fluctuations in the current of a big power station have been found so exceptional that alternating-current clocks twenty-five miles away do not require correction oftener than two or three months, and then the variation has been found less than a minute. Like the electric time ball, this novelty is a convenience to the public, making for more friendly relations with the utility companies. For the consumption of electrical current is so small that it could not be measured and billed without an accounting loss—practically less than a quarter's worth of electric current will run a public clock with a five or six-foot dial for a whole year.



BOOKS IN BRIEF



The Story of Mankind, by Hendrik Van Loon, A.B., Ph.D. (Boni and Liveright), is announced by its publishers as the most important volume that they have ever published. It supplements the author's earlier work, "Ancient Man," and is illustrated with over 100 black-and-white line illustrations, eight four-color pages and numerous animated maps and full-page halftones, all done by Dr. Van Loon in his inimitable style. The first pages tell us of original man in the wilds of Europe, and then we are taken through the Classical World, the Middle Ages, the Rebirth of Civilization, the Conquest of New Worlds, the Conquest of Knowledge, the Beginnings of Freedom, the Age of Invention, and the last pages show modern man developing into the sort of creature that he was bound to be. It is all conceived and carried through on a splendid scale, and its point of view is best differentiated from that of its principal rival, H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," in a passage toward the close of the book, in which Dr. Van Loon asks the question: "Did the country or the person in question produce a new idea or perform an original act without which the history of the human race would have been different?" Mr. Wells has approached the world-drama in order to discover and stress the tendencies in it which make for a "common purpose." Dr. Van Loon's attitude is more individualistic, and he crowns his work with the famous passage in Anatole France which begins: "The more I think of the problems of our lives, the more I am persuaded that we ought to choose Irony and Pity for our assessors and judges."

More That Must Be Told, by Sir Philip Gibbs (Harper), should be read in conjunction with the author's previous book, "Now It Can Be Told," and is even more interesting than the earlier work in the sense that it comes nearer to our own time and faces the problems that confront us. "Now It Can Be Told" was the record of a war correspondent; "More That Must Be Told" is the cry of a social idealist

who wants to indict the men responsible for the War, but who wants, even more, to carry us all on to higher levels. There is much that is stirring and much that is contradictory in Sir Philip's new book. At one moment he fiercely attacks the "old gang," and by this term he means "the leaders of Europe, still for the most part in control of the machinery of government." In another mood we find him saying: "I write these things not in blame; not even in criticism of these leaders of the old traditions of Europe. By all the probabilities of psychological law, not a man who reads this book of mine would have done otherwise or would have been nobler, wiser than any of them." The book culminates in an impassioned appeal to youth to rise and take affairs out of the bungling hands of old men, and to order the new world in some better fashion than the old.

The A B C's of Disarmament, and the Pacific Problems, by Arthur Bullard (Macmillan), was published in the *New York Times* as a sort of prelude to the Washington Conference. It shows that any steps toward disarmament taken by the Conference can be effective only if every nation represented there is convinced that its interests have been fully protected. Japan, for instance, is in something the relation to China that France is to Germany. She cannot but dread the prosperous development of 400,000,000 Chinese and see in attempts of other nations to befriend China a sinister design to build up an ally for use against her. Yet China, somehow, must be preserved, and that preservation involves problems of the greatest difficulty. Mr. Bullard is strong for the League of the Nations, and finds in the very idea of the Washington Conference an inspiration.

Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop, by James L. Ford (Dutton), shows us life from a newspaper man's point of view. It is crammed full of incidents, anecdotes, glimpses of famous people and

high events that have come under the author's pen through his decades of work in New York City. The book is especially rich in theatrical reminiscences, and divulges—for the first time in print, the author says—that Henry Watterson was once a player. How many people know that "The Old Homestead" had its origin in a variety sketch called "The Female Bathers"? Mr. Ford tells of a time when Tony Pastor offered prizes of half-barrels of flour, half-tons of coal, and dress-patterns to induce respectable housewives to visit his theater on Saturday nights. Especially entertaining is Mr. Ford's account of William R. Hearst. He tells us that at first he could not take Mr. Hearst seriously. "He reminded me of a kindly child, thoroly undisciplined and possessed of a destructive tendency that might lead him to set fire to a house in order to see the engines play water on the flames." The passing of time, however, has convinced Mr. Ford that Hearst was building better than he knew and that he had estimated the proportion of fools in the community with a perspicacity for which Mr. Ford had failed to give him credit.

The Briary-Bush, by Floyd Dell (Knopf), takes its title from a little ballad of olden times:

Oh, the briary-bush, the briary-bush,
That pricks my heart so sore!
If I ever get out of the briary-bush
I'll never get in any more.

It is hailed by the critics as a better written, but less original, novel than the "Moon-Calf" to which it is a sequel. We follow here the further adventures of Felix Fay, the Mid-Western boy with Socialistic leanings who has come to Chicago to earn his living as a journalist and who is married there to the charming and naiadlike Rose-Anne. The "briary-bush," of course, is marriage, and the story concerns itself with the way in which a radical young couple, determined to live their own lives "in absolute freedom," are compelled, in the end, to do very much as other people do.

Faery Lands of the South Seas, by James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff (Harper), is the work of young Americans who were members of the Lafayette Escadrille before they became adventurers in the Pacific. They "had no craving for excitement," they say, "but turned to plans for uneventful wander-

ings." On the whole they have kept to their resolution. Yet "the plain relation of their daily hazards," Frederick O'Brien writes in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "their voyages on tiny schooners, their tossings in whaleboats and canoes, their contacts with strange and interesting men and women, their casual unfoldment of the tragedies and comedies of the lives of these people of the Dangerous Archipelago, have an epic quality, a poetic relation to the soul of mankind everywhere throughout the ages, that is thought stirring and of solid fiber." In Mr. O'Brien's view, this book is worthy to rank with George Calderon's "Tahiti" and with the poems of Rupert Brooke.

A Daughter of the Middle Border, by Hamlin Garland (Macmillan), completes the story of the pioneer Garlands begun in "A Son of the Middle Border." Mr. Garland speaks of Mark Twain as "an elemental Western American." The phrase may serve to describe himself. In this as in the previous book he shows his love of "the forests of the high country," and he is at his best when he writes of his camping trips through the Rockies and of his visits among the Sioux and Cheyennes.

If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Little, Brown), is keyed to Shelley's lines,

O Wind,

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
but hardly justifies its title. This is a gloomy tale in which the hero's winter is almost intolerably severe and in which we have to take his spring on faith. His difficulties arise from his capacity for seeing too many sides of a question at once. He is a Hamlet, but he is an English Hamlet married to a nagging wife; and he goes to the War. "I'll tell you," he says to the woman who loves him best; "I'm unsatisfactory because I've got the most infernal habit of seeing things from about twenty points of view instead of one. . . . You know, you can't possibly pull out this big, booming sort of stuff they call success if you're going to see anybody's point of view but your own." There is one crisis in the story, however, in which the conduct of this dreamer is anything but Hamletlike. He decides to take into his home an unmarried mother and her baby. He dares to imperil his reputation by an act of Quixotic chivalry. All this makes the backbone of a story which is warmly praised on both sides of the Atlantic.



Then and Now

The most graceful man in town these days is the awkward fellow who always used to be stepping on some woman's skirt.—*Detroit News*.

Willie's Joke

"Pa, what a funny word 'wholesome' is."
 "What's funny about it?"
 "Why, take away the whole of it and you have some left."

Wanted: A Night Watchman

Mother—We must get a nurse for the baby.

New Pop—A nurse? What we need is a night watchman.—*Boston Transcript*.

Floral Imagery

Rookie—Why do you call me the flower of the outfit?

Top—Because you're such a blooming idiot.—*American Legion Weekly*.

Beating Father to It

"What did your little ones say when you told them there is no Santa Claus?"

"They asked me if I was just finding it out."—*Washington Star*.

Users of Fountain Pens Will Appreciate This

"Some of the greatest discoveries," said the scientist, sonorously, "have been the result of accidents."

"I can readily believe that," replied his fair companion. "I once made one that way myself."

"May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly," replied the fair one. "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you can use a fountain pen just like any other pen—without all the trouble of filling it."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

In the Days of Harrigan and Hart

Here is an amusing dialog from James L. Ford's "Forty-Odd Years in the Literary Shop," bearing on Harrigan and Hart, a theatrical team who made a tremendous "hit" in their day. A man came to the office of the theater in New York in which they were playing. Harrigan's father was dispensing the paste-boards.

"Have you got any seats?"

"Yes, we've got 900 of them."

"Are they good seats?"

"They're covered with raw silk."

"Can I get two for to-night?"

"If you've got the price."

"Are these the seats for to-night?"

"No, those are the tickets. The seats are inside."

"Will they be there when I come?"

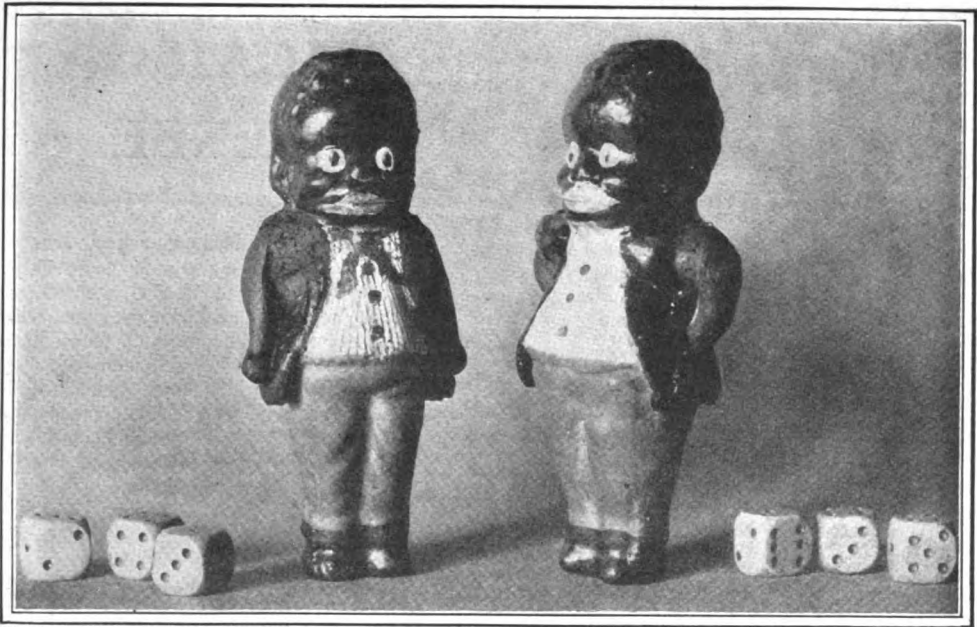
"Well, they're screwed to the floor."



THE RED TERROR

Farmer (seeing red flag over an open manhole): "By crackle! They can't stop Anarchists from holdin' underground meetin's."

—Art Young in *Good Morning*.



Photograph by Van der Weyde

A STARTLING DISCOVERY

RASTUS: "Did yo heah dat de bones ob Columbus hab been foun'?"
ENOCH: "Yo don' say! Ah nebber knew he was a gamblin' man!"

Mr. Churchill's Palm Tree

This characterization of the unbeloved British Winston Churchill is offered by the *Manchester Guardian* as a possible inscription for the palm tree recently planted by him in Jerusalem in the presence of 5,000 Zionists:

Stranger, I am no common tree,
 For Winston Churchill planted me;
 Churchill, the burden of whose song
 Was "All in turn and nothing long";
 Who sought at first the warrior's crown
 And helped to do the Mahdi down;
 Who fought at Spion Kop's retreat
 (And later on at Sidney Street);
 Who changed his party like his hat,
 And office oftener than that;
 Who, wearied of the Board of Trade,
 Home Secretary was promptly made,
 Next, turned the navy's new physician
 And launched the Antwerp Expedition,
 Then fell from grace, but rose again
 To guide the army and its men,
 To rule o'er Whitehall's little Prussia
 And cost us God knows what in Russia,
 To see red uniforms restored
 And give the R. A. F. a sword.
 Such was the Man that planted me,
 Churchill, the chosen of Dundee,
 Who ruled the air, the land, the sea;
 And, not content, now plays the lion

Before the assembled hosts of Zion,
 Thus "featured" (for a time at least)
 As Emperor of the Middle East.

Here in the shade that he designed
 Rest, traveler, and compose thy mind—
 By Allah (who knows all things hid),
 'Tis more than Winston ever did!

Max Eastman Describes a Smile

In his new book, "The Sense of Humor" (Scribner), Max Eastman makes the statement that a "smile is a moving summary of the chief points of personality." Then he says: "The smile that fills my imagination is one that begins with a flash, because the motion of the upper lip comes first and so strongly, and yet that lip broadens a little as it rises so that while all the teeth shine the mouth is only redder than it was—the cheeks curve, and the eyes gather light and attract the brows and lashes toward them just infinitesimally, warming their vivid glitter with those radiant soft lines of good nature and goodwill. Such living motions are more beautiful than any wine or flower or colors in the cloud of heaven, and they are almost the source of the light in which men struggle through so much pain and blind anxious endeavor to the goal of darkness."

Why Belief Is Intelligent

BY Belief in this connection is not meant Belief in the story of Jonah, nor in the literal inspiration of the Bible, nor the divine authority of Mahomet.

About such subjects let doctors disagree.

But the Belief here under consideration is a vital, essential and fateful thing, that makes or unmakes men and nations, and has a lot to do with the happiness of the world.

This Belief of which we speak is Belief in one's neighbor.

Belief in other things, things theological, artistic and social, may be worn upon one's sleeve. But Belief in the other fellow is something without which the individual heart rots and the national heart decays.

The world is now in such a mess simply because of its lack of faith.

Every nation fears every other nation and many of them hate each other.

They dignify this moral putridity by the name of knowledge, or shrewdness, or worldly wisdom.

As a matter of fact, it is sheer insanity. It is worse, for it is criminal insanity.

When you speak of having faith in your fellow men and believing that all men are fair and that your neighbor is perfect, and all that, the average man, with his half-baked intellect, looks at you as mildly insane and probably sets you down in his mind as belonging to some new and woozy cult.

It is considered smart and clever and sophisticated to think people are crooked. In reality, it is childish and monstrous silly.

It may be said that we cannot believe people are good because the facts are against this; we are pessimistic only because we insist on believing facts, and the optimists are crazy because they believe non-facts.

The answer to which is: How do you know? Who knows the facts?

In very truth, none of us knows about our neighbor. Only God knows whether he is good or bad.

Faith and unfaith, then, are not matters of fact at all, because the facts cannot be known. They are matters of attitude. They are points of view.

And one attitude can be said to be better than another only because it works better than the other.

Non-Belief in your neighbor will not work.

It makes you miserable yourself, gets you into all kinds of trouble and plays hob generally.

Belief in your neighbor, trust and confidence in him, does work.

It makes you happier and it makes him better.

Any family can try this out on the children. Believe that they are bad and keep telling them so and you will make them bad.

And more children have been made good and induced to become decent and honorable citizens by believing in them and having faith in them than by any other method.

Faith, therefore, is intelligent, and unfaith is not only unintelligent but it is vicious.

Frank Crane



HE KNOWS WHAT IT IS TO BE DOWN AND OUT

Canada's new premier, William Lyon Mackenzie King, knows what it means not to be able to tell where his next meal is coming from. He is an expert in sociology and political economy, made such by personal experience as well as by study.

CURRENT OPINION



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The Passing of Penrose and Advent of the "Bloc"

ON the eve of a new tariff revision, the State of Pennsylvania, the keystone in the Protective Tariff arch, finds itself without a representative in the U. S. Senate. In October Senator Knox died, and Senator Crow, his *pro-tem* successor, is at this writing critically ill. Of course a successor to Penrose will be appointed at once,* but he also will be a temporary incumbent of the office and both he and Crow, even if duly elected later, will be new men in a body where seniority counts for much.

The passing of Penrose comes to hasten a crisis approaching in the Republican ranks. Without any towering intellectual attainments, with few of the ingratiating arts that make for popularity, with inconspicuous ability as a debater or floor leader, Penrose had come of late years to be the real leader of his party in the nation at large as well as in the Senate. Harding was not nominated for President until Penrose, on his sick-bed hundreds of

miles away, was consulted and said "O. K." The party must evolve a new leader and do so speedily, for the success of the whole Harding administration hangs upon the issues which Congress, and especially the Senate, must confront in the next six months. "The American people," says one close observer in Washington—the editor of the *Searchlight*—"are due to see a knock-down-and-drag-out battle between the forces of toryism and progress, certainly the most crucial and perhaps the most spectacular ever waged within a parliamentary body."

The rift in the Republican party has never been closed. It is, as we write, being accentuated by the contest over the seating of Newberry. It will be subjected to a greater strain when Congress takes up the bills put forward by the "agricultural bloc."

That this "bloc"—a new word in our political vocabulary—is giving great uneasiness to the administration is seen in the President's references to it in the beginning of his recent message to Congress and in

* Since writing this the appointment is announced of George Wharton Pepper, a corporation lawyer of Philadelphia, best known as a bitter opponent of the League of Nations.



"WHO SAYS I'M SICK OF WAR!"

—De Maris in *Leslie's Weekly*.

the attack made upon it by Secretary Weeks in a recent address in New York City. It is a threat to party regularity. It is composed, it is true, of men from both parties, but it interferes with the Republican, not the Democratic, program simply because the Republicans, being in power, are responsible for whatever is done or left undone by Congress. It forced the Old Guard to capitulate in favor of an emergency tariff designed to protect the farmers against Canadian competition, and to capitulate again in restoring most of the surtax on incomes which the lower House had seen fit to eliminate.

The President's words of warning are as follows:

"Ours is a popular government, through political parties. We divide along political lines, and I would ever have it so. . . . Granting that we are fundamentally a representative popular government, with political parties the governing agencies, I believe the political party in power should assume responsibility, determine upon policies in

the conference which supplements conventions and election campaigns, and then strive for achievement through adherence to the accepted policy. There are vastly greater security, immensely more of the national view-point, much larger and prompter accomplishment, where our divisions are along party lines, in the broad and loftier sense, than to divide geographically or according to pursuits or personal following."

Secretary Weeks voiced the same desire for party unity and discipline as exhibited in the days when Cannon reigned in the lower House. Said the Secretary:

"They believed in government by party and that the responsibility under such government should be observed even by those who might doubt the wisdom of the proposed action. The result was that the leaders in the Senate and in the House consulted the executive and together they formulated the policies to be followed. . . .

"Then came a reform, or it was so



HOW DOES ANYONE EXPECT WE CAN HAVE
A GOOD CROP?

—Ding in *New York Tribune*.

heralded, in the conduct of the House of Representatives. The power of action, which had largely rested with the Speaker and through him with the committee on rules, was taken away and divided among committees. The result—I think it has been clearly demonstrated—is that it is impossible to get the type of legislative action which comes from party regularity and responsibility."

The revolt against Cannon's power was largely a personal matter. It was a fight for a wider distribution of power over legislation. The present revolt is more serious in that it grows out of economic conditions that can not be reached by appeals to partizan loyalty or personal ambition.

The Senators from the West and South who compose the agricultural bloc have to face a condition, not a theory, in their own states. A few figures will indicate what that condition is. In the five chief cereal crops, production last year was



HAUNTED

—Kirby in New York World.

about up to the average of recent years, that is to say, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ billion bushels; but the market value of this production had shrunk from—in round numbers—about $13\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars in 1919 and about 9 billion dollars in 1920 to about $5\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars last year. This might not have been so bad had the crop been produced at a proportionate reduction in cost. But it was not. The reduction in cost was small; the reduction in prices tremendous. According to Senator Capper, of Kansas, farmers have been getting 80 to 90 cents a bushel for wheat that cost them \$1.37 a bushel to produce, and 20 to 25 cents a bushel for corn that cost them 60 cents to produce. There is a still greater discrepancy in live-stock. According to J. R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, of the 6 million farmers in the country $1\frac{1}{2}$ million would be insolvent to-day if compelled to meet their obligations. According to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, the agricultural depression is greater to-day than ever before in our history. And it was such a short time ago that we were all looking upon



UPSETTING THE WHOLE OFFICE AGAIN

—Ding in New York Tribune.

the farmers as the luckiest of all our industrial classes.

What has happened to the farmers is, of course, what has happened to many other classes; that is to say, liquidation, deflation of values. It happened in the wool market, the silk market, the copper market, the rubber market, and many more. The difference is that the farmer, in the nature of things, can not adjust himself to a change of conditions as quickly as the manufacturer or merchant can. And another difference is that the farmer contributes, in raw material alone, one-third of the annual wealth production of the nation, and the farm is the means of livelihood of about 49 per cent. of our population. When liquidation hits the farmer, therefore, it means more than when it hits any other class.

The trouble with this thing called liquidation is that it doesn't hit in all places at the same time. According to Bernard M. Baruch, attested figures show that Georgia watermelon-raisers received last year an average of 7½ cents a melon, while the railroads received 12.7 cents for carrying it to Baltimore, and the consumer paid \$1.00 for it. That leaves 79.8 cents as the amount absorbed somewhere between the delivery at Baltimore and the delivery to the customer. It cost about four times as much to market it as to grow and transport it!

A banker-farmer in Alabama writes to the *Wall Street Journal* that farmers in that state are selling beef cattle for 3 cents a pound, while people in the neighboring town pay an average of 35 cents a pound for their meat!

Is the farmer sore? He ought to be if he isn't, and the consumer ought to be equally sore. "The producer," says Senator Capper, "gets but one-third of every dollar paid by the consumer for the products of the farm. Our expensive and anti-

quoted marketing system takes the other two-thirds.

So the agricultural bloc has arisen, to threaten party regularity in Congress. It is seeking after various things that look to its members like relief. It wants a "dirt farmer" appointed on the Federal Reserve Board. It wants the Volstead-Capper bill passed exempting farmers cooperative associations from the terrors of the anti-trust laws. ("This nation stands alone in the world," says Senator Capper, "in its inhibitions against farm marketing cooperation.") It wants cold-storage regulated, the packers controlled and a bill passed that will require the truth told about fabrics when they are marketed, as the pure fool bill requires it told about food. It wants further reductions in freight rates, and it wants "more flexible personal credit accommodations" from the banks.

There is nothing in this program, you will please notice, about monkeying with the currency. That was the staple demand in previous uprisings of the farmers. Free silver, unlimited greenbacks, Federal warehouse receipts, all those things seem to have been at last outgrown.

We find but little disposition in the press of the country to question the right of those representing agricultural states to form a group in Congress to fight for their interests, as industrial groups have been formed in times past to fight for high tariff. "If the so-called farmers' bloc," says the *New York Commercial*, "can develop legislation that will reach the fundamentals it will have not only the sympathy but the support of the entire country." The word "bloc" may be new in our politics, but the thing itself is not new. As the *Springfield Republican* points out, new parties have always started as blocs. The New York City Congressman who has introduced a fool bill to pro-

hibit blocs might as well bring in one to prohibit political parties. "The farm bloc," as the *New York Tribune* remarks, "ought not to be condemned solely because it is a group. It is to be judged, like every other group in politics, on the general merits of what it says and does."

But this generally recognized fact does not soften the situation so far as party integrity in Congress is concerned, especially in view of the fact that Senator McCumber, who, by virtue of seniority, succeeds Senator Penrose as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, is himself in close affiliation with the bloc, if not an actual member of it. "It is an impressive turn of the political wheel," remarks the *New York Evening Post*, "which retires the last member of the Old Guard and brings into view as the strongest claimant for his post a member of a group which has slowly risen to power over the broken ranks of that historic body."

The loss of Penrose, to the Harding administration, is, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, irreparable. "Party discipline in the Senate has been altogether destroyed. There is no majority leader." It sees but one thing for the President to do. He has thus far been all smiles and patience with Congress, but "as the months slip by in barrenness and disappointment he may find himself compelled to ask the people to join him in bringing to bear upon Congress a force from behind."

The *New York World* and the *New York Journal of Commerce* take a similar view. "It is a situation," says the latter paper, "in which the President is obliged, whether he wishes to do so or not, to assume the reins. His theory of a non-interfering White House, which minds its own business and leaves the Senate to do likewise, has broken down. Whether it would

ever have worked is open to question. It will not do so to-day."

A pact is usually known by the reservations it keeps. — *Indianapolis Star*.

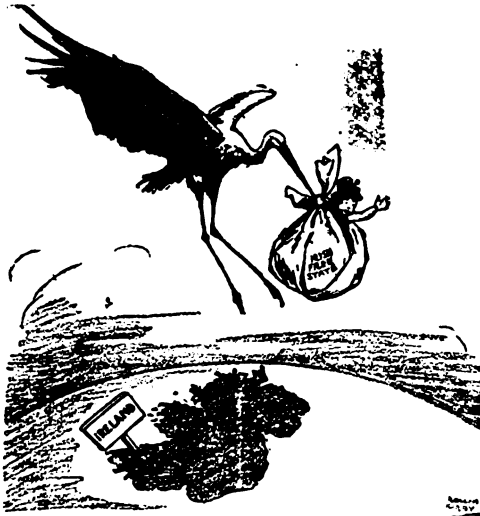
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The Ireland That Is to Be

BY a vote of 64 to 57, the Dail Eireann has approved the treaty with Great Britain. But this action determines nothing. The treaty itself provides the method of ratification, and the Dail is not mentioned in it. The treaty is to be submitted by the Irish signatories "to a meeting summoned for the purpose of members elected to sit in the House of Commons of Southern Ireland." All the fireworks in the Dail Eireann goes for nothing in a legal sense. It may all be repeated in the Irish House of Commons, members of which were elected last year but never functioned. Another election on this issue of ratification will probably be held.

The end of the fight is, therefore, not yet; but the result seems now to be pretty well assured. The opponents of the treaty will not again have the vantage-ground they had in the Dail. The Irish Free State seems to be within sight.

One point seems to have been overlooked by most of us — overlooked by the Irish themselves. Ireland is to have the status of the Dominion of Canada. That status has never been formally defined, probably never will be. But, as Mr. Lloyd George has pointed out, the status has been greatly changed in the last four years. Since the war the Dominions have been given practically equal rights with England in the control of the foreign politics of the Empire. The *London Times* concedes this point, which, it says, has been strangely neglected in some parts of the world and is



CIRCLING AROUND

—Kirby in *New York World*.

not understood at all in America. The British foreign office is no longer conducted by the Prime Minister of the British Isles as the highest authority. Every great decision is submitted beforehand to the Prime Ministers in the dominions. The British policy in Germany, in Egypt, in India, in America, is based upon a concerted scheme which has met the approval of the Dominion governments. The new fact is that the sole control of British foreign policy is vested in the Empire as a whole, and this detail is of the utmost consequence in considering the new status of Ireland.

The contest in the Dail has already engendered a degree of bitterness in the Sinn Fein that is likely to grow greater before it grows less. Biting personalities have been indulged in that must have a lasting effect. The *Freeman's Journal*, for instance, said of de Valera: "He has not the instinct of an Irishman in his blood. It is the curse of Ireland at the moment that unity should be broken by such a man, acting under the advice of an Englishman [Erskine Childers] who has achieved fame in the British In-

telligence Service." And, on the other hand, Collins was publicly attacked, by the Minister of Defense, standing with Valera, as a soldier whose fighting reputation had been trumped up by the press. The task before the Irish people is, as the *New York Times* points out, one requiring all the brains and all the goodwill of the Irish people, and "it is certainly disheartening and even alarming to see them torn asunder and covering each other with abusive epithets on the very threshold of their great and perilous experiment in self-government." This is the strain of much of the comment in the American press. "The factional struggle has gone so far," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "that the feud will endure whether the Dail approves or rejects. The unity that Ireland needed, whether for peace or war, is gone."

The same view finds expression in England. J. L. Garvin, writing in the *London Observer*, says that nationalist Ireland will now unmistakably have to fight for her own salvation. "She is threatened with the fate of another Portugal, ruled by the camorra of a violent minority." Garvin thinks that de Valera's infatuation for the ideal threatens Ireland with civil war and defiance of all government. And the Bolshevik is there waiting his chance.

Our own Irish agitators, it seems, are not to cease their activities even when the Irish Free State is a definite fact. The national secretary of the Friends of Irish Freedom, Diarmuid Lynch, states officially that that organization, while disclaiming any intention to dictate to the people of Ireland, still keeps its belief "unchanged and unchangeable" in a republican form of government and pledges "to such republican party in Ireland as may carry forward the traditional struggle for liberty a continuance in full measure of that hearty support

which we have given in the past." And the strange part of the situation here is that these same men continue to assail de Valera, who is the very center and symbol of the Irish Republic.

To turn from this violent political clashing among the Sinn Feiners themselves, what is to be the effect upon literary and artistic Ireland? Centuries ago, when the collapse of the Roman Empire brought chaos to Europe, Ireland, which had escaped the Roman conquerors and kept her own civilization intact, carried the torch of learning not only to Scotland and England but all through Europe. The story is told in glowing words by Benedict Fitzpatrick in a book, "Ireland and the Making of Britain," just published by Funk & Wagnalls Company. What will the Irish, who did so much to save the arts and civilization in the Dark Ages, do now under the inspiration of a freedom



MERRY CHRISTMAS!
—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

for which they have fought and dreamed during seven centuries?

The first thing promised us is rather appalling, namely, the return of Ireland to her "natural language," which, we are assured, is almost absolutely certain. When one looks upon the signatures to the treaty and sees the name of George Gavan Duffy appearing as Seorsa Ghabgain in Dhubhthaigh, one realizes what this natural language will seem like when Irish journals and Irish books are written and printed in it. But that is not the most appalling thing in view. If James Stephens, the Irish writer, is to be relied upon, the new Ireland will mean an Ireland almost devoid of art and literature, an Ireland, indeed, that retires like an anchorite from the world. Here is Mr. Stephens's forecast, as published in a recent number of the *Survey*:

"The young state will be unable to place any barrier of power between herself and her giant neighbor. She will be driven to attain the necessary solitude by imposing the barrier of language between the two peoples, and the very first parliament that Ireland gets will set enthusiastically to the task of



IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY
—Gale in Los Angeles Times.

regaelicizing the nation. Thus only can they stay, not so much the emigration of men as the emigration of mind, which has been our chief handicap in the struggle for life and the gravest national evil that has befallen us.

"There is to be considered also the fact that Ireland, which was a very old nation, is now a very young one, while England, young in the days of Elizabeth, is no longer as young as she was.

"Given the return of Ireland to her natural language, and this is almost absolutely certain: There will follow in a few generations the almost total disappearance of Irish literature in the English tongue. More than this will follow. The influx of several million new speakers will break up the Irish language as we now know it, and further generations must elapse before Irish is recast and capable of modern literary usage.

"What is true of literature will be true of the other arts. Ireland will be much too busy setting her house in order to take much interest in anything else, and such work as she does will for a long time be naive and tentative. We may say, as they used to say long ago at the death of a king: Ireland is dead, long live Ireland. She must grow all over again and time must be allowed her to do so. . . .

"The nation that has a mythology is blessed beyond expression. She has but to bathe again in her own fountains to be refreshed from whatever travail, and Ireland is returning to her fountains. She will not only retire from England; she may retire from the world, and, like some happy anchorite, she may live in contentment, unheard of, unminded, until the time comes for her to do whatever work the gods assign her."

According to Lloyd George, Europe is beginning to settle down. Now there is hope that it will soon begin to settle up.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*, *yunc*.

The periscope is interfering somewhat with the horoscope of peace.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

Some of the Irish contend that it will be as easy to fight a government at Dublin as one at London.—*Chattanooga News*.

What worries Obregon is how to obtain the recognition of the United States and still retain that of Mexico.—*Dallas News*.

The Fight on the Treaty

BEFORE that Four-Power Treaty (or any other treaty) resulting from the Washington Conference can be made valid, two things must be done. It must be ratified by a two-thirds vote in the U. S. Senate and *it must be registered at the office of the Secretariat of the League of Nations*.

Our statesmen may insist that the League is dead, but none of the work of the Conference becomes valid until it is registered in Geneva. Article 18 of the League Covenant declares: "Every treaty or international engagement entered into hereafter by any member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat and shall as soon as possible be published by it. No such treaty or international engagement shall be binding until so registered." Not having joined the League, we are not, of course, bound by that article; but every other nation represented in the Conference is bound by it. For each of them, therefore, no treaty is a treaty until that provision is complied with.

Registering the treaties at the Secretariat, however, presents no difficulties. Ratification by the U. S. Senate does present them. Some of the canniest debaters in that body—Reed, La Follette and probably Borah—will make a head-on assault upon it. Everybody predicts that they will fail—everybody but Hearst. But you never can tell. If they can muster one more than one-third of the Senate they will win. Failing that, they may be able to filibuster and extort reservations that will mean a virtual victory.

In the press of the country, opposition to the Four-Power Treaty (which is the crucial one) is almost entirely confined to the Hearst papers. Here is the way they argue the case:

The Four-Power Treaty means, by its pledge "to communicate fully

and frankly," just what the Anglo-Japanese Treaty meant to Japan when it drew her into the World War at England's summons, and what the agreement between England and France meant to England when France was assailed by Germany. The words meant war for England, they meant war for Japan, they will mean war for us. To assume anything else is "an outrage on common sense."

Suppose, says the *N. Y. American*, Russia arises from chaos and decides to recover her lost territory in Siberia by force of arms. She would attack Japan and that attack would menace the Empire of Japan, including her insular possessions. Japan would call on the four powers to confer—not to pass resolutions or register pious wishes, but to devise war. We would be bound to adhere to the decisions made even if we cast our one vote against them. Dishonor alone would furnish a means of escape. "By every obligation of oral pledge and written contract, by every rule of international practice and interpretation, by every dictate of common truth and common honesty, the United States would be forced to fight for an abhorrent cause and an Asiatic empire."

"Not peace but war," the *American* therefore concludes, "is the point to which the Washington Conference is bringing the American people." This would probably be true if one word were inserted in the statement—the word "possible" before the word war. But every treaty has a reciprocal effect. We are no more bound to help defend Japan's island possessions, to the possible extent of war, than Japan is bound to help defend our island possessions. There is the possibility of war in the treaty; there is also the possibility of war without the treaty. The real question is which possibility is the greater, and to judge from the many bellicose edi-

torials in the Hearst papers during the last few years, the possibility of a war without any treaty is a very strong one indeed. There is no way that man can devise that will enable the United States to escape the *possibility* of war. But the possibility that Russia or any other nation will be fool enough, in a quarrel with Japan, to force matters to such an extent as inevitably to bring in on the side of Japan not only the United States but the British Empire and France as well, seems very remote indeed. The *American* seems to forget, for the purposes of argument, that we as well as Japan have island possessions in the Pacific and that the treaty that protects her possessions protects ours also.

Aside from the Hearst papers, the influential journals of the country sing in one and the same key—the key of approbation.

The *N. Y. World*, the leading Democratic paper in the country, declares that Democratic Senators who vote against the Treaty will have no higher motive than the Republican Senators had who voted against the League because it was Wilson's League. The only indictment that can be drawn against the Treaty by a Democrat who supported the League is that it does not go far enough in the right direction. "Every consideration of policy, party expediency and public service is a summons to the League of Nations Democrats to support the Four-Power Treaty."

The *Brooklyn Eagle* (Dem.) ranges itself on the same side. This Conference it looks upon as but a beginning. If the Senate can be induced to ratify this first pact, anything seems to it to be possible. "Those who sincerely want peace will not quarrel with the means employed to attain it." The *N. Y. Evening World* also finds the Treaty worthy of support because "it cannot help going further than the step



DIPLOMACY

—Thomas in Detroit News.

it actually takes." No reasonable voice in or out of the Senate, it thinks, should be raised against it.

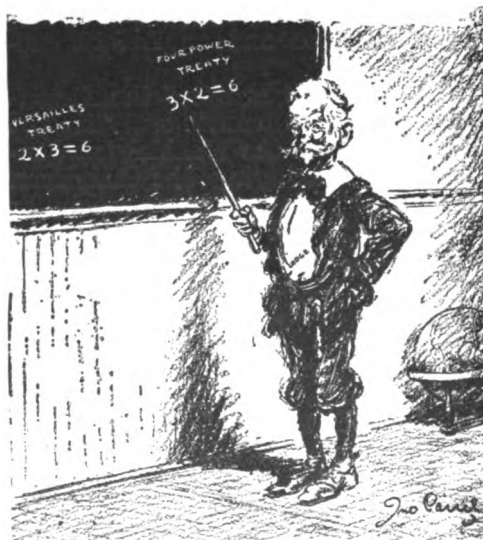
The Louisville *Courier-Journal* analyzes Senator Borah's attack on the Treaty and finds it neither logical nor reasonable, and advises him that if he hopes to defeat the Treaty he must "lay away his penny-whistle and get out his battle-ax." The N. Y. *Times* regards the Treaty as sound and commendable and thinks it should be ratified "without any hesitation at all."

We look in vain for opposition in the Republican press. The Chicago *Tribune* puts the case as between the Treaty and the League as follows: "The difference between Article X and the proposed four-ply treaty is just this: In the former we were to pledge ourselves to saw Europe's wood and use none of it. In the latter we saw our own wood with the help of France and England." The Philadelphia *Ledger* thinks ratification will come soon and sure. It says a poll taken several weeks ago showed 41 Republican and 14 Democratic Senators openly for the Treaty, and only 2 Republicans and 3 Democrats openly against it, with 10 more on each side still engaged in making up their minds and 16 Sen-

ators absent and not polled. Out of the 16 absentees and the 20 doubtful, only 9 need be won for the Treaty to give it the 64 votes requisite in a full Senate.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* looks forward with musical anticipations to Senator Reed's part in the debate. "Tschaikovsky," it holds, "in his most abandoned moments never commanded such ecstasies of woe, never created such dissonances of misery, as the Senator will revel in when he really begins to play his 'Heart-break Symphony' before his audience in the Senate chamber." It goes on:

"The Senate is in for some great concerts from Senator Reed. His brasses will blare forth with themes of ringing indignation; his wood-winds will provoke shudders as they scurry up and down their swift chromatics; his cellos will moan with grief; and his violins will wail so piercingly that all eyes will drip with tears. With Senator Reed, as with all great composers, one must not look for meaning or sense; one must simply surrender to the magnificences of rolling chords and the glories of rioting sounds. It is a pity that Sena-



A DIFFERENT WAY!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

tor Reed's speeches must be written up by the political correspondents. Only trained musical critics should be allowed in the press galleries when this great virtuoso takes the floor."

Even George Washington probably wouldn't object to entangling ourselves in a foreign alliance to limit armament.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

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Two Years of the League

THE League of Nations had its second birthday January 10th, and the League of Nations News Bureau, an adjunct organization in New York City, sends out a record of its achievements. It is an imposing record.

The number of sovereign states and self-governing dominions now in the League is fifty-one. It includes all the former Allied and Associated powers except the United States; all the neutral powers, 13 in number, that have been invited; two of the four states—Austria and Bulgaria—that were in the Teuton alliance, and six new states born since the war. Germany is not in because she has not yet convinced the world that she means to live up to her international engagements. Russia is not in because her government is not yet recognized as anything but a usurpation. Turkey is not in because she is still defiant. Mexico is not in because Europe waits for us before recognizing the Obregon government. The United States is not in because we refuse to go in.

Three disputes between nations have been settled by the League and two others have been put on the way to settlement. The most important of these disputes was that about Upper Silesia. The Supreme Council came to a deadlock on it. It threatened a break up of the Entente. The League settled it on new lines, and, as Briand has said, that "fire is out." The invasion of



Nelson Harding

"TAKE 'EM OFF—WE KNOW YOU!"

—Harding in Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Albania by a Jugo-Slav army was a characteristic Balkan affair. The League applied the economic blockade, Jugo-Slav exchange took a toboggan slide, and the Jugo-Slav troops were withdrawn. The dispute between Sweden and Finland over the Aaland Islands was adjusted by a neutralization treaty. Hostilities between Poland and Lithuania over the seizure of Vilna by the Poles was averted and a boundary settlement is now being negotiated. The Tacna-Arica dispute between Bolivia and Peru was not settled, but as a result of the League's effort the two nations are again in direct negotiation.

That is a pretty fair record for an infant two years of age, and it has been achieved without the use of any force other than the economic boycott. At that rate it will not take many years for all the 51 nations to *get the habit* of settling their controversies in that way. As the League News Bureau says, "in certain major matters of common

interest most of the world's nations, whether of Europe, the Americas, Asia or Africa, have learned to confer about a common table."

But the first object of the League, as stated in the preamble of its Covenant, is cooperation. The most important matter for cooperation just now is along economic lines and the most promising scheme for economic revival is the Ter Meulen scheme developed by the League through the Brussels Financial Conference. It has not proved all that was hoped for, but it is to some extent at least actually at work in Europe, tho American merchants have been too cautious as yet to take advantage of it. Along the same line of restoring trade between nations is the work inaugurated by the League's Conference on Freedom of Communications and Transit, held in Barcelona and participated in by 40 nations. It has worked out draft treaties designed to remove the barriers to trade erected during the war, but because it deals in technical matters its work has not received the publicity to which it is entitled.

Another line of cooperation is the fight against disease. Elsewhere in this number of CURRENT OPINION Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, tells the story of the fight the Foundation is making, and it will be noted that he refers over and over to the work the League organizations are doing. The "international standardization of anti-toxic sera" does not sound very thrilling or spectacular, but, as Dr. Vincent shows, it is a matter of vital importance in the crusade against many kinds of disease, and in the League's conference at London for this purpose it is pleasing to know that the United States is *officially participating*. There has been almost as much confusion in the various national standards for measuring anti-toxic sera as in the various national currencies. This

fact has grievously hampered the international cooperation necessary to combat such diseases as dysentery, diphtheria, syphilis, tetanus and various pulmonary and cerebro-spinal diseases. Under the auspices of the League, many of the foremost medical scientists of the world came together last December for the first joint experimental inquiry of this sort ever attempted and to partition the research work necessary among various expert bodies, such as the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington, the Pasteur Institutes of France and Brussels, the Medical Research Council of Great Britain, the Kitasato Institute of Japan, and other institutes in Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and Poland.

The pre-war activities for the suppression of the opium traffic and the traffic in white slaves have been taken over by the League and greatly expanded. A conference of 30 nations was held last spring in Geneva, under League auspices, and a new convention was drawn up which has already been signed by 23 nations.

The first meeting of the Permanent Court of International Justice is scheduled for January 30th. This is the court which Elihu Root helped to create and of which John Bassett Moore is a member. Our government at Washington gives it no recognition, but it is gratifying to know that Americans have a hand in it just the same. It will give the world the first authoritative basis for a code of international law and for an adjudication of justiciary disputes between nations.

There are other things the League has achieved in its two-year life. It has ended secret treaties. It has already registered some 250 treaties, indicating the world-wide extent to which its authority is recognized.

In all this vast work of building up a new and nobler world, the

United States is participating very gingerly when it participates at all. That seems to us deplorable beyond words. But what is still more deplorable is the fact that we are actually hindering the work at times and slowing it up. Frank A. Vanderlip tells how the failure of our government at Washington to pay any attention to the League's plan for the restoration of Austria, involving the issue by the Austrian government of Ter Meulen bonds to the extent of \$35,000,000, has foiled the plan, perhaps permanently, and led to great bread riots for which, according to Mr. Vanderlip, "America was directly responsible."

It is of no use to be continuously bemoaning our failure to enter the League. When the American people are ready—and time is necessary to overcome their traditional hesitancy in such a matter—we shall take a part in the League and play the peace game with the same energy with which we played the war game. We are feeling our way in that direction now. But it does seem as tho the disposition now and then shown (and some of it in our State Department) to ignore the work of the League, to ignore even the fact of its existence and thereby to block its work at times, must be inspired by the devil himself.

Karl tried two coups and failed; but the Hungarian government is hoping that his present coop will prove successful.—Nashville *Southern Lum-berman*.

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Is France Getting a Fair Deal?

THERE is no need for disguising the fact that France, in the last few months, has lost much of the sympathy she had in this country. There has been a deluge of newspaper criticism which began almost as soon as the Washington Conference opened. It has evidently overwhelmed the French

delegates. "I am well aware," said M. Sarraut, head of the delegation, in one of his Conference speeches, "that every day in the press we witness a campaign of bitter criticism launched against us, against the motives of France, to the end that our country may be made to appear under an aggressive guise of imperialism or militarism."

There are indications that this criticism is due in some degree to a concerted suppression of facts. France has not been receiving a fair deal from the correspondents, and the editorial comment, even tho honest, has been warped by half-truths from Washington.

Take, for instance, the first count in the indictment that has been built up. France was represented, almost at the beginning, as throwing a monkey-wrench into the machinery with her demand for ten new dreadnoughts of 35,000 tons each. It came as a shock to most of us. It would, said the *St. Louis Star*, "knock the naval holiday into a cocked hat." It was "a threat to the world peace." The *Minneapolis Tribune* warned her that by persisting in such a course she would "bring down upon her head world-wide condemnation and world-wide scorn." Hardly a voice was raised in her defense.

Yet as the facts slowly emerged, it transpired that what France planned was very close indeed to the Hughes ratio. Her plan would give her not ten but two new dreadnoughts at the end of the ten-year holiday, which, with six old ships, would give her not 175,000 tons but 200,000 tons—25,000 more than the ratio first proposed. The ten new dreadnoughts were to come not at the end of ten years but at the end of 20 years. When we consider that France had built no new ships for seven years, the desire to replace her obsolete ships at the rate of one in two years had nothing unreasonable about it. As a matter of



JUST AS SHE IS GETTING IRELAND QUIETED
DOWN

—McCutcheon in *Kansas City Journal*.

fact, the original ratio proposed by Hughes—5, 5, 3—left the ratios for France and Italy entirely blank. Later the ratios 1.75, 1.75 were proposed. The final agreement gives Great Britain and the United States each about 30,000 tons more than the ratio first provided and France 5,000 tons less.

The controversy on submarines again brought France to the bar of public opinion. Her plans for building submarines has been represented in the British and American press as preposterous and menacing. "Our friends the French," said a British journal, the *New Statesman*, "are the greatest, the most sincere, and the most dangerous enemies in the world." "There is no doubt," said the *N. Y. Mail*, "that a great wave of something bitterer than disappointment has swept a large part of this country because of the French attitude toward the vipers." A bill was even introduced in Congress by Congressman Reavis, aimed directly at France, providing for a

demand for immediate payment of money owed to this country by any European nation that had announced its intention of increasing its navy. "The attitude of the French Government on the submarine question," said the *Christian Science Monitor*, "has raised a storm it little expected. Its best friends everywhere are flabbergasted."

But here, too, the actual facts, as they have slowly emerged, while they may not justify the demands of France altogether, must certainly soften criticism. It transpires that the United States has in submarines built and being built, 82,015 tons, Great Britain has 82,464, France has but 42,949. She is to-day building no submarines, while we are building 38. Her claim that the submarine is a defensive weapon is supported by our Government.

Why, then, such a storm of criticism of France for wanting to double the size of her submarine fleet? The reason for British apprehension was made very clear in the speech before the Conference by Lord Lee. "The difficulty is," said Lord Lee, "we are not clear what are the views of the French naval staff on the matter of the utilization of submarines in time of war." He went ahead to make some telling quotations from a series of articles in the *Revue Maritime*, written by Capitaine de Frégate Castex, then chief of a bureau of the French Naval Staff, now Chief of Staff of the Second Division of the Mediterranean. Captain Castex says, among other things, that "it must be recognized that the Germans were absolutely justified in resorting to it"—the submarine; that "one can see nothing in the attitude of the Germans which, militarily speaking, is not adequately correct"; and that "thanks to the submarine, after many centuries of effort, thanks to the ingenuity of man, the instrument, the system, the martingale, is at hand which will overthrow for

good and all the naval power of the British Empire."

In making these startling quotations, Lord Lee urged the French Government to disavow Captain Castex's views and suggested that "there is only one way in which that can be effectively done," and that was by the adoption of the Root resolutions regarding the operation of submarines. The response was prompt and complete, but while the Castex statement was spread far and wide the response was not.

Admiral de Bon replied first. He thanked Lord Lee for revealing the source of a misunderstanding which he, the admiral, had not been able to comprehend. It is true, he admitted, that Captain Castex was an officer of the General Staff, but attached to a literary section and "above all a man of letters," not a sailor. The *Revue Maritime* is an organ of the French navy, but carries a notice that the Admiralty



COMING TO HIS SENSES

—Ding in New York Tribune.



JUST A MINUTE, BROTHER; HAVEN'T YOU OVERLOOKED SOMETHING?

—Ding in New York Tribune.

declines to assume responsibility for the views of contributors. The views of Captain Castex, said the admiral bluntly, "in no way, thank Heaven, represent the views of the French." He added:

"The author of that article has written what we consider to be a monstrosity. The French delegation has repeatedly stated that it unreservedly condemned the practices of the German submarines during the late war and that it desired that a declaration strongly condemning them should issue from the Conference and be spread over the entire world. . . . This article is the work of an officer who is a man of letters rather than a sailor; and I formally repudiate it in the name of the French navy."

After the Admiral rose M. Sarraut, head of the French delegation. He declared that he must await instructions from his Government on the Root resolution; but: "I have no need of any instructions to asso-

ciate my sentiments with those of Admiral de Bon, which I solemnly confirm as head of the French delegation, or to offer the French Government's formal repudiation of those methods of warfare which have just been mentioned." To make the response final and complete, the instructions came from the French Government to support the Root resolutions, and they were adopted.

These are but samples of the unfair treatment the French have for some mysterious reason been receiving. One of M. Briand's speeches was misquoted in a British paper (apparently by reason of faulty transmission by wire), and as a result Italian mobs were the next day stoning the houses of French consuls. At least one forged document—long ago denounced—has figured in the press dispatches from Washington. And, to cap the climax, after we have for three years refused to ratify the tripartite treaty for protecting France, signed by ex-President Wilson, we have not hesitated to make a similar treaty for the protection of Japan, whose claims upon us are nothing like as strong as those of France. "It is undeniable," says the *New York Times*, "that too harsh and hasty things have been said of their"—the French delegates—"course in standing up at Washington for what they conceive to be their true national interest."

It seems incredible that we should be continually losing sight of the basic facts of the situation in which France finds herself. England is freed from apprehension of the German navy and German economic rivalry. The United States has to conjure up bugaboos to give us any national apprehension. But France is still living on the slopes of a volcano that is very far from being extinct. Read what the Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, has to say of the situation to-day in Eu-

rope and cease to wonder that the nerves of the French are still taut and her cartridge belts filled. Writing in *Leslie's Weekly* Ferrero says:

"It takes two to make a bargain. It takes two to make peace. And the conquered peoples of Europe are to-day carrying on the World War under the cloak of an insecure peace. Why have all the victorious nations been dissatisfied with their victory? Because they insist on regarding the war as finished; whereas, in point of fact, the war is still going on in a fragile 'armistice,' a breathing space, wherein victors and vanquished are trying to deceive each other and themselves to such an extent that Europe no longer knows where she stands. . . .

"Turkey transferred her weapons to the revolutionary government in Angora and the latter is using them to demolish the Treaty of Sèvres before that document has even been put into force. The World War is still raging in the Near East; and the Allies can do nothing to bring it to an end—except by giving friendly advice that no one heeds. England prodded the Greeks to go in and settle things—a Colossus appealing for succor to a refractory child. But quite in vain, as the event proves. Half of Asia Minor has been devastated. Greece will not recover for a full fifty years. From her the best we can hope is that, in despair or in a spirit of vengeance, she will not provoke some more disastrous crisis still. The Near East is in a state of anarchy, and will remain so for a long time to come."

Hungary, we are told, has not disarmed by so much as a pen-knife. She has stood her weapons in a corner out of sight. Can we say that the "German peril" is a thing of the past? By no means, says Ferrero. If anything, the opposite is the case. "Precisely because they have disarmed Germany, France and Belgium are compelled to keep nearly a million men under arms." This "incredible paradox" is explained as follows. The Treaty of Versailles

established a collective protectorate over Germany of Italy, England and France. "Germany will submit to this only so far as she is forcibly compelled to. She has disarmed because a million soldiers were stationed on her frontiers, ready to invade her territory at a moment's notice. And so long as those soldiers are there she will obey, but with grating teeth and stifling a bel-
low of rage." This enforced protec-

torate, says Ferrero, is the key to all the disorder of the present in Europe.

It is upon France that the full weight of this situation falls—France shattered and shell-shocked by four years of war on her own territory, and facing an economic strain that few of us here realize. If any nation deserves more than fair treatment, it is France. She is getting something less.

HOW AMERICA CAUSED A BREAD RIOT

(Frank A. Vanderlip, in a recent address in New York City)

SOME of you may have read of a great riot in Austria a few days ago: how the Bristol Hotel was attacked and sacked; how the luxury stores were broken into, and a general riot progressed for some time without much let or hindrance from the police or government.

While you know some of that, I doubt that you know that America was directly responsible for that riot.

Now, let us see. Austria was so carved up at the Paris Peace Conference that it became very doubtful whether it is economically possible for her to live. She has a city of 2,000,000. She has a population of 6,500,000, with nothing but a narrow strip of Alpine country upon which to raise her food. And she must export in order to get food that she must have to live, and, for the time being, it seems impossible for her to balance her foreign trade and export enough for her to pay for her necessary food imports.

The League of Nations studied that question seriously and appointed a commission of some of the ablest financiers in Europe, who evolved a scheme for taking care of the vital necessities of Austria through this Winter. The scheme comprehended a loan of \$35,000,000. The figures are not much, you see, but in order to get such a loan, considering Austria's credit, it was necessary practically to use receivers' certificates. That is, they planned to

issue Ter Meulen bonds, and to do that it was a prerequisite that those nations that had claims against Austria should subordinate those claims to this new issue.

Every nation in Europe having any claim on Austria promptly subordinated its claim.

The syndicate was formed to make this loan. There was one hitch. Austria owed the United States \$24,000,000 for wheat furnished to her since the armistice. It was necessary to subordinate that claim to the new issue, which would keep Austria alive this winter.

We did not refuse to do it. We did not pay enough attention to the matter to really give it consideration.

It would not surprise me if there were not three men in this room who knew anything about it until I brought it up. I doubt if there are very many people in Congress who knew that this vital thing, this thing that would have been the salvation of Austria through the winter, was chucked in with the whole question of inter-Allied debts, and has never been given any separate consideration at all. No action has taken place, and the whole scheme for aiding Austria has grown cold.

It would be perhaps impossible to revive it at the present time, even if we were to take action; and so the people in Vienna riot for food, and I would venture to say that that riot was but the forerunner of far worse scenes.

Significant Sayings

"I never read anything about myself that is complimentary. I can hope to improve only by reading criticisms."—*Georges Clemenceau.*

"This community cannot be excited by any crime."—*Chief Justice Scanlon, of Chicago.*

"The average Congressman and Senator is genuine, clean and straight. He is clean in his private life and he is clean in his public life. There may be some foolish men in Congress and in the Senate, but there are no rogues."—*Joseph P. Tumulty.*

"Make no little plans. They have no magic to stir men's blood, and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans, aim high in hope, and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die."—*Daniel H. Burnham.*

"If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or a failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and it is infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose, as sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you."—*James J. Hill.*

"I have seen harbor pollock split across the back and branded and shipped as mackerel. I have seen hake salted and branded as sea trout. I have seen large pollock split down the back, salted and dyed pink and sold as ocean salmon. I have seen kits of mackerel, each with a bottle of whiskey in the center, shipped to Maine."—*Mayor Wheeler of Gloucester, Mass.*

"If we must fight again, I am ready to take my place in the front line, but I will also take good care to see that some of those who are trying to make history in this assembly [the Dail Eireann] will take greater risks in the field later."—*Owen O'Duffy.*

"The embers of bonfires are still black on the slopes of Errigal."—*De Valera.*

"At present practically all personalities and tendencies working for public welfare are submerged by influences that are selfish and perverse."—*Lynn Haines, editor the Searchlight, Washington, D. C.*

"We cannot arrive at peace through disarmament; we arrive at disarmament through peace."—*Guglielmo Ferrero.*

"Let us get through and go home and try to learn something from the people, if we are capable of learning anything from them, which is still more doubtful. . . . I am homesick, I want to see my grandchildren and the flowers before the latter fade."—*Senator Williams of Mississippi.*

"Farming is the only business left that buys at retail and sells at wholesale; that pays what is asked when it buys and accepts what is offered when it sells."—*Senator Capper.*

"I can positively assert, from my contact with men of large affairs, including bankers, that, as a whole, they are endeavoring to fulfill, as they see them, the obligations that go with their power."—*Bernard Baruch.*

"We are passing through the worst agricultural depression we have ever experienced."—*Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.*

"I am pessimistic by night but by day I am a confirmed optimist."—*John Burroughs.*

"If the stockings are not too sheer, there is no doubt in my mind that the silk stocking is about as safe an article of dress as can be worn."—*Health Commissioner Copeland.*

"Increasing numbers of men of mediocre ability and inadequate preliminary education are being attracted to the law by the ever-increasing facilities for law study."—*Dean Stone, of Columbia University Law School.*

"There was one week during my investigations in New York City that I was actually afraid to light my cigaret for fear of an explosion due to the accumulation of alcohol in my system."—*A General Agent for Enforcement of the Volstead Act.*

"He [Senator Newberry] has suffered the tortures of hell. He would give every dollar he has in the world if he had never run for the Senate."—*Senator Townsend of Michigan.*

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

The Meaning of Great Britain

GREAT BRITAIN is a great fact.

Like all facts, it needs to be interpreted.

A great many people range themselves in hostility to this Empire, for which doubtless there are abundant causes.

A great many other people are enthusiastic champions of Great Britain, for which also there are causes equally abundant.

There are Anglophobiacs and Anglomaniacs. We shall take it for granted that the reader is neither of these but is a person of just mind who is anxious to know what Great Britain means.

First of all, it must be remembered that this Empire is of very long growth. It has slowly climbed up the steps of civilization from the depths of a primitive barbarism, and on the way it has made many mistakes to which every organism is liable.

It has wavered and temporized when it should have been firm. It has been stubborn when it should have yielded. It has been upon occasion unjust, violent and arrogant.

But in all this it has done no more than is common to mankind and its institutions.

And underneath all this and behind it Great Britain stands for something that is the world's greatest need.

What it stands for is Order.

We cannot say with exact truth that it stands for justice, because justice is rather a divine quality than human, and implies a knowl-

edge and a character that are beyond most of us.

But Order we can understand. And the great ambition of Great Britain has been to bring Order out of chaos.

What Bismarck was to the scattered German states in welding them into German unity, what Richelieu was to the warring factions of France in bringing them together as a nation, that, to a great degree, Great Britain has been to the world.

It is an island Empire. It is an outpopulating people. It is a nation whose basis is commerce. As such, it has been able to lay its hand upon the whole world more than any other nation.

England itself is doubtless provincial enough. But Great Britain probably comes nearer to having a world consciousness than any other state.

It is not the army and navy of Great Britain that has created its power.

She has not conquered by force. As a matter of fact, she lost her greatest colony in America by the mistake of using force.

The thing that has been the power behind Great Britain is the fact that wherever she has gone she has brought a certain amount of Order.

This Order, of course, has been accompanied by many instances of faulty action and of injustice, but on the whole and in the long run, Great Britain has stood for Order.

It is not her navy that is her security, nor the fighting quality of her men. There have been other navies and there are other men that fight as well.

The great basis of Great Britain's power is Pax Britannica.

The Fruits of Sorrow

TRUTH, they say, lies at the bottom of the well.

There is truth in this proverb, for the most important laws of life are hidden, just as the foundation and underpinning of a house are its most essential part and are usually unseen.

And one of the most essential truths is that faith and high courage are produced by our disappointments, defeats and failures, and not by our victories and days of pleasure.

It is quite common to hear one say that he does not believe in a wise and good overruling Providence for the reason that he has broken his leg, gone blind or has been subjected to some injustice.

But the fact is that it is the wrong and sorrow of life which is the source of our faith. We do not believe in the great moral laws for the reason that we have always been prosperous, we believe in them because we have failed and stumbled.

Our moral convictions are a protest against the injustice of the scheme of things. They are knocked into us by blows, we do not get them by coddling.

It is for this reason that the heart of all religion is sorrow. If there were no pains and no bereavements there would be no altars.

We believe in a life hereafter, not because this life has been such a success, but because it has been more or less a failure.

No man can have a robust faith unless he has been seriously bedeviled by doubts. It is the struggle against despair which alone produces an unshakable hope.

Just as there can be no development of courage without danger, so there can be no profound belief in the ultimate triumph of goodness unless we have seen a lot of things that tend to convince us of the power of evil.

We can repeat the formulas of faith when we are young and untried and happy, but we can only feel the inward assurance of faith when we are defeated, bruised and cast down.

Those, therefore, who declare that they do not believe women are true because so many of them deceive, nor that there are any honest men because some men are liars, nor that the world is growing better because there is such an abundance of raciality, treachery and violence, are superficial thinkers. For those bitter facts are the very foundations of an intelligent optimism.

It is not the quips and flings of an outrageous fortune that destroy faith, for the brightest and most inextinguishable faith is found in the man who has felt the most.

In the crucible of life one of the most amazing chemical reactions is the production of sweetness from bitterness, peace out of turmoil and courage out of defeat. So we go into the beyond

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

□ □

What Capital Means

THERE is very little doubt that in the minds of most people who use the word, Capitalist means simply another who has more money than he, and Capitalism means simply the game in which he is unable to win.

In fact, Capitalism is usually a pretentious big word used as a cloak for envy.

In "Industrial Government," by John R. Commons and other members of the Department of Economics of the University of Wisconsin, I find on page 263 an excellently clear statement of what Capital means.

And this statement is not partizan. It is made by a man whose

sympathies lean to the laborer and who by no stretch of disputation could be called a defender of the vested interests.

And the main gist of what he says is that modern Capitalism is but the natural result that has come about from the endeavor to make investments secure.

Wealth, in the sense of being surplus money, is not due entirely to labor, nor to management, nor to machinery. It is due to the credit system, and the credit system is nothing but confidence in the future.

"Without the credit system," says Mr. Commons, "there might be production of wealth, but it would be the hand-to-mouth production of individuals who dare not trust their products out of their hands, and society would sink back into feudalism or violence."

This is not mere theory. The proof of it is writ large in the present condition of Russia.

Unless a man's savings can be made safe, he will have no desire to save.

Unless there is some sort of Capitalism, meaning some form in which you can keep and get profit from the money you have laid up, you will not lay up any money.

"But," continues Mr. Commons, "while Capitalism is based on security of investment, it has not provided security of the job. Socialism, anarchism and trade-unionism have all their sources in the fear of unemployment and the inability of Capitalism to give security to the job as it has given security to the investment."

He declares, however, that it is wrong to conclude that by destroying security in investments we can obtain security for jobs. And it is also wrong to conclude that Capitalism cannot cure itself.

"Capitalism can cure itself, for it is not the blind force that Socialists suppose; it is not the helpless

plaything of demand and supply; but it is Management."

And all that is needed is for Management to have sense enough to see that the greatest cure for the ills of Capital is to make the job secure.

Without security of investment there could hardly be any civilization. And now Management must go on and do what it can to add to this security of the job, for it is the insecurity of jobs that constitutes the menace to Capitalism, to the Nation, and even to Civilization.

And this business of making the job more secure is precisely what Management in the United States is doing. It has made tremendous progress in the recent past.

If you want to know about it and get a non-passionate, non-partizan and accurate view of the situation, read the book "Industrial Government."

□ □

Telephones In Stockholm

THE telephone began as a most convenient friend. It has become in the course of time a most irritating servant.

This is because it has followed rather a natural law of development. It has been worked into its present position by a company anxious and organized for profit on the one hand, and subscribers eager to overreach on the other. Under the circumstances both have succeeded.

The company watches subscribers as a policeman watches a crook, and the average subscriber curses the telephone company roundly because he is treated as a potential crook and not as a friend.

The trouble probably is that the telephone is an instrument of human relationships, and perhaps it will always be impossible to arrange human relationships upon a strictly business basis. Understanding busi-

ness, as we usually do, to mean suspicion and watchful antagonism, and not friendship and faith.

In Stockholm the telephone service has some interesting features. One of these is that when you ask for a number you get it.

Another is that any time of the night or day a person can ask over the telephone what time it is and find out.

At the telephone office there is a clock which is regulated by the observatory. When one wants to get the time of day, he is put in connection with this special office and obtains immediately the information he desires, and information that is absolutely correct. The young lady who tells him does not glance at her wrist watch, but puts him in connection with the observatory.

The question, "What time is it?" is asked in Stockholm on an average of 3,500 times a month by day, and 700 times by night during winter. In summer these figures drop.

In Stockholm, also, the telephone company willingly undertakes to wake you up any hour you say. They have a special frame with little pockets for each quarter of an hour of the day or night; in these pockets are tickets bearing the name and telephone number of those who want to be called at that time. The telephone gives 4,500 wake-up calls a month on an average.

Furthermore, the Stockholm telephone company undertakes to answer the telephone in your absence, whether that absence is a few hours or a few months. Doctors, lawyers, and business men, when they leave their offices, know that anyone calling them up will be told the hour of their return.

The company, also, keeps a record of the persons who call you up while you are out of the office.

In most forms of business the bigger the concern the better the service. As a rule, you get more attention in a big department store than

in a little shop. But it seems the more the telephone company expands the less they are inclined to be accommodating. They say that they are compelled to do this. It makes little difference, however, what the reason is.

Among all the amazing inventions that spring up over night, like mushrooms, in the fertile American brain, it would seem that somebody ought to invent something by which you could touch a button and find out exactly to the minute what time of day it is. At least this.

And if that is impossible, or impracticable, we might send over for a few Swedes and ask them how they do it.

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Governed by Gourds

A PHRASE has been running round in the Paris newspapers and has appealed to the French sense of humor. Somebody said, "We are governed by gourds."

This, I suppose, would mean about the same as if we should say, "We are governed by pumpkin-heads," or, as Sam Jones used to express it, "cimlin' heads."

Another French journalist has expressed it: "The government of France has fallen to minds of a second class."

This strikes the French people as a witty saying because they apply it to the particular officials now in power. There are always many who consider those who happen to be in authority as incompetent.

It is this spirit of criticism which is the soul of political parties.

But the truth of this jest lies deeper than this occasion, or any other occasion.

For the fact is that we are automatically, naturally and in the nature of the case, governed by second-class minds.

This is not a piece of pessimism, nor an endeavor to turn a smart phrase. It is a natural law.

The reason of it is that in democracies we get office-holders by election, and it is only by accident and only rarely that election is able to get us efficiency.

By election we get mediocrity. We get efficiency only by selection.

And the reason of this is that the qualities that enable a man to get elected to office are wholly different from the qualities that enable him to discharge the duties of that office.

He is elected because he is a good fellow, because he is a "mixer," because he is a good hand-shaker, baby-kisser and speechmaker.

These things make him mayor, for instance, but, when he becomes mayor, they are of no value toward making him a good mayor.

The result is that the average office-holder is wholly unqualified for his job.

In practical business when we want things done we never elect a man to do it—we select him.

Who would think of choosing as the manager of a department store, or the superintendent of a factory, or the chief of the sales department, the most popular workman among his fellows?

On the contrary, for such positions we select men simply because of their one qualification, to wit: that they are able to do the business.

And the only way that we know they are able is because they have already done the same thing or similar things and done them well.

For that reason the superintendent of a factory, the general manager of a railroad, or any other man in a position of control in business, is usually worth his salary.

Therefore the less government has to do with business, and the more it confines itself chiefly to the occupation of keeping the peace, keeping books and carrying out the law, the less trouble it is likely to make. And the best government is the one that makes the least trouble.

Mars

NOW that Peary and Doc. Cook have discovered the North Pole and Shackleton the South Pole, and all China and the islands of the sea have been explored, the next thing is Mars.

Mars is our neighbor in the sky. He is a red planet and was called by the ancients the symbol of war because Mars is one of the nearest heavenly bodies to the earth, just as war is one of the dearest passions of the boiling patriot.

Mr. P. MacAffee is constructing a giant telescope by means of which he aims to bring Mars to within a distance of a mile or so from our eyes. Then we can see whether it is inhabited or not and can find out all about those canals.

Professor David Todd, of the University of Harvard, has discovered a deep hole in a mine in Chili. This hole will be used as the tube for a telescope. It will have a diameter of some 40 feet.

The lens used will not be of glass, for the construction of a glass lens has always been the most difficult part of telescope making.

Instead of a mirror of glass, there will be used a sort of tub of mercury. When this tub is revolved at a certain rapidity, the mercury will take a concave form in the tub and thus become an ideal mirror.

From this it will be possible to take instantaneous photographs. By means of these it will be possible to secure an enlargement of twenty-five million diameters.

That is to say, the surface of Mars, now 560 million kilometers away, will be brought to a distance of about two kilometers and a half from the observer.

There are some 65 objections to all this which scientists have raised, but we wish the enterprising gentleman good luck.

They are awaiting patiently the year 1924 when the planet will be

very near the earth in its course.

We shall wait with them.

If there are beings of an intelligence similar to ours on the planet Mars and other heavenly bodies, there is no reason, that inheres in the nature of the case why we should not communicate with them.

Marconi says that his wireless apparatus has picked up messages of a wave length such as could not be produced by any machinery known on earth, and has raised the query whether they may not have come from some stellar neighbor.

We have only begun to "sound the dim and perilous way" of wireless telegraphy. And if a message can be sent from Brest to New Jersey through the intervening space without wires, why not a rhythmic word from Mars on some fine day?

Besides—who knows?—Mars may be peopled by ex-habitants of earth, and the departed souls of men may go forth to populate the stars.

P. S. Maybe.

□ □

He Played His King

OF all the gentlemen sitting around the table in the royal poker game of diplomacy, Mr. Lloyd George is easily the cleverest.

There are some people—I suppose it is due to the natural envy in the human system—to whom cleverness always means crookedness, just as there are some people to whom wealth invariably implies all the stupid crimes and tyrannies attributed to capitalism.

But, in spite of the howls of the unclever and the non-rich, the fact remains that it is the clever people and the rich people through whom the world gets things done.

I have never yet seen any respectable bit of proof that would go to show that Lloyd George has ever acted from any motive except a sincere devotion to the welfare of the people of Great Britain.

And I suspect that most of those who take it as a matter of course that he is a grand rascal think so because, if they were in his place and had his power, they would be grand rascals.

One of the most complicated and desperate questions he has had to deal with is that of Ireland.

To those of us who have watched him in his handling of this matter from the beginning, his consummate skill as a statesman has been apparent.

It is not enough for a statesman to do the right thing, as many people suppose. He has an infinitely harder thing to do, which is to do the right thing at the right time. He must not only carry out a policy but he must see to it that at the same time he is carrying his public along with him.

It is safe to say that, if the final solution of the Irish question had been proposed three years or three months or even three days before it was proposed, it would have been rejected. The matter was jockeyed along until the moment came when all other solutions had been exhausted and everybody was ready for this one.

And, as the shrewd Welshman sat at the table nursing his cards, the bystanders watched with breathless interest how he played.

At just the right time, just the psychological moment, he played his king.

For no one supposes for a moment that the king went to Ireland at his own suggestion and made a speech, nor that, toward the end of the deliberations, he summoned his Prime Minister and told him what to do.

The king was not playing the game. He was simply one of the cards in the hands of the wily Welshman.

When that card was played it was make or break. It would either take the trick and win the game or it

would cause conditions to be much worse than they ever were before.

The king play won.

An ancient feud of centuries has been settled and more than Ireland has been saved. A great idea has been saved—the idea of Great Britain as “A Commonwealth of Nations.”

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Max Eastman

I WISH to revise my opinion of Max Eastman and publicly apologize.

What my previous opinion was I shall not say, because it was unfavorable.

But I have just read his book, “The Sense of Humor,” and I wish to take back what I previously thought.

I think I know a master mind when I meet it, and in this book a master mind speaks.

The quality of mastery wherever we find it, whether in the President of the United States, a violinist, a vaudeville comedian, a business man, a bricklayer, or a writer, calls for our respect. My hat is off to Max Eastman.

I have read most of the theories which philosophers, from time to time, have given to explain laughter and they have not been convincing. Eastman’s is the best treatise on this subject that I have ever seen. In the first place, he thinks radically, which is the only satisfactory way to think at all.

In the second place, he thinks clearly and maintains that sharp distinction between what he knows and what he knows that he does not know which is characteristic of all good thinkers.

And, in the third place, he knows how to write tersely and picturesquely.

The big idea in the book to me is that humor is the shine of philosophy. It is the spirit of aloofness. It is the normal reaction of the by-

standing mind. Or, to speak in plainer English, it is the spirit of play, for there is no play without aloofness.

This explains why children laugh so much and old people get all the laugh squeezed out of them. At last we all become too much involved.

Here are some of the sentences of the book:

“A smile is a moving summary of one’s personality.”

“Everyone who laughs is simply smiling.”

“The smile is a path along which two selves approach.”

“We laugh with both sides of our face, but most of us can sneer only with one.”

“Happy people laugh oftener than people who are sorrowful cry.”

“Play is not a conscious undertaking but a spontaneous attitude.”

“The most elementary form of play is tickling.”

“We cannot enjoy tickling ourselves, for we cannot regard our own attacks as playful.”

“In play, success is fun, but failure is funny.”

“The sense of humor goes with us into the most severe and humdrum pursuits, protecting us with its shield of fine amusement against the irritating stings of disappointment.”

I wish that space would allow me to quote more extensively, but I conclude with this very piercing observation:

“Humor is, of all things, most unlike religion. It fills a similar function, relieving us of the intolerable poignancy of our individual wills. But it does this by a simple emotional mitigation, whereas religion seems to require a great and heavy process.”

I am compelled to ask the other master writers on my book shelf—Wells, John Dewey, Horace Bushnell, Conan Doyle, and Maeterlinck—to move over a bit and make room for Max Eastman.

CHINA WITH HER BACK TO THE WALL

By Ma Soo

SO far as China is concerned the Washington Conference is practically over. There is nothing further for China to do except, perhaps, to sign the so-called Nine-Power Treaty, which will amount to nothing more than the Root points with a few added "principles." It is not, therefore, premature to weigh the results of the Conference, not in a spirit of criticism, but merely in the light of the facts as they stand.

It must be admitted by all unprejudiced observers that China has not recovered any of her lost rights. If measured by what China has received in the way of benefit, the Conference is a failure.

In the first place only minor points in China's long list of wrongs were raised by the Chinese delegation, and only a very few of these. These points were generally accepted "in principle," but actual concessions were practically nil. Even these meager concessions were granted with strings to them. The more important matters, such as Shantung and the Twenty-one Demands, received but scant attention; the former was kept out of the Conference and the latter were not even mentioned in the Communiqué, altho the question was brought before the Conference. With these vital issues side-tracked, China might as well not have been present. It was made abundantly clear as the Conference proceeded that the aim was mainly to discuss the interests of the foreign Powers in China with no idea at all of seeing justice done to China herself.

"NO other country will fight China's battles. She must fight and win by herself." This is the conclusion that the writer draws from the Washington Conference. Mr. Ma Soo is official spokesman for the Government of South China, not for the Government at Peking.

As to the four points brought forward by Mr. Root, they may eventually be found to be more harmful and disadvantageous to China than the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which

they are supposed to have replaced. The Manchurian and Mongolian situations were scarcely discussed and the very important Tibetan question was not even touched upon. The series of secret agreements extorted from China in 1918 by Japan are not permitted to see the light of day at the Conference.

Before discussing the Shantung question, it will be necessary to understand something of the hopes of the Chinese people in regard to the Washington Conference. Since the World War, China may be said to have been divided politically into two major parties, the pro-Japanese party and the pro-American party. The pro-Japanese party is represented by the military faction and some of the old reactionary officials. The more intelligent merchant and student classes represent the pro-American party.

Since the overthrow of the Anfu Club in 1919, altho officials of pro-Japanese tendencies have remained in power in Peking, the pro-Japanese clique has been steadily losing influence while the pro-American party has gained. It was largely due to the influence of the pro-American party and its strong faith in American justice and good will that the settlement of the Shantung question was held in abeyance in Peking for the past two years. The Chinese were encouraged in their

resistance of the unjust demands of Japan for a settlement inimical to the best interests of China by the stand taken by America on the Shantung question. The refusal of America to ratify the Versailles Treaty strengthened the Chinese people in the belief that America was their friend.

When the Washington Conference was called the Chinese people rejoiced in the thought that, at last, the time had arrived when America would see full justice done China in regard to Shantung.

About two months before the opening of the Washington Conference Japan attempted to initiate direct negotiations with Peking over the Shantung matter. The Chinese people at once opposed this. When they were informed by the Peking administration that the American Government had intimated that the Shantung question would not be taken up at Washington and had suggested that the controversy be settled before the Washington Conference began, the people, having faith in America, would not believe the assertion. In the face of the decided protest of the Chinese people the Peking government did not dare continue its private negotiations with Japan at that time. So great was the faith of the Chinese people in America.

When the Chinese delegation presented its list of minor points the Chinese people were, naturally, disappointed and impatient. What the people of China desired to see brought forward, among other points, was the major question of Shantung.

Because of pressure from the people of China the Chinese delegation approached the American delegation on the subject of taking up the Shantung issue. I need not state that the American delegation, instead of facing the moral issue squarely, as the Chinese people and the world had hoped, advised the Chinese delegates

not to bring the Shantung question up in the Conference. At this time Secretary Hughes and Mr. Balfour tendered their good offices in the interest of a private settlement arranged between the Chinese and Japanese delegates.

It would appear that there has been some misconception regarding the Shantung question. Certainly wrong tactics were followed in considering it purely a Chino-Japanese matter. It surely should have been considered as a greater issue because of the moral support given to the Chinese contention by the American people in rejecting the Versailles Treaty. The Chinese delegates should have thrown the Shantung question on the conference table. Had they done this, the American delegates would have been forced by public opinion in this country to do something with it. The excuse that England, France and Italy are signatories to the Versailles Treaty and, therefore, could not consider the Shantung case is very weak because it did not prevent the American Congress from denouncing that treaty or the Shantung clauses in it when it suited its purpose to do so.

America is the only nation which could have supported China on the Shantung issue. Now, as consideration of the matter has been taken outside the Conference, it is China alone against the powers signatory to the Versailles Treaty. Had the question been taken up in the Conference, as China requested, China would, at least, have had America on her side—two against the powers signatory to the Versailles Treaty instead of, as it stands now, China alone. In any case, China with the backing of America would be able to get better terms from Japan because the people of America know something of the Shantung question and they would desire to see justice done.

What Japan is willing to yield in

Washington to-day she has been willing to give for the last two years. Therefore, in the matter of Shantung, the Conference is a failure and a great disappointment to the Chinese people. It is, also, a severe blow to the pro-American party in China, and has already strengthened the pro-Japanese party.

The abolition of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is the only good thing that has come out of this Conference, assuming, of course, that the Four-Power pact is a good thing. I have my doubts as to this. The coming discussion of the new treaty in Congress will make many things clear and I shall not comment on this discussion in advance of its occurrence.

The greatest thing, however, that

has come out of the Washington Conference is the disillusionment of the Chinese people regarding foreign sympathy and support. They must realize now that they cannot put their faith in any country, no matter how friendly may be its expressed intentions toward China. The Chinese people must now realize that to play one nation against another in the hope of gain is a game that does not pay. Professions of friendship mean very little in international dealings.

No other country will fight China's battles. She must fight, and win, by herself. This is the lesson of the Washington Conference, and from this point of view the Conference may not be considered a total failure.

THE WAR THAT NEVER ENDS

By George E. Vincent

President of the Rockefeller Foundation

SUPPOSE it should turn out that Mars is inhabited, and then imagine that in some fashion the Martians learned to deflect heat and moisture from the earth until life upon this planet was menaced. Let it be further fancied that our scientists and engineers devised means of protection which called for the continuous and efficient maintenance of great mechanical plants set up in every region of the world. Any interruption in the operation of this far-flung armament would threaten all of us with death.

Does anyone doubt that in these circumstances war would be impossible? Nations would find their only safety in loyalty to a world-wide co-operation. Singleness of purpose, subordination to the common welfare, obedience to a high command, would be conditions of survival. The cry for national sovereignty would yield to the call for terrestrial uni-

ty. The conference at Washington would discuss not limitation of national armaments but plans for still more resourceful team-work in protecting a common interest against a common foe.

But even Mr. Wells could not frighten us with the threat of an attack from Mars. Yet there is an ever-present, never-sleeping enemy which challenges the vigilance and common action of all mankind. Under the name of disease, countless forms of animal and vegetable life, physical forces of many kinds, are menacing the length and fulness of human existence. To discover the nature and resources of our microscopic and other foes, to learn how to evade or neutralize their attacks, to organize effectively our means of resistance, is a task beyond the individual. It calls for a cooperation, local, national, world-wide. There is a universal war against disease, a



HE COMMANDS AN ARMY THAT IS FIGHTING BATTLES WITH DISEASE AND DEATH
Dr. George E. Vincent, as head of the Rockefeller Foundation, is directing the world-wide campaign of that institution to curb the influence of every enemy disease that is threatening the peaceful development of animal and vegetable life.

conflict of which men are increasingly aware, a campaign which can never end in armistice and peace.

This imagery of war is not mere rhetoric. The number of doctors and nurses who have died in the direct line of duty would run into the thousands even in recent times.

If the nations were sufficiently alarmed by the threat of disease to appoint a supreme commander, a prophylactic Foch, how would he go about the task of checking the spread of disease and promoting the world's health? First of all he would undoubtedly create an intelligence department which would find out all it could about the nature of diseases, their causes, methods of communication, their cure and prevention. For this purpose research institutes, stations and laboratories would be set up at strategic points throughout the world. Whatever was found out in one place would be reported to headquarters and the information would be quickly distributed to all the rest. Thus the supreme commander would have at his disposal a body of constantly growing and frequently revised scientific knowledge.

Another duty of the intelligence department would be to report to headquarters for every part of the world the vital statistics, i. e., the number of births, the number of deaths with the causes for each age group, the ratio of births to deaths, the percentages of births and deaths to agreed units of population, etc. With these facts before him the chief could make comparisons, determine averages, note exceptional situations, call for special reports and explanations, test the success or failure of his measures and direct his campaigns accordingly. Current reports of the outbreak of epidemics and other important facts would reach headquarters promptly and enable the high command to issue without delay emergency orders for quarantine and other measures.

This world campaign also presupposes an organization ramifying to every part of the earth. Health districts, directed by competent experts, would be grouped into larger divisions which in turn would form parts of national systems. These would be unified under central international control. Health officers, doctors, laboratory workers, sanitary engineers, visiting nurses, inspectors, would form the trained personnel of the world army of hygiene, equipped with appropriate buildings, hospital ships, motor cars and mobile dispensaries. By this force inspections, quarantine, epidemic control, dispensary work, home visiting, promotion of exercise and recreation, and health education of the public would be administered. Through constant diffusion and interchange of information, intelligence and *esprit de corps* would be fostered in the staff.

The proper training of this personnel would be another duty of the supreme commander. For this purpose schools of health would be established in centers which afforded the best facilities not only for laboratory teaching but for practical experience in actual field work. Thus hygienic West Points, Sandhursts, St. Cyrs, would be scattered through the world, usually in close association with institutions of medical education and research. Here men and women would be prepared for recognized careers which would offer congenial service, security of tenure, adequate pay and provision for old age.

Even under the régime of a wise and benevolent autocrat of health, it would be necessary to interest and instruct the masses of men, women and children in the meaning and importance of the fight against disease. In schools and colleges hygiene would be a fundamental subject of the curriculum. By every device of lectures, posters, pamphlets, slides, motion pictures, exhibits,

official bulletins, health visitors, law enforcement, the public would be educated and disciplined.

But the reader begins to resent this fantastic picture of a world-wide health war directed by a unified high command. Even if a system of this kind were desirable, it would be quite impossible to bring it about. Local pride, sectional loyalty, national autonomy, would oppose insuperable obstacles. Moreover, an effective public opinion could not be created under a régime of coercion from above. Nevertheless this outline of an international cooperation may serve to interpret a good deal of what is actually going on in the world to-day. In many respects a world organization is being approximated, not through centralized control but by a groping toward team-work within each nation and between the nations themselves. It is of interest that a special commission of the Health Committee of the League of Nations has been entrusted with the important duty of standardizing internationally the products which are used for protection against diphtheria, tetanus, dysentery, meningitis, pneumonia and syphilis.

The gathering of vital statistics is almost exclusively a government function. The accuracy and value of the data vary widely with different countries. In Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, in parts of the United States, the returns are fairly authoritative. In the Latin countries of Europe they are less significant. One important nation, for example, reports 26 per cent. of deaths as due to unknown causes. In China there are no statistics at all. Vital statistics are now being assembled internationally by the League of Nations. Many suggestive tendencies are revealed in these statements, but until causes of death are more uniformly ascertained and more accurately reported the most

significant information will be lacking as a basis for well-considered policy.

The diffusion of scientific knowledge is fairly prompt and effective. Journals of many kinds circulate between all the leading centers; monographs and books are to be found in the chief libraries; abstracts of current literature are widely distributed; national and international congresses and the migration of scientists have an influence; the International Red Cross maintains a medical information service. There is, then, a rather close approximation to the ideal of a world-wide cooperation of scientific workers each aware of what even his remote colleagues are doing in the field of research.

The exchange of current reports about epidemics and other developments is far less satisfactory. Each government has been depending on its own sources of information, usually consuls whose dispatches go first to State or Consular offices and are thence transmitted to the health authorities. One of the aims of the League of Nations' Health Committee is to centralize all current information and to distribute this to the chief health offices of the fifty-one nations which are members of the League. If this can be done, it will greatly facilitate the control of epidemics by insuring an earlier employment of the necessary protective measures.

The relations between national health administrations are improving. Since 1917, for example, officers of the United States Public Health Service have been stationed in the chief ports of Europe and of the Far East. But much remains to be accomplished. Quarantine and other regulations established by treaty grow obsolete and yet are hard to modify. There is need of greater flexibility and of readier adjustment to new conditions and new knowledge. In many places an al-

most futile fumigation is still enforced by law altho it is known that other methods of protection are much more efficacious.

The training of health personnel has depended heretofore largely upon a haphazard system of apprenticeship. Now special institutions are being created. One of the most important of these is the School of Hygiene and Public Health established by Johns Hopkins University with funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation. With co-operation from the same source Harvard University is developing a similar department and the Czechoslovak government is opening a school in Prague. British Medical Schools have long given courses for health officers. Schools of tropical medicine in London, Amsterdam and other cities have prepared men for colonial service. A British Commission has recently recommended the establishment in London of a school of health. Many states in this country are organizing special short courses for training their staffs.

In the education of school children and of the general public in hygiene and public health, the attempt is being made as never before to form health habits. Agencies, public and private in many countries, are hard at work. Even in China the propaganda is being pushed. Every ingenious device known to the arts of publicity and salesmanship is being employed. Health plays, health clowns and fairies have been added to the hygiene forces. Great popular interest has been aroused, but we need careful study and checking up of this campaign before we can evaluate the various factors and decide upon a permanent policy. When one remembers that three-fourths of the diseases which afflict mankind can be combated only by individual hygiene, the vital importance of the right kind of health education is obvious.

While the less dramatic work of sanitation, control of contagious diseases, inspection of food, infant welfare, industrial hygiene, health education and related activities goes steadily on in the advanced countries and appears in various forms in colonial possessions and elsewhere, certain more striking campaigns call attention to the possibilities of international cooperation. Dr. Richard Strong's fight against typhus in Serbia, the more recent call of the Red Cross and the League of Nations to set up a barrier against the same disease which from Russia and Poland seemed to threaten western Europe, the Northern Manchurian Plague Prevention Service Guard in North China, the vigilant watch maintained against plague and other dangers in the chief ports of the world, afford illustrations in point.

The International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation is unique in the field of public health. With funds from a private endowment, this agency is cooperating with more than fifty governmental administrations and educational institutions in demonstrating the possibility of controlling certain specific diseases, in creating a demand for general health programs, in granting fellowships for study, in founding schools of hygiene, in lending experts to assist in the establishment or improvement of health laboratories and other phases of public health administration. All these things are undertaken by the Board only on the invitation of governments and with the understanding that these agencies will eventually assume entire responsibility.

Because hookworm disease affects so many millions, because it can be so easily cured and so surely prevented, because it can be used so effectively to convince communities that public health is a paying investment, the International Health Board began in 1909 a work in

hookworm control which has extended from our southern States to the West Indies, Central America, Brazil, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Australia. In this country the specific hookworm campaign has been gradually merged into a county health program. The same tendency is appearing in other countries, notably in Brazil and Australia.

Malaria is another disease with which the Board is dealing. Transmitted by the bite of a mosquito, and eliminated from the blood by quinine, this malady may be controlled by preventing the breeding of the mosquitoes by screening of houses, by curative treatment or by a combination of these methods. Working with the U. S. Public Health Service and state and local health authorities the Board has demonstrated in more than 90 small towns and rural regions in our southern States that a reduction as great as 99 per cent. can be secured at an annual per capita cost of 78c. Again the chief aim has been to convince these and other communities that diseases can be minimized or eliminated at cost which citizens can afford to pay. They realize that it is cheaper to be well than to be sick. Out of such demonstrations wider, more inclusive health policies are likely to grow.

The Yellow Fever adventure of the International Health Board is nothing less than an attempt completely to eradicate this disease, which in Mexico, Cuba, Central America, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil and West Africa has in the past been not only a constant scourge to these countries but a serious menace to our own land. The work of the Americans, Reed, Carroll, Lazear, and Agramonte in Cuba, established the fact of the transmission of the fever by the *stegomyia* mosquito. Gorgas, utilizing this knowledge, freed Havana and all Cuba of the disease. His triumphs in Panama are a glorious

page in our history. Following his example, Brazil and Mexico entered upon successful campaigns. The areas within which yellow fever persisted was greatly restricted.

It was the dream of Gorgas to write the last chapter in the history of this disease. In 1919 he retired from the U. S. Army and assumed the leadership of the fight. Noguchi of the Rockefeller Institute was sent to Guayaquil to investigate the nature of yellow fever. He discovered a germ which is believed to be the inciting cause. He prepared a vaccine and a serum which seem to give encouraging results. Then Dr. Connor began his fight in Guayaquil; in a few months the disease was driven out. The battle was pushed in Peru and Central America, until Mexico seemed the last stronghold. The Mexican government is now giving hearty support to the conflict. It is too early to say that complete victory is in sight, but the successors of Gorgas, who died in London on his way to West Africa, are working loyally to try to make his dream come true.

This hasty glance at the worldwide campaign for health shows that at least a skeleton organization is in the field. But only a beginning has been made. It is to be hoped that the nations will be drawn more closely together by a sense of common interest as they gradually increase the efficiency of the forces and equipment which are directed against epidemics, sources of disease, popular ignorance, faulty nutrition, bad housing, neglect of personal hygiene, dangers of industry. No final victory is in sight because as progress is made the ideal of health rises to higher levels and calls for renewed effort to secure for all a more satisfying standard of positive well-being. It is a war that never ends, but unlike other conflicts it turns science from the destruction to the healing of the nations.

MACKENZIE KING: THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

NOT so many years ago the gentleman who became Prime Minister at Ottawa the other day was wandering the streets of Chicago without a cent in his pocket, cold, hungry, impecunious, wondering where his next meal would come from. Far from his native Canada, looking high and low for work, William Lyon Mackenzie King was approached by a ragged stranger in hard luck. The future ruler of the great Dominion listened sympathetically to a long story, for it was poured into his ear by a vagrant Canadian who knew Mackenzie King by sight as the champion of the down and out.

King, as the anecdote is set forth in the *London Mail*, gently reproved his countryman for giving up hope. Inside of twenty-four hours he had found a good opening for his stranded friend, illustrating what he has often said—it is easier to get another fellow a job than to find one for yourself. He was forced on the first night of this new friendship to accommodate the wanderer in his own mean little room in a humble lodging, but there on this eventful night he found a letter which had traveled after him all over this country as, in the course of his wanderings, he shifted from lumber camp to mining town, from forest to slum. The letter contained a nice big, fat check. It was from a periodical which had printed his sketches of life among the hoboos, among the down-and-out, among the castaways of the world of labor, and wanted more.

Nor was this the first occasion, we learn from the *Manchester Guardian*, on which his intimate acquaintance with the conditions of life among the poor, combined with a literary gift both versatile and powerful, had enabled him to live by what he wrote. Those who have seen his sketches, turned out in some instances when he was quite a youth, are convinced that he might have become one of the world's most success-

ful short-story writers had he not from his earliest youth been so fascinated by the heavier themes of economics and politics. Such is the field in which he seems able to exploit the incorrigible romanticism of an adventurous temperament. His aptitude for leadership was discovered when he was still at school by the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose pupil he may be said to have been. That great statesman ascribed to Mackenzie King four qualities that, he said, characterize a successful leader of men in politics: magnetism, eloquence, character and capacity for quick action.

All these traits, in the opinion of the *London (Ontario) Advertiser*, are discernible in the stalwart figure and open countenance of the man, who is approaching fifty and who can run, leap, box, chop wood and throw trunks around like a youth. He goes in for books when he has the leisure, rather than for athletics, and the pallor of his face betrayed the fact some years ago; but now his cheeks are ruddy, his face is tanned, a smooth-shaven face dominated by a powerful chin and harmonized by no less powerful jaws, which, to be appreciated, must be considered in connection with the powerful fist he flourishes before vast audiences.

Mackenzie King does all his shouting from a platform with the aid of the sinews of an ox and lungs of brass. In conversation his tones are mellow, his style fluent, his diction elegant. Whether he talks in private or bellows in public, his meaning is clear to himself, altho he is accused in many Canadian papers of a tendency to use his well disciplined vocabulary in elegant evasions, in flights of fancy a trifle sophomorical. There is an oddly civilized, college bred and sophisticated air about him that scarcely fits into the ordinary idea of him as a poetical kind of vagrant among the dregs of humanity. He is in his element among excited immigrants in labor camps, among whom

he gesticulates in strange jargons, with whom he can come to blows if necessary and take good care of himself in a free fight, but who respect and actually love the man because he can give them the precious comprehension and the unexpected sympathy which bend them to his purpose. Conciliation of the irreconcilable is the art he has studied among what is styled now the proletariat but which Mackenzie King always refers to that element as "the boys." His antecedents and his career give point to the charge in the Tory press of Canada that he is a bolshevist in disguise, altho in fact he is but a sociologist of the new school, an explorer of the lowest depths among the submerged tenth, a friend and co-worker of Jane Addams, a writer of originality and power in the field of economics, a maker of epigrams, a humorist, an orator of the grand manner and something of what is called a hobo. He has slept on the roof of a box car at a remote railway station in the Far West and danced with the daughters of peers.

There was much to justify the expectation of his family that he would turn author and live in his country's annals as a brilliant stylist. He never inherited wealth, but as a boy he had the expectation of it and he bore a name distinguished in the history of the Dominion. His mother was the daughter of that Canadian "rebel" of 1837 who, in association with Papineau, the Quebec leader (and grandfather, by the way, of Bourassa), organized and armed a dangerous insurrection against the King's forces. The new Prime Minister seems to the Manitoba *Free Press* to have inherited his grandfather's rebellious spirit, his grandfather's wonderful physical strength and his grandfather's genius for organization, to say nothing of the old gentleman's brilliant capacity for taking the law into his own hands. But for such inherited instincts, the present Prime Minister would never as a lad have had his fight with the sweaters in the tailors' shops, a fight that caused him to abandon cre-

ative work in the imaginative field for the militant type of sociology which has made him an international figure.

There are different versions of this story in circulation, but all involve a large government contract, a grinder of unskilled labor who did not shrink from plying a whip when his people objected to more than eighteen hours of consecutive toil out of the twenty-four, and a free fight in which the fists of Mackenzie King were conspicuous. The sweating contractor hired thugs to take Mackenzie King in hand, but these thugs were, as the record says, "beat up" and the young man next thrashed the important person who was making such profit out of all this. Then he made known to the bureaucrats at Ottawa, through the medium of his sarcasm as a journalist and public speaker, the precise burdens under which women and children grew faint for want of food and sleep in order that the Canadian government might have the benefit of some very low bidding. His youth, his vehement championship of the cause of the workers, his swift retort when his motives were impugned and his knowledge of the exact facts of the abuse he had uncovered made him a hero to what would now be called the proletariat.

No one, listening to the rounded periods of Mackenzie King on a platform, would suspect that he can at a moment's notice don overalls and take charge of a great power plant. Some of his countrymen fear, in view of his literary tastes and his artistic instincts, that he is, in the words of the London *New Statesman*, "too precious a person for the crude tumults" of Canadian politics, especially as "he speaks in higher strains than ever angels sung." He is a suspiciously elegant figure in a dress suit and he retains in later life the grace of movement as well as of gesture that betrays the man who can dance. The old Tory aristocracy of Canada makes no concealment of its hostility to a man who wants to hand political power over to the builders of an industrial paradise in which they

have no faith. His conciliatory attitude to the French in the East and his devotion to the memory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to say nothing of his intimacy with life and thought on this side of the frontier, render him odious to the territorial aristocrats. They refer to him among themselves as "that bolshevist." It is hinted in their press that he has imbibed from his work at Hull House, where he came into contact with Jane Addams, all sorts of dangerous radical notions not only in politics and sociology but religion.

His career of ups and downs seemed to have reached a crisis when about ten years ago he found himself again without means of livelihood. He and his party had sustained a smart defeat. Mackenzie King was forced to live once more by what he could pick up as a free lance writer for the press. He drifted back into the United States, wandering from one of our industrial centers to another, joining parties of newly-arrived immigrants, accepting commissions from various publications to look into strikes and lockouts. The executive head of a great corporation, much troubled by restless labor, heard of the conciliatory gift of Mackenzie King. He was given ample opportunity to set up administrative machinery for the establishment of better relations between employer and employed. The brilliant result of this phase of his work here has yet to be discussed adequately in public. He eliminated strikes altogether from the calculations of the man who hired him.

When he was invited to make this country his permanent home, Mackenzie King laughed. A princely salary was offered him as chief of an industrial section, with absolute control of the labor policy of a big corporation. There was much to tempt him in the circumstances he must contend against at home. He had been absent in the United States during the first three years of the war. He was accused of having gone over to the capitalists. He had made no concealment of his hostility to the policy of conscription. There

were hints that he felt more at home in this country than in his own. The fortunes of the Liberal party in the Dominion seemed to have declined forever. Nevertheless, he threw up a salary of \$15,000 a year and returned to the Dominion, to be chosen almost immediately as leader of his party. It was the hottest fight of his career and he owed his triumph to the support at a critical moment of the French-Canadian element. Laurier had left in documentary form, the story goes, a political will bequeathing the leadership to his godson, Mackenzie King, and that determined the issue for the pious habitant. Laurier is said to have used the expression, among others in his unique testament: "Mackenzie King is the most gifted Canadian I ever met."

King's theories of the relations between employer and employed caused the somewhat old-fashioned Laurier in those days to wonder if his bright youth might not, after all, be too radical. He gave the youth his blessing with a sigh when Mackenzie King set out for his industrial exploring expedition through the United States. "It may be the new-fashioned sociology," Laurier is reported to have said, "but it looks like old-fashioned vagrancy." The young Canadian did not shrink from the roughest life in the "company town." He slept in a bare bunk. He worked in the hottest rooms of the rolling mills. The results of his observations are to be found in the most important works on sociology issued in recent years.

The idea evolved by Mackenzie King from his ups and downs among the unskilled—and he has wandered by night in the mountains among the I. W. W.—suggest that industry must alter its system of autocracy, "as despotic," according to him, "as that of the late Czar." In its stead must come a system of control under which representative institutions will prevail "as thoroly as they do in the political democracies of the United States and the British Empire." There is nothing vehement, heated objurgatory, in Mackenzie King's exposition of such views.

For that reason his work made a profound impression upon the younger Rockefeller. It is affirmed in the *Manchester Guardian* that young Rockefel-

ler worked out the so-called Colorado plan of industrial management in strict accordance with the ideas which he obtained from Mackenzie King.

A NEW AND CLOSE VIEW OF THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH

IT is refreshing to learn from his financial secretary that the man who is reputed to have amassed in his lifetime the greatest number of dollars ever controlled by a single individual is "so slow as to be exasperating"; that he "has never been crowded or hurried" and that there "has never been any confusion on his desk." In thirty years of service, first as the first stenographer the Standard Oil Company ever had and later as right-hand-and-handly man to its presiding genius, George D. Rogers declares, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that he never but once or twice heard John D. Rockefeller raise his voice above a low conversational tone. It would be interesting to know something about those rare occasions, but the writer passes them over and expresses a doubt as to whether the elder Rockefeller numbers a temper among his possessions.

His trait of sitting tight and apparently unconcerned unless something might be gained by "letting go" is illustrated in the recital of an important lawsuit in which not only a large sum of money was involved, but a matter of vital importance was at stake. Mr. Rockefeller was in the witness chair under cross-examination. His manner, we are told, was quiet, his face inscrutable and expressionless as he answered the questions put to him by a malicious attorney who, at one juncture in the proceedings, shouted: "Mr. Rockefeller, I call for the production of a letter which I wrote you on such a date."

The letter in question was full of inquiries relative to Standard Oil affairs which, we are assured, the attorney had no legal right to know. It was produced, marked as an exhibit, and then read with great gusto.

Question: Mr. Rockefeller, you received that letter?

Answer: I think I did, Judge.

Question: Did you answer that letter?

Answer: I think not, Judge.

A second and a third letter of other dates were marked for exhibit with the same procedure and the same questions and answers, the latter in a soft, almost purring voice. Then followed:

Question: You say you received all those letters, Mr. Rockefeller?

Answer: I think I did, Judge.

Question: You say you did not answer any of those letters?

Answer: I don't think I did, Judge.

Question: Why didn't you answer those letters? You knew me, didn't you?

Answer: Oh, yes! I knew you!

"The effect," says Mr. Rogers, "was electrical as the words snapped out with smarting emphasis behind them. The attorney grew almost apoplectic with rage. The room became as still as death. Meanwhile Mr. Rockefeller had not so much as moved a muscle, and sat there as tho he did not know what it was all about."

So many people have an idea that John D. Rockefeller has the characteristics of the fabled miser, counting his gold and gloating over his wealth, that there is a degree of revelation in the statement that he has never, within the memory of his financial secretary, counted his securities, never personally received or delivered stocks or bonds that were bought or sold, and never signed checks. In fact, "he would never do himself what he could trust another to do for him, even to the blotting of his signatures on the certificate books,

which was done by the colored office messenger standing at his elbow."

Altho this biographer was for many years accustomed to make a semi-annual statement of his fortune to John D., he throws no light on its exact size. However, on one panicky occasion, as he recounts, a request was made by James Stillman that Rockefeller deposit \$5,000,000 in the National City Bank.

"The first question Mr. Rockefeller will ask will be what rate of interest you will allow him," Rogers replied to Stillman.

"You tell him I will pay him four, five, six, seven per cent.—and interest. I want from him five million dollars. I expect to get five million from William Rockefeller, the same from Standard Oil, from Kuhn-Loeb, from Mr. Morgan and others. There are a number of big things coming—syndicate underwritings and the like—and he is more than likely to make ten or fifteen per cent. than five. Tell him I want the money." Rogers acquainted his employer with the situation, and a day or two later received instructions to deposit the \$5,000,000.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH NEVER HURRIED EVEN WHEN
WALKING WITH HIS SON

George D. Rogers, for many years financial secretary to John D. Rockefeller, says he is "so slow as to be exasperating."

Discussing the size of the Rockefeller fortune, the writer recounts that as it kept increasing, like a snowball growing bigger every time it turned, it became a question of policy and convenience to divide his securities and not have them all in one safe-deposit vault. It was also decided in making the change to secure ample quarters for years to come. Rogers took the matter

up with the safe builders, and plans were made which finally resulted in large steel vaults built inside the regular safe-deposit vault. These inner vaults were fitted with steel shelving and small chrome-steel boxes for securities, and protected by heavy combination doors. Each vault opened out into a clear space known as the coupon-room, which was protected by heavy steel bars. This room was equipped with tables, stools and coupon cutters, so that from three to six men, as occasion required, could cut coupons at one time. Proud of the job, the financial secretary appealed to Rockefeller to inspect the treasure house.

"It was on one of the rare occasions when he had come to the office, and we walked the few steps from the New Street entrance of 26 Broadway to the Produce Exchange vaults. The guards recognized me and swung open the door. They did not know that my little importance was completely overshadowed by my companion, whom they did not know. I motioned to the general manager, and as he came forward I presented Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller greeted him cordially, then began in his usual way to ask questions. How many customers have you? What is your average rental? How many stockholders has your company? What dividends do you pay? and so on. Meanwhile we had advanced to the coupon-room, and I had worked the combinations on two or three of the vaults. Mr. Rockefeller stepped inside and glanced around casually at the boxes, all numbered in consecutive order. I pulled two or three open to show him how the bonds were kept. After a moment or two he vouchsafed speech.

"Yes, Mr. Rogers, it's all very nice; shows a good system. I'm glad to have seen it. Let's go."

"In all, he was there for possibly ten minutes, and during all the years that I had charge of his securities this was the only time that he ever entered his vaults."

As an illustration of the pronounced aversion of the Standard Oil Croesus to making haste, the *Saturday Evening Post* writer tells of an experience he had soon after entering Standard Oil:

"Mr. Rockefeller came in one morning and called for me, apparently in a great

hurry. When I answered his summons he placed a sheet of paper on the slide of his desk covered with figures in columns of seven wide and about twenty deep. Then he took his stop-watch with which he used to time his famous pacers on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.

"Mr. Rogers," he said—he was always formal in his appellations—"I want to see how quickly you can add this sum. I am going to time you. Go ahead."

"I realized immediately that this was one of the tests that he enjoyed, and that his manner was intended to hurry me and make me nervous. It failed of its effect, however, and without undue haste I went rapidly up one row and down another, making for accuracy rather than speed, sure of my ground all the time. When I put down the final figure he said, 'Well, you have completed it in the required time. That's very good.'"

It is recounted that when bicycles first became popular Rockefeller purchased several for the use of visitors at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, and offered prizes never for the speediest but for that rider who, after crossing the starting-line, could stay on his wheel without touching his foot to the ground or running outside the side lines, which were about four or five feet apart, or who took the longest time to read the goal, some 500 feet away.

The Rockefeller method of dealing with dereliction or dishonesty on the part of employees is illustrated in the case of a young man in a confidential position who had been selling inside information to the Oil Regions. "We are going to dismiss him," Mr. Rockefeller is quoted as saying to his financial secretary, "and we will do it this way. We desire information as to the present status of the oil business in Spain, and as he speaks Spanish fluently we shall send him on a special trip abroad. You are to say nothing about this, but I wish you to be at the steamer and to make sure that he sails. Nobody else will know about this, but the moment he is gone you will change every lock and key, every combination on safes, and get out an entirely new cipher code." The young man was never seen thereafter at 26 Broadway.



STENOGRAPHER, NURSE, PRINCESS

Her Royal Highness, Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, only daughter of the King of Great Britain, is to be married to a peer of the realm who, like herself, is devoted to the hunt. The Princess is a beautiful figure on the back of a horse and she does not fear a flying leap over a high hedge. Her record in the war is no less distinguished than her performance as a rider to hounds.

PRINCESS MARY: THE BRIDE IN THE WORLD'S EYE

A SINGING voice of unusual sweetness and power, a creamy complexion which, upon the smallest provocation, becomes suffused with blushes, a swift walking gait tending to break into a run and an unexpected timidity of manner—these are the essential personal traits of that Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, only daughter of the King of England, who is to become a bride this month. London dailies dwell upon the aptitude of the Princess for establishing herself in the hearts of the British. She is unlike royal princesses in the freedom with which she mingles with the public. She is said to have a passion for crowds and nobody can move much about English cities of importance without becoming familiar with her personal appearance. She departs markedly from the etiquette of the court in her propensity to shake hands, a habit copied from her brother, the Prince of Wales, who is said to call her "Mim," a name the Queen does not like.

If, in this twenty-fifth year of her age, the Princess Mary seems to have abandoned the bookish tastes of her early youth, that, it seems, is additional evidence of the Queen's influence in molding the character of her only daughter. Her Majesty is said in London society organs to cherish an idea that literary princesses, in England at any rate, are sure to be unlucky. She did not, therefore, approve of her daughter's early devotion to poetry. The little Princess Mary was in her teens enthusiastic over Victor Hugo, Lamartine and the earlier poets of France. She speaks German, French and Italian with perfect fluency, but when she wanted to take up Latin and Greek the Queen interfered. The Queen likewise, according to *Truth*, did not relish the interest her daughter once took in ancient history because its episodes are so unedifying, the adventures of the Roman Emperors particularly so.

Emphasis was accordingly laid upon geography, drawing and music, the Queen herself, says the *London News*, assisting in the construction of trays filled with sand, out of which whole continents, with their physical features, were modeled. Princess Mary yielded the point with a pout, for she much preferred the poets to the explorers, but a compromise was ultimately arranged. If she could bound Bolivia she might read Ariosto. In drawing she evinced a marked tendency to caricature, making comical portraits of the cabinet ministers and ambassadors who appeared at court, another propensity which had to be suppressed lest the royal family seem unconstitutional in displays of political preferences. In music she did brilliantly, especially with the piano, and a tale is in circulation to the effect that she burst into tears when her ambition to perform in public was frustrated. She has marked strength of fingers and wrists and a gift of interpretation which would enable her to gain a livelihood as a music teacher if, like so many of the luckless German princesses, she were thrown suddenly upon her own resources. She is most partial to Beethoven. The sensitiveness of the Princess to music is extreme, apparently, for some compositions are forbidden because of their tendency to move her to tears.

This sensitiveness has resulted in outbursts of tears when the Princess Mary found herself baffled by lack of skill, or patience, in her needlework or her painting. As a needlewoman she is really expert, altho the acquisition of this skill has involved much weeping. She is also haunted by a dread that she does not dance gracefully. In fact, the timidity of the Princess is so easily brought to the surface that she will check herself in the flow of her conversation and relapse into silence, her cheeks flaming with the blushes for which she is famous. When, at last,

feeling a trifle more at home, the Princess emerges from her confusion, she is chatty and vivacious, easily amused, likely enough to dance for two or three hours in very mixed company, including lads from the East End of London as well as army officers of high rank. The etiquette requiring her partner to wait for his dance until she asks him is waived, and she has even been known to laugh with delight when some presuming youth permitted himself the luxury of "cutting in." It is an open secret that the Princess and her mother do not agree on the subject of the propriety of some of the dances tolerated in the best society. The Puritanical temperament of the present Queen of England was not inherited by her only daughter, and they do not agree upon such topics as the proper length of a skirt and the use of slang, to which, the newspapers agree, the Princess Mary is astonishingly prone. Her Majesty corrects the Princess by remarking: "I prefer to be addressed in the King's English!" whereupon the young lady has been known to retort: "Oh, that's too shocking!"

Whatever unconventionality the Princess displays is ascribed by her Majesty to the general relaxation of deportment occasioned by the war. One illustration was afforded by the persistence of the Princess in getting within the firing zone during the hostilities in France. The young lady in her automobile was halted by a sentry who had no idea of her identity and for two hours she was detained by an officer who suspected that she might be a spy. The Prince of Wales happened to be accessible, and when he was duly brought to headquarters to identify his sister, his first words, says the *Matin*, showed some irritation. "I thought," he said, "I told you to stop following me around." The Princess was treated exactly like any other civilian found within the forbidden area, but she was able to show her commission as a war nurse in hospital work and to give the names and charts of five wounded men whom she had nursed. She had actu-

ally brought her typewriter over to France with her and was employed behind the lines in taking dictation—for she is a stenographer—from the head nurse. There seems no reason to doubt from the newspaper evidence that Princess Mary was unusually quick in her secretarial work, writing with ease on her machine and making her shorthand notes at top speed. She was allowed eight hours out of the twenty-four on a cot used at other periods of the day by two girls who helped her in the military hospital.

Much has been said about the capacity of the Queen of England as a cook, but *Eve*, the organ of fashionable London, informs us that the Princess Mary makes bread, kneading the dough herself, roasts fowls to perfection and does up the most wonderful jams. She took her first lessons in cooking at the age of twelve and she darns socks to this day. Her one extravagance is in the matter of shoes, which she wears out in the course of her somewhat prolonged fishing excursions and her no less prolonged walking. Before the war she ran races with her brothers at Windsor Castle and did well at cricket. Golf she finally gave up because she found it slow, but she is a lawn-tennis player.

Her favorite sport is what the English call riding to hounds. She was a child of eleven when she received her first brush at a hunt in Norfolk and she has hunted whenever she got an opportunity ever since. It was the taste she shared with Lord Lascelles, the peer she is to marry. Many tales are told of her daring in taking impossible fences, but it is likewise noted that she never lamed a horse, altho she has been thrown quite over a high fence and fell on one occasion in the middle of a stream. Londoners do not have a chance to see her very often on the back of a horse, but she rides a great deal at Aldershot, at Sandringham and at Windsor. An embarrassing feature of this practice is the fondness of the Princess for high-mettled steeds, and here again is a taste she has in common

with her lover. They have cantered side by side over hedges and ditches at a furious speed in imminent hazard, apparently, of breaking their necks. The Princess is a remarkably good judge of a horse and somewhat daring in her experiments with animals too fresh from the stable. She often comes in from the run hatless and with her hair considerably disheveled.

Another open secret regarding the Princess explains her marriage outside the royal circle—she does not, if the London society papers understand her, relish the sort of existence prescribed for the court at the most Puritanical period of its history and still in vogue. Altho regular in her attendance at church, her views are not thoroly orthodox. Her attitude to life reminds the *Westminster Gazette* of the difficulties of a royal lady, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, who was "liberal" in her opinions, literary in her tastes and intellectually curious about life. The Princess Mary has this same interest in new people and in new ideas. Her personal friends include the most motley circle imaginable of actresses, philosophers, explorers, soldiers and clergymen of more or less unsound theology. Her reading is understood to include volumes at which the Queen stares aghast, and in her circle move people to whom Her Majesty is by no means partial. "It is the old, old story of a conflict of an expanding nature with a narrowing environment." The Prince of Wales as a lad found the restrictions of the paternal roof overpowering. He was brought to terms when at college by a threat to make him live with his mother and sister at Windsor. He capitulated. The Princess Mary is said to ache with the same longing to escape the trammels of etiquette, an existence that forces her to do the same thing day after day. Hence the bewildering variety of her occupations and interests—nursing, typewriting, farming, riding, music, fishing and

even, it seems, the writing of "limericks," which appear now and then without any suspicion on the part of the public regarding the identity of the author.

The generosity which is obviously the foundation of her character asserted itself to some purpose when a young woman in whom she was interested met with a rebuff in soliciting subscriptions for a hospital fund. An individual of exalted station, noted for a miserly tendency as well as for a fortune of unusual size, flatly declined to give a shilling to a needy institution. This refusal was made somewhat humiliating by the ungraciousness of his manner. The Princess Mary is famed in London for her capacity to extract money for charitable objects from people quite reluctant to part with cash. Indignant at the circumstances of this case, the Princess herself undertook to extort a smart subscription from the offender. She named a sum which was smart indeed, and it was paid over without more ado. The Princess is said to be well informed concerning the financial resources of individuals in London who can afford the luxury of giving away a thousand pounds, and for that reason her favorite charities usually flourish. On one occasion she raised a snug sum by making bead necklaces with her own hands and these she sold among her friends for the benefit of the war wounded. Her solitary appearance as a street singer is celebrated in the Paris *Humanité* because she paid a delicate compliment at the time to French taste. It was during the war. She joined a party of young people and carolled and yodled up and down a thoroughfare for two hours, imploring the charity of passers-by. A lady-in-waiting was horrified. "What if you had been recognized by these French!" she exclaimed. "You, a Princess of England!" "I hope I'm too pretty a girl," said Her Royal Highness, "to be taken by any Frenchman for a Princess of England."

THE MAN WHO CURSED THE LILIES

By Charles Tenny Jackson

TEDGE looked from the pilot-house at the sweating deckhand who stood on the stubby bow of the *Marie Louise* heaving vainly on the pole thrust into the barrier of crushed water hyacinths across the channel.

Crump, the engineer, shot a sullen look at the master ere he turned back to the crude oil motor whose mad pounding rattled the old bayou stern-wheeler from keel to hogchains.

"She's full ahead now!" grunted Crump. And then, with a covert glance at the single passenger sitting on the foredeck cattle pens, the engineman repeated his warning, "Yeh'll lose the cows, Tedge, if you keep on fightin' the flowers. They're bad f'r feed and water—they can't stand another day o' sun!"

Tedge knew it. But he continued to shake his hairy fist at the deckhand and roar his anathemas upon the flower-choked bayou. He knew his crew was grinning evilly, for they remembered Bill Tedge's year-long feud with the lilies. Crump had bluntly told the skipper he was a fool for trying to push up this little-frequented bayou from Cote Blanche Bay to the higher land of the west Louisiana coast, where he had planned to unload his cattle.

Tedge had bought the cargo himself near Beaumont from a beggared ranchman whose stock had to go on the market, because, for seven months, there had been no rain in eastern Texas, and the short-grass range was gone.

TEDGE knew where there was feed for the starving animals, and the *Marie Louise* was coming back light. By the Intercoastal Canal and the shallow string of bays along the Texas-Louisiana line, the bayou boat could crawl safely back to the grassy swamp lands that fringe the sugar plantations of Bayou Teche. Tedge had

TEDGE it was who cursed, not only the water hyacinths that barred the way of his dirty bayou boat, but all the flowers of earth. Tedge was good at cursing, and made a complete job of it always. The sequel is one of the most dramatic in the annals of short-story literature. This is one of the highest-marked stories of 1921, according to the O. Henry Memorial Committee. We reprint it from "Short Stories" (copyrighted, 1921) by special permission.

bought his living cargo so ridiculously cheap that if half of them stood the journey he would profit. And they would cost him nothing for winter ranging up in the swamp lands. In the spring he would round up what steers had lived and sell them, grass-fat, in New

Orleans. He'd land them there with his flap-paddle bayou boat, too, for the *Marie Louise* ranged up and down the Intercoastal Canal and the uncharted swamp lakes and bays adjoining, trading and thieving and serving the skipper's obscure ends.

Only now, when he turned up Cote Blanche Bay, some hundred miles west of the Mississippi passes, to make the last twenty miles of swamp channel to his landing, he faced his old problem. Summer-long the water-hyacinths were a pest to navigation on the coastal bayous, but this June they were worse than Tedge had ever seen. He knew the reason; the mighty Mississippi was at high flood, and as always then, a third of its yellow waters were sweeping down the Atchafalaya River on a "short cut" to the Mexican Gulf. And somewhere above, on its west bank, the Atchafalaya levees had broken and the flood waters were all through the coastal swamp channels.

Tedge grimly knew what it meant. He'd have to go farther inland to find his free range, but now, worst of all, the floating gardens of the coast swamps were coming out of the numberless channels on the *crevasse* water.

He expected to fight them as he had done for twenty years with his dirty bayou boat. He'd fight and curse and struggle through the *isles flottantes*, and denounce the Federal Government because it did not destroy the lilies in the obscure bayous where he

traded, as it did on Bayou Teche and Terrebonne, with its pump-boats which sprayed the hyacinths with a mixture of oil and soda until the tops shriveled and the trailing roots then dragged the flowers to the bottom.

"Yeh'll not see open water till the river cleans the swamps of lilies," growled Crump. "I never seen the beat of 'em! The high water's liftin' 'em from ponds where they never been touched by a boat's wheel and they're out in the channels now. If yeh make the plantations yeh'll have to keep east'ard and then up the Atchafalaya and buck the main flood water, Tedge!"

TEDGE knew that, too. But he suddenly broke into curses upon his engineer, his boat, the sea and sky and man. But mostly the lilies. He could see a mile up the bayou between cypress-grown banks, and not a foot of water showed. A solid field of green, waxy leaves and upright purple spikes, jammed tight and moving. That was what made the master rage. They were moving—a flower glacier slipping imperceptibly to the gulf bays. They were moving slowly but inexorably, and his dirty cattle boat, frantically driving into the blockade, was moving backward—stern first!

He hated them with the implacable fury of a man whose fists had lorded his world. A water-hyacinth—what was it? He could stamp one to a smear on his deck, but a river of them no man could fight. He swore the lilies had ruined his whisky-running years ago to the Atchafalaya lumber camps; they blocked Grand River when he went to log-towing; they had cost him thousands of dollars for repairs and lost time in his swamp ventures.

Bareheaded under the semi-tropic sun, he glowered at the lily-drift. Then he snarled at Crump to reverse the motor. Tedge would retreat again!

"I'll drive the boat clean around Southwest Pass to get shut of 'em! No feed, huh, for these cows? They'll feed sharks, they will! Huh, Mr. Cowman, the blisterin' lilies cost me five hundred dollars already!"

The lone passenger smoked idly and watched the gaunt cattle staggering, penned in the flat, dead heat of the fore-deck. Tedge cursed him, too, under his breath. Milt Rogers had asked to make the coast run from Beaumont on Tedge's boat. Tedge remembered what Rogers said—he was going to see a girl who lived up Bayou Boeuf above Tedge's destination.

Tedge remembered that girl—a Cajan girl whom he once heard singing in the floating gardens while Tedge was battling and cursing to pass the blockade.

He hated her for loving the lilies, and the man for loving her. He burst out again with his volcanic fury at the green and purple horde.

"They're a fine sight to see," mused the other, "after a man's eyes been burned out ridin' the dry range; no rain in nine months up there—nothin' green or pretty in—"

"Pretty!" Tedge seemed to menace with his little shifty eyes. "I wish all them lilies had one neck and I could twist it! Jest one head, and me stompin' it! Yeh!—and all the damned flowers in the world with it! Yeh! And we watchin' 'em die!"

THE man from the dry lands smoked idly under the awning. His serenity evoked all the savagery of Tedge's feud with the lilies. Pretty! A man who dealt with cows seeing beauty in anything! Well, the girl did it—that swamp angel this Rogers was going to visit. That Aurelie Frenet who sang in the flower-starred river—that was it! Tedge glowered on the Texan—he hated him, too, because this loveliness gave him peace, while the master of the *Marie Louise* must fume about his wheelhouse, a perspiring madman.

It took an hour for the *Marie* even to retreat and find steerage-way easterly off across a shallow lake, mirroring the marsh shores in the sunset. Across the bayou boat wheezed and thumped drearily, drowning the bellowing of the dying steers. Once the deckhand stirred and pointed.

"Lilies, Cap'n—pourin' from all the swamps, and dead ahead there, now!"

Scowling, Tedge held to the starboard. Yes, there they were—a phalanx of flowers in the dusk. He broke into wild curses at them, his boat, the staggering cattle.

"I'll drive to the open gulf to get rid of 'em! Outside, to sea! Yeh! Stranger, yeh'll see salt water, and lilies drownin' in it! I'll show yeh 'em dead and dried on the sands like dead men's dried bones! Yeh'll see per pretty flowers a-dyin'!"

The lone cowman ignored the sneer. "You better get the animals to feed and water. Another mornin' of heat and crowdin'—"

"Let 'em rot! Yer pretty flowers done it—pretty flowers—spit o' Hell! I knowed 'em—I fought 'em—I'll fight 'em to the death of 'em!"

His little red-rimmed eyes hardly veiled

his contempt for Milt Rogers. A cowman, sailing this dusky, purple bay to see a girl! A girl who sang in the lily drift—asailing on this dirty, reeking bumboat, with cattle dying jammed in the pens! Suddenly Tedge realized a vast malevolent pleasure—he couldn't hope to gain from his perishing cargo; and he began to gloat at the agony spread below his wheelhouse window, and the cattleman's futile pity for them.

"They'll rot on Point Au Fer! We'll heave the stink of them, dead and alive, to the sharks of Au Fer Pass! Drownin' cows in dyin' lilies—"

And the small craft of his brain suddenly awakened coolly above his heat—Why, yes? Why hadn't he thought of it? He swung the stubby nose of the *Marie* more causterly in the hot, windless dusk. After a while the black deckhand looked questioningly up at the master.

"We're takin' round," Tedge grunted, "outside Au Fer!"

The black stretched on the cattle pen frame. Tedge was a master-hand among the reefs and shoals, even if the flap-paddle *Marie* had no business outside. But the sea was nothing but a star-set, velvet ribbon on which she crawled like a dirty insect. And no man questioned Tedge's will.

ONLY, an hour later, the engineman came up and forward to stare into the faster-flowing water. Even now he pointed to a hyacinth clump.

"Yeh!" the master growled. "I'll show yeh, Rogers! Worlds o' flowers! Out o' the swamps and the tide'll send 'em back again on the reefs. I'll show yeh 'em—dead, dried white like men's bones." Then he began to whisper huskily to his engineer: "It's time fer it. Five hundred fer yeh, Crump—a hundred fer the nigger, or I knock his head in. She brushes the bar, and yer oil tank goes—yeh understand?" He watched a red star in the south.

Crump looked about. No sail or light or coast guard about Au Fer—at low tide not even a skiff could find the passages. He nodded cunningly:

"She's old and fire-fitten. Tedge, I knowed yer mind—I was always waitin' fer the word. It's a place fer it—and yeh say yeh carry seven hundred on them cows? Boat an' cargo—three thousand seven hundred—"

"They'll be that singed and washed in the sands off Au Fer that nobody'll know

what they died of!" retorted Tedge thickly. "Yeh, go down, Crump, and lay yer waste and oil right. I trust yeh, Crump—the nigger'll get his, too. She'll ride high and burn flat, hoggin' in the sand—"

"She's soaked with oil plumb for'ard to the pens now," grunted Crump. "She's fitten to go like a match all along when she bumps—"

He vanished, and the master cunningly watched the ember star southeasterly.

He was holding above it now, to port and landward. The white, hard sands must be shoaling fast under the cattle-freighted *Marie*. It little mattered about the course now; she would grind her nose in the quiet reef shortly.

Tedge merely stared, expectantly awaiting the blow. And when it came he was malevolently disappointed. A mere slithering along over the sand, a creak, a slight jar, and she lay dead in the flat, calm sea—it was ridiculous that that smooth beaching would break an oil tank, that the engine spark would flare the machine waste, leap to the greasy beams and floors.

The wheezy exhaust coughed on; the belt flapped as the paddle wheel kept on its dead shove of the *Marie's* keel into the sand. Hogjaw had shouted and run forward. He was staring into the phosphorescent water circling about the bow, when Crump raised his cry:

"Fire—amidships!"

Tedge ran down the after-stairs. Sulphurously he began cursing at the trickle of smoke under the moter frame. It was nothing—a child could have put it out with a bucket of sand. But upon it fell Tedge and the engineer, stamping, shouting, shoving oil-soaked waste upon it, and covertly blocking off the astounded black deckman when he rushed to aid.

"Water, Hogjaw!" roared the master. "She's gainin' on us—she's under the bilge floor now!" He hurled a bucket viciously at his helper. And as they pretended to fight the fire, Crump suddenly began laughing and stood up. The deckman was grinning also. The master watched him narrowly.

"Kick the stuff into the waste under the stairs," he grunted. "Hogjaw, this here boat's goin'—yeh understand? We take the skiff and pull to the shrimp camps, and she hogs down and burns—"

THE black man was laughing. Then he stopped curiously. "The cows—"

"Damn the cows! I'll git my money back on 'em! Yeh go lower away on the

skiff davits. Yeh don't ask me nothin'—yeh don't know nothin'!"

"Sho', boss! I don't know nothin', or see nothin'!"

He swung out of the smoke already drifting greasily up from the foul waist of the *Marie Louise*. A little glare of red was beginning to reflect from the mirrored sea. The ripples of the beaching had vanished; obscurely, undramatically as she had lived, the *Marie Louise* sat on the bar to choke in her own fetid fumes.

Tedge clambered to the upper deck and hurried to his bunk in the wheelhouse. There were papers there he must save—the master's license, the insurance policy, and a few other things. The smell of burning wood and grease was thickening; and suddenly now, through it, he saw the quiet, questioning face of the stranger.

He had forgotten him completely. Tedge's small brain had room but for one idea at a time: first his rage at the lilies, and then the wrecking of the *Marie*. And this man knew. He had been staring down the after-companionway. He had seen and heard. He had seen the master and crew laughing while the fire mounted.

Tedge came to him. "We're quittin' ship," he growled.

"Yes, but the cattle—" The other looked stupefiedly at him.

"We got to pull inside afore the sea comes up—"

"Well, break the pens, can't you? Give 'em a chance to swim for a bar. I'm a cowman myself—I can't let dumb brutes burn and not lift a hand—"

The fire in the waist was beginning to roar. A plume of smoke streamed straight up in the starlight. The glare showed the younger man's startled eyes. He shifted them to look over the foredeck rail down to the cattle. Sparks were falling among them, the fire veered slightly forward; and the survivors were crowding uneasily over the fallen ones, catching that curious sense of danger which forewarns creatures of the wild before the Northers, a burning forest, or creeping flood, to move on.

"You can't leave 'em so," muttered the stranger. "No; I seen you—"

He did not finish. Tedge had been setting himself for what he knew he should do. The smaller man had his jaw turned as he stared at the suffering brutes. And Tedge's mighty fist struck him full on the temple. The master leaned over the low rail to watch quietly.

The man who wished to save the cattle

was there among them. A little flurry of sparks drove over the spot he fell upon, and then a maddened surge of gaunt steers. Tedge wondered if he should go finish the job. No; there was little use. He had crashed his fist into the face of a shrimp-seine hauler once, and the fellow's neck had shifted on his spine—and once he had maced a woman up-river in a shanty-boat drinking bout—Tedge had got away both times. Now and then, boasting about the shrimp camps, he hinted mysteriously at his two killings, and showed his freckled, hairy, right hand.

"If they find anything of him—he got hurt in the wreck," the master grinned. He couldn't see the body, for a black long-horn had fallen upon his victim, it appeared. Anyhow the cattle were milling desperately around in the pen; the stranger who said his name was Milt Rogers would be a lacerated lump of flesh in that mad stampede long ere the fire reached him. Tedge got his tin document box and went aft.

Crump and Hogjaw were already in the flat-bottomed bayou skiff, holding it off the *Marie Louise's* port runway, and the master stepped into it. The heat was singeing their faces by now.

"Pull off," grunted the skipper, "around east'ard. This bar sticks clean out o' water off there, and you lay around it, Hogjaw. They won't be no sea 'til the breeze lifts at sunup."

THE big black heaved on the short oars.

The skiff was a hundred yards out on the glassy sea, when Crump spoke cunningly, "I knowed something—"

"Yeh?" Tedge turned from his bow seat to look past the oarsman's head at the engineman. "Yeh knowed—"

"This Rogers, he was tryin' to get off the burnin' wreck and he fell, somehow or—"

"The oil tank blew, and a piece o' pipe took him," grunted Tedge. "I tried to drag him out o' the fire—Gawd knows I did, didn't I, Crump?"

Crump nodded scaredly. The black oarsman's eyes narrowed and he crouched dumbly as he rowed. Tedge was behind him—Tedge of the *Marie Louise* who could kill with his fists. No, Hogjaw knew nothing—he never would know anything.

"I jest took him on out o' kindness," mumbled Tedge. "I got no license fer passenger business. Jest a bum I took on to go and see his swamp girl up Des Amou-

reux. Well, it ain't no use sayin' anything, is it, now?"

A mile away the wreck of the *Marie Louise* appeared as a yellow-red rent in the curtain of night. Red, too, was the flat, calm sea, save northerly where a sand ridge gleamed. Tedge turned to search for its outlying point. There was a pass here, beyond which the reefs began once more and stretched on, a barrier to the shoal inside waters. When the skiff had drawn about the sand spit, the reflecting waters around the *Marie* had vanished, and the fire appeared as a fallen meteor burning on the flat, black belt of encircling reef.

Tedge's murderous little eyes watched easterly. They must find the other side of the tidal pass and go up it to strike off for the distant shrimp camps with their story of the end of the *Marie Louise*—boat and cargo a total loss on Au Fer sands.

Upon the utter sea silence there came a sound—a faint bawling of dying cattle, of trampled, choked cattle in the fume and flames. It was very far off now; and tomorrow's tide and wind would find nothing but a blackened timber, a swollen, floating carcass or two—nothing more.

But the black man could see the funeral pyre; the distant glare of it was showing the whites of his eyes faintly to the master, when suddenly he stopped rowing. A drag, the soft sibilance of a moving thing, was on his oar blade. He jerked it free.

"Lilies, boss—makin' out dis pass, too, lilies—"

"I see 'em—drop below 'em!" Tedge felt the glow of an unappeasable anger mount to his temples. "Damn 'em—I see 'em!"

There they were, upright, tranquil, immense hyacinths—their spear-points three feet above the water, their feathery streamers drifting six feet below; the broad, waxy leaves floating above their bulbous surface mats—they came on silently under the stars; they vanished under the stars seaward to their death.

"Yeh!" roared Tedge. "Sun and sea to-morry—they'll be back on Au Fer like dried bones o' dead men in the sand! Bear east'ard off of 'em!"

THE oarsman struggled in the deeper pass water. The skiff bow suddenly plunged into a wall of green and purple bloom. The points brushed Tedge's cheek. He cursed and smote them, tore them from the low bow and flung them. But the engine-man stood up and peered into the starlight.

"Yeh'll not make it. Better keep up the port shore. I cain't see nothin' but lilies east'ard—worlds o' flowers comin' with the crevasse water behind 'em." He dipped a finger to the water, tasted of it, and grumbled on: "It ain't hardly salt, the big rivers are pourin' such a flood out o' the swamps. Worlds o' flowers comin' out the passes—"

"Damn the flowers!" Tedge arose, shaking his fist at them. "Back out o' 'em! Pull up the Au Fer side, and we'll break through 'em in the bay!"

Against the ebb-tide close along Au Fer reef, the oarsman toiled until Crump, the lookout, grumbled again.

"The shoal's blocked wi' 'em! They're stranded on the ebb. Tedge, yeh'll have to wait for more water to pass this bar inside 'em. Yeh try to cross the pass, and the lilies'll have us all to sea in this crazy skiff when the wind lifts wi' the sun."

"I'm clean wore out," the black man muttered. "Yeh can wait fer day and tide on the sand, boss."

"Well, drive her in, then!" raged the skipper. "The in-tide'll set before daylight. We'll take it up the bay."

He rolled over the bow, knee-deep in the warm inlet water, and dragged the skiff through the shoals. Crump jammed an oar in the sand; and warping the headline to this, the three trudged on to the white, dry ridge. Tedge flung himself by the first stubby grass clump.

"Clean beat—" he muttered. "By day we'll pass 'em. Damn 'em—and I'll see 'em dyin' in the sun—lilies like dried, dead weeds on the sand—that's what they'll be in a couple o' days—he said they was pretty, that fello' back there—" Lying with his head on his arm, he lifted a thumb to point over his shoulder. He couldn't see the distant blotch of fire against the low stars—he didn't want to. He couldn't mark the silent drift of the sea gardens in the pass, but he gloated in the thought that they were riding to their death. The pitiless sun, the salt tides drunk up to their spongy bulbs, and their glory passed—they would be matted refuse on the shores and a man could trample them. Yes, the sea was with Tedge, and the rivers, too; the flood waters were lifting the lilies from their immemorable strongholds and forcing them out to their last pageant of death.

THE three castaways slept in the warm sand. It was an hour later that some other living thing stirred at the far

end of Au Fer reef. A scorched and weakened steer came on through salt pools to stagger and fall. Presently another, and then a slow line of them. They crossed the higher ridge to huddle about a sink that might have made them remember the dry drinking holes of their arid home plains. Tired, gaunt cattle mooing lonesomely, when the man came about them to dig with his bloody fingers in the sand.

He tried another place, and another—he didn't know—he was a man of the short-grass country, not a coaster; perhaps a sandy sink might mean fresh water. But after each effort the damp feeling on his hands was from his gashed and battered head and not life-giving water. He wiped the blood from his eyes and stood up in the starlight.

"Twenty-one of 'em—alive—and me," he muttered. "I got 'em off—they trampled me and beat me down, but I got their pens open. Twenty-one livin'—and me on the sands!"

He wondered stupidly how he had done it. The stern of the *Marie Louise* had burned off and sogged down in deep water, but her bow hung to the reef, and in smoke and flame he had fought the cattle over it. They clustered now in the false water-hole, silent, listless, as if they knew the uselessness of the urge of life on Au Fer reef.

And after a while the man went on eastward. Where and how far the sand ridge stretched he did not know. Vaguely he knew of the tides and sun to-morrow. From the highest point he looked back. The wreck was a dull red glow, the stars above it cleared now of smoke. The sea, too, seemed to have gone back to its infinite peace, as if it had washed itself daintily after this greasy morsel it must hide in its depths.

A half hour the man walked wearily, and then before him stretched water again. He turned up past the tide flowing down the pass—perhaps that was all of Au Fer. A narrow spit of white sand at high tide, and even over that, the sea breeze freshening, the surf would curl?

"Ships never come in close, they said," he mused tiredly, "and miles o' shoals to the land—and then just swamp for miles. Dumb brutes o' cows, and me on this—and no water nor feed, nor shade from the sun."

He stumbled on through the shallows, noticing apathetically that the water was running here. Nearly to his waist he

waded, peering into the starlight. He was a cowman and he couldn't swim; he had never seen anything but the dry ranges until he said he would go find the girl he had met once on the upper Brazos—a girl who told him of sea and sunken forests, of islands of flowers drifting in lonely swamp lakes—he had wanted to see that land, but mostly the Cajan girl of Bayou Des Amoureux.

He wouldn't see her now; he would die among dying cattle, but maybe it was fit for a cattleman to go that way—a Texas man and Texas cows.

Then he saw a moving thing. It rode out of the dark and brushed him. It touched him with soft fingers and he drew them to him. A water-hyacinth, and its purple spike topped his head as he stood waist-deep. So cool its leaves, and the dripping bulbs that he pressed them to his bloody cheek. He sank his teeth into them for the coolness on his parched tongue. The spongy bulb was sweet; it exhaled odorous moisture. He seized it ravenously. It carried sweet water, redolent of green forest swamps!

He dragged at another floating lily, sought under the leaves for the buoyant bulb. A drop or two of fresh water a man could press from each!

Like a starving animal he moved in the shoals, seeing more drifting garden clumps. And then a dark object that did not drift. He felt for it slowly, and then straightened up, staring about.

A FLAT-BOTTOMED bayou skiff, and in it the oars, a riverman's blanket-roll of greasy clothes, and a tin box! He knew the box. On one end, in faded gilt, was the name, "B. Tedge." Rogers had seen it on the grimy shelf in the pilot-house of the *Marie Louise*. He felt for the rope; the skiff was barely scraping bottom. Yes, they had moored it here—they must be camped on the sands of Au Fer, awaiting the dawn.

A boat? He didn't know what a Texas cowman could do with a boat on an alien and unknown shore, but he slipped into it, raised an oar and shoved back from the sandy spit. At least he could drift off Au Fer's waterless desolation. Tedge would kill him to-morrow when he found him there; because he knew Tedge had fired the *Marie* for the insurance.

So he poled slowly off. The skiff drifted now. Rogers tried to turn to the oar athwart, and awkwardly he stumbled. The

oar seemed like a roll of thunder when it struck the gunwale.

And instantly a hoarse shout rose behind him. Tedge's voice—Tedge had not slept well. The gaunt cattle burning or choking in the salt tide, or perhaps the lilies of Bayou Bœuff—anyhow, he was up with a cry and dashing for the skiff. In a moment Rogers saw him.

The Texas man began driving desperately on the oars. He heard the heavy rush of the skipper's feet in the deepening water. Tedge's voice became a bulllike roar as the depth began to check him. To his waist, and the slow skiff was but ten yards away; to his great shoulders, and the clumsy oarsman was but five.

And with a yell of triumph Tedge lunged out swimming. Whoever the fugitive, he was hopeless with the oars. The skiff swung this way and that, and a strong man at its stern could hurl it and its occupant bottom-side up in Au Fer Pass. Tedge, swimming in Au Fer Pass, his fingers to the throat of this unknown marauder! There'd be another one go—and nothing but his hands—Bill Tedge's hands that the shrimp camps feared.

Just hold him under—that was all. Tread water, and hold the throat beneath until its throbbing ceased. Tedge could; he feared no man. Another overhand stroke, and he just missed the wobbling stern of the light skiff.

He saw the man start up and raise an oar as if to strike. Tedge laughed triumphantly. Another plunge and his fingers touched the gunwale. And then he dived; he would bring his back up against the flat bottom and twist his enemy's footing from under him. Then, in the deep water, Tedge lunged up for the flat keel, and slowly across his brow an invisible hand seemed to caress him.

He opened his eyes to see a necklace of opalescent jewels gathering about his neck; he tore at it and the phosphorescent water gleamed all about him with feathery pendants. And when his head thrust above water, the moment's respite had allowed the skiff to straggle beyond his reach.

Tedge shouted savagely and lunged again—and about his legs came the soft clasp of the drifting hyacinth roots. Higher, firmer, and he turned to kick free of them. He saw the man in the boat poling uncertainly in the tide not six feet beyond him. And now, in open water, Tedge plunged on in fierce exultance. One

stroke—and the stars beyond the boatman became obscured; the swimmer struck the soft, yielding barrier of the floating islands. This time he did not lose time in drawing from them; he raised his mighty arms and strove to beat them down, flailing the broad leaves until the spiked blossoms fell about him. A circlet of them caressed his cheek. He lowered his head and swam bulllike into the drift; and when he knew the pressure ahead was tightening slowly to rubbery bands, forcing him gently from his victim, Tedge raised his voice in wild curses.

He fought and threshed the lilies, and they gave him cool, velvety kisses in return. He dived and came up through them; and then, staring upward, he saw the tall, purple spikes against the stars. And they were drifting—they were sailing seaward to their death. He couldn't see the boat now for the shadowy hosts; and for the first time fear glutted his heart. It came as a paroxysm of new sensation—Tedge of the *Marie Louise* who had never feared.

BUT this was different, this soft and moving web of silence. No, not quite silence, for past his ear the splendid hyacinths drifted with a musical creaking, leaf on leaf, the buoyant bulbs brushing each other. The islets joined and parted; once he saw open water and plunged for it—and over his shoulders there surged a soft coverlet. He turned and beat it; he churned his bed into a furious welter, and the silken curtain lowered.

He shrank from it now, staring. The feathery roots matted across his chest, the mass of them felt slimy like the hide of a drowned brute.

"Drownin' cows—" he muttered thickly—"comin' on a man driftin' and drownin'—no, no! Lilies, jest lilies—damn 'em!"

The tall spiked flowers seemed nodding—yes, just lilies, drifting and singing elfin music to the sea tide. Tedge roared once again his hatred of them; he raised and battered his huge fists into their beauty, and they seemed to smile in the starlight. Then, with a howl, he dived.

He would beat them—deep water was here in the pass, and he would swim mightily far beneath the trailing roots—he would find the man with the boat yet and hurl him to die in the hyacinth bloom.

He opened his eyes in the deep, clear water and exulted. He, Tedge, had outwitted the bannered argosies. With bursting lungs he charged off across the cur-

rent, thinking swiftly, coolly, now of the escape. And as he neared the surface he twisted to glance upward. It was light there—a light brighter than the stars, but softer, evanescent. Mullet and squib were darting about or clinging to a feathery forest that hung straight down upon him. Far and near there came little darts of pale fire, gleaming and expiring with each stir in the phosphorescent water.

And he had to rise; a man could not hold the torturing air in his lungs forever. Yes, he would tear a path to the stars again and breath. His arms flailed into the first tenuous streamers, which parted in pearly lace before his eyes. He breasted higher, and they were all about him now; his struggles evoked glowing bubble-jewels which drifted upward to expire. He grasped the soft roots and twisted and sought to raise himself. He had a hand to the surface bulbs, but a silken mesh seemed tightening about him.

And it was drifting—everything was drifting in the deep pass of Au Fer. He tried to howl in the hyacinth web, and choked—and then he merely fought in his close-pressing cocoon, thrusting one hard fist to grasp the broad leaves. He clung to them dumbly, his face so close to the surface that the tall spiked flowers smiled down—but they drifted inexorably with a faint, creaking music, leaf on leaf.

Tedge opened his eyes to a flicker of myriad lights. The sound was a roaring, now—like the surf on the reefs in the hurricane month; or the thunder of maddened steers above him across this flowery sea meadow. Perhaps the man he had killed

rode with this stampede? Tedge shrank under the lilies—perhaps they could protect him now? Even the last stroke of his hands made luminous beauty of the under-running tide.

AN outward-bound shrimp lugger saw the figures on Au Fer reef and came to anchor beyond the shoals. The Cajan crew rode up to where Milt Rogers and Crump and the black deckhand were watching by a pool. The shrimpers listened to the cowman, who had tied the sleeve of his shirt about his bloody head.

"You can get a barge down from Morgan City and take the cows off before the sea comes high," said Rogers quietly. "They're eating the lilies—and they find sweet water in 'em. Worlds o' lilies drift-in' to sea with sweet water in the bulbs!" And he added, watching Crump and the black man who seemed in terror of him: "I want to get off, too. I want to see the swamp country where worlds o' flowers come from!"

He said no more. He did not even look in the pool where Crump pointed. He was thinking of that girl of the swamps who had bid him come to her. But all along the white surf line he could see the green and purple plumes of the hyacinth warriors tossing in the breeze—legion upon legion, coming to die gloriously on Au Fer's sands.

But first they sent a herald; for in Tedge's hand, as he lay in the pool, one waxen-leaved banner with a purple spear-point glittered in the sun.

A VERY SATISFACTORY GOD

An Odd Tale of The Tropics

By Charles J. Finger

I'D BEEN in Cordoba at the time I speak of, doing some work for the Whitsetts in the lignum vitae wood line. Learning of gold in La Serena, I set off with a mule pack outfit intending to strike San Juan. But I missed it; struck too far north up the Quevada; had hard luck. The mule died on me. There was an ecstasy of color there and the clean smell of a world unspoiled, and it wasn't what you'd call bad traveling, for there

was plenty of water, and where there's water, anyone can live.

"Presently I met a fellow, a decent chap and quiet, like most unspoiled savages, and we had little trouble in understanding one another, for we only dealt in fundamentals. When there's no interest in gossip and no theories, there's little talk necessary. And, too, there's a large admixture of Spanish in all those Indian tongues. He knew I was astray and flung out the state-

ment that his village was near after I had spread out my hands by way of explaining my long trip. He seemed to take a kind of pride in the beauty of the place, just as a decent civilized man would, plucking a strange flower now and then or pointing to a bird, for man's man, whatever his color.

"His people accepted me, hustled about and fed me, and were as curious to know what I had to tell as a crowd at a village barber shop right here is. My discoverer presently showed me off to his neighbors and we went here and there, the children flocking curiously. Imagine yourself entering a country place. It was like that. But in time we came to the temple, which was a structure made of small tree trunks and a kind of bamboo, roofed in with branches and leaves and hung over the low doorway. There was a certain amount of explanation before we entered and one old fellow nerved himself to intervene. He seemed to be objecting to my entering but he was verbally overcome, one youngish girl railing loudly. She had a name that sounded like 'Kitty' tho it wasn't that, and she seemed to be a regular Katherine. 'Taming of the Shrew,' you know. In the confusion, I lost track of what was going on and found myself in a sweat, being suspicious of trouble in religious centers.

"It was greenish cool in there and what I saw startled me. It was the god. For a moment I thought it was some waxen stuff, so natural it seemed. It came to me with a shock that the people were given to playing tricks, perhaps like the Dyaks of Borneo, you know, who make a wax figure of some enemy and leave it to melt away in the hope that the body of the original will waste. This thing lay on its side with closed eyes and was on a couch made of brush covered with a silky stuff of gossamer delicacy that grew thereabout. But the face of the thing! It sent

A SAVAGE finds a root that has a faint resemblance to a human head, we'll say. He whittles, trims, shapes it, because to do so amuses him. When his imagination has run its course, someone else improves on it, perhaps adds coconut fiber to give it the idea of human hair, or adds a gash here and there for humor. But human imagination is still busy. There is the man of words to come. He weaves a tale about the carving. The tale is told and retold. Variations creep in. It becomes a legend and the legend a myth; the myth in turn the base for a religious belief. Taking the foregoing as a thesis, Mr. Finger, in *The Double Dealer* (New Orleans), tells an odd tale of the tropics, from which we print this monolog delivered, under the stimulation of pre-homebrew, by a raconteur named McNabb to a pair of dubious cronies.

the shivers up my spine. Black as the ace of spades it was and two great tusks where the canines should have been. But to beat it all, on the head of it were indubitable horns. Horns, sir!

"This thing was alive and breathing like a man asleep and that made it more horrible to look at. I had flashed memories of things read. Of Greek satyrs, German forest sprites, Fentris, the devil even. . . . The beast gave a yawn,

stretched, sat upright and I saw the hairy chest of a man naked to the waist. A horned orang-outang it seemed. Then the thing saw me, became suddenly rigid, rolled its heavy-lidded eyes, and sat staring as if about to leap; as if crouched to leap. The look it gave me was as fierce and ugly as face could wear. Honest to God, it was the most repulsive-looking creature man could imagine; very powerfully built; somewhat paunchy, and its legs were those of a man. Let me tell you, I lost my composure and got outside as quickly as I could without giving intimation to the attendants that I was the least bit scared. They, I saw, stood with heads bent, hands held at chest level, side by side, thumbs touching, palms turned downwards. I glanced at the Thing as I passed out and saw it eyeing me sidelong, head half turned just as you may have seen a startled horse look at you.

"Let me tell you that that night I did little sleeping, but was so played out with all the walking I'd done, that I couldn't plan leaving the place. I guess I made a pretty fair face of it tho and managed to look calm and take it all as a matter of course while the people looked on. Mind you, there was plenty of talking and whispering. 'Kitty' too came to my bedside and chattered away volubly. But I had nightmares and saw the creature in a frenzy of hysteria or laughing in fiendish glee. Figure it out for yourself.

"NEXT day passed pleasantly, for the god had gone for a walk in the forest, but when the evening cool set and the white mists crept up the long, narrow valley, there was a great to-do, announcing the god's return. Later, for half an hour, things were muddled, for the man who found me, together with 'Kitty,' set to work to tell me something and I judged it was an invitation to leave. I showed them my blistered feet and that seemed to arouse proper sympathy. Then there were genuflections and signs and hand motions with invitations to me to follow suit. A funny business altogether and I could make little of it. Anyway, after a while, I understood that I was being prepared for a visit to the god and, after some expostulation, I went. There was no way out.

"The upper end of the valley ended in a kind of a cul-de-sac and there was a cave there at the foot of a fairly steep slope. It was very dark at first compared with the evening glow of the sunset in the lower valley, but very gratefully cool and soothing. A mass of greenery made glorious by crimson bloom covered the opening and a fellow with a spear was on guard, so that the whole had a theatrical appearance. The guard made a sign or two, joined us, and we three went in together. It was quite a little time before I saw the god clearly. He was seated on a knob of rock at the further end. But my companion said something mumblingly and the god nodded. By then, my eyes were sufficiently accustomed to the gloom of the place and I saw his face plainly. The sheer ugliness of it sent a shudder through me, and before I was well aware of what was afoot my two companions had made their hand motions and slipped out.

"Certainly scared, I backed to the cave wall where I saw a good-sized rock like a flattened, truncated cone that might serve as an unhandy club. Not a sound of course except the early night birds outside, heard faintly, and the noise they made seemed to hearten. So for a while we stood silent, unmoving. Then a queer thing happened. The creature rose to his feet and fell to making motions, raising his arms high above his head, then dropping them. The motion was automatic yet not mechanical, jerky but not angular, and the series of gestures were complicated and almost graceful, and it was queer to see the Thing come to a position of rest with a certain smartness. The

attitude was one of dignity. Its expression seemed to soften. Then:

"'Dön' you all recognize it, boss?' boomed the Thing. 'Don' you all know it?'

"At that my head went up and my body straightened with a jerk, tho there was still a vague uneasiness about me. But the horror became something else as I saw the grotesqueness of the creature, but still there was a lurking notion in me that it was all an illusion. Too, the Thing was grinning, tho, as it seemed in that twilight, quite nervously.

"I pulled myself together. It was an effort, tho. But there was the Thing still grinning, and, as it made what seemed to be a propitiatory motion, I heard in a deep, booming bass, 'I allus done unnerstood the ritchool was the same.' And the god was bowing, mind you. Little jerky half bows with a motion of the right hand to its head like an abbreviated salute. At that a memory of a Pullman sleeper came before me. Said I, 'Go on—go on,' then added, at a hazard, 'George. Go on, George.'

"From the Thing came an unmistakable chuckle, and 'Suah good that sounds, boss,' said the god with evident delight. And he became voluble. 'Suah good, boss. I been gone done seen yore charm right away,' he said, pointing to my watch chain, and then things rushed together and fitted with a click. The contortions and signs, the outer and inner guard, the oddly recurring words which I recognized as distorted passwords. At that, my mind went actively to work to recover that white man's supremacy which I had temporarily surrendered to fear.

II

"IN spite of my pants, which were too irregularly slashed for comfort, and certainly for decency, I assumed some dignity in my port as I walked down the village, with George the god a little in the rear. It may seem silly, too, but I confess that there was a moment of pride when I noticed that I was pointed to with new respect.

"Already the silver points of the first stars were seen before we reached the woods into which we went some three hundred yards deep. We came to a pool, or rather the widening of a brook which seemed like a diamond in a dusky immensity, and, as we sat facing one another across the little water, I remember look-

ing into the pool as in a mirror and seeing the inverted form of the horned man. I seemed to be looking down at some Pan instead of a perfectly mild-mannered god of unknown antecedents.

"Of course, I should have got more of his story than I did, but there was that confounded prejudice—color line and all that, and, while he gave me the high lights of his career, he tangled things in the telling most absurdly. His lodge work he had come by in some Arkansas town, and I suspect that his dignified manner was the result of his having been a head waiter or something of the kind. For etiquette, it's hard to beat anyone in that profession. Mind you, I'd noticed that my savage friends all used a cotton napkin at meal time. It struck me then as odd.

"However, I gathered that George had got into some trouble in New Orleans, and, to escape the consequences, had shipped to South America under the impression that he was en route to Liberia. Landing in Pernambuco, he was astonished beyond measure to find that men of his own color were unintelligible to him, so he had had trouble. Wandered to Paauihy and tramped to Bahia—tough times, no doubt. But at Bahia he was hailed in his own tongue.

"It was, George said, a Doctor Mayfield, formerly of Chicago, and more particularly of Monadnock Building. Broke, of course. Like so many, he had supposed that all in Latin America were ignorant fools waiting to be exploited. Still, he had a resourceful mind, and, seeing George, had enlisted him as his aide. This is what he did presently. With a base of silver made by hammering out Brazilian dollars, he had made a curved plate which he inserted, by what must have been a neat operation, under the negro's scalp where it fitted the contour of the skull very well. Into it he had bored a couple of screw-holes. I examined the fellow's scalp, and no one could have told that there was anything foreign there save by the touch. Not a sign of suture. Into the base of a pair of goat horns he had then fixed screws, and when the horns were set into place and the hair had gathered about the base, the job came near defying detection. Also, Mayfield had cut off and capped the fellow's canines and so fitted him with a prepared pair of boar's tusks which looked horrible enough, the Lord only knows. That Chicago man was certainly a foresighted fellow, and it is a pity that Fate drove him to such straits.

"THE experiment was a winner, and when George was in a steel cage and put on exhibition at half a dollar a head, they grew rich—too rich, perhaps, for the news went far and wide and there was some rumor of a scientific investigation. So they fled by night and presently came to Arenas Blanco. There they could not stand the mixing of drinks, and George seems to have sampled in too rapid succession, whiskey, gin, pisco, vermouth and native wines. There was a scuffle and the local police had grabbed George by the horns, bending the screw in such wise that it was impossible for him to dehorn himself any more. He became separated from his dentist, too.

"George was very hazy in the rest of his tale, but I put two and two together and imagined him wandering about in the jungle until he was found, much as I was, a very hungry, meek and gentle wild man. But theories are as readily constructed by savage as by white men, and deification once commenced, went on swimmingly.

"His first notion, when they brought him from and other eatables and established him in the temple, was that they were anthropophagi and intended to fatten him, for he, too, was theory-making. But learning the facts of the case, he lived up to his reputation. His knowledge of secret-society work stood him in good stead and he grafted some of the ritual on to the crude forms of worship very effectively. That kind of thing would, of course, appeal to a simple folk. Still, he was a good deity, all right, and interjected a kind of human justice into such things as he had to deal with, and his people never seemed to doubt him for the simple reason that his notions of right and of wrong coincided with theirs. No labored explanation of things was necessary in an effort to make seeming incongruities fit. There were a few who acted as servitors, priests as it were, and, naturally, they could not doubt but that they had a living god. So his was the *ipse dixit*, and, on the strength of his horns and tusks, he delivered the law and the ten commandments, added a few by way of bringing the mosaic law up to date, and there was no questioning his decisions. Taking him all in all, he did very well as a god, and seeing him at work later, I had to admit that there was an air of quiet mystery about him that was charming. A highly satisfactory god, in fact."

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

Dramatizing Some Shell Shocks

In Married Life

By Clemence Dane

THIS play, heralded as a London success, came to the Times Square Theater, in New York, in October, was seen throughout November, but did not begin to conquer the Hindenburg line of theatergoers until December. By the first-night critics it was pelted with desultory praise that has slowly gathered momentum and broken into a storm of applause, shared more or less equally by the English author Clemence Dane, and a cast in which Allan Pollock is starred, Janet Beecher is two-starred and Katharine Cornell is three-starred.

Produced in this country by Charles Dillingham, and published in book form by the Macmillans, it is a post-war play of the Looking Backward order in so far as the audience is asked to understand that certain amendments in English law recently proposed by the Royal Commission of Divorce are supposed to have been made and that the action of the play passes on Christmas Day, 1932. By that law a wife, Margaret Fairfield (Miss Beecher), whose husband, Hilary Fairfield (Mr. Pollock), has been pronounced incurably insane, is declared entitled to her freedom. These conditions are the basis of the action. The



A RISING WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT
Clemence Dane, who has achieved a dramatic success with "A Bill of Divorcement," has hitherto been best known in England and this country as a novelist.

problem is clearly and simply stated. A war marriage between a girl of 17 and a young soldier has been followed by the wounding of the latter—a shell-shock victim. A family taint of insanity proves to be a weak link in his chain of reason and he has been sent to an asylum. Years have passed. The wife has obtained a divorce. She is deeply in love with an upstanding fellow, Gray Meredith (Charles Waldron), to whom she is engaged to be married within a week. The husband escapes from the asylum, unexpectedly returns

home and proves to have recovered. What is the wife to do? What of their daughter, who also hopes to be married and bear children? It is the daughter in the end who gathers the tangled threads of the situation in her hands and weaves a triumphant conclusion to the play.

The opening scene shows a room in a small English country house. Margaret Fairfield, the divorced wife, and her ex-husband's aunt, Hester Fairfield (Ada King), are discovered. It is Christmas morning. Their discussion of the propriety of the approaching wedding is interrupted by Sydney, the daughter (Katharine Cornell), entering and de-

claring war against the heckling spinster aunt. "You needn't think," she says, "I haven't watched the life you've led mother over this divorce business." Overriding her mother's attempt at peacemaking, the girl impetuously continues:

SYDNEY. Well, hasn't she? What prevented you from marrying Gray ages ago? Father's been out of his mind long enough, poor man! You knew you were free to be free. You knew you were making Gray miserable and yourself miserable—and yet, tho that divorce law has been in force for years, it's taken you all this time to fight your scruples. At least, you call them scruples! What you really mean is Aunt Hester and her prayer-book. And now, when you have at last consented to give yourself a chance of being happy—when it's Christmas Day and you're going to be married at New Year's—still you let Aunt Hester sit at your own breakfast-table and insult you with talk about deadly sin. It's no use pretending you didn't, auntie, because mother left my door open and I heard you.

MARGARET. (*With certain dignity.*) Sydney, I can take care of myself.

SYDNEY. Take care of yourself! As if everybody didn't ride roughshod over you when I'm not there.

MARGARET. Yes, but, my pet, you mustn't break out like this. Of course, your aunt knows you don't really mean to be rude—

SYDNEY. I do mean to be rude to her when she's rude to you.

MARGARET. My dear, you quite misunderstood your aunt.

SYDNEY. Oh, no, I didn't, mother! (*Margaret shrugs her shoulder helplessly and sits down on the sofa to the left of the fireplace.*)

MISS FAIRFIELD. (*Rising.*) I'm afraid you'll have to go to church without me, Margaret. I'm thoroly upset. You've brought up your daughter to ignore me, and I know why. I'm the wrong side of the family. I'm the one person in this house who remembers poor Hilary. I shall read the service in the drawing-room.

She flounces out, and a lengthy dialog between mother and daughter is followed by the appearance of Gray Meredith, Margaret's fiancé, with Christmas greetings and gifts. He and Margaret

depart for church, leaving Sydney and Kit Pumphrey (John Astley) in boy and girl converse about their own heart affairs and about the opposition of Kit's father, a local clergyman recently come to the parish, to any such idea as their marrying or to her mother marrying. He is reporting a "scene" with the Rev. Christopher Pumphrey, and admits:

KIT. Well, I was a fool. I said something, quite by chance, about your father. Then the fur began to fly. You see, it seems he thought your mother was a widow—

SYDNEY. (*Ruffling up.*) What's it got to do with him?

KIT. Well, you see—

SYDNEY. If you'd only make me see instead of you—seeing me all the time.

KIT. I'm afraid of hurting your feelings.

SYDNEY. I'm not nineteenth century.

KIT. (*Desperately.*) Well, my people are.

SYDNEY. Well?

KIT. That's the trouble—my people are! Father promptly began about not seeing his way to—

SYDNEY. To what, Kit?

KIT. To—to marrying them.

SYDNEY. But I've never heard of anything so crazy.

KIT. Of course, you know, there's nothing to worry about. There are heaps of clergymen who will.

SYDNEY. My dear boy, if mother isn't married in her own parish church she'll think she's living in sin.

KIT. Well, there it is!

SYDNEY. But look here, the old rector knew all about it. Do you mean to say that a new man can come into our parish and insult mother just because his beastly conscience doesn't work the same way the old rector's did? The divorce is perfectly legal.

KIT. (*In great discomfort.*) Yes, father knows all that. (*Hopefully.*) Of course, I don't see myself why a registry office—

SYDNEY. If it were me I'd prefer it. Much less fuss. But mother wouldn't.

KIT. But she ought to see—

SYDNEY. But she won't. It's no good reckoning on what people ought to be. You've got to deal with them as they are.

KIT. Well, I'm awfully sorry. (*Guiltily.*)

SYDNEY. It's no use being sorry. We've got to do something.

KIT. (*Hopelessly.*) When once the old man gets an idea into his head—

SYDNEY. He'd better not let it out in front of mother. Gray'd half kill him if he did. And I tell you this, Kit, what Gray leaves I'll account for, even if he is your father. Poor little mother!

KIT. Well, I'm all on your side, you know that. But, of course, Sydney, a clergyman needn't remarry divorced people. It's in that bill. The governor was quoting it to-day.

SYDNEY. But doesn't he know the circumstances?

KIT. He only knows what I do.

SYDNEY. One doesn't shout things at people, naturally. But it's nothing to be ashamed of. It's only that my unfortunate father's been in an asylum ever since I can't remember. Shell-shock. It began before I was born. He never came home again. Mother had to give up going to see him even; it excited him so frightfully.

KIT. Pretty tragic.

SYDNEY. Oh, for years now he hasn't known anyone, luckily. And he's well looked after. He's quite all right.

KIT. (*Uncomfortably.*) You're a queer girl.

SYDNEY. But he is.

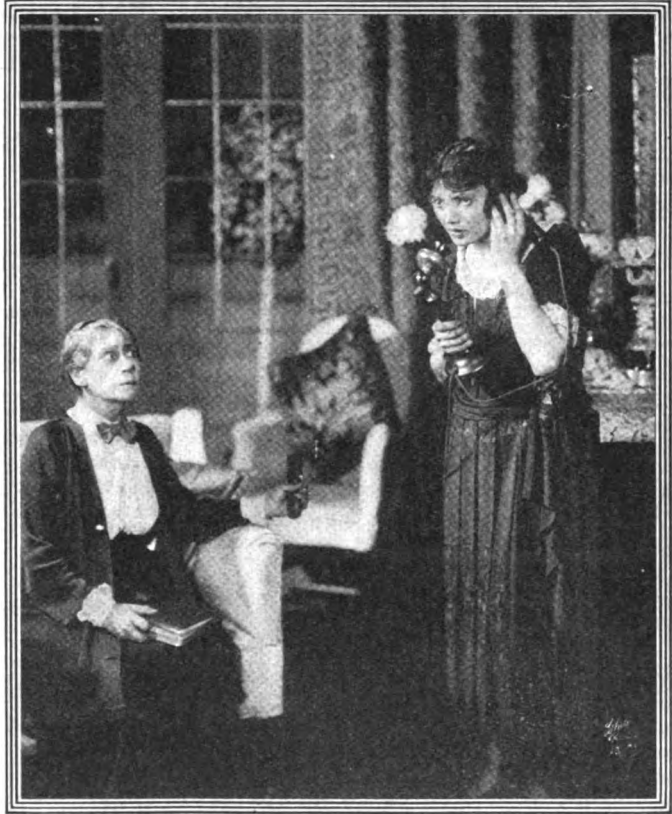
KIT. Yes—but—

SYDNEY. What?

KIT. Your own father—

SYDNEY. (*Impatiently.*) My dear boy, I've never even seen him. Oh, of course, it's very sad, but I can't go about with my handkerchief to my eyes all the time, can I?

Presently the boy departs, the telephone rings, Sydney answers it and learns that her father has fled the asylum. She acquaints her aunt with this astounding news, and the latter inad-



CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

A dramatic moment in "A Bill of Divorcement" and in the life of Sydney Fairfield (Katharine Cornell) occurs when she is told over the telephone that her father, Hilary Fairfield (Allan Pollock), has escaped from an insane asylum.

vertently tells the girl that her father, instead of being merely a victim of shell-shock, has been insane and that insanity is in the Fairfield blood. Sydney is trying to realize the terrible import of such a thing and is alone in the room when her father appears in the doorway.

SYDNEY. Whom do you want?

HILARY. (*Startled.*) There, you see, it's her voice, too. Who are you?

SYDNEY. (*Fencing.*) How did you get in?

HILARY. Tool-shed gate. (*Louder.*) Who are you?

SYDNEY. Where have you come from?

HILARY. Bedford. Took a car. (*Lashing himself into an agitation.*) Who are you?

SYDNEY. Whom do you want to see?

HILARY. (*Losing all control.*) Who are you?

SYDNEY. (*Slowly.*) I think I'm your daughter. (*Hilary stares at her blankly. Then he bursts out laughing.*)

HILARY. Daughter! Daughter! By God, that's good! My wife isn't my wife, she's my daughter! And my daughter's seventeen and I'm twenty-two.

SYDNEY. You're forgetting what years and years—

HILARY. Yes, of course. It's years and years. It's a lifetime. It's my daughter's lifetime. What's your name—daughter?

SYDNEY. Sydney.

HILARY. Sydney. Sydney, eh? My mother was Sydney. I like Sydney. I— (*Catching at his dignity.*) I suppose we're rather a shock to each other—Sydney?

SYDNEY. No. You're not a shock to me. But I'm afraid—

HILARY. (*Breaking in.*) Is my—? Is your—? Where's Margaret?

He is informed that she has gone to church, but will be back soon.

HILARY. (*His eye and his attention beginning to wander.*) Back soon—eh? Why has Meg moved the clock? It was much better where we put it. Must get it put back. Nearly one. She's late, isn't she? I—I really think, you know, I'll go out and meet your mother.

SYDNEY. (*Authoritatively.*) You're to stay here.

HILARY. (*Beginning obediently.*) Very well— (*He flares suddenly.*) I'll do as I like about that.

SYDNEY. (*Passionately.*) I'll not have you frighten her.

HILARY. I? (*He smiles securely.*)

SYDNEY. Can't you realize what the shock—?

HILARY. (*Blissfully.*) Never known any one die of joy yet!

SYDNEY. Father, you don't understand! You and mother—

HILARY. (*Getting irritated.*) Look here, this is nothing to do with you—

SYDNEY. But you musn't—

HILARY. (*Violently.*) Now I tell you I'm not going to be hectored. I won't stand it. I've had enough of it. D'you hear? I've had enough of it.

SYDNEY. (*In the same tone.*) If you talk to my mother like this—

HILARY. (*Softening.*) Meg understands.

SYDNEY. (*Jealously.*) So do I understand.

HILARY. I believe you do. You got wild all in a moment. That's my way, too. It means nothing. Meg can't see that it means nothing. But it makes a man wild, you know, to be dragooned when he's as sane as—my God, I am sane! That's all over, isn't it? I am sane. Daughter!

He begins a rambling monolog. An automobile is heard outside, and Margaret Fairfield enters, exclaiming "Hilary!"

HILARY. (*Like a man who can't see.*) Meg! Is it Meg? Meg, I've come home.

MARGARET. (*Terrified.*) Sydney, don't go away!

SYDNEY. It's all right, mother.

HILARY. Meg!

MARGARET. But they said—they said—incurable. They shouldn't have said—incurable.

HILARY. What does it matter? I'm well. I'm well, Meg! I tell you—it came over me like a lantern flash—like a face turning to you. I was in the garden, you know—lost. I was a lost soul—outcast! No hope. I can never make anyone understand. I was never like the rest of them. I was sane, always; but—the face was turned away.

SYDNEY. What face?

HILARY. The face of God!

MARGARET. Sydney—is he—?

SYDNEY. It's all right, mother! That isn't madness. He's come to himself.

MARGARET. Then—then—what am I to do?

HILARY. What's that? (*He comes nearer.*) I—I— (*Staring at her.*) You don't say a word. One would think you weren't glad to see me. Aren't you glad to see me?

MARGARET. Of course—glad—you poor Hilary! (*He comes to her with outstretched arms. Faintly.*) No— No— No—!

HILARY. (*Exalted.*) Yes—yes—yes! (*He catches her to him.*)

MARGARET. For pity's sake, Hilary—!

BASSETT. (*Entering.*) Lunch is served, ma'am!

MARGARET. (*Hopelessly.*) Sydney—

SYDNEY. Lay an extra cover. This—my—this gentleman is staying to lunch.

HILARY. (*Boisterously.*) Staying to lunch! to lunch! That's a good joke, isn't it? I say, listen! I'm laughing. Do you know, I'm laughing? It's blessed to laugh. Staying to lunch! Yes, my girl! Lunch

and tea and supper and breakfast, thank God! and for many a long day!

The second-act curtain rises on the Fairfield drawing-room. Gray Meredith has been shown in and hears the news from Margaret. He is determined to make her his wife and she is willing, but insists on telling Hilary herself instead of letting Gray do it. Whereupon:

GRAY. (*Angrily.*) Women are incomprehensible!

MARGARET. It's men who are uncomprehending. Can't you feel that it'll hurt him less from me?

GRAY. It'll hurt him ten thousand times more.

MARGARET. But differently. It's the things one might have said that fester. At least I'll spare him that torment. He shall say all he wants.

GRAY. (*Blackly.*) I suppose the truth is that there's something in the best of women that enjoys a scene.

MARGARET. That's the first bitter thing you've ever said to me.

GRAY. (*Breaking out.*) Can't you see what it does to me to know you are in the same house with him? For God's sake, come out of it!

MARGARET. (*Eluding him.*) But I musn't! Don't you see that I musn't? I can't leave Sydney to lay my past for me.

GRAY. Your past is dead.

MARGARET. Its ghost's awake and walking.

HILARY'S VOICE. Meg! Meg!

MARGARET. (*Clinging to him.*) Listen, it's calling to me.

HILARY'S VOICE. Meg, where are you?

MARGARET. It's too late! I'm too old! I shall never get away from him. I told you it was too good to be true.

GRAY. (*Deliberately matter-of-fact.*) Listen to me! I am going home now. There are orders to be given. I must get some money and papers. But I shall be back here in an hour. I give you just that hour to tell him what you choose. After that you'll be ready to come.



HILARY FAIRFIELD HAS AN ENOCH ARDEN HOMECOMING

Allan Pollock does some notable character acting in the part of the shell-shocked husband who, after 17 years in an asylum, escapes and finds that his wife, Margaret (Janet Beecher), has divorced him and is about to marry another.



SHE CO-STAR IN "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT"
Janet Beecher, in this new Dillingham production, interprets
the character of Margaret Fairfield with distinction.

MARGARET. If—if I've managed—

GRAY. There's no if. You're coming.

MARGARET. Am I coming, Gray?

HILARY. (*Entering the hall.*) Meg, Sydney said you'd gone to your room. Hullo! What's this? Who's this? Doctor, eh? I've been expecting them down on me. (*To Gray.*) It's no good, you know. I'm as fit as you are. Any test you like.

MARGARET. Mr. Meredith called to see me, Hilary! He's just going.

HILARY. Oh, sorry! (*He walks to the fire and stands warming his hands, but watching them over his shoulder.*)

GRAY. (*At the door, in a low voice to Margaret.*) I don't like leaving you.

MARGARET. You must! It's better! But—come back quickly!

GRAY. You'll be ready?

MARGARET. I will. (*Gray goes out.*)

HILARY. (*Uneasily.*) Who's that man?

MARGARET. His name's Gray Meredith.

HILARY. What's he doing here?

MARGARET. He's an old friend.

HILARY. I don't know him, do I?

MARGARET. It's since you were ill. It's the last five years.

HILARY. He's in love with you! I tell you, the man's in love with you! Do you think I'm so dazed and crazed I can't see that? You shouldn't let him, Meg! You're such a child you don't know what you're doing when you look and smile—

MARGARET. (*In a strained voice.*) I do know. (*She stands quite still in the middle of the room, her head lifted, a beautiful woman.*)

HILARY. (*Staring at her.*) Lord, I don't wonder at him, poor brute! (*Still staring.*) Meg, you've changed.

MARGARET. (*Catching at the opening.*) Yes, Hilary.

HILARY. Taller, more beautiful—and yet I miss something.

MARGARET. (*Urging him on.*) Yes, Hilary!

HILARY. (*Wistfully.*) Something you used to have—kind—a kind way with you—the child's got it. Sydney—my daughter, Sydney! She's more you than you are. You—you've grown right up—away—beyond me—haven't you?

MARGARET. Yes, Hilary.

HILARY. But I'm going to catch up. You'll help me to catch up with you—Meg? (*She doesn't answer.*) Meg! Wait for me! Meg, where are you? Why don't you hold out your hands?

MARGARET. (*Wrung for him.*) I can't, Hilary! My hands are full.

HILARY. (*His tone lightening into relief.*) What, Sydney? She'll be off in no time. She's told me about the boy—what's his name? Kit—already.

MARGARET. It's not Sydney.

HILARY. What? (*Crescendo.*) Eh? What are you driving at? What are you trying to tell me? What's changed you? Why do you look at me sideways? Why do you flinch when I speak loudly? Yes—and when I kissed you—It's that man! (*He goes up to her and takes her by the wrist, staring into her face.*) Is it true? You?

MARGARET. (*Pitifully.*) I've done nothing wrong. I'm trying to tell you. I only want to tell you and make you understand. Hilary, fifteen years is a long time—

HILARY. (*Dully.*) Yes. I suppose it's

a long time for a woman to be faithful.

MARGARET. That's it! That's the whole thing! If I'd loved you it would not have been long—

HILARY. (*Violently, crying her down.*) You did love me once.

MARGARET. (*Beaten.*) Did I—once? I don't know— (*There is a silence.*)

HILARY. (*Without expression.*) What do you expect me to do? Forgive you?

MARGARET. (*Stung.*) There's nothing to forgive. (*Softening.*) Oh, so much, Hilary, to forgive each other; but not that.

HILARY. (*More and more roughly as he loses control of himself.*) Divorce you, then? Because I'll not do that! I'll have no dirty linen washed in the courts.

MARGARET. (*Forced into the open.*) Hilary, I divorced you twelve months ago.

HILARY. (*Shouting.*) What? What? What?

MARGARET. I divorced you—

HILARY. (*Beside himself.*) You're mad! You couldn't do it! You'd no cause! D'you think I'm to be put off with your lies? Am I a child? You'd no cause! Oh, I see what you're at. You want to confuse me. You want to pull wool over my eyes. You want to drive me off my head—drive me mad again. You devil! You devil! You sha'n't do it. I've got friends—Sydney! Where's that girl? (*Shouting.*) Sydney! Hester! All of you! Come here! Come here, I say!

Sydney enters, followed by Miss Fairfield. There is an affecting scene, relieved by Dr. Alliot, the old family physician, being announced. He grasps and states the situation to Hilary, kindly and clearly.

HILARY. But I'm not a drunkard. I'm not a convict. I've done nothing. I've been to the war, to fight, for her, for all



SYDNEY FAIRFIELD AWAKES TO FIND A STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

It proves to be her father, Hilary, whom she has never seen before and whose pathetic character finds a vivid interpretation in Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement."

of you, for my country, for this law-making machine that I've called my country. And when I've got from it, not honorable scars, not medals and glory, but sixteen years in hell, then when I get out again, then the country I've fought for, the laws I've fought for, the woman I've fought for, they say to me—"As you've done without her for seventeen years you can do without her altogether." That's what it is. When I was helpless they conspired behind my back to take away all I had from me. (*To Margaret.*) Did I ever hurt you? Didn't I love you? Didn't you love me? Could I help being ill? What have I done?

SYDNEY. You died, father.

MARGARET. Sydney, don't be cruel.

MISS FAIRFIELD. Ah, we cry after the dead, but I've always wondered what their welcome back would be.

HILARY. Well, you know now.

DR. ALLIOT. I don't say it isn't hard—

HILARY. Ah, you don't say it isn't hard! That's good of you. That's sympathy indeed. And my wife—she's full of it, too, isn't she? "Poor dear! I was married to him once. I'd quite forgotten."

MARGARET. For pity's sake, Hilary—

DR. ALLIOT. Why, face it, man! One of you must suffer. Which is it to be? The useful or the useless? The whole or the maimed? The healthy woman with her life before her, or the man whose children ought never to have been born?

HILARY. (*In terrible appeal.*) Margaret!

SYDNEY. Is that true, Dr. Alliot? Is that true?

MARGARET. (*Her voice shaking.*) I think you go too far.

DR. ALLIOT. Mrs. Fairfield, in this matter I cannot go too far.

MISS FAIRFIELD. For me, at any rate—too far and too fast altogether! Before ladies! It's not nice. It's enough to call down a judgment.

BASSETT. (*Entering.*) Mr. Pumphrey to see you, ma'am. (*To Sydney.*) And Mr. Kit.

MISS FAIRFIELD. (*Justified.*) Ah!

MARGARET. I can't see anyone.

BASSETT. He said, ma'am, it was important.

HILARY. Who? Who?

MISS FAIRFIELD. The rector. I expect he's heard about you.

HILARY. I can't see him. I won't see him. Let me go. I've met the Levites. Spare me the priest. (*He breaks away from them and goes stumbling out at the other door.*)

There is an interesting scene during which the Rev. Pumphrey professes to be scandalized at the thought of marrying Margaret and Gray and takes it for granted that she will resume marital relations with Hilary. All exit save Margaret. Hilary reenters, having had a star-chamber session with Dr. Alliot, who has made him see the terrible truth of the situation. Yet he makes a despairing dramatic appeal to Margaret not to leave him. He recalls to her their early married days together and all the tenderness she then exhibited.

MARGARET. (*In despairing protest.*) It's half my life ago—

HILARY. It's yesterday, it's yesterday!

MARGARET. (*With the fleeting courage*

of a half-caught bird.) Yes, it is yesterday. It's how you took me—yesterday—and now you're doing it again!

HILARY. (*Catching at the hope of it.*) Am I? Am I? Is it yesterday—yesterday come back again?

MARGARET. (*In the toils.*) No—no! Hilary, I can't!

HILARY. (*At white heat.*) No, you can't. You can't leave me. You can't do it to me. You can't drive me out—the wilderness—alone—alone—alone. You can't do it, Meg—you can't do it—you can't!

MARGARET. (*Beaten.*) I suppose—I can't.

HILARY. You—you'll stay with me? (*Breaking down utterly.*) Oh, God bless you, Meg, God bless you, God bless you—(*She resigns her hands to him while she sits, flattened against the back of her chair, quivering a little, like a crucified moth.*)

MARGARET. (*Puzzling it out.*) You mean—God help me!

The big scene in the final act revolves around Sydney. She has decided that, with insanity in the Fairfield blood, she shall never marry. Kit Pumphrey and she are talking.

KIT. One minute you're as nice as pie, and then you fizz up like a Seidlitz powder, all about nothing.

SYDNEY. All about nothing. Sorry, my old Kit, sorry! (*She flings herself down on the sofa. Then with an effort.*) Come and talk. What's the news?

KIT. I told you it all this morning. What's yours?

SYDNEY. I like yours better. How's the pamphlet going?

KIT. Nearly done. I put in all your stuff.

SYDNEY. (*Absently.*) Good.

KIT. Tho you know I don't agree with it. What I feel is—you're not listening.

SYDNEY. Kit, talking of that paper—I read somewhere—suppose now—is it true it can skip a generation?

KIT. It? What?

SYDNEY. Oh—any illness. Suppose—you, for instance—suppose you were a queer family—a little, you know. And say your mother was queer—and you weren't. You were perfectly fit, you understand, perfectly fit—

KIT. Well?

SYDNEY. What about the children?

KIT. I wouldn't risk it. Thank the Lord your father's only shell-shock. (*Syd-*

ney makes as if to answer and checks herself. Then—)

SYDNEY. But isn't there a school that says there's no such thing as heredity?

KIT. Well, all I know is I wouldn't risk it.

SYDNEY. It—it's hard on people.

KIT. My word, yes. They say that's why old Alliot never married.

SYDNEY. (*High and mightily.*) Oh, village gossip.

KIT. (*Apologetically.*) Well, you know what the matter is.

SYDNEY. (*Abandoning her dignity.*) Who was it, Kit?

KIT. Old Miss Robson.

SYDNEY. Rot!

KIT. Fact.

SYDNEY. But she's all right.

KIT. Had a game sister.

SYDNEY. Of course! I just remember her. She used to scare me.

KIT. Oh, it must be true. They're such tremendous pals still.

SYDNEY. Poor old things!

KIT. Rotten for her.

SYDNEY. Rottener for him! What did she go on being pals with him for?

KIT. Why shouldn't she?

SYDNEY. It stopped him marrying anyone else. She oughtn't to have let him.

KIT. You can't stop a person being fond of you.

SYDNEY. When it's a man you can.

KIT. My dear girl, you don't know what you're talking about.

SYDNEY. My dear boy, if a girl finds out she can't marry a man, it's up to her to choke him off.

The talk continues and in conclusion Sydney makes an announcement apropos of "Alice Through the Looking-glass" being "tired of jam."

KIT. (*Heavily.*) D'you mean you're tired of me?

SYDNEY. That would be putting it crudely.

KIT. What's got into you? I don't know you.

SYDNEY. P'r'aps you're beginning to.

KIT. But what have I done?

SYDNEY. (*Flaring effectively.*) Well, for one thing you shouldn't have told your father we were engaged. What girl, do you suppose, would stand it?

KIT. (*Flaring in reality.*) If you're not jolly careful I will.

SYDNEY. (*Egging him on.*) Good for you!



WITH MADNESS IN THEIR BLOOD. HILARY FAIRFIELD (ALLAN POLLOCK) AND HIS DAUGHTER, SYDNEY (KATHARINE CORNELL), CONSOLE EACH OTHER

Yet Hilary's spinster sister, enacted by Ada King in "A Bill of Divorcement," charges the girl with being "like the rest of the young women nowadays—hard as nails."

KIT. And if I do I'll ask her more than that.

SYDNEY. (*Clapping her hands.*) I should go and do it now, if I were you. Strike while the iron's hot.

KIT. You're mad.

SYDNEY. (*With intense bitterness.*) Yes, I suppose that's the right word to fling at me.

KIT. (*Between injury and distress.*) I never meant that. You're twisting the words in my mouth. You're just picking a quarrel.

SYDNEY. (*Lazily.*) Well, what's one to do with a little boy who won't take his medicine? I tried to give it you in jam.

KIT. (*Curtly.*) You want me to go?

SYDNEY. Yes.

KIT. For good?

SYDNEY. Yes.

KIT. Honest?

SYDNEY. Yes.

KIT. Right. (*He turns from her and goes out.*)

Gray Meredith returns to take Margaret away and is informed by her that she has changed her mind. He demands an explanation.

MARGARET. I mean—Hilary. I've got to put him first because—because he's weak. You—you're strong.

GRAY. Not strong enough to do without my birthright. I want my wife and my children. I've waited a long while for you. Now you must come. (*Sydney comes down the stairs, a red-furred cloak over her arm. She pauses a few steps from the bottom, afraid to break in on them.*)

MARGARET. If Hilary's left alone he'll go mad again.

GRAY. Margaret—come.

MARGARET. How can I?

GRAY. Margaret, my own heart—come.

MARGARET. You oughtn't to torture me. I've got to do what's right.

GRAY. (*Darkening.*) Are you coming with me? I sha'n't ask it again.

MARGARET. Oh, God— You hear him! What am I to do? (*Sydney comes down another step.*)

GRAY. Why, you're to do as you choose. I sha'n't force you. I'm not your turnkey. I'm not your beggar. We're free people, you and I. It's for you to say if you'll keep your—conscience, do you call it?—and lose—

MARGARET. I've lost what I love. There's no more to lose.

GRAY. You sing as sweetly as a toy nightingale. Almost I'd think you were real.

MARGARET. (*Wounded.*) I don't know what you mean.

GRAY. "What you love!" You don't know the meaning of the notes you use.

MARGARET. (*Very white, but her voice is steady.*) Don't deceive yourself. I love you. I ache and faint for you. I starve—

SYDNEY. (*Appalled, whispering.*) What is it? I don't know her.

MARGARET. I'm withering without you like cut grass in the sun. I love you. I love you. Can't you see how it is with me? But—

GRAY. There's no "but" in love.

MARGARET. What is it in me? There is a thing I can't do. I can't see such pain.

GRAY. (*Hoarsely.*) Do you think I can't suffer?

MARGARET. I am you. But he—he's so defenseless. It's vivisection—like cutting a dumb beast about to make me well. I can't do it. I'd rather die of my cancer.

GRAY. (*The storm breaking.*) Die then—you fool—you fool! (*Sydney descends another step. The cloak slides from her hands to the baluster.*)

GRAY. (*Without expression.*) Good-by.

MARGARET. (*Blindly.*) Forgive—

GRAY. How can I?

MARGARET. I would you—

GRAY. D'you think I bear you malice? It's not I. Why, to deny me, that's a little thing. I'll not go under because you're faithless. But what you're doing is the sin without forgiveness. You're denying—not me—but life. You're denying the spirit of life. You're denying—you're denying your mate.

SYDNEY. (*Strung up to breaking point.*) Mother, you shall not.

MARGARET. (*As they both turn.*) Sydney!

SYDNEY. (*Coming down to them.*) I tell you—I tell you, you shall not.

MARGARET. (*Sitting down, with a listless gesture.*) There's no way out.

SYDNEY. There is. For you there is. I've thought it all along, and now I know. Father—he's my job, not yours.

MARGARET. (*With a last flicker of passion.*) D'you think I'll make a scapegoat of my own child?

SYDNEY. (*Sternly.*) Can you help it? I'm his child. (*She throws herself down beside her.*) Mother! Mother, darling, don't you see? You're no good to him. You're scared of him. But I'm his own

flesh and blood. I know how he feels. I'll make him happier than you can. Be glad for me. Be glad I'm wanted somewhere.

MARGARET. (*Struggling against the hope that is flooding her.*) But Kit, Sydney—Kit?

SYDNEY. (*With a queer little laugh that ends tho it does not begin.*) Bless him, I'll be dancing at his wedding in six months.

MARGARET. But all you ought to have—

SYDNEY. (*Jumping up, flippantly.*) Oh, I'm off getting married. I'm going to have a career.

MARGARET. —the love—the children—

SYDNEY. (*Strained.*) No children for me, mother. No children for me. I've lost my chance forever.

And she has her way. So does her mother who, with a clear conscience, musters a kind of courage and accompanies Gray from the house, leaving Sydney to assure her father that "we'll do things. We'll have a good time, somehow, you and I—you and I."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, AS A COMEDIAN. CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE

CHARLES CHAPLIN loathes Charlie Chaplin. The artist despises his brushes. The slapstick comedian who, in private life, understands Kant and Schopenhauer, despairs of understanding himself and is reported to be wishing he were dead. Altho raised from obscurity to fame, from poverty to bewildering wealth by a small derby hat, baggy trousers, huge feet much pointed out, a burlesque mimicry, a gauche manner of walking, many rapid gestures which stimulate the imagination, he longs for the black vestments of Hamlet and the serious drama. As a writer in the *Boston Transcript* amusingly laments, "Charlie Chaplin is strangling the slapstick vulgar comedian whom many of us loved best. From the memorable evening when I first saw him striving to fit the silly world in which we find it necessary to live, and failing ludicrously, through the years which have followed until he began to take a 'larger view' of his art, I have found unceasing joy in him as an original patiently striving to do what other people do, eager for friendship yet always alone. But now he has found the magic key. The mystery has blown away. In 'The Kid' and in 'The Idle Class' he has become acclimated. Doors long closed have swung open. Charlie is dying; Charles tries inadequately to take his place. A great figure is passing away."

But is it? St. John Ervine, the British dramatist and critic, is doubtful. Reviewing Charlie's recent triumphal tour of England, in *Vanity Fair*, St. John Ervine observes that "Chaplin has conquered the world because he has remained in the world. Report says that he aspired to be a tragedian, and probably report is true, for most of the great comedians have had this aspiration; but if he had set out to be as great a tragedian as he is a comedian, he could only have done so by traveling along very much the same sort of road which has led him to his present high position. Epigrams are local in their effect, but the slapstick is universal; and a man will win wider suffrages by wearing a wreath of cabbages than he will ever win by wearing a wreath of laurels. Virtue is its own reward; it is also its own punishment; and those who strive to get beyond the elementals must put up with the consequences, the disregard, even the contempt, of the mass of mankind. Chaplin has publicly stated that he is tired of hitting people in the face with custard pies. He will do well not to let his fatigue prevent him from continuing to hit people in the face with custard pies, for most of us would much rather see a man covered with custard than covered with glory."

What, inquires Mr. Ervine pertinently, is there in Charlie Chaplin

which makes men and women and children of every sort, gentle and simple, highbrow and lowbrow, pay tribute to him? Is it made explicable by M. Bergson's dogma that laughter is caused when the "mechanical is encrusted on the living"? No, he pursues, there is something profounder than that in the laughter provoked by a comedian who builds his movies on the things which enthralled and amused us when we were children. "He keeps us who are adult continually entertained because he takes the secret aspirations of children, together with their cruelties and fears and vanities and adventures, and puts them into the circumstances of men. And since man

is never so universal in character as he is in his childhood it follows that the laughter which Chaplin excites can be shared by the whole world. We do not love the stars the less because all men can see them; we are not any the less amused by Chaplin because he can make an old man laugh as heartily as he can make a child."

It is the great gift of Charlie Chaplin, concludes this critic, to make men recognize their identities. "He has taken Englishmen and Irishmen, Spaniards and Russians, Frenchmen and Germans, Americans and Japanese, and reduced them all to their elements; and in so doing has achieved very largely what the more sober Dr. Wilson failed to do at Paris."

A FRENCH ORGANIST OF SUPERNORMAL POWERS

IN the days of Franz Liszt it was customary at recitals for pianists to exhibit their mastery over the keyboard by asking that some one in the audience supply a theme to be improvised on. Liszt himself and others did really wonderful "stunts" of this character, but there were also humbugs, among others an infant prodigy who, in the middle of an "improvisation," broke down and cried: "Papa, I have forgotten the rest." Reminiscent of the genius of Liszt for improvisation was the remarkable introductory performance of Marcel Dupré, organist at the great Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, who in making his American appearance recently improvised an entire symphony in four movements on themes supplied by six prominent metropolitan organists.

M. Dupré, reports Henry T. Finck, in the *New York Evening Post*, had no chance to see the themes till they were handed him at the end of the first part of the program in the Wanamaker Auditorium, New York. Then "the miracle began." The Frenchman sat down at a little table on the stage and studied the themes, each of which was

on a separate sheet of paper. This lasted several minutes, *during which he created a symphony, coram publico!* Then he wrote down something on a sheet of paper and gave it to one of the organists, who read it to the audience. It was the scheme of the symphony to be improvised, indicating the way in which the great organist had, in these few moments, distributed the given themes over the as yet unborn allegro, adagio, scherzo and finale of the symphony he was about to improvise. The themes were by Edward Shippen Barnes, Charles M. Courboin, Clarence Dickinson, Lynwood Farnam, T. Tertius Noble and Frederick Schlieder. They were good workable themes and, we are told, the Frenchman wove them into a fabric of his own which was not only clever but appealed to the feelings. Loud and prolonged was the applause of the assembled experts. It was a great feat, "even more wonderful than the same organist's performance from memory of some two hundred compositions of Bach in a series of Paris recitals."

What made this performance the



HE IS ACCLAIMED "THE WORLD'S GREATEST ORGANIST"

M. Marcel Dupré, organist of Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, astounds the New York music critics by improvising a symphony on making his first public appearance in America.

more remarkable was that M. Dupré had had little time to familiarize himself with the new instrument on which he played—a mammoth organ which would require forty horses to supply sufficient power for its pipes.

There are 7,500 of them, some of them large enough for two men to crawl through, side by side, on hands and knees. There are four manuals and pedals, seven separate organs, with some of which, invisible to his hearers, M. Dupré achieved some astonishing and impressive effects which might be called ventriloquial. The improvised symphony lasted just half an hour and was one of the most enjoyable half hours the veteran *Evening Post* critic has spent in forty years of critical experience.

Marcel Dupré, acclaimed "the world's greatest organist," comes of a family long connected with organ and church music. His paternal grandfather was organist at St. Maclou. His maternal

grandfather also was an organist and so was his father. At seven, we read in *Musical America*, Marcel Dupré played from memory on the organ twenty-four studies by Le Couppey. That was the first exhibition of an amazing faculty of memorizing which culminated a year or more ago in his playing, in ten recitals in Paris, all the organ compositions of Bach—more than two hundred in number—entirely by heart. This is declared to be without a precedent in musical history. Nor does it appear to have been a purely mechanical feat. Foreign critics assert that his musical intelligence and temperament are as astounding as his memory and technic. Studying with the famous Guilmant, who visited America in 1897, he became assistant organist of St. Sulpice in Paris, graduating five years ago, at the age of thirty, to his present post at Notre Dame. As a composer, he won the Roman prize when still under thirty.

BIRTH CONTROL AS A CONQUERING MOVEMENT

THE history of the so-called "birth-control" movement offers striking evidence of the fact that the "criminals" of one generation may become the heroes and the heroines of the next. Forty-four years ago, Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, leading English Freethinkers, faced imprisonment and insult because they published a Neo-Malthusian pamphlet. Five years ago, Margaret Sanger, publicist and trained nurse, was arrested and imprisoned because she had opened a birth-control clinic in Brooklyn. Only a few weeks ago, a meeting in the Town Hall, New York, at which Margaret Sanger and Harold Cox, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, were announced to speak, was arbitrarily dispersed by the police. And yet, in face of all this—and perhaps, in part, because of it—the birth-control movement goes steadily forward and, at the present time, is making distinguished converts on both sides of the Atlantic. Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has lately declared his conviction that birth control is "perhaps the most important movement of our time." Other Englishmen who endorse the movement are Lord Dawson, the King's physician; Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the eminent surgeon; and Dr. Bernard Hollander, one of the leading British specialists in mental and nervous diseases. On this side of the ocean we find Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, repudiating the views on "race suicide" that he voiced twenty years ago, and men of the type of Paul D. Cravath, Paul M. Warburg and Henry Morgenthau signing a public protest against the recent suppression of Mrs. Sanger's meeting. The birth-control movement, it is clear, is here to stay.

It is true that Roman Catholic leaders are as hostile to birth control as they have always been, and that Archbishop Hayes, of New York, the Right Rev. Mgr. John A. Sheppard, vicar-general

of the Roman Catholic diocese of Newark, New Jersey, and other prelates declare their uncompromizing hostility to the principle for which Mrs. Sanger and her associates fight. But the trend of public opinion, as expressed in the press, seems to be overwhelmingly against them, and the charge that Archbishop Hayes inspired the suppression of the Town Hall meeting, has aroused very general indignation.

The facts of the birth-control situation in the United States are summed up by Arthur Gleason in a useful article in the *Survey*. It seems that a federal law (Section 211 of the Penal Code) was passed in 1873 which puts on the same level contraceptive information and obscene literature or pictures. All, equally, are "hereby declared to be non-mailable matter." This bill, Mr. Gleason notes, "was lobbied into law by the driving force and sincerity of Anthony Comstock who had failed to distinguish in his own mind between the vile literature, which he so vigorously and righteously and usefully fought, and the scientific study of birth control."

Congress in 1909 made it illegal to transport by express or any public carrier all the items prohibited to the mails in Section 211.

Stimulated by the federal act of 1873, the various States blossomed out into "obscenity" legislation, much of which took the form of the federal law. Says Mr. Gleason:

"Twenty-four States and Porto Rico specifically penalize contraceptive knowledge in their obscenity laws. Twenty-four States and the District of Columbia, Alaska and Hawaii have laws by which, on the basis of the federal law, contraceptive knowledge may be suppressed as obscene. What is obscenity? It has never been accurately defined in law. By throwing a rich adjectival rhetoric around 'pamphlets, pictures, packages,' the federal act was able to create an atmosphere of filthy horror for knowledge concerning

motherhood. The device was as skilful as the red mist with which Archibald Stevenson, Senator Lusk and Ralph Easley have surrounded all thoughts, words and deeds that are liberal. Twenty-two States prohibit drugs and instruments. Eleven States make it a crime to possess instructions in contraception. Fourteen States make it a crime to tell where or how the knowledge may be gained. Four States have laws authorizing search and seizure of contraceptive instructions. Certain exemptions from the penalties of these laws are made in some of the States for medical colleges, medical books, physicians and druggists. Two States are without obscenity statutes, tho police power can suppress knowledge on the basis of the federal act. The two comparatively free States are New Mexico and North Carolina."

In the case of eight States forbidding the deposit of information in the Post Office the question is undecided whether repealing the federal prohibition will of itself void the State laws or whether police power to withhold mail will remain. The Voluntary Parenthood League, one of the organizations active in the campaign for repeal, believes that just as the passage of the federal law stimulated the repressive activities of the States, so the repeal of the federal act will result in clearing twenty-four States at one stroke of their legislation, and in moving the other twenty-four States to join the procession. Margaret Sanger urges the attack, State by State.

But to leave the subject here, Mr. Gleason remarks, is to leave it involved in the machinery and materialism of method. "The impulse of birth control comes from deep sources. It comes from pity for the plight of the poor, from the horror of war, from the sickness of an acquisitive society. But the profound source of the birth-control

movement is in the ideal of the happy and fruitful marriage. It is in the consciousness that the relationship of man and woman and child is the one abiding value in secular changes. To fail in it is to miss the good life. To succeed is to come as near to happiness as is permitted to human beings."

Birth-control clinics were started in Holland in 1884 by the famous pioneering feminist, Dr. Aletta Jacobs, and to-day there are 54 of them.

Marie Stopes established a clinic in London in 1921. The patrons of her work include Edward Carpenter, John Robert Clynes, Harold Cox, Sir Lynden Macassey, Maude Royden, George Roberts and Admiral Sir Percy Scott.



SHE MAY YET BE CANONIZED WHERE ONCE SHE WAS INCARCERATED

Margaret Sanger, who a few years ago was imprisoned for her advocacy of birth control, is now supported by influential men and women on both sides of the Atlantic.

PREACHING REVOLUTION WITHOUT THE "R"

THE effect of the American atmosphere on a former Russian revolutionary may be traced in a new and suggestive book entitled "Our Revolution: Essays in Interpretation" (Badger), by Victor S. Yarros. The revolution to which this title refers is not the existing Russian revolution. Mr. Yarros says he abhors and detests Bolshevism. What he has in mind is the revolt that is now taking place in America and in other countries as a protest against poverty, gross inequality in the distribution of wealth, chronic unemployment and the like. It is a revolution without the "r"—something essentially evolutionary and inevitable—and it is destined, Mr. Yarros believes, to transform the face of the entire world.

Mr. Yarros in his youth belonged to a branch of the Socialist-Revolutionist Party in Russia and wrote for "underground" newspapers. He is now a resident of Hull-House, Chicago, an editorial writer on Chicago newspapers and a contributor to leading magazines. Most of the essays in the present volume were published in the *American Journal of Sociology*, the *International Journal of Ethics*, the *Open Court*, the *Nation* and the now deceased *Single-Tax* weekly, the *Public*. This list of journals sufficiently indicates the catholicity of Yarros' outlook.

He is best described as an independent radical, and he likes to think of himself in the company of that vast company of radicals throughout the world who are not "ists"—not State Socialists, not Communists, not Anarchists, not Syndicalists, not Guild Socialists. He defines a radical as a man who "believes that the existing social, economic and political system is wrong and *wrong fundamentally*; that the so-called Liberal reforms and palliatives are not sufficient to set it right, and that profound, far-reaching changes are necessary."

It is a great mistake, in Yarros' view, to suppose that America needs no radical teaching. We are developing here, he says, the same kinds of social and economic evils as have led to war and revolution in Europe, and he instances the tenant-farmer class, a class of homeless and casual laborers. Another half century, he predicts, with immigration at any liberal rate, with the development of a proletariat, with the exhaustion of cheap land, with the intensification of discontent and the spread of destructive radicalism, always the fruit of hatred and bitterness and pessimism, and our conditions may not differ perceptibly from those of Europe. Europe is dying, said Anatole France recently—dying of spiritual and moral ills, for she is selfish, greedy, imperialistic and militarist, despite all the bitter lessons of the World War. Mr. Yarros does not believe that Europe is dying, but he is convinced that the civilization of Europe is sick and that the same malady is attacking our American civilization, which is at bottom European. "Certain it is," he continues, "that the remedy in Europe, and the preventive or ultimate remedy here, will be found in a sane, constructive, evolutionary radicalism based on the twin principles of civil individual liberty and equality of economic opportunity, good, healthy American principles, which, however, must be applied in the light of a philosophical interpretation of the facts and conditions of our own time."

Mr. Yarros objects to State Socialism because he distrusts and fears the State, which he says is "in its essence tyrannical and intolerant, and always has been and must be unprogressive and inefficient." He objects equally to philosophic Anarchism on the ground that it is "Utopian and metaphysical, arid and anti-Darwinian." That the State may be abolished at some remote day, he holds to be possible. That men and women may learn to dispense with

compulsion in their economic and political relations, as they have learned to dispense with compulsion in the sphere of religion and esthetics, he also holds to be possible. But "such hopes and aspirations have practically no relation to the pressing problems of the day."

The independent radical, Mr. Yarros continues, is not a Syndicalist, because Syndicalism, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, is an extremely nebulous affair and fails to protect the interests of the consumers, of the public, or to provide for any systematic cooperation among the autonomous syndicates or communes.

Nor can he accept the doctrines of Guild Socialism in their entirety. "It cannot be pretended," Mr. Yarros writes in this connection, "that Guild Socialism offers a permanent home to those independent radicals who have little faith in paper plans, and who prefer to apply first principles to problems and situations as they arise. Why, indeed, commit one's self to a nebulous scheme that, if ever realized at all, will undoubtedly undergo a hundred further modifications? What advantage is there in identifying one's self with an 'ism' that one does not expect to carry out, or even adequately try on a small scale?"

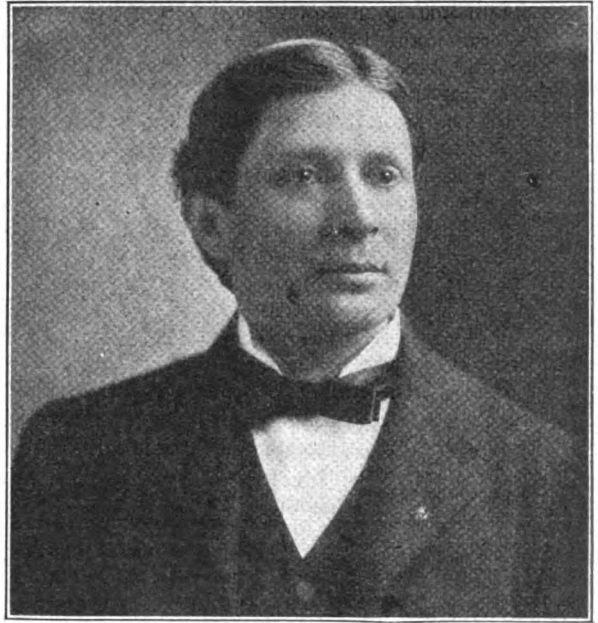
Translated into concrete, specific propositions, the creed of the independent radical is summed up by Mr. Yarros thus:

"Free access to natural opportunities, with occupancy and use as the only title to land in the broad sense of the term.

"Free banking and cooperative credit, with a fair and stable standard of value—preferably the Multiple Standard.

"Free trade in the fullest sense of the phrase.

"Voluntary cooperation in industry on the widest scale, with democracy in the



HE WARNS AGAINST A COMPLACENT ATTITUDE
TOWARD SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Victor S. Yarros, Hull-House resident and Chicago newspaper man, declares that Americans delude themselves if they think that this country is immune from social diseases that have overwhelmed Europe.

management of corporations and firms not cooperative in character.

"Service at cost as the only basis for public utilities, with but a moderate return to the capital invested, and with Trustee management.

"Proportional representation, the referendum, the initiative and the recall.

"Second or revising chambers, where advisable at all, constructed on the lines of the Russian Soviet, with safeguards against the frauds and abuses that have so far characterized the so-called Soviet system."

The ultimate problem, however, is one that economics alone can never solve. We must learn "how to purge the human heart, to make it softer and finer, to turn it towards righteousness and beneficence." Mr. Yarros looks to education, rather than to religion, to accomplish this miracle. He says:

"The education chiefly needed is social, moral, practical. We must seek to understand one another, to grasp each other's point of view, to sympathize with one an-

other's difficulties and troubles, to recognize each other's honesty, sincerity and right to his opinion. . . .

"We moderns face certain grave and great problems. Not all of us realize this fact. The first step in education is to bring that fact home to many of those who, tho capable of understanding, are indifferent, complacent, ignorant, cynical. The second step is to cooperate systemati-

cally in working out the solutions of our problems, cooperate in a hundred different ways, formal and informal. Community centers, neighborhood forums, conferences, symposia, church and club discussions, newspaper publicity—these are some of the means of attaining the end in view—solutions of grave menacing, by mutual accommodation, timely compromises, wise adjustments."

THE ARCH PACIFIST OF THE MODERN WORLD

THE mantle of Leo Tolstoy may be said to have fallen on Romain Rolland, French idealist, one-time winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, author of "Jean-Christophe" and of scores of books and essays which have been translated into Japanese, Polish, Czech and modern Greek, as well as into the more widely-reaching tongues. Like Tolstoy, Rolland won his first renown as a novelist. Like Tolstoy also, he threw away his renown in order that he might devote himself to what he felt was the larger importance of a social gospel. Both have been pacifists, and both have fought, with the zeal of fanatics, against the spirit that makes war possible. At the present time, when the question of disarmament leads all others in international discussion, it may be that both will attain a new importance.

The first biography* of Rolland to be translated into English is written, significantly enough, by a German, Stefan Zweig. We can follow here the widening influence of a man who is not ashamed to admit that he has always been on the losing side; who goes so far, indeed, as to suggest that "all victory is evil, whereas all defeat is good in so far as it is the outcome of free choice." It seems that Rolland married in his youth and that his marriage ended disastrously. He has lived since then in a kind of austere seclusion, devoting to public ideals the energies that

other men devote to their private fortunes.

The deciding influence in his early life, as Zweig makes clear, was Tolstoy. He was trying to decide what he wanted to do, and he found himself torn between artistic and humanitarian ambitions. He wrote to Tolstoy. The latter responded in 38 pages of script, an entire treatise written in French. There was no doubt in Tolstoy's mind, and he left no doubt in Rolland's mind, that true art is the art which binds men together, and that the prerequisite of every true calling must be, not love for art, but love for mankind. Those only who are filled with such a love, Tolstoy wrote, can hope that they will ever be able, as artists, to do anything worth doing.

In the spirit of this letter, Rolland shaped his entire career. For fifteen years he and his friends Péguy and Suarès wrote and edited an obscure periodical, *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. In its pages "Jean-Christophe" first appeared. Not a centime was spent on advertizing it, and it was rarely to be found on sale at any of the usual agents. It was read by students and by a few men of letters, by a small circle growing imperceptibly. Tho during this period Rolland's financial position was anything but easy, he received nothing for most of his writings—the case is perhaps unexampled in modern literature. "To fortify their idealism, to set an example to others," as Zweig puts it, "these heroic figures renounced the

* ROMAIN ROLLAND: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Stefan Zweig. Tr. by Eden and Cedar Paul. Thomas Seltzer.

chance of publicity, circulation and remuneration for their writings; they renounced the holy trinity of the literary faith. And when at length, through Rolland's, Péguy's and Suarès' tardily achieved fame, the *Cahiers* had come into its own, the publication was discontinued."

It was part of Rolland's ambition to create "a theater of the people," and he wrote plays which he called "tragedies of faith" in the hope that he might "arouse a passionate inspiration toward greatness" among the people. Two of these plays, "The Fourteenth of July" and "Danton," dealt with the French Revolution. A third, "The Wolves," was a dramatization of the Dreyfus case. A fourth, "A Day will Come," was anti-militarist. They were all notable, but they failed to reach the people at whom they were aimed.

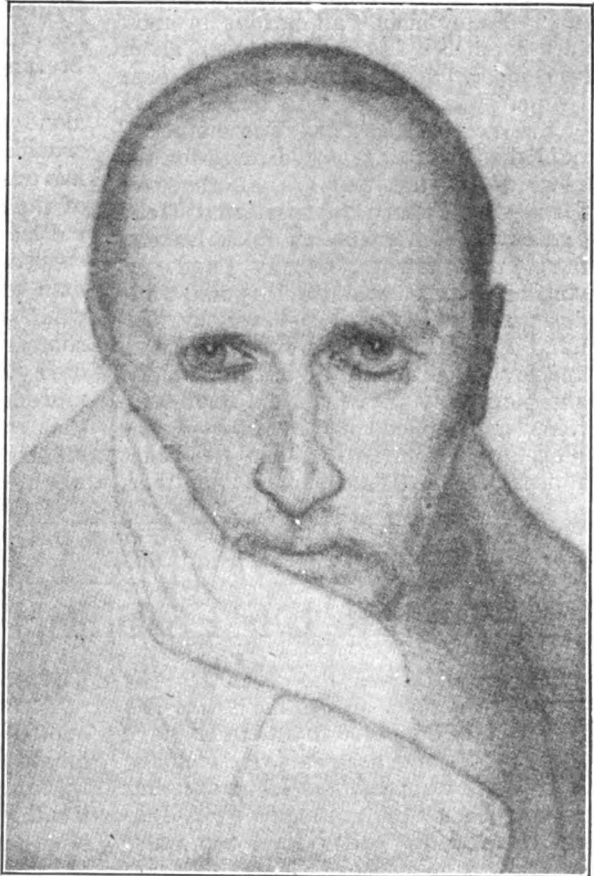
The next enterprize on which Rolland embarked was one of biography. He hoped to inflame the popular imagination by a cycle of heroes. His studies included Beethoven, Michelangelo and Tolstoy and they were keyed to the motive: "In suffering alone do we rightly understand art; through sorrow alone do we learn those things which outlast the centuries and are stronger than death." He projected biographies of Mazzini and of Thomas Paine, but the plan was checked by a growing realization of the fact that no historical character embodied his dream. He determined to create an ideal character, and "Jean-Christophe" was the result.

"Jean-Christophe" has been called the portrait of an entire generation. It is based, above all, on the idea of world-unity and international understanding. Its hero is a German musician. He lives in Paris, in southern France, in Italy.

His friend Olivier is a Frenchman. The third most prominent character in the book, the woman Grazia, is an Italian. What Romain Rolland tried to show in the ten volumes of this monumental work was a human soul growing toward universal sympathy.

Then came the War, and Rolland found himself in a situation in which his theoretical ideas were put to the severest of all tests. "The world he had hoped to unite was in raging discord. Europe was becoming a vast battlefield.

For Rolland participation in the war was unthinkable. Almost alone among writers of international reputation he endeavored to maintain a position



"ONE AGAINST ALL"

Romain Rolland, who confronts us here in a study made by Granlé, faced Europe almost alone at the time of the outburst of the World War. He says that the way to end war is to refuse to participate in it.

"above the battle." He was living in Geneva at the time, and he worked in the Red Cross inquiry department. He wrote letters to Gerhart Hauptmann and Emile Verhaeren, pleading that intellectuals, at least, should refuse to hate. He published articles and manifestoes in Socialist papers in which he said: "A great nation has not only its frontiers to defend: it has its reason."

To this period belong the essays published under the title, "Above the Battle," and addressed to the youthful fighters. "O young men that shed your blood for the thirsty earth with so generous a joy! O heroism of the world! What a harvest for destruction to reap under this splendid summer sun! Young men of all nations, brought into conflict by a common ideal, all of you, marching to your deaths, are dear to me."

His next book, "The Forerunners," published in 1919, was dedicated to "the memory of the martyrs of the new faith—the Human International: Jean Jaurès, Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Kurt Eisner, Gustav Landauer, victims of ferocious stupidity and murderous lies." It was followed by "Liluli," a farcical comedy satirizing war, and by "Clerambault," a thinly-veiled autobiography in which his own emotions and difficulties, in face of the War, are chronicled. When President Wilson, at the conclusion of the War,

went to Paris to attend the Versailles Conference, Romain Rolland wrote an open letter in which he appealed to the "heir of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln" to "take the hands which are stretched forth, help them to clasp one another." On June 2, 1919, he published in *L'Humanité* a "declaration of the independence of the mind," in which he said: "Truth only do we honor; truth that is free, frontierless, limitless; truth that knows naught of the prejudices of race or caste."

Not a single one of Romain Rolland's ideals, wishes or dreams has been realized. His claim upon us rests in his heroism of spirit. "Never has his struggle been grander and never has his existence been more indispensable," Stefan Zweig concludes, "than during recent years; for it is his apostolate alone which has saved the gospel of crucified Europe; and furthermore he has rescued for us another faith, that of the imaginative writer as the spiritual leader, the moral spokesman of his own nation and of all nations. This man of letters has preserved us from what should have been an imperishable shame, had there been no one in our days to testify against the lunacy of murder and hatred. To him we owe it that even during the fiercest storm in history the sacred fire of brotherhood was never extinguished."

HOW IRELAND BECAME THE FOSTER-MOTHER OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION

SO much stress has been laid by Englishmen on the debt that Ireland is supposed to owe to England that it will come as a surprise to many Americans to learn that Ireland claims to have been "the mainspring of English civilization" and to have acted also as its foster-mother. This claim is made and is supported by a mass of documentary evidence in a new book, "Ireland and the Making of Britain" (Funk & Wagnalls), by Benedict Fitz-

patrick. The writer is thinking of medieval times when he uses the words quoted. He is trying to show that, for hundreds of years, "the Irish race was the master race in Britain," and that, lacking the Irish influence, the history of what are now called the British Isles would have been, during those years, a complete blank.

Till the sixteenth century, Mr. Fitzpatrick reminds us, Ireland had probably the most fortunate history of any

country in Europe. "She escaped the devastating grip of Roman power. When German savages carried destruction into Britain and the continental Roman provinces, Ireland remained a haven of blissful repose. She conquered and absorbed the Danes who had won a province of France and turned England into a compound of slaves. The turbulent and victorious French, who soldered rings round the necks of Englishmen and made England a pendant to the Norman crown, she bound by ties of devotion surpassing the affection of her own children."

In other parts of Europe men were born and lived and died, and generation succeeded generation amid the remains of a once glorious civilization. But their lives were the lives of savages. There was no growth, no development. The stream of civilization, Mr. Fitzpatrick says, which had gathered its waters from tributaries having their rise in India, Egypt, Persia, Assyria and other ancient centers, and which had run its broadest and deepest course in a channel carved by an alliance of Greek and Roman culture, had, following the inrush of barbarians and the fall of Rome, once again become divided and deflected so as henceforth to run partly in the East and partly in Ireland. "At the threshold of the Middle Ages the regions that recognized the sway of Constantinople became the heirs to Greek culture and the Greek language. But the immediate heir to Roman culture, and such Greek culture as went with it, was not continental Europe but a land that had never bent to Roman authority. With the close of the period of antiquity Ireland became the home of western civilization and remained almost its sole home for hundreds of years."

It is true that there remained something of the old Greco-Roman culture in Spain; but the survival, Mr. Fitzpatrick contends, was feeble and showed neither health nor strength till renewed and cultivated by the Saracen invaders. It is true that in England also there appeared after its Christianization an

occasional exotic bloom of culture on the rank soil of a primitive barbarism. But "English culture was only a pale reflex of Irish culture. It was a culture planted by Irish hands and that seldom blossomed except when Irish hands were there to tend it." The argument proceeds:

"The civilization of Anglo-Saxon England was not a self-perpetuating civilization. There were men among the early English here and there who raised themselves by prodigious effort above the mud and blood in which the mass of their countrymen dragged their lives. But they died in gloom and they had no heirs or successors. Schools of note also arose from time to time in England, but they were short-lived. Canterbury died with Theodore and Adrian who established it. Jarrow died with Bede. York, the most noted of the English schools, of which the chief ornament was Alcuin, had a life of hardly 50 years. But of the great Irish schools few fell by the wayside. Armagh, Clonmacnois, Clonfert, Clonard, Iona, Bangor, Moville, Clonenagh, Glendalough, Lismore and the others, great monastic cities and *studia generalia*, centers of all the arts and industries of their time, well over 30 in number, with a huge train of lesser lay and professional schools, maintained their magnificent course almost to the close of the Middle Ages."

That an intellectual energy so abounding should in course of time overflow the confines of Ireland itself was only to be expected. Irish missionaries and schoolmen were soon descending on half the countries of Europe "like bees from a hive." The first theater of their operations was what is now called Scotland, and Irish missionaries christianized and civilized it while Irish soldiers and colonists gradually reduced it, "turning the old Caledonia into the Irish province of Scotia Minor, or Lesser Ireland, which it has since in essentials remained." The Irish ruled Wales as a military colony even in Roman times, and it continued an Irish-speaking province almost to the eighth century. As the Romans left Britain there were repeated attempts by Irish

military forces to conquer what is now England, but the attempts failed, Mr. Fitzpatrick tells us, partly because Irishmen were at this time being converted to Christianity and in their early fervor renounced their foreign enterprizes. He continues:

"When the southern part of Britain became England, however, it was devoted Irishmen who rescued the English from their primeval savagery and heathenism and first brought them into the circle of Christianity and civilization. Augustine's mission to England was an almost complete failure and his successors fled; while for the greater part of the Anglo-Saxon period Irishmen taught and led the English. Where the Romans signally failed Irishmen signally succeeded. They built the first schools in England—Lindisfarne, Malmesbury, Whitby, Glastonbury and the

others. They ruled the English as bishops. They taught them to read, to write, to build, to work metals and to illuminate books. They delivered them, as far as they were able, from the excesses of barbarism and taught them the truths of the Christian faith. They not only taught the English in England, but they sent them by the shipload to Ireland, where they were received and provided with food, shelter and education and sometimes with colleges and farms without payment of any kind. Before the French or Norman conquest Irish influence in England was all-pervading. The English knew almost no art but Irish art, almost no civilization but Irish civilization. So that of the relics of the Anglo-Saxon period that have come down to us, there is hardly an object, whether a manuscript or a jewel, whether a piece of sculpture or a piece of architecture, that is not either wholly Irish in character or with Irish characteristics."

WHAT SID SAYS

Every month the AMERICAN MAGAZINE publishes a brief inspirational essay by its editor, John M. Siddall, under the title, "Sid Says." We reproduce four of these essays. They are homely, pithy, optimistic and characteristically American as "Poor Richard's Almanac" was.

Sid Says:

*Here is an old truth—told in
circus language*

I HAVE just had a talk with Ed P. Norwood, general press representative of Ringling Brothers Circus. He told me of a wonderful phrase they have in the circus business. When a man loses his enthusiasm for his job they say that he is "sucker-sore."

It means, of course, sucker-tired—that is, tired of the customer, bored by the people who come to see the show. Ticket sellers and all sorts of employees are seized with it, the result being that they get sullen, and "snap" at visitors like angry dogs. Even the freaks are attacked by it. They get utterly sick of people's questions—questions they have answered 100,000 times. How would you like to have three ears and

have 300 people quiz you about them every day for twenty years?

Yet the freak or the ticket seller who gets "sucker-sore" loses his usefulness after a time, and has to be dropped. People just don't like him. They instinctively turn away from him. He is no longer a drawing-card. Somehow, the freak must manage to sit on his chair, look interested in his three ears, and continue to discuss them as if they were brand-new. He must realize that the people who stand before him and look wonderingly at his collection of ears were not in the crowd at Kankakee last week, or at Elyria last year, or at Albany in 1906.

I guess we all get "sucker-sore" at

times. Who doesn't? Don't you? Think over the list: salesmen, preachers, teachers, musicians, doctors, lawyers, editors, stenographers, railroad conductors—oh my! What's the use of naming everybody! Husbands and wives get "sucker-sore"—hating the job of trying to keep on interesting each other.

It is a wonder old Mother Nature doesn't get "sucker-sore" at us and turn on the floods, or turn off the light, and blot us out. But she doesn't. Every morning she gets up and lights the same old lamp, and gives us the rain and the heat and the cold we need. In the spring she sets out the new flowers and in the winter she prepares the snow. You would think she was forever "putting on the show" for the first time.

And that's what you've got to do. You've got to do it if you are sitting on the Supreme Bench at Washington listening to a lawyer half your age who says things you have known since 1881. You've got to do it in your office, at

your work-table, in your home. You've got to do it if you are nine feet high and folks have paid their way into a side show to see you and to ask how the atmosphere is up there.

"Well, how in the world can I keep up my interest?" you ask. I don't know—unless by remembering that we are all "suckers" in every line except our own, and that we therefore owe it to the other fellow to treat his questions with consideration. Take me, for example. My life has been spent mostly around the printing press. In that one line some of the questions you might ask me would seem foolish. But last week I went up to Central Station and asked a guard what track the two-forty-five train for Chicago was on. I got a polite answer, too, just as if two hundred people hadn't asked him the same question within an hour.

Don't get "sucker-sore," unless you are willing that everybody else shall. Which reminds me that Norwood was only telling me in circus language the old, old story of the Golden Rule.

Sid Says: *George Washington needs advertizing just as much as soap does*

MR. WISTER has created a great phrase—"Don't squander the past."

If there is anything the human animal is good at, it is squandering the past. Nations do it, you and I as individuals do it. What a happy world we could live in if we had sense enough to use the experience of those who have preceded us!

We even have trouble using our own experience. We forget what that experience has been, and then go ahead and make the same mistake over again.

We really know only a few simple things. We know enough not to take a match and deliberately light our full beards (if we have 'hem), and we know enough not to jump off a forty-story building. That kind of wisdom seems

to have come down to us from the past. But we don't know enough to turn a deaf ear to wild-cat schemes, and don't always know enough to get up and move out of a draft. (Don't get scared. I am not going to enumerate all the blunders we make. How much do you think this white paper costs?)

It is all a matter of education—a slow process. But the thing is worth doing. Anyhow, this magazine is devoted to telling people, over and over, what is good for them to know.

How to make this nation of ours better and stronger is one of these things. Mr. Wister says we are missing a big chance to educate ourselves and our children in patriotism by not naming more of our streets and squares and highways after our great men and their

great deeds. He is right. Naming a street after a great American, like Washington, or Lincoln, or Roosevelt, is simply *advertizing* that man to the nation, now and in the future.

Every business man knows that you've got to keep on advertizing a thing if you don't want people to forget all about it. Why not use the wisdom these business men have learned?

The law that governs advertizing applies to nations as well as to goods. You have to keep saying a thing over and over. If the full power of advertizing could be turned on, and then turned off, the job of one of the best-known soaps in the world would have been easy. All that would have been necessary would

have been this: Hire two inches in a newspaper about the year 1885 and make the following announcement:

Our soap is perfect. We tell you once and for the last time. We hope we may never have to repeat it. Let this be the record—and don't let us ever have to speak of the matter again.

But that wouldn't work. The wax in the human brain does not register and hold impressions unless they come in constant repetition. "Repetition is reputation, and reputation is repetition"—that is the law of advertizing. The rule is inexorable. There is no short cut around it—neither for soap nor George Washington.

Sid Says:

*If you change jobs—take your spade
and hoe with you*

SOME years ago I took a ride up the Hudson River. We passed a golf club. From the deck of the boat the course looked beautiful—as if it were free from all difficulties. I said to myself: "That would be the ideal place for me to stage my game. If I could only play there I am sure I could do splendidly—maybe break my record."

Well, the whirligig of time has brought things to pass so that every week I hack my way around that very course. And I can assure you that it doesn't look to me now as it looked from the deck of that boat, two miles away. A closer view has revealed many details that were not discernible at a distance. I see rough ground and pitfalls on every hand. I see old gentlemen climbing out of traps or crawling under bushes in search of lost balls. I hear and participate in the muttered "Damn." In other words, I see the course as it is, not as it was pictured in my dreambook.

Precisely the same thing is true in business. Thousands of men go through life with their eyes raised longingly to

pleasanter fields that lie over the fence.

In the office where they work there is inefficiency, intrigue, no future. But in the business across the street all is rosy. *Theirs* is a hazardous business, *the other fellow's* is easy. So they jump from one thing to another, never staying long enough to master the difficulties that pester the human race wherever it operates.

There is a certain corporation in America, world renowned for its success and for its imagined perfection as a business machine. I wish I had a dollar for every time I have heard, "Why can't we run our business as So-and-so's is run?" (Naming this corporation).

The other day I had a confidential talk with one of the vice-presidents of the concern. You should have heard his tale! Things are so bad over there that he is thinking of leaving! Waste and inefficiency on every side. In other words—their field is full of stubble, too. Yet you and I, looking at it from afar, have admired its carpetlike smoothness. Its velvety-green surface

has looked to us at a distance exactly as a field of grass, gazed at from afar, looks like a billiard-table.

Of course, some soils are better than others. It would be foolish to say that all are alike. It would be impractical, for example, to stay with a company organized for the construction of a railroad to the moon. No matter how hard you worked at the job you would probably fail.

But most of us are not engaged in chimerical pursuits. Most of us are at work at things that can be made to succeed if we dig in and stick to it. However, if you decide to make a change—don't change with the idea

that you are going to escape difficulties. You can't escape them.

The world that lies outside yourself is like your neighbor's garden. You can sit on the porch and cover it. But if you succeed in getting it—prepare to shake hands with a new assortment of bugs, weeds and stones.

The other day I saw a cartoon of two cows on the opposite side of the same fence. Each cow had her nose poked through the fence, and each was represented as saying, "Gee, but that green grass over there looks good to me!" So even cows don't know any more than men when it comes to having a desire to "break into a new game."

Sid Says:

*If you expect any miracles in 1922—you
have got to perform them*

THE New Year is at hand. But January 1st and the days to follow will be no different from December 31st and the days behind, unless you make them different.

One of the silliest of human delusions is the idea that time will bring everything out all right. Haven't you heard people get that off—and then proceed to do nothing whatever with time? The most pitiable business failure I know of was due to a self-deluded individual in the concern who did nothing but counsel the great things that time was going to do for the business. "Just wait," was his advice. "What we need is time. Leave it to time." So they did. And in time the business decayed.

Foolish people leave all sorts of things to time. Some leave the question of ill health to time. Others leave the question of thrift to time. Only today I heard of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year man, right here in New York, who at fifty is spending every nickel he makes—saving nothing. I suppose he thinks that God cares for the ravens, and that God will take care of him. God will no doubt care for him—just as He cares for the ravens. But

ravens don't live until they lose their jobs because of old age. Neither do they require steam-heated apartments, underclothes and hair mattresses to sleep on.

Left to itself, time is nothing but a grand little passer. Look how it passes in the desert and in the Arctic Circle. Plenty of time—but no potatoes.

Don't leave anything to Father Time. He won't do anything for you. He can't. All he does is to provide you room in which to perform. If you sit in the corner and wait for him to do your job, you'll be disappointed.

Father Time is only a sort of janitor in the employ of the Almighty. He sees the tenants come and go. But he has nothing to do with any of them, cares nothing about them. When you enter the arena he may bow and say, "Good Morning." When you check out seventy or eighty years later he may say, "Good night." That, however, will be the extent of his interest in you, or knowledge of you. He sees billions pass in and out the gate—dunces, mediocres and bright boys like Cæsar and Willie Shakespeare. But they all look alike to him.

WHAT CATHOLICS MEAN BY TRANSFORMATION OF BREAD

NO man of science will admit that the chemical properties of bread and wine are altered by the act of consecration, and no Roman Catholic who understands what is meant by transubstantiation would maintain such an absurdity, so writes a chemist, Professor John Butler Burke, in the great Roman Catholic periodical, the *Dublin Review*. There is no transmutation of the chemical elements as such when at the sacrifice of the mass the bread and wine are transformed into the body and blood of Christ. Only the "substance," what in Greek is called the "noumenon" or in German the "thing-in-itself," the metaphysical essence underlying the phenomenon, is altered. No man of science and no Roman Catholic, unless he is blind, would doubt that the bread and wine retain the appearance and the material properties of bread and wine. If tested chemically they would be found to possess the chemical properties of bread and wine, and not those of flesh and blood. The percentage of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen in particular would be that of bread and wine. Starch is not converted into a nitrogenous proteid.

In this respect Huxley, who misunderstood the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, entirely misconceived the distinction. The dematerialized substance is all that is changed. The appearance or matter remains the same, but the form or substance is altered. This distinction between material and spiritual facts is one that cannot be too strongly emphasized if men of science are expected to remain Roman Catholics. Some of the best scientists of the past, such as Copernicus, Descartes, Mendel, Pasteur, the three generations of Becquerels in the past and J. Becquerel and Branly of the present day, have openly professed the faith. The distinction, says Doctor Burke, cannot be too clearly made if we are to

avoid the entanglements of a truly irrelevant and perhaps irreverent nature with which unfortunately the history of science and of the church so manifestly teems.

Christ, then, is really and truly present in "substance," as distinct from "appearance," that is, from the physical and chemical properties of bread and wine. This distinction between "essence" and "accidents" is the basis of Roman Catholic philosophy:

"The Church deals with the spiritual, the immaterial, or perhaps dematerialized body; Science with the material phenomenon, its physical properties. Science with the world of experience or phenomena; Catholicism with the world beyond experience, or *noumena*, of which we know and can know nothing, except by revelation through the Church and its Founder.

"The miracles of Christianity, for instance, first and foremost the Incarnation, then the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and the Ascension, and the Life Everlasting, to mention but the chief doctrines and miracles of the Christian faith, are entirely beyond the pale of the material world, and Science deals with the material. He who believes in any one of these might, with consistency, accept the whole, and he who refuses one should, with consistency, refuse the whole.

"If the scientific world to-day maintains that man was evolved from ancestors of the anthropoid apes—and the evidence for such is, as we say, admitted by the most competent judges to be overwhelming—and, accordingly, in the evolutionary series from reptiles, possibly from amphibia, and almost certainly from fishes, echinodermata, worms, back to the protista, to the most elementary forms of living matter, nay, back to the dust, to which he ultimately, as we know, in time returns, nay, even from the atoms and electrons, into which he ultimately becomes resolved—the cycle of his material history becomes complete, but it touches not, nor in the least affects, the dematerialized, spiritual essence of his being, of his beginning, any more than of his end as a human soul."

THE WRITER WHO FORESAW RUSSIA'S DESCENT TO HELL

THE Russian genius, Dostoevsky, created a world. The writer who favors us with a single great character makes us richer. What, then, is the extent of our indebtedness to Dostoevsky! He led us to such lofty peaks of humanity that the simple standards of good and evil seem to melt as the wax melted from the wings of Icarus and we are all plunged with him in the abyss of blackest depths.

The Russian part of mankind, and to some extent all mankind, wanders to-day, says Felix Salten in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, on the low plane anticipated by Dostoevsky. He foresaw Russia's descent into her present hell, a boundless expanse in which truth and falsehood, the wickedness of the demon and the nobility of the angel's soul, wisdom and madness, whirl and waltz in a weird dance together. There seems no possibility of drawing distinctions here. The bestialities seem able to deck themselves out as a means of salvation. Every form of maniacal frenzy is taken for the vision of a prophet. In this hell the most clear-sighted dare not call an infamy infamous or generosity generous, for there is no certainty that behind the one there may not be a high-minded motive and behind the other a sham.

Dostoevsky, of course, did not will this descent into hell. He trembled at the prospect of it all his life and never suspected that he might be helping on the catastrophe. He was an admirer of Czardom, firm of faith and a conservative to the very marrow. He was certain that the Czar had been set upon his throne by God himself, to decide life or death. Dostoevsky believed disobedience to be a sin and revolutionary thinking shameful. He was obsequious at sight of a commander's epaulets, rumble in the face of bureaucratic arrogance. He mistook himself for a citizen of the world and talked of an international civilization for Europe;

but he was really a nationalist patriot who sighed for the triumph of Slavism, preached the withdrawal of Russia from Europe and set his curse upon Turgenieff's Parisian culture.

Strachoff, who was Dostoevsky's best friend, says positively that he could not understand the man. Mereschowsky, who admired him as all must, speaks continually of Dostoevsky's contradictions, his errors in fundamentals. Never before was a great man so little as Dostoevsky and never did so small a man attain such tremendous heights. This blend of pettiness and bigness, of narrowness and breadth, of truth and error, is to be found only in a Russian. These qualities in their flattest contradiction are met with among no other people.

It is just this Russian quality in Dostoevsky, Salten thinks, that fascinates us. He seems to gaze down from tremendous heights upon the concerns of mortals below. Dostoevsky was an expert in the human soul as was no other writer before him, and yet the pettiest literary critic could fill him with joy through a piece of praise, and any attack upon him in print made him gloomy. He was poor, burdened with debt, felt that he must fly abroad to escape his creditors, only to fall supine in front of a gaming-table and acquire a new burden of financial care. He was shamefully deceived by his first wife. She told him to his face that she had never loved him, that she had betrayed him from the first. He clung to her all the same to the very end and was persuaded that never was he worthy of her love.

The life of Dostoevsky was overcast with tragedy deeper than most mortals ever knew. At the age of twenty-eight, before he had found himself, he was seized by the police and for eight agonizing months he languished in the prison of Peter-Paul. Then came the Christmas morn on which he was led

out to execution. The very minute of his appointed death was being ticked off by the clock. Only then was the bandage torn from his eyes and he heard that he had been pardoned but must go to Siberia with the convict gang. His four years in chains were followed by five years more of clerical labor in Siberia. What patience must Dostoevsky's have been and what a wealth of will-power he had that after a series of ordeals so dire he could begin the great work of his life! "It would make me happy were I allowed to give my writings to the public," he says in an appeal to General Totleben two years after he left his dungeon. When once more he reached Russia and resumed a life among men he was forty.

He worked. The fearful and petty struggle with dire necessity that wore his frail physique to the bone was perhaps a mysterious law of his being. He toiled with the furious haste of those men of genius who are inexhaustible and who yet know they have no time to lose. He worked out the vein provided for his genius by the age in which he lived, by the people among whom he had been born, and he did this so comprehensively that but one other genius is fit to be named in the same breadth with him—Balzac. Dostoevsky worked like Balzac, whom he loved in his youth and whom he translated. Dostoevsky, like Balzac, worked as if he were under the lash, by night, pursued by the printer for "copy," living like a fugitive and as if a storm were raging about his head.

He resembled Balzac in the fact that his romances began to appear in the papers before he had the end well in view, the continuation of one installment not yet written and the end ever so far away. He had always to keep the wolf from the door. "Whoever wants my writings," he would say, "must see that I get enough to eat." He implored money in advance. He was often hungry, with no meal in prospect. Once in Germany he had to pawn his only coat to pay for the telegram

to his publisher in which he implored a little money in advance.

Not until the latest period of his life did real fame come to him. Even then, in the fashion of Balzac, his letters are filled with figures of reflecting the confused state of his personal affairs. The supreme literary genius of his native land, he did not receive the homage of Russia until that excited night when he spoke so glowingly of the glory of Pushkin. Six months later Dostoevsky was dead. He went out in suffering, as was fitting in the man who, more than any other mortal, has revealed in his work the depths of suffering to which the human race can descend. As one recalls the stations of Dostoevsky's Calvary, the tale of Tolstoy's tribulations, says Felix Salten, must evoke a smile. Tolstoy never experienced real want. No one knows poverty who has not experienced it, not even if he has seen men trembling with hunger all around him. The noblest and most sympathetic of men who has remained but a witness of poverty has no true idea of the nature of its woe. Such a witness, even though endowed with the richest imagination, can form no conception of the crushing degradation of hopeless hunger. Poverty is made so hopeless in its worst form by the fact that only those can understand its agony who share it, and their sympathy is numbed, they can give no help. Those who have been rescued from the depths of such poverty often forget.

Tolstoy was always a Count, always rich. True, he plowed and cut wood. He made bricks for poor peasants. His motive was always the noblest. His spirituality could not be questioned. But Tolstoy, in all this, was only playing at work, with his great public looking on. There is no comparison here with the burden Dostoevsky bore on his back, with chains on his limbs, an obscure exile in Siberia. His audience was made up of grim sentinels. He had no edified world to applaud him. As a writer, Tolstoy was of Homeric greatness, yet as a thinker he remained incredibly inept, and as a man he was

a riddle, and he was the most misleading interpreter of Russia. Among the innumerable differences between him and Dostoievsky there was one greater than any other. Dostoievsky wrote for money, created literary masterpieces for the sake of a financial return. Tolstoy, who never separated himself from his wealth, was scornful at the spectacle of a writer taking money for his work. Dostoievsky, who did manual labor in prison, always remained proud of the fact that at last he could live on the income from his pen. Tolstoy, ever a dilettante at the plow, glorifies the worker with his hands while despising the man who works for money with his brain. He had never sounded the depths of Dostoievsky's hell.

Never until Dostoievsky was there a writer who descended to the lowest depth of human misery, sounded its very hell. He was the one writer in literature who went out to the very confines of destiny, boxed the compass of experience and then returned from these uttermost climes of experience to recover from the ordeal and tell mankind what it was like. That is why the many attempts of his imitators are so vain. Only he who can go through the most fiery of hells and then rise through its heat to God himself can create a world like his. No wonder the world of Dostoievsky is much more tremendous than the world of Dickens, far more arresting than the world of Balzac. We may hesitate to accept Dostoievsky as a prophet, but he alone among the great writers of our age has about him something of the aspect of a saint of the middle ages.

The prophet, nevertheless, lived in Dostoievsky. He foresaw the abyss

into which his country must sink, the abyss in which we see it plunged to-day. "Russia stands on the verge of a yawning chasm," he wrote, "and she seems doomed to go over the brink." This was three years before he died. His greatest interpreter has told us how Dostoievsky trembled at the prospect before his country, and for that reason clung in desperation to the autocracy, to the state orthodoxy, to patriotism of the nationally Slav type, to the Russian traditions of the past. Narrow, petty, bigoted as all this must seem to our western eyes, the fact remains that Dostoievsky alone knew the Russia in which he was doomed to exist. Dostoievsky knew the Russian soul as no man before or since knew it. Never did he lose the sharpness of the terrible visions he caught of that hell in which his people were even then beginning to wander.

This, says the Vienna writer, is the message of Dostoievsky for our age. As we read him we see what we have become, or rather the pit into which we may all plunge headlong. Russia is only the first to go over the edge, and the warning of Dostoievsky's world implies that she will not be the last. Already the flood of Russia's woe is rising high in the neighboring lands and that, too, is foreseen in the terrific vision of her greatest prophet. Russia is not invading Europe now with her Cossacks, but with her Dostoievskies, her refugees, her visionary exiles who may transform the world with a message never heard before, lifting it from hell to heaven. Through the medium of Dostoievsky's genius, the soul of the Slav is making the tour of the globe.

WHAT IS A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN?

HUMAN beings, says Dr. Alice E. Johnson, in *Mental Hygiene*, are made up of two opposing streams of energy. One consists of the instinct for self-preservation and the instinct of reproduction, or race-preser-

vation, which in their divisions and interlacings "comprize all the wishes, desires and strivings of the whole natural man."

The other stream of energy is that implied by the words civilization, cul-

ture. This stream usually begins to operate as soon as the child is born; but the instincts, being first in the field, can hold their place against great pressure, and, to a large extent, do hold it through the periods of infancy and childhood. If the child is normally intelligent and impressionable, the reaction due to the instincts quickly changes in character and it becomes "trained." Here is a point which Dr. Johnson wishes to emphasize: "The early training of an impressionable child 'sinks in' and becomes a part of his very self, so that the ideals molded into him at this time motivate his conduct throughout his life. The training of a child is, so far as it is voluntary, an endeavor properly to condition his reflexes, or, in other words, to teach him good habits and to supply him with what society would call moral ideals. The instincts are not destroyed by any sort of training, but are still there, on the alert for any chance of expressing themselves."

There are, thus, two necessary parts of the personality—the instincts, caring nothing for society and clamoring with all the energy of the organism for their own satisfaction, and the social beliefs and ideals, saying with equal firmness: "Thou shalt not!"

Normal people go into this struggle with the determination to win a workable peace. How does the psycho-neurotic carry himself here? He is afraid and he tries to run away.

There are two elements in the reason for his failure. One is a sensitive nervous organization and the other is a defective early training. A too sensitive organism is at the mercy of its environment, and a child of this type reacts to every stimulus with fear. If this fear be not overcome by a normal sense of proportion and balance, the individual's feeling of inadequacy will continue to interfere with his adjustment. It is this feeling of inferiority that makes him afraid before the pressure of society, as it makes him fear the imperious demands of his own instincts. He is afraid to do what he

thinks wrong and he is afraid to do what he thinks right.

"We find women of thirty-five or forty holding fast to the ideals of eighteen, showing the romantic sentimentality that at the earlier age is but the sign of an outreaching, healthy personality, going to smash against instinctive desires that should have been achieved or outgrown long ago. Men, after the excuse of some financial reverse, or in an illness, will 'act like perfect babies,' becoming dependent upon their wives, as they were during early childhood upon their mothers. They have never given up their desire for the protection and safety of their first home. And so the psycho-neurotic, in order to escape what seems to him an unbearable situation, tries to slip away unnoticed."

The way in which a person runs away will determine the symptoms he will show. The simplest way is through physical pain. "If one has a headache in the morning, one cannot be expected to get up and face an uninteresting day's work, or to bear with patience the irritability of others, or to force oneself to a difficult moral decision." A feeling of weakness is also a remarkably good barrier against the necessity for finishing a painful duty.

There are other routes of escape. Of all known means of putting off until tomorrow a decision that should be made to-day, mental depression is the most effectual. So long as the ground can be held subconsciously by the feeling of depression, all clear thought on the subject must wait. Every time the person begins to think about his trouble, the depression rushes up to drive away thought. The settlement is put off indefinitely.

When the conflict rages so violently as to threaten to arise into consciousness, some will develop serious phobias, compulsions, irritabilities, anxieties, antipathies, indecisions, memory disturbances, suspicion, a general feeling of discomfort and a vague fear of impending misfortune. To bring out into the open the connection of his trouble with a desire to escape is to renew the fight.

Herein lies the cause of the crash—this shutting of the eyes to the real character of the trouble. "It is difficult for laymen, and even for many in the medical profession, to understand this middle ground between organic disease, on the one side, and sheer pretense on the other, and yet the situation is a very definite one, and the patient genu-

inely ill, for he doesn't really get out of the fight by any of these means. It is merely pushed below the threshold of his consciousness.

"If you are riding for a head-on collision, you shut your eyes to get away from the impact, but the crash and destruction are not any the less for that."

NEED OF MORE SENSATIONAL TREATMENT OF SUB-ATOMIC POWER

IT is not often that men of science are dramatic. Perhaps, suggests a scientist who signs himself "S" in the *London Nation*, it would be better for the world if they were, for it is not at all certain that science should not be sensational in method, as the comets are, for instance, or infra-red rays. Sensationalism may be an aspect of that return to nature for which all science is a plea.

Because of this lack in scientists, the recent announcement that we are near the dawn of a new age—that of sub-atomic power—was not made as dramatically as it might have been. It was said quietly, too quietly to awaken adequate response. The public has evidently missed the point, for it was a tremendous thing to say. "Headlines exist because they are useful; one requires to be vivid, even to the verge of bad taste, to strike the popular imagination. And if the human race is to be given the possibility, either of enjoying the leisure of the angels or of rapidly committing suicide, its attention should be directed to this important alternative."

It seems to be generally agreed that a vast new source of energy is likely, by civilized communities, to be used to blow one another to pieces, but that is not inevitable. The discovery of disease germs, we must remember, was not used to depopulate our large cities. It is the characteristic of medical research that it faces both ways. By discovering bacteria one finds out also how

to grow them. Science is not singular in this respect. Nearly any domestic utensil can be used as an offensive weapon in an emergency. Anything big enough to save the world could also be used to destroy it.

"We cannot have knowledge without the responsibilities of knowledge; we cannot escape this dilemma, and it must be remembered that even in ignorance there is no safety. The ambiguous character of scientific knowledge is part of the texture of the world. Scientific men, like all other men, should, of course, accept this responsibility. They cannot act as if they were not involved, for before they are scientific men they are men. But it need not be taken for granted, we think, that the man of science is as morally ambiguous as is his knowledge—that, indeed, he rather prefers devilry. His war record has raised an unfair prejudice against him; there is no reason to suppose that he killed more people than most other patriots would have killed if they had had the power; we really cannot accuse him of devil worship and black masses on that count. His real fault lay in not being above the current morality of his time."

What if the scientist refused to make those researches of which the result is the discovery of new means of destruction? Our rulers would have to get along with the weapons with which, in his unregenerate state, our scientists had supplied the world. If, unfortunately, the scientist continues to submit his conscience to his country's keeping, then the present researches into

the constitution of the atom contain a terrible menace.

The superseding of coal and water as sources of energy will, if attained, be merely a by-product of purely scientific investigation. This fact also fails to attract the attention it deserves because men of science seem to lack all genius for the sensational. Surely, then, it is time to abandon the grandmotherly ways of certain eminent specialists who refuse to be sensational themselves and who at the same time will allow no other scientist to be sensational. These conservatives control all the organizations of scientists and they insist upon frowning down all melodrama, altho real science is the most sensational, the most melodramatic thing imaginable and the world at large loses by the present practice of keeping it dull.

Coming back to the atom, we are told that the center of interest now lies in the positively charged nucleus round which the negatively charged electrons are supposed to be grouped.

"Electrons are sufficiently minute; the electron within an atom, to adopt the vivid

simile of Sir Oliver Lodge, is like a fly in a cathedral. But the radius of the unit of positive electricity, the hydrogen nucleus, is now supposed to be about one two-thousandth part of the radius of an electron, or one ten-thousand-million-millionth of a centimeter. The nucleus of a heavy atom, such as a gold atom, is supposed to be built up of these hydrogen nuclei and of electrons, and its structure must be very complicated. The electric forces required to maintain that structure must also be very intense.

"It is surely understandable that there are minds which are unable to resist the fascination of the problems that the intimate structure of matter presents. The appetite for knowledge is as much a part of human nature as is anything else. It is conceivable that, to the man who has fallen under its spell, the possible practical applications of his knowledge may seem relatively uninteresting. Yet it seems that he must now be alive to them, and alive, moreover, to their moral aspects. It seems a good deal to demand, but it looks as if, unless the demand be complied with, mankind will use this disinterested passion, this noble discipline, these great and beautiful flowerings of the mind, merely to destroy itself."

HOW DARWIN SWITCHED EVOLUTION ON THE WRONG TRACK

ALL of us are so completely under the spell of that misleading word adaptation that our ideas of the origin of the forms of life and of the variety they present are erroneous, affirms Professor Emile Guyénot, of the University of Geneva, in the *Revue Scientifique*. We have so long imagined that function creates an organ that it is painful to us to abandon this too facile explanation of whatever in biology calls for explanation of whatever in nature challenges our idea of a connection between cause and effect. The truth is, according to this authority, that the so-called "variations" appeared not as Darwin supposed, but quite otherwise. The conditions of the existence led by any particular animal, bird or fish permitted or forbade the function neces-

sary to the continued existence of an organism. The "order" apparent in the evolution of living beings is but the result of the sum of the "disorder" caused by the variations arising.

For example, it is not because they swim that so many aquatic animals have webbed feet. They swim because the union of the claws by membranes rendered walking difficult and web-footed creatures could go on living only by sticking to the water. Not because it lives under the ground is the mole found with rudimentary organs of vision. He lives there because a creature with eyes like the mole's could persist in Nature only through a mode of life in which the sense of sight is relatively superfluous.

Thus understood, the mechanism of

what is so loosely styled "adaptation" is the exact opposite of what the Lamarckian theories have rendered classical. Not because it lost the habit of walking did the first serpent or "pre-serpent" lose its feet. Because it lost its feet the serpent had no other way of getting over the ground except by sliding or gliding. This process of gliding would be easy or difficult for the original serpent according to its structure. The serpent with many vertebræ glides rapidly. The worm with a less extended body slides slowly. A lizard with no feet could scarcely drag itself along.

We have to take into account, moreover, general causes with which adaptation has little or nothing to do. The loss of wings would not be incompatible with the prolonged existence of a bird in an environment not infested with carnivores; but in a region haunted by flesh-eating creatures the wingless bird must rapidly become extinct.

Once we gain sane notions of the adaptation of living creatures to their environment we are in a position to understand how it was possible that out of the disorder of "mutations" and "monstrosities" should develop the "order" upon which the champions of Darwinian evolution rest their case. The mutations arose with no reference whatever to their utility to the creature exhibiting them. Sometimes these mutations are of no great consequence and they have no effect whatever upon what Darwin called natural selection. More marked, the mutations might confer a great advantage upon an organism or a marked disadvantage, but it is to be noted that the chances of surviving or perishing are not determined by the mutation but by the sum total of all the factors affecting the organism. The effects of a mutation will not be the same in all cases because environment is so important. The circumstances pointing to the destruction of the creature exhibiting a mutation may be neutralized by factors having nothing to do with natural selection. Natural selection sorts out survivors or victims in a manner too haphazard to be made the basis

of a system of evolution. Some species, favorably endowed, will go under. Others, in appearance ill adapted, will survive. Natural selection has therefore no imperative and final bearing upon the problem of survival, altho the Darwinians think it has.

Few notions, nevertheless, are more profoundly rooted in the minds of naturalists than that of the adaptation of organisms to the conditions of their existence. All theories of evolution have had to take account of such adaptations and explain them. In the Lamarckian conception this assumed harmony between structure and environment is explained by the fact that it is the point of departure of the theory itself. The environment is supposed capable of modifying organisms by causing them to acquire adequate structures. The transformations of living creatures are necessarily adaptive. Starting from an opposite point of view, Darwin thought that the variations in species or in individuals were haphazard. Among these variations those which were useful assured the individual an advantage enabling it to survive. Those which were injurious led to its destruction.

As a result of this pitiless natural selection, the organic world includes today the survivors of a long-drawn-out tragedy, the final aspect being that of apparent harmony, of an adaptation of creatures to the conditions of their existence. The Darwinian conception has been refuted by the fact that the idea of selection in its true application has nothing to do with the petty individual variations which Darwin considered the very basis of evolution. We know now that these petty variations are not hereditary and hence can give no support to his selection. The belief in a continuous evolution, characterizing the theory of Darwin as well as of Lamarck, has based all speculation upon mere variations of very slight consequence—variations incapable of comprizing an advantage of consequence or a disadvantage of significance. These variations had no real influence upon the origin of species.

Studies in zoology and paleontology and works of natural history never cease to dwell upon the harmony between living structures and their environment. It might even be said that a taste for natural science, as it is called, is confused with the attraction exercised by this mysterious and suggestive "adaptation." The idea of adaptation represents, however, a survival of the old creative conception of the origin of things. The ancient naturalists, admitting that species as they are emerged fresh from the hand of their creator, were naturally led, by their admiration for the divine work, to discover perfection in all anatomical arrangements. To the bird God had given wings that it might fly. For the creationist, phenomena of this sort were manifest, self-evident. What we fail to see nowadays, declares Professor Guyénot, is that the "Darwinian word adaptation" has acquired all the potency of the spell once cast by the creative vocabulary of a Bernardin de St. Pierre, who undertook to expound the natural sciences from a pietistic point of view. The Professor quotes as an example from the edifying writer just named:

"If we examine animals, we find not one defective in its members, if we take into account its habits and the place it must live in.

"The long and heavy beak of the tou-

can and its tongue formed like a feathery quill were necessary to a bird that must look for insects scattered along the humid sands of the American river banks.

"The toucan requires both a long pick to dig with and a big spoon to pick up with, besides a tongue fringed with delicate nerves to detect its food.

"A heron needs long legs and a long neck, and so do the cranes and the flamingoes, as well as the other birds that walk through the marshes and seek their prey at the bottom of the waters.

"No animal is lacking in a necessary member or has been endowed with a useless one.

"What at first sight might to us seem a defect in the animals is certainly a wonderful compensation of Providence, and would constitute an exception to her general laws if she had any other law than that of the utility and happiness of beings."

We might smile at all this as antediluvian science of a kind at which Voltaire poked fun in the eighteenth century, concludes the Swiss professor, were it not for the fact that the Darwinians of our time have taken it all over from Bernardin de Saint-Pierre without realizing it. The absurdity is all due to that misused word "adaptation," thanks to which our present notions of the workings of natural selection are about on a level with those of Paul and Virginia.

MODERN FOOTWEAR AS A CAUSE OF FATIGUE

A MAN wearing heeled shoes stands on a slope, the gradient of which depends on the height of the heel and the length of the arch. If the body and legs were not furnished with joints he would resemble, writes Doctor S. D. Fairweather in the London *Lancet*, the leaning tower of Pisa; but up to the time of old age muscular action to some extent corrects the tilting. Strong persons are thus enabled to preserve a fairly erect carriage, the back muscles and the extensors of the thigh, leg and

foot unconsciously coming into action.

When a soldier stands at attention, all these muscles are in contraction to an extreme degree. The civilian is content with a milder effort. Altho these muscles are contracted, there is a perceptible bending of the knees, the joint never being completely extended, and the capsule and lateral ligaments constantly stretched. This accounts possibly for the frequent complaints of weak knees and easily displaced cartilages. There is a forward bending of the head.

The lumbar curve is somewhat flattened. The feet are generally splayed. There is a slight stoop of the shoulders and a corresponding partial contraction of the chest.

These faults disappear while exercising in a gymnasium, returning as soon as shoes are resumed. The compensatory flexion of the knee is concealed by the clothing, but may be observed in the bare knees of schoolboys and of men wearing kilts and in theatrical women wearing tights.

The exhaustion and even pain caused by the continuous contraction of the calf muscles and other ligaments when heeled shoes are worn may be relieved by discarding the heels, thus relaxing the muscles. The operation for relief of this condition (excizing part of a tendon) is, Doctor Fairweather says, quite unnecessary.

That white men's calf muscles are "muscle bound" is shown by the fact that if a soldier's feet are examined when he is lying on his side his toes are invariably pointing downward, the foot being at an obtuse angle to the leg instead of at right angles as it would be if all the leg muscles were relaxed and as it is seen in an infant. In the erect position the foot is at right angles to the leg, the natural angle of the foot when resting. The heels of modern boots and shoes are responsible for the belief that extension is the normal position of the foot when at rest, this point being of practical importance in fracture of the tibia, where the unrelaxed calf muscles tend to cause over-riding of the broken ends of the bone.

Without suggesting that the heels of our shoes cause all the troubles that flesh is heir to, it is quite possible that they are a factor in the causation of many conditions due to fatigue and nervous exhaustion. Much of the physical incapacity in persons over 50 years of age, which is attributed to old age, rheumatism and sciatica, arises from the strain on their musculature caused by the constant wearing of heeled shoes.

It is obvious to Doctor Fairweather

that the higher the heel the greater is the muscular effort necessary for the maintenance of the erect position.

"The head of a woman of 5 ft. 6 in. with an arch 6 in. wide is thrown 2 ft. off the perpendicular when she wears a 2-in. heel, thus entailing a great strain on the muscles of the back and necessitating the use of corsets. A person wearing very high heels becomes practically digitigrade, the weight being transmitted from the tibia vertically down the tarsus and metatarsus, falling not on the crown of the arch but vertically down the anterior pier. Altho in this position there may appear to be quite a good arch, the feet are in many cases quite flat from weakness of the invertors and plantar flexors, and persons accustomed to the wearing of such heels are useless at long-distance walking, quick walking, or at any test of strength of the arch, such as leaping. The average woman gets no spring from the arch of the foot, being content with a lateral wobble of the ankle and rotation of the foot around its long axis instead of the natural springy heel-and-toe action. Any elasticity she gets is from flexion and extension at the knee, her feet being no more springy than blocks of wood. Using the knees in this way involves a much greater expenditure of energy than when the spring is derived from the action of the arch of the foot, and the movement produces a much less graceful effect, as the muscles employed are larger and less capable of fine movements."

An exceptional number of prize-winners in jumping competitions at Highland games are tailors, the reason being that these men when at work sit in a squatting position with the feet well inverted. In spite of indoor life and lack of exercise, the average tailor is more agile than other men, as the arch is spared the work of supporting his weight all day and his muscles, being idle, remain elastic. Sedentary people in general—clerks and students, for example—are more agile than men who stand much, like policemen and sandwich-men, waiters and canvassers from door to door.

JAPAN'S REBELLION AGAINST OUR CLOTHES

THERE is in Japan a growing revolt against European clothing.

It is supposed by some to reveal a subtle hostility to the west, a display of reactionary patriotism, but too much importance may be attached to this interpretation. The irreconcilable Japanese, it is true, as long ago as 1890 determined to revive the styles of their ancestors, and high silk hats and long frock coats were put away by the extremists of the patriotic party, and in their place the flowing robe and the bare head were adopted in exclusive circles. But that movement, as an effort to revive the traditional Japan of the shoguns, long since passed away. The Japanese who now wear their native dress, explains a writer in the *Komumin*, do so because it is so convenient and so much more comfortable than the modes of the west. When the Japanese have to come into contact with the western world they still wear western dress out of politeness.

The Japanese, explains M. Bolard Talbère in the *Paris Illustration*, have endured agonies in their efforts to get into our hats, our trowsers, our corsets. In the days of the beloved Mutsuhito, when the adoption of western ideas was to some extent obligatory, the men and women of the highest Japanese society did the best they could with our styles. They went in for our food as well. The emperor himself contracted disease of the kidneys in his efforts to digest the sort of food that is served to the aristocracy of England. He put his legs in trowsers. He wore boots. In order to impress the popular mind, pictures of himself and of his beautiful consort were circulated among the masses in order that the Japanese generally might be encouraged to follow these styles. In no long time the sons of the samurai were seen in high silk hats and four-in-hand ties. The rest of the costume might be native Japanese, because the clansmen generally were too poor to

equip themselves with the whole sartorial outfit. The women suffered most. Their incapacity to endure the corset longer than an hour at a time led to some tragedies in the imperial palace. Young and healthy women had to be cut out of their corsets. Men swooned after agonies to their feet in western boots.

Then there was the question of taste. Here, suspects the Japanese paper, and the French one agrees, the oriental mind proved itself the esthetic superior of the occidental. The Japanese were making a laughing-stock of themselves. They seemed manikins in an extravaganza as, in tight-fitting boots, they tried to walk upon the matting



JAPANESE GENTLEMEN LOOKING LIKE
PRUSSIAN PLUTOCRATS

The fidelity with which the samurai under German auspices in the middle of the last century adopted European trowsers, European hats, coats and sticks, made them more tallored than the fashion plates in aspect and grimmer than the gorilla when they grinned to dissemble the anguish they experienced in too tight boots, too tight hats and too tight ties.

of the ordinary native reception room. Sitting down in a chair with London skirts flowing about her limbs compromised the dignity of a great lady. Her friends in the royal circle were not a whit more brilliant in their efforts to negotiate the same difficulty. To make matters worse, the Japanese did not use furniture then. There might be a solitary chair in the center of the room, and the unfortunate ladies would strive to make use of it in turn after the Lon-

don manner, only to collapse upon the floor oftentimes as the chair went backwards.

Members of the Japanese nobility did not know how to keep hats on their heads. These articles would fall on the floor and they could not be picked up by the loser because he did not dare to stoop in trowsers and boots lest he lose his equilibrium. Restoration of the hat to the head of the owner only led to a repetition of the catastrophe. A great statesman of the period wondered why high hats in particular were not provided with some mechanism that would keep them on. Another member of the court circle spent the best part of four hours, with the assistance of an incredibly large number of valets, in getting into a dress suit, a frilled shirt, a collar, a necktie and patent-leather shoes. He had never before in his life worn western clothing. Having been fully dressed he thought the ordeal was over. When he learned that he must don an overcoat he collapsed and went to live permanently in the country districts. Ladies of exalted rank were found dead with dresses of the late nineteenth century on their figures, the expression of the countenance making manifest to the horrified beholders the nature of the suffering that had been endured. A lady connected with the court confessed that wearing feminine styles of the Victorian period was like being buried alive. Physicians were often kept in readiness to render what would now be styled "first aid."

All of which harrowing details, it would seem, furnish adequate reasons for the sartorial revolt referred to without assuming that the Japanese are starting a general crusade of hate against the Occident.



PERFECT JAPANESE LADIES IMPERFECTLY EUROPEANIZED

One of them, escorted by him whose subdued aspect suggests that he is her Europeanized friend, falls in an obvious effort to ignore the presence of that other dear Europeanized charmer whose telescope of forty horse-power is European enough to distract the attention of the Europeanized man thus placed between two fires.

THE MOST SENSATIONAL CASE OF DUAL PERSONALITY ON RECORD

THE great Melbourne boom of thirty years ago left its suburb of Windsor with mournful miles of "semi-detached villas" unoccupied.

So complete was the disaster that many of the owners of these properties paid no further attention to them. It was with surprise, therefore, that the agent

of a certain house in Andrew street received a visit from a woman with a view to renting it.

Why the prospective tenant should have selected this particular villa out of the scores of others precisely like it that lined both sides of the street is not known, nor might she herself have been able to give any reason for her choice. Perhaps it was chance.

The agent, apprised by his visitor of her wish to examine this particular house, eagerly prepared to accompany her, but he could not find the key. We continue the story in the words of the late well-known student of abnormal psychology, Sydney Dickinson, whose account has been verified by the American Society for Physical Research:*

"A search among his records followed; from which the fact resulted that, in the previous December, he had rented the house to a gentlemanly stranger who, in lieu of affording references, had established confidence by paying three months' rent in advance. In the prevailing depression of the local real estate business the agent had given so little attention to his lines of empty properties that he had not since even visited the house in question—the more so as the period for which payment had been made was not yet expired. Assured by his visitor, however, that the house was certainly unoccupied, he went with her to the door, which he opened with a master-key with which he had equipped himself.

"The house was in good order throughout—in fact it seemed never to have been occupied. The prospective tenant inspected it carefully and with approval, and could discover but one objection; she was sure she noticed a disagreeable odor in the parlor. Her companion (as is natural to agents with a house to dispose of) failed to detect this:—if it existed it was doubtless due to the fact that the house had been closed for some time; he would have it thoroly aired and overhaul the drains—after which she could call again. This she agreed to do, gave the agent her name and address, and departed.

"Left to himself, the agent began an

investigation. With senses quickened, perhaps, by the favorable prospect of business, he became aware that the atmosphere of the parlor was undoubtedly oppressive; and, as he moved about in search of the cause, he observed that near the open fireplace it was positively sickening. Examining this feature of the room more carefully, he discovered that the hearth-stone had been forced up at one end, cracking and crumbling the cement in which it had been set, and from the inch-wide aperture thus formed came forth a stench so overpowering that he recoiled in horror, and, gasping and strangling, staggered into the open air.

"The police authorities were notified, and a mason was sent for with his tools. The hearth-stone was wrenched from its place, and in the hollow space beneath, encased in cement, knees trussed up to chin and bound with cords, lay the body of a young woman—nude save for the mantle of luxuriant dark hair that partly shrouded her, and with her throat cut from ear to ear."

There ensued some of the most brilliant detective work in the annals of crime, the details of which would scarcely fit into a study of one aspect of the case only—the dual personality of the murderer. He proved to be Frederick Bailey Deeming, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Melbourne jail 29 years ago. It was a time when the new science of applied psychology had scarcely been born. It turned out that the murdered woman had become his wife not long before he killed her. His motive was and is a profound mystery. Before he took her life in Australia he had slain a previous wife and their four children, burying their bodies in the cellar of the house he then lived in. This crime was committed in England. Run to earth at last, the murderer was shipped from a remote mining camp in Australia—where he had fitted up a fine new home for yet another wife—and sent to the Melbourne jail.

There Sydney Dickinson studied every detail of the case and the personality of the man. Deeming, in the intervals of swindling, lying and homicide, bristled with copy-book maxims.

* TRUE TALES OF THE WEIRD. By Sydney Dickinson. Introduction by R. H. Stetson, Professor of Psychology in Oberlin College, and a note by G. O. Tubby, Assistant Secretary American Society for Psychical Research. New York: Duffield & Co.

His sincerity in the utterance of the loftiest sentiments of altruism and ideality can not be questioned. He was a man of singularly fine address and subtlety. He was unusually successful in business enterprises, earning large sums of money and winning golden opinions from employers whose affairs he had untangled. The mining company that engaged him as a manager declared that he always showed the highest efficiency, altho incontrovertible proof was afforded at his trial that the murderer had had no previous experience in management of this kind. Where this man acquired his many accomplishments and his extensive experience of business has never been definitely ascertained. He was a clever mechanic. He was proficient as a musician. He loved literature and had read widely. His taste in dress was impeccable. He never made any money by his murders.

To cap the climax of the mysteries, this man had two aspects:

"Brought into the court where the inquest was held, his appearance was so brutal and revolting that a murmur of horror and disgust arose at his entrance which the judge and officers with difficulty quelled.

"There was in his deeply-lined and saturnine face no indication of an understanding of his position. His lips were drawn in a sardonic sneer, and his eyes—steely, evil and magnetic—glistened like those of the basilisk as he looked boldly and with a sort of savage bravado at the faces about him. He disdained to pay any attention to the proceedings, and was seemingly deaf to the testimony that was advanced against him by more than thirty witnesses. Yet he evinced a lively, if contemptuous, interest in minor details, and audibly expressed his views regarding them. When the canary that had played so singular a part in his Australian experiences was produced, still in its ornate gilded cage, he cried out: 'Hullo! here comes the menagerie! Why don't the band play?' Of a reporter taking notes at a table near him he remarked that 'he wrote like a hen,' commented upon the weak utterance of a certain witness that 'he had no more voice than a consumptive shrimp,' and interjected ribald criticisms on the

words of the judge that were fairly shocking under the circumstances."

When, at the termination of the proceedings, the judge ordered his commitment for trial and stated that an indictment had been found, he shouted: "Yon can put it in your pipe and smoke it."

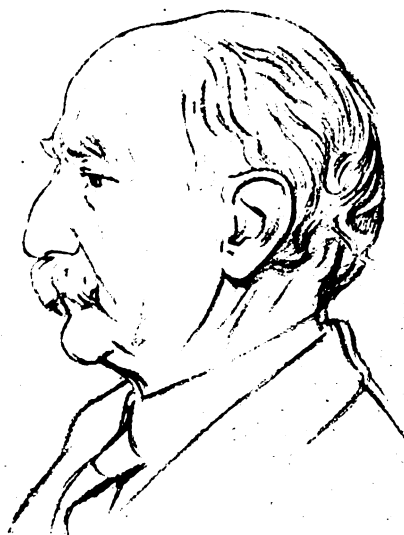
Sydney Dickinson records his feelings as he gazed upon the murderer when at last he appeared in court. In the well-groomed, highly cultivated gentleman in the dock lingered no trace of the ruffian of the inquest. His age had dropped off by twenty years. He seemed like a young clergyman of delicate sensibilities:

"It was also evident to anyone who could observe him dispassionately that the details of the murder, as they were brought out in the testimony, were all as news to him:—and when, in the address he made to the jury before it retired to consider its verdict, he admitted knowledge of the subsidiary facts brought out (as to his acquaintance with Miss. Rouns-fell, for example), but swore he was as innocent as he was incapable of the murder of his wife, I, for one, believed him sincere, altho I could perceive in the faces about me that I was alone in that opinion. A suggestion that this man might illustrate the phenomenon of 'dual personality' and should be subjected to hypnotic suggestion at the hands of qualified experts, rather than have swift condemnation measured out to him, would doubtless have been received with derision by the hard-headed audience that was the real jury in the case; but I felt at the time, and feel now even more strongly, that, if Frederick Bailey Deeming had been tried in a country where psychological aberrations have been the subject of study, he would have been committed, not to the hangman, but to a life-long restraint wherein science might have gained from his extraordinary personality much valuable knowledge.

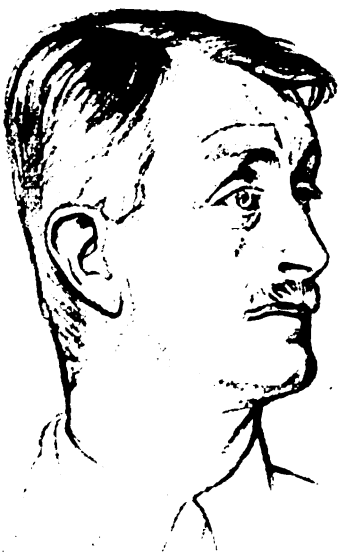
"The man whose life was choked out of him on the gallows three weeks later was the man of the inquest, not the man of the trial. . . . When, as he hung beneath the open trap, the death-cap was lifted from his face, there were plainly to be seen the hard and brutal lines about his mouth, and the wolfish sneer upon his lips."

PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN OF LETTERS

THESE drawings were made by the English artist, William Rothenstein, and are reproduced from his new book, "Twenty-Four Portraits," published in America by Harcourt, Brace & Company. They represent, as the *New York Evening Post* puts it, the work of a 'finished artist and shrewd observer of men.' Mr. Rothenstein is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and has pictures in the permanent collections of London, New York, Paris, Bremen and Melbourne. He aims, he says in a preface to the new book, to pay homage to those who give rather than take. "The riches of the world," he points out, "do not all lie in mines or oil fields, nor yet in the safes of Banks, of Companies and of Trade Unions. Much of our wealth is supplied by men of vision."



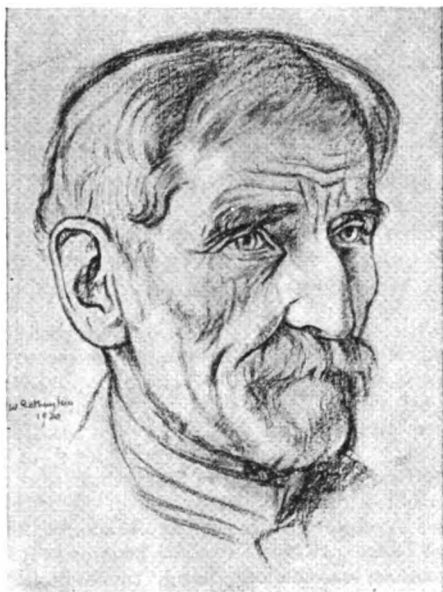
THOMAS HARDY



JOHN MASEFIELD



JOHN GALSWORTHY



W. H. HUDSON



H. G. WELLS



JOSEPH CONRAD



JOHN DRINKWATER

THE NEW ART OF BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA

RUSSIA'S isolation from western Europe during the last few years has in no wise affected her art, writes M. Y. in *Novy Mir* (Berlin). Contrary to general expectations, Russia has not only not suffered from the lack of new ideas from abroad, but, on the contrary, has even benefited by being thrown upon her own artistic resources. The writer goes on:

"The years of forced isolation from the West and the center of artistic ideas—Paris, seemed to many years of trial for art in Russia: there was no place from which to get inspiration. To those who took this view, Paris appeared a world-fountain whose spray contained the vital milk of ideas without which art could not exist. Lacking the influence of Paris, there would be no originator of ideas, no 'style,' no innovations—consequently nothing for the artists to do.

"Russian art has not suffered the fate predicted. It is true, the world-fountain has ceased to spray—the vital stream which ran from Paris to the whole world has dried up; the decline of pure art in Europe is evident. But in Russia art is alive, and, who can tell, perhaps something new is being brought in travail into the world, something eagerly awaited.

"Whatever has been done during the last three years, whatever has manifested itself in these years, has assumed definite forms, is undoubtedly an inner necessity, not accidental, but organically connected with the surrounding environment, with the soil of Russia."

The foremost representative of this new art is Vladimir Tatlin, the creator of several monuments and of a projected "Ladder of the Internationale" which is to exceed the Eiffel Tower in height. Tatlin is the leader of the "materialist" movement, which conceives the aim of painting, sculpture and architecture to be the study and chiefly the "uncovering" of the material itself. Combining not only all possible materials, such as iron, lime, copper, tin, wood, tow, wire, rope, but also the forms of these materials, their inter-relationship, varying the closeness of the ma-

terials, Tatlin makes them "uncover themselves," show their "substance."

Besides Tatlin, who has a largely attended school in Petrograd, there is in that city another of the "young" artists, Altman. But Petrograd, according to the writer, is provincial when compared with the artistic life of Moscow, where all or nearly all of Russian artistic talent is concentrated. He continues:

"In the studios (formerly occupied by the School of Sculpture and Architecture) there are about 1,500 working pupils, who are furnished with a sufficient food-allowance and all necessary materials for their work. The average cultural level of a pupil at the studios is higher than that of an old student at the School of Sculpture and Architecture or at the Academy.

"There are few 'realist' studios. It is because, on the one hand, there is little demand for them, and, on the other hand, because the National Studios have their worked-out program of instruction: it consists in the gradual, methodical study of the formal tasks of art, in laboratory and practical study of the materials, and, after the acquisition of all fundamental knowledge, in free creation.

"At first there is the general studio, then the individual (a definite teacher for definite tasks) and free creation in personal studios for each pupil.

"It must be noted that it is not obligatory to study from 'such a page to such a page'; any literate and capable student is entitled to a personal studio.

"The internal order in the studios is the same as in all other higher institutions of learning in Soviet Russia: the elected 'heads' of the studios, the directors of the studios and elected representatives of the personnel manage all the affairs. There is also a club, in which pupils' exhibitions, gatherings, discussions, lectures are frequent."

Russian art at the present time, according to the writer, is purely utilitarian. Neither painting nor sculpture, as such, interest the modern Russian artists, but "Prouns," which is an abbreviation for "projects of utilitarian structures, articles," etc. To quote further:

"The old forms of painting have lost their meaning, their *raison d'être*. It is not thought necessary to ornament the walls of houses, temples, to cover tapestries. Every article is to exist not only for beauty's sake, but, first of all, as a thing of utility. It is necessary to stop separating art and life. Life will become art, and art life: that is how Socialism appears to the artist. His task is the crea-

tion of things highly utilitarian and artistic at the same time.

"All that has been vulgarized by cheap machine production, all that ugliness will be displaced by genuinely artistic articles. A lamp, an ash-tray, a table, a chair, clothes, a house—all have to be highly artistic. . . . There is no separate painting, architecture, sculpture: plastic art must be synthetic."

TESTING THE LITERARY TASTE OF AMERICAN MAGAZINE READERS

WITH a view to gauging the literary taste of cultivated Americans, the editors of the *Outlook* recently sent to a thousand persons, picked at random from the subscription lists of the magazine, blank ballots asking each one so addressed to name his or her ten favorite living authors in the order of preference. The editors were confident that a list of living authors who give the most enjoyment to the kind of men and women who read the *Outlook* would be a fair indication of the taste and liking of cultivated Americans generally. "It was not expected," says R. D. Townsend, of the *Outlook* staff, "that the results would agree either with the lists of big sellers or with such a choice as the professional critics might furnish. The result accords pretty well with this prediction."

The result of the referendum, as presented in the *Outlook*, includes twenty-five names of living authors. This represents a marking which gave to the first author on each of the ballots returned ten points, to the second nine points, and so down, ending with one point for the last author named. The figures given show the sum of the points for the twenty-five authors who scored the most points. Sixty-four authors in all received each twenty points or more. Here is the list:

Author	Points
1. Rudyard Kipling	339
2. Booth Tarkington.....	255
3. H. G. Wells.....	248
4. Henry van Dyke.....	247

5. John Galsworthy	183
6. Lyman Abbott	164
7. Joseph C. Lincoln.....	160
8. Mary Roberts Rinehart.....	148
9. W. J. Locke.....	136
10. George Bernard Shaw.....	127
11. Joseph Conrad	115
12. Dorothy Canfield	115
13. Winston Churchill	112
14. J. M. Barrie.....	106
15. Edith Wharton	105
16. Gene Stratton Porter.....	97
17. Margaret Deland	91
18. Archibald Marshall	87
19. Hugh Walpole	78
20. Harold Bell Wright.....	78
21. Arnold Bennett	77
22. V. Blasco Ibañez.....	74
23. John Masefield	74
24. Irvin Cobb	72
25. Stewart Edward White.....	70

It is interesting to compare the *Outlook* list with a statement as to the record-breaking sales of novels lately made at the American Library Association Convention by Herbert F. Jenkins, of the publishing firm of Little, Brown & Company:

"Years ago 'Richard Carvel' [by Winston Churchill] made a record of 659,000 copies sold. Now Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter are the twin stars of the popular fiction firmament, the former with a total sale of 7,250,000 up to the first of the year, and the latter with a record of 8,132,432 up to June. The late Eleanor H. Porter's *Pollyanna* books, with a combined sale of 753,000, established the *Pollyanna* school of fiction. Zane Grey was king of best sellers of 1920, with his million copies annually. O. Henry did not live to witness the popularity of his vol-

umes of stories—now past the 4,500,000 mark. The increasing vogue of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod stories has resulted in a demand for approximately 2,500,000 copies. The American sales of E. Phillips Oppenheim exceed 2,000,000 copies; while Mary Roberts Rinehart is in the 300,000-a-year class."

Of the authors named in this statement, four, Mr. Townsend notes, are in the *Outlook* list of twenty-five favorites, two are not living, and two (Zane Grey and E. P. Oppenheim) fell below the twenty-five in vote-getting attraction. Mr. Townsend goes on to comment:

"What kind of enjoyment do American readers look for in their reading, so far as this vote indicates? Well, one must confess that at a rapid glance at the names there is a certain incongruity of taste; thus (to take a few pairs as they stand adjacent in the list) there is not much in common between Dr. van Dyke and Galsworthy, or Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Porter, or Harold Bell Wright and Arnold Bennett, or Masfield and Irvin Cobb. Yet I think that there are in this composite picture of enjoyment some negative and positive indications of a common basis in selection. For instance, there is little evidence of love for the sensual—Ibañez's books have morbid sex psychology, and there are some doubtful pages

in one or two of Bennett's books, but the list almost entirely is wholesome. R. W. Chambers got one vote. Where are the ultra-modernists who never tire of praising one another's cleverness? Neither is there a marked passion for sensationalism; in sales, as I have already pointed out, Zane Grey and Oppenheim are 'way up' above most of our twenty-five, but they fell short of selection by a pretty large margin. On the other hand, some writers of exquisite art, as Maurice Hewlett and Thomas Hardy and Ernest Poole, were in the 'also-ran' class; and this indicates, I believe, that the average reader is too shy of anything he thinks may be subtle or sophisticated. There are exceptions to this—see how high Joseph Conrad stands—but in the main I think the vote is one for simplicity and directness. It is positively certain that it stands for humor or an underlying sense of humor, as you will see if you put that test mentally to each of the names.

"Equally evident is the appreciation of a sympathetic instead of a sardonic or cynical view of human nature and society. That is why W. L. George didn't get in and Gene Stratton Porter did—and I for one would vote for her with both hands up because of her bird books, which have more human nature in them than most novels.

"All in all, apart from a few oddities of taste, the list is sound and significant."

POETRY VIEWED AS THE LANGUAGE OF ECSTASY

MANY men declare that they cannot read poetry, but the fact remains, as Albert Mordell points out in a new and fascinating book entitled "*The Literature of Ecstasy*" (Boni and Liveright), that every man hungers for poetry. By "poetry" Mr. Mordell means the language of intense and exalted emotion. His book is filled with the names of those who have spent their entire lives seeking this emotion. A Mohammedan sage quoted goes so far as to say that human beings are more moved by poets than by the word of God. "What separates man from animals," Mr. Mordell himself says, "is not religion, but the ability to enjoy

and create poetry." For poetry is "an expression of ecstasy," and ecstasy is the most precious thing in the world. If we have it, we are rich, even tho we have nothing else. If we have it not, we are poor, even tho we are millionaires.

Ecstasy is derived from the Greek word which means *to make stand out*; "the mind," as Mr. Mordell puts it, "makes sensible things stand out because it is concentrated on particular emotions, and on the ideas associated with and springing from these emotions." In the broad sense, ecstasy is any excited condition of the emotions. The literature of the Orient, Mr. Mor-

dell observes, has always been surcharged with the spirit of ecstasy. He is thinking not only of the Persians and of the Arabians, whom he calls the most poetical of all nations, but of the Greeks and the Jews. When Plato compares epic and lyric poets with Corybantian revelers in their dances or with Bacchic maidens who draw milk and honey from the rivers under Dionysian influence, he is using the language of poetic ecstasy. When the prophets of the Old Testament receive their messages in a vision or in a dream and express them in prophecies, they illustrate, in Mr. Mordell's interpretation, an esthetic mechanism no different from that of any great poet of modern times.

"The primal and danger-breeding gift of ecstasy," says James Huneker in a passage quoted from an essay entitled "Anarchs and Ecstasy" in "Bedouins," "is bestowed upon few. Keats had it, and Shelley; despite his passion, Byron missed it, as did the austere Wordsworth—who had, perhaps, loftier compensations. Swinburne had it from the first. Not Tennyson and Browning, only in occasional exaltation. Like the cold devils of Felicien Rops, coiled in frozen ecstasy, the winds of hell booming about them, the poetry of Charles Baudelaire is ecstatic. Poe and Heine knew ecstasy. . . . William Blake and his figures, rushing down the secret pathway of the mystic, which zigzags from the Fourth Dimension to the bottomless pit of materialism, was a creator of the darker nuances of pain and ecstasy."

Mr. Mordell, after registering his dissent from the view that Byron and Wordsworth missed ecstasy, goes on to elaborate his definition. The ecstasy with which he is occupied is not the same as that known to mysticism. He is not interested, he says, in poems celebrating union with an anthropomorphic God, but "when the poet, recognizing God in nature, seeks to identify himself with nature by love and admiration for her, by a passion for a life that is in accordance with her commands, his poetry embodying such ecstasy is universal and is lifted into a high plane." Ecstasy in the broad sense, he continues, is under-

stood generally as any condition where man is overpowered by his feelings. The most primitive and universal ecstasy, of course, is that which is concerned with the attraction of the sexes. "Poetry after all deals chiefly with love, for in the relations of the sexes we have the source of most of the pleasurable and painful emotions of humanity. Sexual love even when most hidden is at the root of all love between the sexes. It is for this reason that we can still appreciate the oldest lyric poetry of different nations."

The next step in the argument is a revolutionary one. Mr. Mordell not only holds that poetry is the expression of ecstasy, but that *any* genuine expression of ecstasy is poetry, whether it be in metrical form or in what we ordinarily regard as prose. Speaking, first of all, of what poetry is not, Mr. Mordell writes:

"Poetry is not a department of literature in the sense that the novel or the essay or the drama is, but is an atmosphere which bathes literature whenever ecstasy and emotion are present. It is not a distinct division of art as literature, music or painting is, for poetry is the very essence of all these arts, whether it is transmitted by words, sounds or colors. It is the ecstatic emotional spirit which pervades all good literature (or any of the arts), whether in verse or prose, in their finest parts. It is an esthetic quality which gives tone to a literary work or any portion or portions of it. It may exist without figures of speech, rhyme, metre or rhythm."

Proceeding to expound his view of what poetry is, Mr. Mordell says:

"A poem is any literary composition, whether in verse or prose, which as a whole is an imaginative creation, a vehicle of emotion, an expression of ecstasy; or that portion or every portion of such a composition where the emotion or ecstasy has been concentrated. It does not follow that the work as a whole is necessarily poetry. Its most natural language is prose or free verse."

Poems, therefore, in Mr. Mordell's sense, may be found, outside of the domain of verse, in imaginative philo-

sophical works like Plato's "Symposium," "Phaedrus," "Republic" and other dialogues, Bacon's "Essays," Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea," Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Emerson's "Essays," in critical works like Pater's "Renaissance," Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Wilde's "Intentions," in histories like Thucydides' "Peloponnesian War" and Carlyle's "French Revolution," in autobiographies like St. Augustine's "Confessions" and Rousseau's "Confessions," in letters like Madame Lespinasse's and Mrs. Browning's, in diaries like those of Amiel, in novels by Balzac, Dickens, Hawthorne, Hardy, Tolstoy, etc.

Abraham Lincoln, according to this argument, was a true poet, and the Gettysburg speech was a true poem. You love poetry, Mr. Mordell tells us, if you are touched by the lines in Edmund Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," where the great orator, desolate because of the loss of his son and embittered by criticism for accepting a pension, bares the state of his soul:

"The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered upon me. I am stripped of all my honors, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. . . . I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. . . . I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors."

You are hearing Heine, the poet, Mr. Mordell declares, when he describes in his "Confessions" his feelings as he lay on his mattress grave, no less than when you peruse his verse.

"What does it avail me that at banquets my health is pledged in the choicest wines and drunk from golden goblets, when I, myself, severed from all that makes life pleasant, may only wet my lips with an insipid emotion? What does it avail me that enthusiastic youths and maidens

crown my marble bust with laurel wreaths, if meanwhile the shriveled fingers of an aged nurse press a blister of Spanish flies behind the ears of my actual body. What does it avail me that all the roses of Shiraz so tenderly glow and bloom for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles away from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the dreary solitude of my sick-room, I have nothing to smell, unless it be the perfume of warmed napkins."

If you are awakened by the beauty and profundity of the following passage from Lafcadio Hearn's "Of Moon Desire" from the volume "Exotics and Retrospectives," you delight in poetry as Mr. Mordell understands that word.

"And meantime those old savage sympathies with savage nature that spring from the deepest sources of our being . . . would seem destined to sublime at last into forms of cosmical emotion expanding and responding to infinitude.

"Have you never thought about those immemorial feelings? Have you never, when looking at some great burning, found yourself exulting without remorse in the triumph and glory of fire?—never unconsciously coveted the crumbling, splitting, iron-wrenching, granite-cracking force of its imponderable touch?—never delighted in the furious and terrible splendor of its phantasmagories,—the ravening and bickering of its dragons,—the monstrosity of its archings,—the ghostly soaring and flapping of its spires? Have you never, with a hill-wind pealing in your ears, longed to ride that wind like a ghost,—to scream around the peaks with it,—to sweep the face of the world with it? Or, watching the lifting, the gathering, the muttering rush and thunder-burst of breakers, have you felt no impulse kindred to the giant motion,—no longing to leap with that wild tossing, and to join in that mighty shout?"

All of which brings us back to where we started. "Mankind hungers for poetry." Those who cannot appreciate the real thing resort to imitations and substitutes. The political meeting and the religious revival, as Mr. Mordell sees them, are a kind of inferior poetry. Athletic contests help to express and relieve surcharged emotions. Moving-picture houses, card-games and intoxicating liquor perform the same func-

tion. A man will read newspapers and trashy magazines in search of the true romance which eludes him. He cannot read poetry, yet, if he only knew, he is looking everywhere for it. "His dormant instincts will even seek satisfaction in condemnation and persecution to satisfy the emotions which he cannot express by reading."

A life devoted to poetry, Mr. Mordell contends, is the best life we can seek.

"Let a man have his necessities satisfied, and there is no higher form of life than to enjoy and if possible to create poetry. Poetry makes us want to live and gives us zest in life. Life exists for sensations and we get our sensations out of poetry. Life exists for the enjoyment and creation of poetry. The unlettered savage has his craving for poetry satisfied in his dancing, and war cries, in religion and tribal customs. The child has it satisfied in his toys and games. Adult man appeases his hunger for poetry in diverse ways. Literature, art and music are so far the highest forms of poetry we know, and in literature I include philosophy or thought, in prose as well as verse.

"Poetry acts as a necessary relief to us for emotions and ideas that seek expression, and is hence more real than any other form of life."

"The Literature of Ecstasy" is criticized as an impossible combination of the artistic and the moralistic by Prof. J. E. Spingarn in the *Freeman*; is indorsed, in the main, by William Stanley Braithwaite in the *Boston Transcript*; and is hailed as "a brave and important book" by Lawrence Gilman in the *North American Review*. Mr. Gilman's eulogy is qualified by the statement that while he often agrees with Mr. Mordell, he often disagrees with him. "It is all a question of definition."

"What does Mr. Mordell mean by 'ecstasy'? It is, he says, 'a rapturous state in which the person is governed by preoccupation with a definite view-point.' Very well. Here is an example of language generated by 'a rapturous state in which the person is governed by preoccupation with a definite view-point':

"I am gratified beyond words that they should express their confidence in me in

such a decisive fashion. It repays me for all the burdens and heat of the fight that I have carried on against great odds in their interest during the last four years. I pledge that my future course will be one that will confirm their faith in me. The recorded verdict of the people carries a serious and important message to certain of the newspapers of this city. . . . Whether influenced by narrow partisanship or bitter personal hatred of me or sinister motives, certain newspapers have pursued a studied course to discredit me and my administration by all manner of means, fair or foul. If the result of their course of unfairness or of their venom was limited in its effect to me personally I should be mute. But it takes on a broader, a more vicious, aspect. . . .

"We could quote more; but surely this is enough to show that Mr. Mordell is careless in presenting his case—a case that really persuades in spite of certain of his arguments. According to his own definition, what we have just quoted should be the issue of a state of ecstasy, and therefore, according to his prescription, it should qualify as poetry. Unquestionably, it is language proceeding from 'a rapturous state in which the person is governed by preoccupation with a definite view-point.' But does it seem to be 'bathed in an atmosphere,' an atmosphere of ecstasy? Shall we call it poetry? It does not seem to us even good verse, let alone poetry."

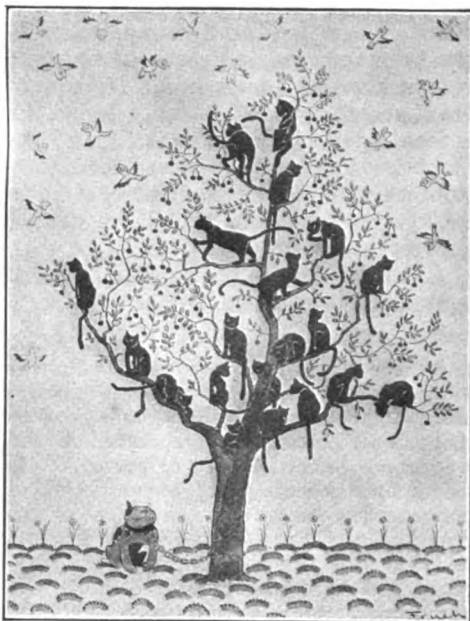
Clearly, Mr. Gilman says, there is something the matter with Mr. Mordell's formula. His requirements are too easy.

"The trouble with Mr. Mordell seems to be that his intentions are far better than his performances. His position is perfectly sound, but one is obliged to believe him in spite of his arguments. He is absurdly and deplorably ineffective in his attempts at a logical presentation of his case, and a good many of his incidental dicta are foolish. . . .

"That he really succeeds in being impressive and memorable is an extraordinary tribute to the essential rightness of his case. But he should have got someone else to state it for him—someone who would have realized that the essence of poetry, whether it is contained in verse or in prose, is something a good deal more subtle and more difficult to come at than 'ecstasy.' If only ecstasy were enough, the highways and byways of the world would be carpeted thick with poets."

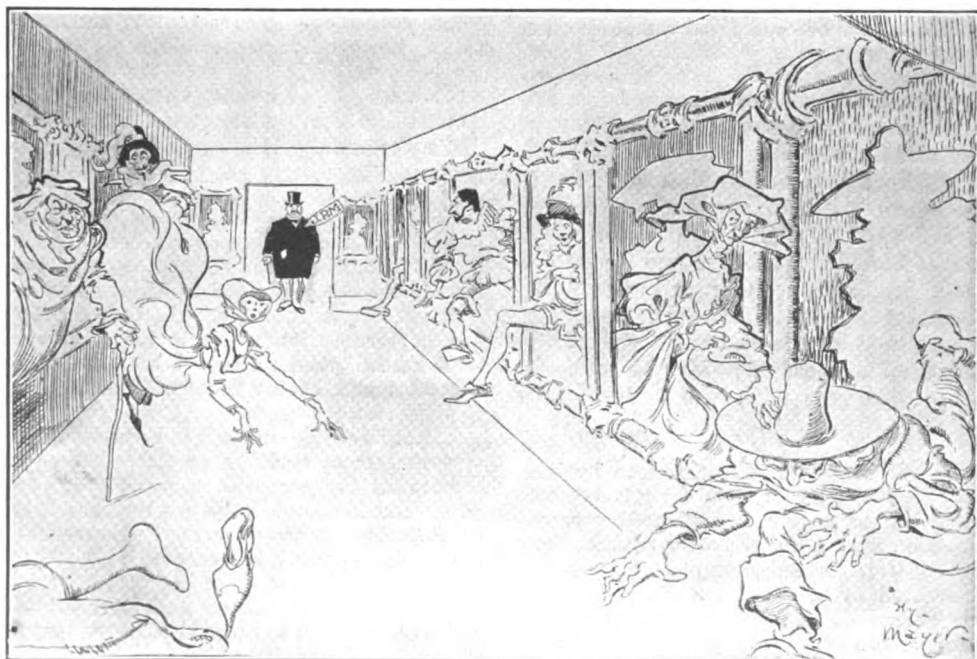
HUMORISTS' EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

Ninety-nine groups of grotesque and humorous art, comprizing sculpture, paintings, drawings, newspaper cartoons, etchings, lithographs, toys and handicraft, made the recent Humorists' Exhibition at the National Arts Club a quite unusual and diverting showing. Well-known painters, prominent newspaper cartoonists, eminent sculptors, creators of novelties, art students and children, contributed amusing examples of their less serious work. Much that was personal, taken from private notebooks, clever caricatures of friends, original drawings from the funny pages of newspapers, crude comics from children's schools and satirical drawings of prominent men, gave this exhibition a charm and interest which drew many visitors to the galleries. The pictures reproduced on this and the following

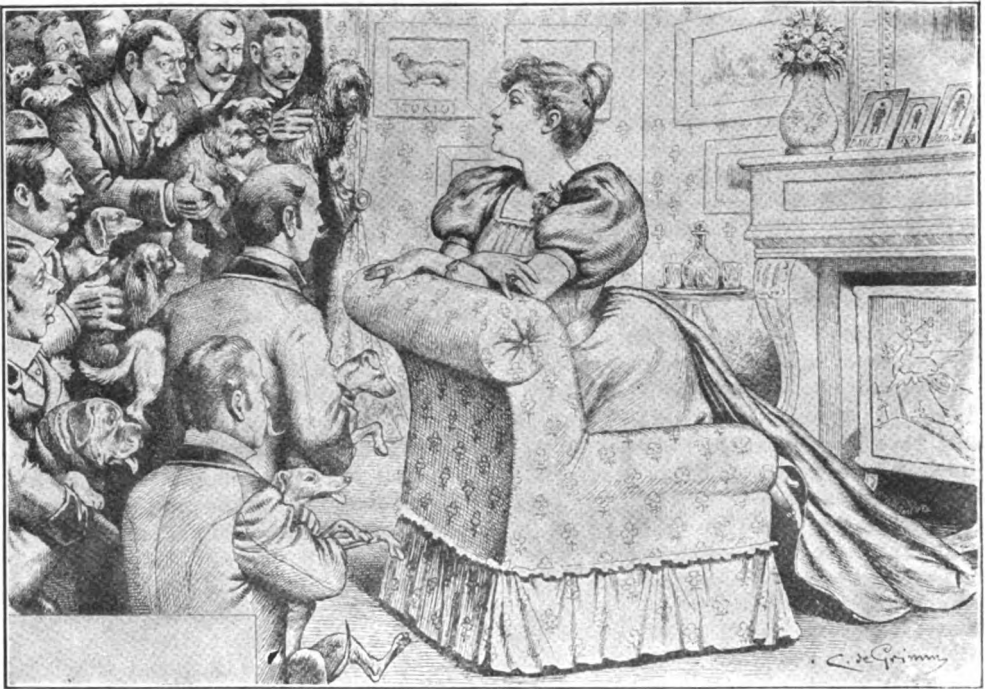


HOW TO KEEP BIRDS AWAY FROM A CHERRY
TREE

pages were made by A. Frueh, C. de Grimm, Hy. Mayer and W. J. Enright.



THE OLD MASTERS RUNNING AWAY FROM J. P. MORGAN



WHEN LILLIAN RUSSELL LOST HER DOG



THE REAL ATTRACTION AT THE HAVANA RACES



COLORS BOY DECOYING PORPOISES INTO A TANNERY

D. H. LAWRENCE'S DARK AND VEHEMENT GENIUS

OF the group of younger English novelists now challenging critical attention, D. H. Lawrence, author of "Sons and Lovers," "Women in Love" and "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious," is surely the most startling and in some ways the most interesting. He has been the subject of many articles in leading English reviews and is now, through the publishing house of Thomas Seltzer, introduced to American readers. There is something arresting in the very divergence of opinion regarding him. We find, for instance, Frank Harris putting Lawrence "in the foremost rank of living authors," and Sherwood Anderson calling him "this greatest of living English prose writers." On the other hand, Henry L. Mencken dismisses "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious" as an "effective if unwitting *reductio ad absurdum* of the current doctrine that Lawrence is a profound thinker. His book is not merely bad; it is downright childish." The verdicts of other critics just as contradictory might be multiplied.

Why, asks John Peale Bishop in *Vanity Fair* (New York), should this wide divergence of opinion exist? In attempting to answer the question, Mr. Bishop speaks, first of all, of Lawrence's preoccupation with physical love, which frightens some and disposes others unduly in his favor. Then, too, his talent, being original and unrestrained, is hard to gauge. "The Lost Girl," one of his recent novels, may, perhaps, be considered as a study of manners, treating of certain very credible middle-class English people of the midlands, and a roving band of alien vaudeville performers. But to approach "Women in Love" as a realistic study of manners is, in Mr. Bishop's view, to have the book crumble at one's touch. Moreover, Lawrence's work is extremely uneven. "The Trespasser" is pronounced by Mr. Bishop one of the shoddiest novels that he has

ever read, while "The Rainbow," he says, has scene after scene of all but overwhelming beauty. "But I believe," Mr. Bishop continues, "that the real reason Lawrence fares so badly at the hands of certain excellent critics, such as Mr. Mencken, for example, is that these critics are interested only in the ideas of an intellectual aristocracy and, inversely, in the stupidities of the mob. Lawrence's approach both to life and his art is essentially emotional; his understanding comes of having remembered all that his imagination and intuition discerned while under the subjection of emotion. That is to say, he is, at his best, a poet, even in his novels."

Lawrence, as this American writer presents him, is a man who has seen, or who thinks he has seen, the disintegration of ideas which inspired the best minds of the nineteenth century. He has watched the decay of Victorian ideals of social equality, of human brotherhood and Christian love. But where another man might have fallen into a sterile despair, he remains unperturbed. His interest is not so much in ideas or ideals as in "the amazingly difficult and vital business of human relationships," and particularly in those relationships which are ultimately sensual. He is "like those modern sculptors who, feeling that civilization has reached its last refinement, and that there is no more work left for observation to do, have gone back to the crude beginnings of stone-carving to learn again the essentials of their art from Assyrian friezes and the crudely stylized sculptures of West Africa." Mr. Bishop goes on to illustrate this point by quoting a passage in "Women in Love" in which the author introduces, in Halladay's flat, wood carvings from Africa, one of a naked woman, crouched in a strange posture, distorted by pain.

"There Gerald 'saw vividly with his spirit the gray forward-stretching face

of the negro woman, African and tense, abstracted in utter physical stress. It was a terrible face, void, peaked, abstracted almost into meaninglessness by the weight of sensation beneath.

"Why is it art?" Gerald asked, shocked, resentful.

"It conveys a complete truth," said Birkin. "It contains the whole truth of that state whatever you feel about it."

"But you can't call it high art," said Gerald.

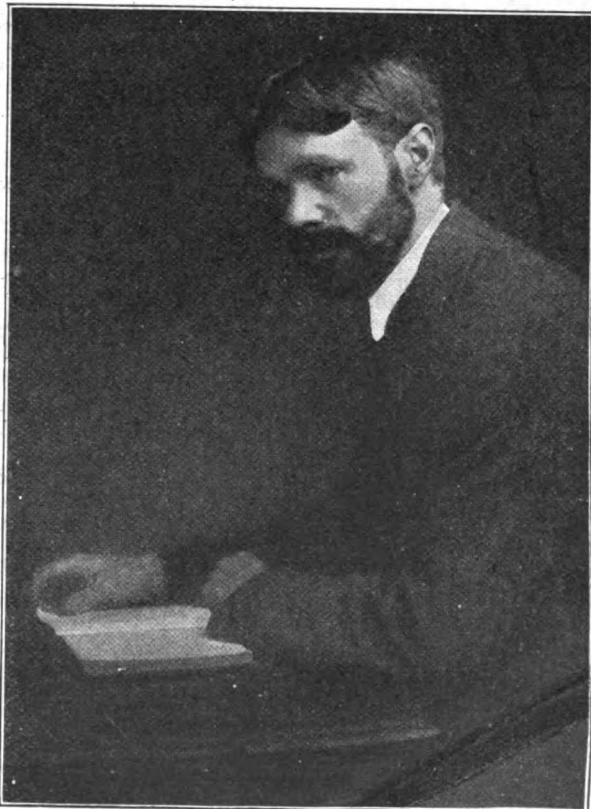
"High! there are centuries and hundreds of centuries of development in the straight line behind that carving; it is an awful pitch of culture, of a definite sort. . . . Pure culture in sensation, culture in a physical consciousness, really ultimate physical consciousness, mindless, utterly sensual."

In its purest form Lawrence's art, Mr. Bishop tells us, is not unlike this savage carving. "He is evidently a man of tremendous capacities for emotion, variously sensitive to nervous impressions. He has brooded over his own intimate relationship and carefully observed the processes of his own sex life. He has read Freud and has availed himself of the knowledge Freud has liberated, using it, not as a substitute for thinking, but to corroborate his own broodings. Love to him is not the laughing golden-haired Anadyomene, but the dark and terrible Cybele, the many-breasted Earth Mother, mutilating her votaries. The struggle in which almost every one of his characters is most deeply involved is to come to fulfillment through love, without losing identity as an individual. And Lawrence invests this struggle with tragic possibilities."

Mr. Bishop does not mean to imply that this is all there is to Lawrence, but he does mean to indicate what seems to him the essential core:

"The sum of his wisdom is this: that it would be the wisest of actions for a man to put aside his wisdom, as if it were a shabby, stifling garment, and in nakedness to touch and close with the dark, vindictive life of the earth, and that better even than this it would be if mankind were utterly destroyed and only the older inhuman world were left. This attitude receives its fullest expression in his poems, in those poems which are not written in accordance with his absurdly inadequate theory of poetry, and in 'Women in Love' where his philosophy is everywhere explicit."

Even in a travel book, "Sea and Sardinia," Lawrence cannot elude the cruelty of things and the seriousness of the combat. This account of a Mediterranean voyage, Mr. Bishop says, is remarkable for its descriptions of the tall



"THE OUTLAW OF MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE MOST INTERESTING FIGURE IN IT"

So John Middleton Murry sums up D. H. Lawrence, the author of "Sons and Lovers," "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love."

coasts of Italy, of the hard and primitive island of Sardinia, of the peasants, still clinging implacably to a medieval individualism, the men proudly dressed in the old magpie motley, black and white, the women in stiff spreading dresses of mauve and vermilion like Velasquez princesses. It is brilliant, but is never serene. There is always a sense of torment and of the old pagan terror of places as ff Etna were, as Lawrence says, a mistress "low, white, witchlike under heaven—with

her strange winds prowling round like Circe's panthers, some black, some white."

It is serenity, Mr. Bishop concludes, which one misses most in Lawrence, serenity and intellectual control of his material. "He is never, save at moments, entirely satisfactory. One wearies of the emotionalism, the welter of words, the disorder and the turmoil. He is the typical English genius, beautiful and profound, fragmentary, touching the absurd."

IS THERE AN AMERICAN ART?

THREE artists have lately expressed themselves in somewhat discouraging fashion regarding the present and future of American painting. The first is Cecilia Beaux, our woman Academician, who was quoted as saying, at the recent International Art Congress in Paris, that America has no national art and must continue for many years to go to France for inspiration. The second is the English painter, C. R. W. Nevinson, who asserts that our idea of art is a well-appointed bathroom and that our "Raphael is the plumber." The third is Harry B. Lachman, native of Chicago and successful French painter, who has made, in a speech before the Chicago Business Men's Art Club, the triple-barreled statement that "American painting is not representative of Americanism"; that "American artists' self-satisfaction is holding them back artistically"; and that "it is a mistaken idea that in our smug, self-satisfied American manner we think we have an American school of art."

On all of which the *American Art News* (New York) makes the comment: "The contention of Miss Cecilia Beaux is wrong. The assertions of Harry B. Lachman are pretty much nonsense. The satirical asservations of C. R. W. Nevinson are merely 'sour grapes' and not entitled to any more consideration than the sayings of a peevish boy." The *Art News* continues: "Our American school of painting does not lack in dis-

tinctive characteristics. An American picture can be spotted as an American picture usually as far as you can see it. Often enough it can be readily identified as the work of some particular artist." The *Art News* concludes:

"We have had some immortal painters in America. We honor certain names and feel glorified in contemplation of them. These men owed almost nothing to European training, but much to the tradition of European art, which is our heritage as much as it is anybody's. Did Winslow Homer learn the principles of 'true art' abroad? Did Albert P. Ryder? Did Blakelock, did Inness, did Wyant, did Fuller, did Murphy? Was Twachtman a slavish follower of Monet, or was he an altogether 'American Impressionist'?"

"And when it comes to contemporary American painters, can anybody deny the intense Americanism of men like George Bellows, Wayman Adams, Robert Spencer, Frederick Waugh, George Luks, Arthur B. Davies, Robert Chanler, Albert Groll, Rockwell Kent, Daniel Garber, Samuel Halpert, Ernest Lawson and scores of others?"

"Why can't we be let alone with our pride in our artists and in our American school? It is a good thing for us. It is leading us to form art associations in all our cities; it is leading us to organize 'Friends of Art' to buy paintings for our schools; it is leading us to found and to haunt museums; it is leading our wealthy citizens to endow art schools and to form collections for the benefit of the public."

"In the name of Michelangelo and Vincent van Gogh, gentlemen, what is the matter with you?"



CONTEMPORARY American poetry is admitted by Theodore Maynard, writing in the *Boston Transcript*, to be rich in many respects, but poor in lyrics. This, he maintains, is largely due to the fact that American poets are seduced by the magazines into turning out something that shall "get across" with this or that editor and be palatable to the public at large. English magazines, on the other hand, pay so badly that they offer no sordid temptation; and "they are so bad that an English poet would feel ashamed to become their contributor." The point is made that American magazines keep up a standard just high enough to leave self-respect to a contributing poet and pay just high enough to induce a poet to "bring his work down to the completely mediocre level of an editor's intelligence." The net result is the declaration that England could not compile an anthology fit to be mentioned in the same breath with the kind edited by William Stanley Braithwaite and that America has nothing to show that is at all comparable to the easy distinction of Yeats, Davies, Hodgson or de la Mare.

This is given as one of the reasons that would account for the lyrical poverty of America. No doubt there are others, more subtle and more powerful. The vividness and adventurousness of American life operate more directly as a stimulus to dramatic rather than to lyrical writing—a form of literary composition that, we are asked to believe, demands a more compressed and leisurely culture than is at present possible in the United States. Intense local attachments and settled social traditions are necessary before the lyrical note can be confident and clear.

Whenever these conditions have been approximated to—as in Boston, San Francisco and the old South—poetry has been quickened. Having made this observation, the *Transcript* critic weakens its foundation by stating that so far America has produced no great lyric poet except Poe and is not likely, he is inclined to think, to produce another, owing to the decline of her former literary centers, for some time to come. To what extent, we would ask, was the poetry of Poe influenced by or indebted to "local attachments and settled social traditions"? Was it not, on the other hand, a translunar revolt on the part of the poet against conditions such as existed that drove him into himself with nocturnal skyrocketing effects? Was not the same true of Shelley and only to a lesser degree of Keats, in England? If, we venture to say, great lyric poetry is not being written in America the fault is not to be found in the direction pointed to, but in the poets themselves, in the paucity of lyrical genius, which may be kindled as easily as it may be quenched by Philistine environment.

At the same time it must be admitted that objectively our American atmosphere and abiding cultural primitiveness are more conducive to strictly fiction and dramatic than to lyrical writing. As a case in point, we would hardly compare Zona Gale, dramatist and novelist, with Zona Gale, lyricist—and submit in evidence the following verses from "The Secret Way" (Macmillan), which are considerably out of the ordinary but exemplify a gift for expression that takes on major proportions in prose and becomes of fragmentary lyrical distinction:

HERE A STILL FIELD

BY ZONA GALE

HERE a still field. I move within the green,
 It lies aloof. Look where I will
 The steady glory of noon on the hill
 Lays its divine indifference on the scene.
 I seem too far. I listen and I lean,
 Yet never will the burying hours fulfill
 One hope of nearness to the Far and Still,
 But wound me with the sweet that they
 might mean.

Is there no keener speech for us than this
 Old incommunicable urge to know
 The speech of silence. . . . Yes—here a
 still field!

What more—what more? For here the
 comrade is,
 The God who waits alone and would have
 sealed
 Our compact with glad laughter long ago.

HALF THOUGHT

BY ZONA GALE

O DAY of Wind and laughter,
 A goddess born are you
 Whose eyes are in the morning
 Blue—blue.
 The slumberous noon your body is,
 Your feet are the shadow's flight.
 But the immortal soul of you
 Is night.

THE BUREAU

BY ZONA GALE

IN anger, in irritation, in argument,
 what happens to you and me?
 Something fine weaving us round is torn
 open.
 Something fine permeating us is drawn
 from the veins.
 Presences waiting to understand us re-
 treat to a farther ante-room of us.
 Little cells are incommunicably sealed.

All this happened to me and some strange
 progress was halted until something
 in me could be repaired.
 The whole race halted with me.
 The light of the remotest star, do you
 imagine that it did not know?
 Innumerable influences ceased to pour
 upon us all.
 And it was because someone left the attic
 window open and it had rained on
 an old bureau.

HALF THOUGHT

BY ZONA GALE

I SAW Fair Yellow in the west,
 Fair Yellow in the air,
 The sand, the corn, a bird's breast,
 A woman's hair.
 At night
 My little room burst into light—
 Fair Yellow had come there.

Fair Yellow is a being.
 For when I said her name
 I found a way of seeing
 Her as she came.
 O how
 Do our dull senses fail us now
 And leave us in some elemental shame!

There is so much to see and say
 If we could find the way. . . .

Apropos of the throes through which
 Ireland has passed and which are ahead
 of the Irish Free State there is an ap-
 pealing quality in the following lines,
 from *The Nation*, such as befits a
 prayer:

IRELAND: INVOCATION

BY KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

ON your keening waters like gray eyes
 tear-misted,
 On your green fields that harvest the
 ruins of castles broken, rock-haunted,
 On your thatched roofs pierced by steel
 rains of misfortune,
 Let there be peace,
 Ireland!

By the centuries like furled unfung ban-
 ners that wrapped you in sorrows,
 By your broad-shouldered sons and they
 ever stooping to enter the black holds
 of ships,
 By your strong-limbed, tall daughters and
 they ever waving farewell and turn-
 ing back to the hovel,
 Let there be peace,
 Ireland!

By the green of your sterile hilltops and
 the green of your tired hedges trail-
 ing the empty highways,
 By your whimsies that glint above heart-
 ache like butterflies over dead bodies,
 By the story that wings from the sound
 of the names Thurles, Ballynarra,
 Listowel,
 Let there be peace,
 Ireland!

By the past and the strange miscasting
that made you a hater,
By the present filled with a crying and
no one to tell if a nation is born or
is dying,
By the future—if lost to be chill with
abasement, if won to be sad with at-
tainment—
O let there be peace,
Ireland!

Dr. Lorenz probably arrived in this country at a time after the following poem was written, altho it appeared in *Harper's* simultaneously with the clinic held in New York by the celebrated Viennese practitioner of bloodless surgery:

THE SPECIALIST

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

ONE at a time the waiting line lagged
by,
Each with his tale of shattered nerves
and life,

A household servant worn with drudgery,
A schoolgirl overtaxed, an unloved wife;
A sullen, frightened youth with sin defiled,
A fur-wrapped matron fumbling with
her glove,
A sleepless mother mourning for her child,
A soul-starved spinster hungering for
love.

Pale wraiths of women, gaunt-eyed
wrecks of men,
I saw them pause and gather heart
again.

To each he gave the best he had to give:
To one, the age-old master-words, "I
can!"

To one a fresh incentive still to live,
To one, a new-found faith in God—and
man.

But to them all he gave himself unspared,
Not loftily aloof, nor heedlessly,
But to the dregs each bitter cup he shared
And poured them endless wine of sym-
pathy.

They seemed to me, who watched them
there apart
Like unclean leeches fastened on his
heart.

But once, between one patient and the next
His glance sought swift a picture on the
wall,
Like one who reads an old and well-loved
text—

A range of fir-pricked mountains, that
was all.
Yet suddenly I knew what balsamed air
Had cleft the room's wan atmosphere
of pain,
To linger one cool fragrant moment there
And hold him calm, and quiet-eyed, and
sane.

A time ago we may have been dis-
posed to question the entire validity of
his poetic performance, but Mr. Wood
is rapidly ridding of flaws his claim to
the title of poet. Verse such as the
following, from the *Independent-Weekly
Review* and the *Nation* respectively
(the sonnets being two from a se-
quence), bears the stamp of poetry:

INVENTORY

To Gamaliel Bradford

BY CLEMENT WOOD

WHAT comes in when the tide comes in?
*Bubbles borne on their brittle wings,
Dragging seaweed and prowling fin,
Snails and hermits and creeping things,
Mouths that waited and claws that tore,
Driven, for all of their deep-sea skill,
Into the shallows and up the shore.*
Take what you will.

What comes in when the tide comes in?
*Songs as light as the tumbling spray,
Dirges heard where the heart has been
Humbled, and couched with kinsman
clay.*
*Stars that glitter and stars that fall,
Love, that haunter of shore and hill,
Noon, and the final night of all.*
Take what you will.

EAGLE SONNETS

BY CLEMENT WOOD

FLOWER of the dust am I: for dust
will flower,
Before its final reckoning is had;
And then this dust, in a hot sudden hour,
Shall stagger, veer, and flounder, in a
mad,
Tumultuous plunge into that blazing sun
—Mere dust on fire—that gave it once
its birth;
And man and all his doings shall be one
With the charred cinder that was once
an earth.
And then again a brief, unhurried cooling,
More flowers that walk and dream, may-
be—and then

The aged sun will end its scanted ruling
 As surely as there is an end to men.
 The heavens at last will end, as all things
 must—
 To let new heavens ripple out of dust.

* * * *

FAITH is the dream that things known
 false are true;

Truth is our feeble vision in the dark;
 Love, that supremest pleasure men pursue,
 Is life's device to shield an undimmed
 spark.

Right is a thing of person and of season,
 Justice the sagging of a rusty scale;
 And we need only watch the cheater,
 Reason,

To see how man's last anchorage must
 fail.

Faith is a vision we must cling to still:
 Truth is a god to serve, altho we die.

Love is the dear controller of our will,
 Justice and right must ring in every
 cry.

Tho Reason let our craft drift out to sea,
 Yet we shall find no truer guide than he.

A critic, who is himself a poet of note,
 has complained that the poetry of Richard Le Gallienne suffers from the fact (*sic*) that were it not signed it might be attributed to any one of a number of other poets. Can this be true and we be wrong in maintaining, on the contrary, that few poets on the roster have such a tell-tale style. Need, for instance, the following poem, from *Munsey's*, any signature to betray its authorship:

RIVER MUSIC

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

RIVER, be any sweetness in my song,
 Not mine but yours it is; so many a
 time

I strove to catch the ripple of your tongue,
 The syllables of your mysterious rime—

Dactyls and spondees in an even flow,
 With the cesura of some pebbly bar.

So pondered I old Vergil long ago—

Latin still fresh and running as you are,
 With many a mirrored rush and sway-
 ing star.

But as through the old verse a magic ran,
 Baffling the ear, too subtle to divine—

A sorcery no prosodist might scan—

So is it, river, with your magic line;

So far the measure of your music goes,

But something sings below it all the
 time—

Something mysterious that flows and flows,
 Something that doth with the eternal
 chime,
 And laughs at all the little laws of rime.

In "The Poet's Pack," published by the Bookfellows (Chicago), John G. Neihardt, assisted by Lily A. Long, Clinton Scollard and Fanny Hodges Newman as associate editors, has assembled the best of three hundred original poems submitted by forty odd poet-members of the Order. It is a striking variation of the anthology idea and some of the poems achieve distinction. Among them, we like:

LATE GUEST

BY THOMAS KENNEDY

HALF luminous, and dripping phosphorescent flashes,

Night slips in fragrant and breathless
 out of the rain.

Down the black-mirrored way, a street
 car clangs and crashes;

New leaves shape wavering silhouettes
 on the dark pane.

Voices and footsteps echo, and fade in
 laughter;

Her smile is a pale miracle in the gloom.

I turn my eyes from Sleep, to follow after
 Her slim, gray silence, flitting about the
 room.

MIDNIGHT

BY LUCIA CLARK MARKHAM

IN the deep hush of night the old house
 wakes,

Returning footsteps steal across the
 floor,

Softly I hear the hinges of the door

Creak at an unseen touch; the silence
 quakes

With stealthy rustlings that a silk gown
 makes,

Low whispers and a sleepy baby's cry,

A stifled laugh, a moan, a lullaby,

And faint forgotten sighs and old heart-
 aches.

Some shadowy presence lingers in the
 room,

Ghost of a dream, wraith of a young
 despair;

A glint of silver breaks the brooding
 gloom—

Ah, who is leaning poised upon the stair

With orange-blossoms dropping from
 her hair

And in her eyes shades of oncoming doom?

THE REDBIRD

By COTTON NOE

ANIMATED, flashing, flame of scarlet,
Teasing, tantalizing, madcap varlet,
Glooming, glinting through the boughs,
Making, breaking lover's vows;
Dashing leader of the choir,
Standing on the topmost spire,
Scintillating song and fire,
Calls me: *Come up—come up—higher,
higher, higher!*

Daytime meteor trailing light,
Like a shooting star at night—
Just a moment of delight,
Followed by a mad desire;
But the flaming flash of scarlet,
Tantalizing madcap varlet,
Hiding from my aching sight—
This time just a little nigher—
Laughing from his leafy height,
Mocks me: *Come up—come up—higher,
higher, higher!*

CAPTIVE GODDESSES

By VINCENT STARRETT

THEY sell their jewels in the market
place,
The little tawdry sisterhood of sin,
With smiles of wood, with words un-
kempt and thin,
Yet with an echo of a former grace
That lends a touch of splendor to each
face. . . .
To the harsh scraping of a violin,
I watch their frenzied bodies whirl and
spin
In an unreal, delirious embrace.
I have no mind to dance, no heart to sing;
These curious puppets hold no lure for
me;
Yet am I unrevolted of the scene. . . .
Here is a mistress for a fallen king,
Yonder a sister of Persephone,
And here a twin to the sad Magda-
lene.

Despite an evidence of straining for
effect in the following bit of cloud pho-
tography, from *The Lyric World* (Los
Angeles), there is something captivat-
ing in the imagery:

CLOUDS

By O. J. BOWLES

CLOUDS always seem such helpless
things
When slapped by wind across the skies,
Or torn to feathery flecks and strings
If winds blow counterwise.

And anyone, observing, sees
With something that is almost pain
Their reaching down at roofs and trees.
With fragile hands of rain.

There is a bit more than Amy Lowell
cleverness and a bit less than Emily
Dickinson authenticity in the following
lines, which we discover in the *Nation*:

THREE PERSIAN TILES

(Translated from the Imaginary)

By LEONORA SPEYER

Poet

I CRIED out against my silence,
And flung it into the face of the sky;
And a lark caught it
And made it the loudest note of his song!

Professor

You are young, Wisdom!
But I,
Whom you have instructed,
Am too old to play with you.
Wisdom, I am truly sorry.

Prophet

I saw a man with wide-open eyes,
Looking earnestly forward—
Into the past;
And backward—
Into the future!

The following verses, from *The Lyric*,
Norfolk, Va., challenge attention even
tho they may not bear too strict analy-
sis:

A GRAVE

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

A GRAVE seems only six feet deep,
And three feet wide,
Viewed with the calculating eye
Of one outside.

But when fast bound in the chill loam
For that strange sleep,
Who knows how wide its realm may be?
Its depth, how deep?

The Poetry Society of America an-
nounces that the prize of \$500 offered
in the William Lindsey Contest for
poetic drama has been awarded to
Harry Lee for his four-act play, "Il
Poverello." One hundred and forty-five
plays were submitted in the contest.
The judges were George Arliss, George
P. Baker, Clayton Hamilton (resigned,
and replaced by Jane Dransfield), Jessie
B. Rittenhouse, and Stuart Walker.

INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS MORE IMPORTANT THAN SCRAPPING SHIPS

By J. George Frederick

WHEN Napoleon crushed Prussia and laid his "disarmament" conditions down, permitting Germany only a small "standing army," he believed he had safeguarded France through his enforced "armament reduction." But he reckoned without the true armament organization genius, for straightway Von Moltke planned that German men in rotation should be compelled to belong to the small permitted army—so that soon Germany was a land of trained soldiers, in spite of the small size of the official army! And then Germany crushed France.

Late in September of last year, the Inter-Allied Control Commission reported that it had satisfactorily "disarmed" Germany; it had destroyed 32,000 guns, 34,000,000 tons of shells, 110,350 trench mortars, 83,566 machine guns, 4,160,000 rifles and 355,000,000 small arms. "There is now not the slightest apprehension of Germany being able to organize and equip an army of such size as to constitute any danger to the Allies," it reported.

Now, the world has had, since 1914, the most stupendous try-out of the war idea that human kind ever experienced. We ought to know something about it; we really ought. But do we? Or was the thing so mammoth that we haven't yet been able to see the straight of it? We fervently turn to the disarmament conference as one step toward cashing in on our crippling war experiences; and the peoples of the world are in the main one with us in wanting to throw off armament burdens, or limit them. And limit them to some degree we surely will. But have we not overlooked the inner heart of the armament secret; the common-sense fact protruding like a sore thumb; the engineering analysis obvious to the trained industrialist? *The true, real armament is the industrial*

mobility and equipment of a nation. The most vital "preparedness" is the convertible framework of a war-functioning factory line-up. A greater emphasis on this, coincident with a lesser emphasis on strictly war appropriations, would do much to build confidence in extensive disarmament.

What greater lesson than this has the great war taught? We were not prepared, nor was England, nor was France for the demands of a modern war. The hundreds of billions of dollars which modern nations had spent on various forms of "armament" (sic) were as utterly wasted as the shiploads of gold had been dumped into the sea. A modern war quickly proved that men and ships were nothing much to speak of—*without the products of factories in prodigious quantity to back them up.* The gunpowder or even dynamite of pre-war days were sheer toys compared to TNT and other high explosives, gases, etc. The war became a race of factory and industrial skill; a battle of organizers and scientists; the victory swaying in the balance as soldiers wallowed in their trenches, while shipyards, aeroplane factories, chemical plants, motor plants raced to reach the balance of superiority first. England lagged until Lloyd George tuned up the factories; America flivvered and floundered until factories and industries were organized. Being the greatest industrial nation, we crowded the thing to victory by making our doughboys in France a fighting edge with the full, tremendous weight of our mechanical, factory, organization and transportation skill behind them. That did the trick.

If Germany had been as unaware of this great fact as the Allies, Germany couldn't have lasted the long years of the war. At Liège she both figuratively and literally dropped a bombshell into

the Allied world of ideas when she shattered the heavy concrete ports with high-explosive shells with a power and range virtually unheard-of before. From that day the new aspect of armament was fated: armament henceforth must necessarily mean, first of all, factory organization; research; chemical up-to-dateness. Why was Germany alone in mastering this key truth? Chiefly because of her superb industrialism; her superior chemical plants and laboratories; her will to be supreme in military power; her centralization; in plain, simple words, her unmatched industrial and scientific preparedness. There was nothing new about her mere man-power preparedness. France was neck and neck with her in this. The new thing was her organized big-gun production and her amazing chemical production; for she could, and no doubt did, tell her military masters in 1913-1914 the fact that she controlled 95 per cent. of the world's organic chemistry; that she had suppressed the development of chemical industries in other countries, so vital to explosives, and that on top of it all she now had the Haber process of making nitrates out of the air, rendering both her agriculture and her munitions safe from blockade. These new things and Germany's confidence in them kept the rest of the civilized world at bay until they had time to match it at a fever-heat pace, under terrible handicaps. What a breathless time we had doing it!

The ineluctable lesson, therefore, as to armament is not in sheer weariness to be content with lessening the ships or the standing armies (the standardized, conventional, time-honored forms of armament), but to *industrialize preparedness*; to make all reduction possible in the conventionalized armament but see that the foundation and basis for industrial armament is most adequate and complete. It will cost nothing, for industry supports itself with peace-time production; but it does require planning and special fostering, for naturally enough the thrusts of a nation's enemies are sure to be at the

vitals of armament. The remarkable lengths to which Germany had gone, before the war and now as well, to prevent America from developing great chemical facilities are proof enough of the special significance of chemicals in preparedness. If we had become suspicious a dozen years ago of the real meaning of Germany's untiring, stop-at-nothing efforts to prevent the rise of the chemical industries here, we might have written a different page in war history.

Every sensible man, carpenter or bank president, knows the miserable futility of armament expenditure. The reason Congressmen heard so ominously "back home" a demand for reduction is not wholly one of war-weariness; it is a deep realization for the first time, partly through taxation now felt as Europeans have long felt it, that great armament expenditure is fundamentally wasteful and futile. The reason an admittedly great organizer like Ford went on his peace mission was no doubt because his practical business instinct told him fighting and arming was mad, mad waste. The reason a fine woman like Jane Addams stubbornly argued for peace, despite the national necessity of honor, was because her human instinct told her war was mad, mad waste. The more balanced man is making *his* plea *now* for the stopping of mad, mad waste; because now is the proper time. He fought determinedly to make future wars of conquest more impossible; now for the love of heaven, he says, let's waste no more time; let's organize ourselves in a practical way so that this hideous sapper of life, of love, of business prosperity and of work and of savings is scotched like the snake it is. Let's begrudgingly have as little war trappings and fixings as possible, for a large military group makes a considerable militaristic sentiment; just as sure as shooting. We saw it in Germany, we feel it in France even now, and we surely see it in Japan. We want a minimum of armament for general character reasons as well as economy reasons. We are a peaceful,

industrial nation. And keeping a clear eye on the real hard facts of the war, let us do our main preparedness in a way that won't cost much taxpayer's *money*, but *will* cost some brain power and foresight: let us have the skeleton manufacturing organization which could be mobilized on short notice; plants large enough, with tools enough and everything else, readily convertible, to make aeroplanes, shells, guns, nitrate and plenty of high-explosive chemicals. Let them manufacture laundry soap and dyes and what-not in the chemical plants—as did Germany before the eyes of an unsuspecting world. But if war threatens, there must never again be the skidding and the breathless make-shift and desperate scrambling that we went through because we hadn't the industrial facilities ready.

Naumann, a German economist and member of the Reichstag, tells how easy and simple "preparedness" was for Germany. "The war," he says, "was only a continuation of our previous life with other tools, but based on the same methods. In this, indeed, lies the secret of success." Naumann's book, "Central Europe," was written since the war. Is it possible to suppose that Germany will ignore this "secret of success" in the future and fail to keep her factories intact for future events? She still has the greatest chemical works in the world, and the greatest armament works, even tho they are now being adapted to peace-time products.

At the present moment the vital key to "preparedness"—chemical industry and laboratory research—are making a life-and-death fight in the United States to be a match for Germany; to maintain the chemical level we reached in spite of German intrigue during the war. If the determined German interests representing the German chemical kartels or trusts, who are spending millions here, have their way in the United States, they will prevent these chemical industries from maintaining the basis for subsistence during peace time so that in time of war we, like Germany, could merely "continue our

previous life with a mere change of tools"—the true, economical and scientific preparedness. The German chemical interests desire to operate as before the war—prevent their chemical patents from being worked here and sell us German chemicals and pharmaceuticals; keep us mere infants in chemistry, as before. They would prefer to have us in that enviable grip in which we were before the war when she could and did shut off our supply of salvarsan, for instance, the only weapon with which to fight a dreadful scourge. She wants the alien property custodian to hand back the patents for these things and place us in the position before the war when (thanks to Germany's intrigue) we had no such patent clause as Germany has compelling patents to be worked to remain valid.

The very nature of war has changed radically, making it absurd to place expensive reliance upon the old-fashioned war protection. Had the war lasted a year longer "armament" of the conventional kind would have taken a still smaller place in warfare. The phosgene gas marvel and the wiping out of cities by a sprinkling of dreadful acids from aeroplanes are at the present time actual practical accomplishments. The chemist has already come close to making warfare sheer human extermination on a wholesale scale. To place ourselves in a position to be exterminated by failing to foster chemical industry on a larger scale and protect it from being crippled by foreign intrigue is folly, since it has not even the excuse of disarmament economy. We can confidently expect other nations to follow our lead in armament reduction—the burden is preposterous and impossible. But no first-class nation is ever again going to ignore the more logical and peace-time preparedness of industrial self-sufficiency for emergency.

In all probability the keystone in the arch of world peace will be found to consist of industrial and scientific leadership, especially in chemical lines, in the possession of nations like America

or England, which are known to be fundamentally peaceful nations of world-influence. In all probability the pacific effect, so much relied upon in past years, of the British navy, as the supreme organized power, will be supplanted by the realization that American chemical and scientific, inventive and organization supremacy is the overshadowing pacific force in the world. Knowledge that a great nation like America, supported in its pacific purposes by other great nations, is possessed of industrial, chemical, inventive and organization power which could, if it willed, crush any opponent cruelly and with monstrous effectiveness, is no doubt in an imperfect world the most benevolent and least expensive form of policing force. It is no less formidable because dormant; and no less real because apparently diverted into useful industry. It is the nearest approach

possible to the protective value to weaker ones of a powerful man whose tremendous muscles are at work plowing, but who may be relied upon to spring on a ruthless assailant who has evil designs and annihilate him. The secret source of Germany's arrogant confidence in 1914, in making war, must now be made, by America's similar industrial preparedness, the world's open and public confidence in keeping the peace. Only America has the large-scale industry experience and facilities for this, and it fits perfectly into her peace-time ambitions for world leadership in commerce.

A program for such industrial preparedness should, when clearly understood, satisfy those who want America to maintain her strength for defense and yet permit the billions of dollars of armament cost to be pared down to a logical minimum.

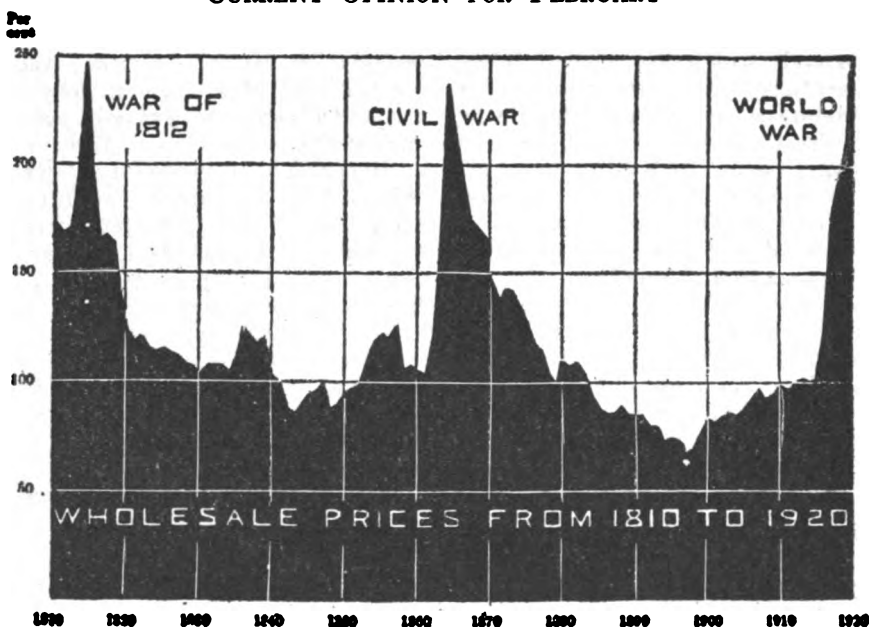
WHY PRICES AND WAGES MUST DECLINE FOR YEARS TO COME

BECAUSE of the fact that during the War of 1812 and during the Civil War wholesale prices in America rose, as during the World War, to more than double the normal and then declined steadily for a generation or more it seems probable to such a student of economic history as Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, that we are entering on a long period of falling prices and gradually declining wages. One reason leading to this conclusion is found in the world's decreasing production of gold. Another lies in the enormous losses of lives and property in the past few years, with the accompanying disorganization of the world's industrial producing power; and a third is in the depreciated currencies of the world wherein "several nations will find it impossible to reestablish their money at its old value, as compared with our dollars," and, "even if they adopt some new ratio of worth, they must somewhere obtain more gold as a basis for

doing it. In so far as we possess a large part of the world's currency gold they can only secure it by sending to this country their commodities and selling them here, and each time this happens on any large scale our own prices will tend to fall."

In the matter of wages, Col. Ayres goes on to say, in an exhaustive study of price changes and business prospects, the average weekly wage of artisans a hundred years ago was about \$7. This rose steadily over a period of 40 years until it was about \$10 a week in 1860, just before the outbreak of the Civil War. During that struggle wages rose to \$15, and four years after its close they passed \$17. Then came a decade of decline until 1879, when they were \$14.74. A slight recovery lifted them just above \$15, where they stayed for 40 years, rising to \$21.38 in 1915 and averaging \$42 in 1920.

During the century common-labor wages ran parallel to artisan wages, and their relationship, we read, is such



RANGE OF WHOLESALE PRICES OVER A PERIOD OF 110 YEARS

Not less notable than the great rise in prices during the three war periods indicated has been the long and continued fall of prices extending over a generation of time which followed each rise.

that the artizan wage is almost always about 180 per cent. of the common-labor wage. As compared with the changes in wholesale prices, the variations in wages came tardily and moderately. From 1870 to 1896 prices fell 55 per cent., while artizan wages declined only 9 per cent. From then to the outbreak of the World War wholesale prices rose 51 per cent. and wages only 38 per cent.

The question as to whether or not we are to see wages shrink far less than prices in the next few years is stated to be simply a question of what happens to the efficiency and productivity of industry. "If improvements in processes and in management can largely increase the output per worker per day, then wages will not have to decline so far as prices. If, on the other hand, the output does not come up, then wages cannot permanently retain the gains they have made."

Analyzing the chorus of complaint in public prints and legislatures because retail prices have not fallen as rapidly as wholesale prices, this banker-economist ascribes the lead of the one

and the lag of the other to economic law rather than to guilty profiteering, and bids such complainants note that the retail prices advanced more slowly and moderately than wholesale prices just as they are falling more deliberately. To illustrate: "Suppose that you were a dealer in wheat at wholesale and also ran a bakery and sold bread over the counter. If, some day, a cablegram came telling of an unexpected crop failure in the Argentine, you well know that the wholesale price of wheat would begin to move upwards within the next few minutes.

"You would not, however, on that day increase the price of the bread that you sold over the counter, for this bread would be made from the flour that had been bought at the old, low levels. Neither would you at once increase the wages of your employees, and least of all would you expect your landlord to raise the rent of the bakery because of the receipt of the news that resulted in the higher wholesale price."

Col. Ayres reiterates, in conclusion, that in entering upon an extended period of falling prices, broken by

occasional shorter periods of rising prices, the future course of wages depends largely on the degree to which

the per capita output can be increased through improvements in management, processes and machinery.

A NEW WRINKLE IN INDUSTRY—THE SECOND-HAND DEPARTMENT STORE

THE other day in New York City a twenty-one-year lease was signed on a building covering almost a square block, to be occupied by a second-hand department store—a new wrinkle in industry. The moving spirit of the enterprise, Aaron Kosofsky, writes, in the *American Magazine*, that his business in second-hand clothing alone amounted last year to nearly a million dollars, and in enlarging its scope to department-store dimensions he expects to do a business of two to three million dollars annually.

Discussing the "human side" of second-hand department-storekeeping, this tradesman, who is said to be the largest dealer in discarded clothing in the world, enumerates his best customers as the business girl, the poor but pretty and ambitious motion-picture actress and chorus girl, followed by the wives and daughters of postmen, policemen, firemen and other civil service and municipal employees who may be underpaid. Last year Kosofsky spent a fortune in advertisements aimed directly at the business girl. Lots of well-to-do city people have wondered how the shopgirl or stenographer, with wages of \$15 to \$25 a week, manages to dress more expensively than their own womenfolk. For \$12 or \$15, we read, she may get a gown or frock which cost originally from \$125 to \$200. Silk stockings, sold originally for \$15, she may be able to purchase for seventy-five cents.

Customers of another type are becoming rapidly more common. These are the wives of well-to-do men—women who spend their leisure hours at bridge, poker and other extravagant pastimes. Thereby they contract "debts of honor" that they are afraid to tell their husbands about. To meet these obligations one of these women may buy a

frock or gown from the second-hand man for \$30 or \$40, and inform her husband that it cost \$200. Such women are always cautioning second-hand salesladies to give a certain fictitious price as the value of the garment that they are buying—if any man ever comes in to ask about it.

Some of the leading producers of musical comedies, we are assured, have arrayed their most brilliant choruses in second-hand clothing. A costumer attending the performance might estimate the total value of the apparel seen on the stage at perhaps \$15,000. Instead, it was probably bought at a second-hand store for not more than \$1,000.

Every bit of clothing the second-hand dealer buys is cleaned, repaired and, if necessary, remodeled before it is sold. It usually costs, we are told, \$4 or \$5 to fix up an evening gown worth \$300 or \$400. Cheaper gowns and frocks are made salable for about a dollar apiece. Men's suits are always pressed and repaired.

Apropos of the custom of second-hand dealers to follow up the death notices in the newspapers and to mail to members of the stricken family a circular offering to buy the clothing of the departed. The writer in the *American Magazine* observes that husbands are seldom as ready to sell the things belonging to their dead wives as widows are to sell those belonging to their dead husbands. The sale of second-hand clothes is cited as a pretty good barometer of business conditions. Just at present a great many men are getting rid of the elaborate wardrobes they acquired during the period of wartime and post-wartime prosperity. During the war there is said to have been a marked falling off in the sale of second-

hand clothing. Millions of men were in uniform between one and two years. In their case, however, many of them wrote home to have their clothes sold, as the army life had fattened them up so that they never could wear them again. Among women there was a drastic drop in sales. They bought fewer evening clothes, and most of their discarded apparel went to the suffering people abroad. Even their white kid gloves were made into kid-lined vests for the men in the trenches. Serge and linen dresses were transformed by wholesale into rompers for French and Belgian babies.

The present high scale of living is directly reflected in the second-hand business. Fifteen or twenty years ago the old-clothes man might buy a good business suit for \$1.50 and sell it for \$2.50 or \$3. To-day the second-hand department store will often pay \$9 or \$10 for the same suit and sell it for a price between \$16 and \$20.

The profits of the business, however, aren't really as monumental as lots of people think—not nearly as large as would be indicated by an amusing incident recited of the 14-year-old daughter of a certain woman dealer who had been in the business for years. "The girl had tended the store in her hours out of school and had acquired a keen business sense. A week or so ago she was sitting in the back of the store, poring over her geometry, when a woman customer came in. She was waited on by a saleslady whom the girl's mother had hired a day or two before.

"How much, Sarah?" the saleslady finally called out to the proprietor's daughter, at the same time holding up to the light a blue taffet afternoon-dress. Sarah cast an appraising eye at the dress. "Twenty dollars," she said quickly.

"But the lady wants to *sell*, not *buy*."

"Oh," said Sarah, turning back to her geometry. "One dollar."

WHY HENRY FORD WANTS THE MUSCLE SHOALS PROPERTY

CONGRESS in particular and the country in general are diligently speculating as to why Henry Ford wants to buy the Muscle Shoals property of the Government and what constitutes its great value. It is generally known that the Muscle Shoals plant, on the Tennessee River, near Florence, Alabama, was built, or partly completed, with the idea of extracting nitrates from the air. Ford is willing to pay the Government \$5,000,000 cash and an annual rental for 99 years of \$1,500,000 provided the Government will finish the partly completed Wilson dam. The Muscle Shoals development would be almost useless to Ford or anyone else without the dam, and Government engineers estimate that the cost will be between \$20,000,000 and \$25,000,000.

Henry Ford himself has never told exactly what he has in mind regarding Muscle Shoals. He admits that he

doesn't know anything about extracting nitrates from the air and says he doesn't propose to go into that business. But he has studied the potash situation and asserts that he will turn his attention to producing potash from some kind of natural deposit, of which there are many. According to Richard H. Tingley, writing in the *New York American*, the Ford engineers have found in this country the very best and most economical natural deposit in the world. It is called alunite, existing in vast quantity and nowhere else in such pure quality as in the Tushar mountain range of Utah, near Maarysvale. It contains 12 per cent. of potash, 37 per cent. of aluminum and 38 per cent. of sulphuric acid. It can be mined at a reasonable cost and shipped to Muscle Shoals at a low rate, to be refined and marketed. We read that tentative arrangements for its purchase in large quantities already have been made pending the time when the

Ford interests shall obtain control of the Muscle Shoals property.

Great quantities of aluminum are needed in the manufacture of Ford cars, and through this agency it can be obtained at practically no cost because the potash and sulphuric acid will already have been extracted from the alunite and sold at a good profit, the potash being in universal demand as fertilizer.

Alunite, we read, is a pinkish rock of volcanic origin. In ancient days there was an active volcano in the Tushar range—Mount Edna—whose chief occupation seems to have been emitting liquid alunite; and millions of tons of the solidified lava now abound, thousands of feet in thickness.

A group of Philadelphia capitalists were exploring the Tushar Mountains for gold. They tunneled and cut and stoped through enormous masses of the pink spar and threw it out on the dump. They didn't know what it was. They

were gold miners and not interested in anything else.

It was an old miner, Ole Larson, who woke up to the fact that there might be something of value in the rock his employers were wasting. The pink spar was taken to a chemist. The chemist knew what alunite was, but all the alunite he had ever seen before was so contaminated with impurities that it was practically valueless. In Larson's sample he found the pure article hitherto known in theory only. As soon as Ford learned about it and what it meant to the three industries named and to a lot of other parallel industries, he lost no time in getting as close to it as he could.

There are said to be but two owners of the Mount Edna pure alunite deposits—the Armour Fertilizer Company through a subsidiary, the Mineral Products Company, and the Florence Mining and Milling Company of Philadelphia.

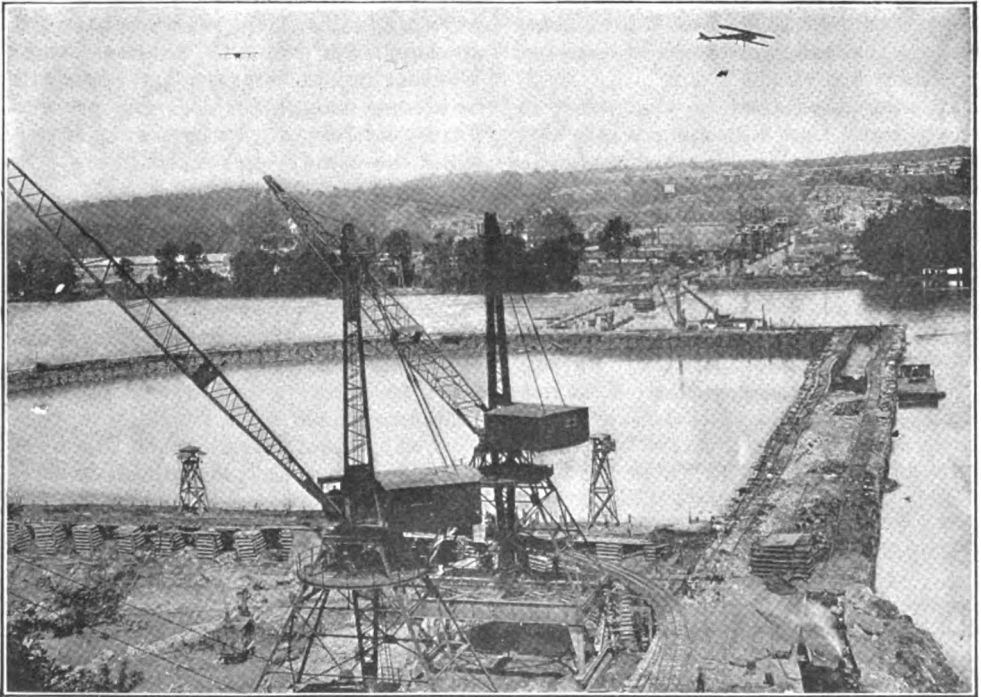


Photo by the Keystone View Co.

THIS IS THE WILSON DAM AT MUSCLE SHOALS ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER

Its partial construction has cost the Government a pretty penny and Henry Ford proposes to complete the structure at an outlay of \$20,000,000 and to finance the work by having the Government issue non-interest-bearing notes as currency.

The latter company is responsible for finding the alunite and controls nine-tenths of the mineralized mountain. Both of these companies were active during the war in making potash. They had not yet learned how to conserve the aluminum and the sulphuric acid as by-products. Now they both know how and so does Ford.

Until Ford began to take an interest in Muscle Shoals, the plant, upon which the Government had spent an enormous sum of money, was in a fair way of being scrapped. The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill of the last Congress contained an item of \$10,000,000 for the completion of the Wilson dam. Before the bill was passed, however, this item was stricken out.

It was understood at that time in inner circles that big business interests did not want the Government dam com-

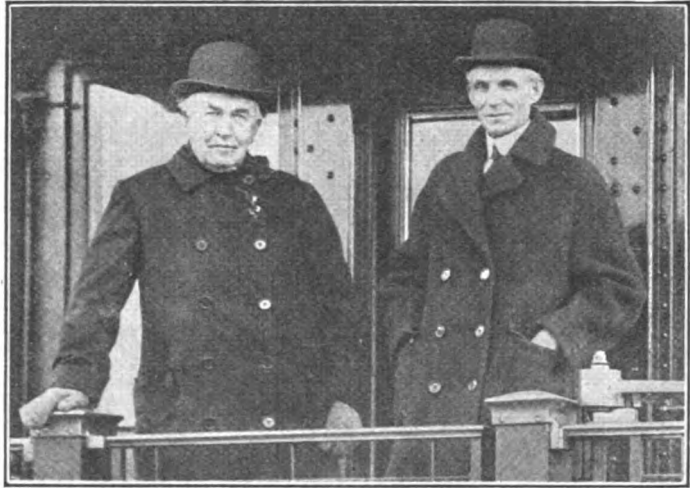


Photo by Keystone View Co.

THOMAS A. EDISON AND HENRY FORD EN ROUTE TO MUSCLE SHOALS

The great inventor agrees with the motor-car builder that the Tennessee River enterprise, near Florence, Alabama, is feasible as an industrial proposition.

pleted nor the plant put in operation in the manufacture of fertilizer and other things in competition with them, and so were able to block the plan and have the appropriation removed from the bill. Whether or not the same interests will be strong enough to block the present Ford deal remains to be seen. Meanwhile the country is watching.

HOW MANY AMERICAN PEOPLE CAN AFFORD AUTOMOBILES?

THE family skeleton in the closet of the motor makers, kept for private inspection only, is the "saturation point" of the market. The ghost thus far has kept in retirement, for, in spite of frequent predictions that the time is about due for it to walk abroad, the public's buying ability has continually advanced and the appearance of the spook has always been indefinitely postponed. Time was when it was thought that the use of pleasure cars would never extend beyond the 15,000 families whose incomes exceeded \$10,000. That it would be seriously considered by the 200,000 families with incomes of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 was gravely

doubted; and at an early stage of development the suggestion that the 400,000 households with incomes of from \$3,000 to \$5,000 could buy and support cars was "conclusively proved to be impossible." Yet look at the registration figures in the United States to-day—in excess of 7,000,000 cars!

Taking the most carefully estimated figures available, families with incomes of from \$2,000 and upwards number some three million units. It is apparent, therefore, that we must locate over one-half of the motor cars with families or individuals whose estimated cash income is \$2,000 or less. This, as Park Mathewson, vice-president of the New

York Business Bourse, observes, in *Forbes*, opens up possibilities of auto sales running into very high figures, especially with an increasing ratio of earnings per family.

Figures show that possibly 80 per cent. of all cars made are produced by seven of the popular-price manufacturers—Ford, Willys-Overland, Chevrolet, Dodge, Buick, Studebaker, Maxwell. Hence, from present indications it appears that, for some time to come, the "higher priced" cars will not be produced in sufficient quantity to saturate their market, even tho it be limited to a comparatively small proportion of the auto-buying public. Altho the problem of the higher-priced car is well worth considering, it is declared to be of no such importance as that of the popular-priced car.

The overshadowing problem in the motor industry is that of demand, supply and saturation point in the field covered by the pleasure cars whose price appeals to the masses. In this class one manufacturer alone advertises his capacity as a million cars a year, which is about one-seventh of the number of

all automobiles in use in this country. It is suggested that, "allowing an average yearly production of three million cars for the next ten years, and giving the cheap ones an average life of six years, the hypothetical market would not be saturated in a decade, even if wealth and population stood still."

Figures compiled by one of the large trust companies showed that during the war the three family groups enjoying incomes of from \$1,000 to \$4,000 could contribute, in one year, to the purchase of Liberty Bonds as follows: Group one, \$209; group two, \$518; group three, \$931. On the basis of the same investment per annum in a motor car and its up-keep, if payments were extended over a four-year period, it is evident to the *Forbes* statistician that an individual in these groups might buy an automobile costing \$700, \$1,200 or \$2,000 each. Assuming that these groups consist in 1920 of the same number of families, they could, on the same reckoning, buy over sixteen million autos at between \$600 and \$700 and half a million machines at around \$2,000.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER CANAL IS BOTH DENOUNCED AND CHAMPIONED

IT would be difficult to name a subject about which the general public is in greater need of facts and dispassionate expert opinion than the St. Lawrence Canal and power development project which Governor Miller of New York characterizes as "an impossible dream" and which Governor Allen of Kansas stoutly champions in behalf of the eighteen middle-west States composing the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association. The opposition of the New York State authorities seems to be based on the belief that the St. Lawrence Canal will be a rival to the New York State barge canal, on which \$170,000,000 has been expended, and that it also will be detrimental to the interests of the port of New York. The westerners in favor of the project

declare that there is traffic enough for both; that not only would the capacity of the barge canal be exceeded if it were possible to divert all the traffic to the canal that is available, but that the port of New York is so far behind the times that it could not even handle a fair percentage of what the barge canal itself could carry. The New York *Commercial* admits the truth of the last contention and, declaring that there should be room for both canals, defines the St. Lawrence proposition as too big to be summarily thrust aside.

A report submitted to what is known as the International Joint Commission by Col. Wooten, of the United States Engineer Corps, and W. A. Bowden, of the Canadian Department of Railways and Canals, states it to be:



Courtesy of Compressed Air Magazine

ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL WATERWAY FROM LAKE ONTARIO TO THE HEAD OF OCEAN NAVIGATION

It is known as the St. Lawrence project and it is endorsed by the Governors of eighteen States, not including the State of New York.

A project designed to provide channels with a minimum depth of 25 feet and sufficient width at all points between Lake Ontario and Montreal, which channels may be subsequently deepened to 30 feet throughout without destroying any permanent construction; to include the incidental development of the first of a series of power projects generating 1,460,000 h.p. net delivered on the switchboard; to permit the subsequent development of the remaining power in the river, which will be neither hindered nor benefited by this improvement for navigation.

The length of canal channel is only 33 miles, and there is strong probability that this will be kept within 24 miles when final working plans are developed. The estimated cost of this improvement is \$252,728,200, including the cost of development of 1,460,000 h.p. and its delivery to switchboard.

The estimated additional cost of obtaining a navigable depth of 30 feet throughout is \$17,936,180, or for a 30-foot project complete, approximately \$270,000,000.

Governor Miller, assailing the project, declares that the tax burden on New York in particular and the country in general would be increased in order to promote an experiment, and that the prime necessity is to improve first our own ports and waterways instead of promoting a project in a foreign country. Over and above the estimated cost of the channel canal, it would be reasonable, in his opinion, to add at least 25 per cent. as unexpected cost, which would bring the United States half up to more than \$150,000,000 for a canal twenty-five feet deep. He estimates that it would cost the United States an addi-

tional \$50,000,000 to dredge the channels of the St. Lawrence and harbors of the Great Lakes to the same depth, so that "we have an initial expense of \$200,000,000 to be borne by the United States" as its half of the project. This is pointed out to be one-fifth the total amount expended on improving all our rivers and harbors during the entire history of the country. When, echoes the *New York Times*, the people are crying for relief from excessive Federal taxation, "such a proposal is monstrous." It also is objected that only for seven months of the year at most would the route be practicable for navigation at the northern end, and ice and fog would be obstructions and dangers for a longer period. "The locks and limited channels would shut out the deep-sea ships anyway. Besides, the latter are much more expensive to build and operate, haven't the carrying capacity of the lake ships and couldn't compete with them. The oceangoers have to run all the year round to make a living."

As to the feasibility of the canal, Col. J. G. Warren, Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, is quoted, in the *Manufacturers Record*, as saying that the Great Lakes fleet, composed of the most economical carriers in the world, moves more than 100,000,000 tons of freight each season. These vessels are from 280 to 625 feet in length and have a carrying capacity of from 3,000 to 15,000 short tons. Most of them can be loaded to a draft of about 22 feet. Col. Warren reminds us that the United States has spent about

\$185,000,000 in improving the harbors, deepening and straightening the channels and building locks on the St. Mary's and Niagara rivers. "As a result there is now available a ship channel through and between the upper lakes with a controlling depth of 21 feet at mean stage. All the important harbors have corresponding depths. From Lake Erie through the Welland Canal, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river to tidewater at Montreal the controlling depth is 14 feet."

Paul T. Brady, an engineer of standing who is identified with important hydroelectric developments in the South and elsewhere, regards the St. Lawrence river development as an undertaking that will be "mightily advantageous to the United States." Even under present conditions, he points out, in the *New York Commercial*, a large part of the traffic of the central west is seeking an outlet at Montreal. The railroad terminals in and about Montreal had on September 1, 2,000 cars of Canadian grain awaiting elevation for shipment

abroad. There were 67 vessels in the harbor and the river waiting their chance to be loaded. The elevators were filled with American grains, the Canadian elevator capacity having been secured by American exporters ahead of Canadian shippers. American grain was thus seeking Canadian export in preference to export from New York and other American ports. Emphasis is placed on this fact.

The development of the St. Lawrence, concludes Mr. Brady, and the utilization of its power through the States of New York and New England would be a benefit that can scarcely be calculated. "The barge canal would be taxed to its utmost capacity to take care of the industries that would be purely local to the State of New York, and the railroads of the country would be taxed to their capacity to secure money to develop their lines so that the produce of the country could be brought to the nearest point of water transportation instead of attempting to haul carloads across the 3,000 miles of the United States."

WHY COLLEGE BOYS FAIL AS RAILROAD MEN

REVIEWING his two-score years in the railway service, a high official, who writes anonymously in the *Railway Age*, recollects sixty-eight college graduates who have come under his personal notice in that time, one of whom has risen to the chairmanship of the board of a large railroad company, one recently retired as a general manager, one is a passenger traffic manager, one a secretary and treasurer. One rose to be a vice-president in charge of the operating department, quarreled with his president, resigned in a huff, took up other business and soon after died. Another rose to be president of a railroad, but suddenly resigned and has dropped out of railroad work.

Of the remaining sixty-two, the writer is the only one who has remained in railroad service, and none of them

has been very successful in any other business. One had been appointed an assistant trainmaster and had resigned because the only place he could get board in the town where his headquarters were established was a hotel patronized by coal miners who were allowed to come to table in their shirt-sleeves. This man has since become mayor of a good-sized city and is cited as a striking exception in proof of the rule. All of these men are declared to have been selected college graduates, mostly from Harvard, Yale and Princeton (30 to 40 years ago the western colleges had not reached their present standing), and it would appear that they "took hold" of railroading but did not "hold on."

Admitting that the requirements of railroad service are probably more exacting than those of any other business

or profession, and stating that unless a man has the will to sacrifice every personal desire that will in anyway interfere with his duties, he might as well abandon the idea of rising high in the railroad service, this writer supposes the mathematical chances of reaching a high position on a railroad are not bright. "On a railroad with 40,000 employees, the positions paying \$10,000 a year or more may be counted on one's fingers and toes. Until recently, too, the permanency of employment on a railroad, especially in the higher positions, was uncertain. Sudden changes of management brought with them sweeping changes in personnel. This occurs less frequently than formerly. In spite of all this, there is to certain types of character a fascination in railroad work, just as there is in seafaring, which keeps men who have once started at it in the service even in spite of the lack of personal freedom, the poor pay in the lower grades and the slim chance of reaching one of the higher positions."

There is no doubt in the mind of this official that railroad managements appreciate the value of *educated* men and are constantly on the lookout for them, but he questions whether the average college graduate is *educated*. Is it, he asks, the practice of the modern American university or college to draw out, to expand, to enlarge, the mental faculties of the student—and he answers, "No." He complains that the system of elective courses by which an 18-year-old boy, who knows about as much about his own capacity as he does about the planet Jupiter, picks out just what studies he proposes to pursue with a view to taking up some particular line of work in which he hopes to make money as soon as he graduates, is not getting an education; *he is learning a trade*.

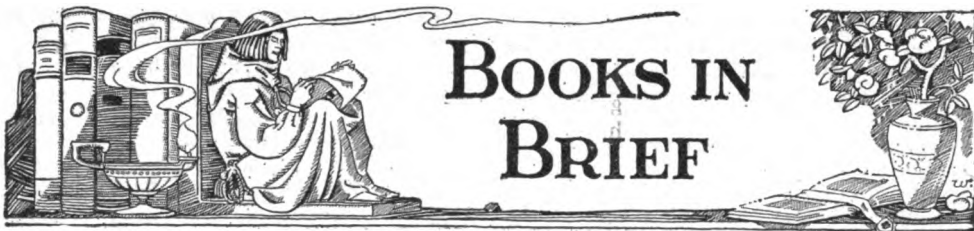
"There is nothing mentally expanding or widening out in this. On the contrary, it is narrowing. An Englishman once said to me, 'You know, I don't understand your college men at all. They take up some specialty and are bully good men at that,

but, when it comes to anything else, why, they couldn't spell 'cat.'"

"When a boy goes to college and simply studies civil engineering and on graduation accepts employment with a railroad he has in the first place narrowed his chances of promotion to one department only. The chances are that he will never rise higher than an instrument man, while, if he has studied many subjects, thereby enlarging his range of vision and broadening his views generally, somebody is going to find it out and he will get opportunities of promotion in other departments possibly better suited to him temperamentally. Our modern system of education is wrong as far as fitting men to rise in the world is concerned. It is all right to make specialists, hewers of wood and drawers of water all their lives because they have never learned to do but one thing; who will set grade stakes accurately, calculate strengths of material, make water-softening tests and do laboratory work generally."

Still more severely the writer in the *Railway Age* objects that, owing to the lack of real discipline (something that makes a man do things he does not want to do because it is his duty) in the colleges and in the police department of college towns where brutal rowdyism is winked at on the plea of being merely college prankishness, the average college graduate is the most egotistic, conceited person imaginable. "This is an awful handicap to start life with and more often than not counterbalances the advantage of the education which even a good student may have received. If many of our colleges were as successful in filling as they are in swelling the heads of their students more college men would succeed, not only on railroads but in other walks of life. I do not believe there is any prejudice on railroads against college men except the prejudice they make individually through their conceit and lack of discipline."

Figures announced by the Census Bureau show that the number of homes in the United States is 24,351,676—a home being defined as the dwelling place of a single family. Of this number the city of New York has 1,278,341.



The Big Four, and Others of the Peace Conference, by Robert Lansing (Houghton Mifflin), should be read in connection with the author's previous book, "The Peace Negotiations, a Personal Narrative," and covers some of the same ground. If it tells us nothing new or startling, it serves to confirm, on the best of evidence, impressions of the Paris and Versailles meetings that have now become a part of world-history. Mr. Lansing's analyses of Clemenceau, Wilson, Lloyd George and Orlando are clear and convincing. He shows us Clemenceau dominating the conference by sheer force of mind; Wilson outmaneuvered; Lloyd George clever, alert, but not very deep; and Orlando precise and lawyerlike. This book confirms the popular belief that the general scheme of the treaty was worked out by the British and French delegations without material aid from the Americans. As a consequence, the American delegation lost prestige. Mr. Lansing says that President Wilson, throughout his stay in Paris, treated his colleagues merely as a group of secretaries, or possibly as men of even less importance, and arrogated to himself all right to conduct negotiations in the American behalf.

The Great Deception, by Samuel Colcord (Boni and Liveright), is in part explained by its secondary title, "Bringing Into the Light the Real Meaning and Mandate of the Harding Vote as to Peace," but might have been named "The Great Misconception," as even its author admits. The word "deception," he says, "is used in this volume only in rare instances in its strictest sense, as implying deliberate purpose to deceive." What he wants to show is the strange combination of circumstances that has "tricked many of our citizens into a great and very injurious misconception of the meaning of the election result." The vote which elected President Harding was not, Mr. Colcord contends, a repudiation of the League of Nations in its entirety. On the contrary, "the vote of the average Republican was against the League as it

then existed, but for it with Republican reservations, or its equivalent in an association of nations." Mr. Colcord develops this point at great length and with great ability, reiterating his conviction that if the deception or misconception of which he complains becomes widely accepted, it may check and postpone indefinitely that true "internationalism" in which America is in duty bound to play its part.

The Friendly Arctic, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Macmillan), is the story of five years in the polar regions backed by the Canadian Government. It records the mapping of 100,000 square miles of polar territory, and may accurately be said to mark a new era in polar exploration. Until now explorers going north have based their calculations on the supposed necessity of taking with them all the food and fuel they would need going and returning. Stefansson shows that it is possible to live as you go along. The arctic, in other words, is friendly. Instead of being sterile, as has often been thought, it abounds in animal life and is covered in summer with bright-colored flowers. Even the "Arctic night" has its bright side. The winter darkness is a period of holiday. "The Eskimo," Stefansson tells us, "has found it inconvenient to hunt during the periods of extreme darkness and sees to it that he has laid up a sufficient store of food to take him through for a month or two. Having no real work to do, he makes long journeys to visit his friends and, arrived, spends his time in singing, dancing and revelry. For this reason most Eskimos look forward to the winter darkness more than any other period."

Mexico on the Verge, by E. J. Dillon (Doran), is a brief for President Obregon. We are left in doubt as to just what the title means, but Dr. Dillon seems to indicate that Mexico is either on the verge of a new liberty or else is in danger of subjugation by the United States. Oil, it is clear, is the word and the substance which, more than any other, is to deter-

mine the destiny of Mexico. American, British and French bankers are unwilling to invest money in Mexican oil until the American President recognizes General Obregon, and President Harding will not recognize the new Mexican ruler until he accepts a commercial treaty drafted at Washington. Dr. Dillon sympathizes with Obregon's reluctance to sign this treaty, and explains his attitude. The issue is complicated, and the end is not yet in sight.

In One Man's Life, by Albert Bigelow Paine (Harper), is the story of Theodore N. Vail and vividly re-creates the personality of a man whom Lord Northcliffe termed the most interesting he met in America, the man "who swept away time and distance and made neighbors of 100,000,000 people." It is Vail's distinction that he brought to the inventive genius of Alexander Graham Bell the equally indispensable genius of a business man. When we name these two, we name the men who have made the telephone possible. Vail was born in Ohio, and worked in his youth as a drug clerk and a route agent. He was 35 years old when he organized the Bell Telephone Company. He lived to see the telephone develop from a toy into an instrument of universal service.

Variations, by James Huneker (Scribner), is described by Benjamin de Casseres in the New York *Herald* as a splendid introduction to the study of the 16 other volumes of Huneker. "They all reveal his polyphonic and polychromatic soul." In this posthumous volume he capers, flits and pirouets, with the lightness of an intellectual Mordkin, from Flaubert to Pennell, from alcohol to Chopin, from old prints to Browning, from Socialism to Faust, from Cosima Wagner to "Potterism," from Caruso to Buddha, from Nordau to Jack Haverly. "If you are tired of that deadly bromide called the 'American essay,'" Mr. De Casseres says, "read 'Variations,' and then all the rest of James Gibbons Huneker—the American Columbus who discovered Europe."

Tired Radicals, by Walter Weyl (Huebsch), is hailed in the London *Times* as "one of the most thought-provoking and illuminating books that America has produced in our generation," and impresses one deeply with a sense of the loss suffered by the death of its author in November, 1919, at the too early age of 46. Not even Maynard Keynes has surpassed in brilliance and penetration the study of Presi-

dent Wilson in Paris which Mr. Weyl first published in the *New Republic* and which appears here in company with essays ranging from "The Crumbling House of Lords" to "The Conquering Chinese." The essay from which the book takes its title is a pleasantly cynical discussion of the ultimate subsidence into quietism of so many people who set out to revolutionize society.

Beggars' Gold, by Ernest Poole (Macmillan), is damned by Wilson Follett in the New York *Evening Post* as an impossible combination of art and propaganda, but is, nevertheless, a stirring performance. It takes its title from a saying of its heroine's father that we are all "beggars sitting on bags of gold," and applies this saying, with special force, to China, a country that she describes as "helpless now, right down on her back, but with a past and a future, oh, so vast and beautiful." China, indeed, is the lode-star of the book, and becomes for its hero, a New York school-teacher, a symbol of all he dreams and desires. The deepest meaning of the story is set in the mouth of a Chinaman who calls Americans to his land and prophesies that "slowly, slowly, children growing up, different in every land, will rear upon the earth, and reaching up into the stars, a new civilization, built on the communion of free individual souls—helping one another—giving, receiving—rising still!"

Niels Lyhne, by Jens Peter Jacobsen (Doubleday, Page), is a book that Henrik Ibsen once called the greatest novel of the nineteenth century. It has something of Ibsen's gloom and idealism, and it marks a period in which Jacobsen, a contemporary of Georg Brandes, was helping to "break through" stagnating Danish traditions. The theme of the story is the familiar one of the poet at war with life and with his environment. Niels never succeeds in writing the poems of which he dreams, but he does learn life's realities if only through the failures and the sufferings that he endures. He comes to doubt and almost to despair, yet he is sustained by the pride of his unbelief. The story is finely translated by Hanna Astrup Larsen and appeals to Lola Ridge (in the *Double Dealer*) as a work of rare spiritual vitality. "It is curious," she says, "that this impression of vital spiritual life should fill a book by an avowed atheist who died as did his hero, Lyhne, with undaunted soul fronting the certainty of eternal extinction."



SHEAR NONSENSE

THE first book* of that cheerfulest of funmakers, Robert Benchley, dramatic editor of *Life*, more than fulfils expectations. It is illustrated by Gluyas Williams, and contains 22 sketches ranging in subject from "the tortures of week-end visiting" to "a piece of roast beef." These sketches, Mr. Benchley informs us, appeared originally in *Vanity Fair*, the *New York Tribune Sunday Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Life* and *Motor Print*, "all but two of these magazines immediately afterward having either discontinued publication or changed hands."

One of the best of the sketches is entitled "Coffee, Megg and Ilk, Please":

Give me any topic in current sociology, such as "The Working Classes vs. the Working Classes," or "Various Aspects of the Minimum Wage," and I can talk on it with considerable confidence. I have no hesitation in putting the Workingman, as such, in his place among the hewers of wood and drawers of water—a necessary adjunct to our modern life, if you will, but of little real consequence in the big events of the world.

But when I am confronted, in the flesh, by the "close up" of a workingman with any vestige of authority, however small, I immediately lose my perspective—and also my poise. I become servile, almost cringing. I feel that my modest demands on his time may, unless tactfully presented, be offensive to him and result in something, I haven't been able to analyze just what, perhaps public humiliation.

My timidity when dealing with minor officials strikes me first in my voice. I have any

number of witnesses who will sign statements to the effect that my voice changed about twelve years ago, and that in ordinary conversation my tone, if not especially virile, is at least consistent and even. But when, for instance, I give an order at a soda fountain, if the clerk overawes me at all, my voice breaks into a yodel that makes the phrase "Coffee, egg and milk" a pretty snatch of song, but practically worthless as an order.

If the soda counter is lined with customers and the clerk so busy tearing up checks and dropping them into the toy



"PLACING BOTH HANDS ON THE COUNTER, I EMIT WHAT PROMISES TO BE A PERFECT BELLOW"
Gluyas Williams' portrayal of the embarrassment of the modern man at a soda fountain.

* OF ALL THINGS. By Robert Benchley. Holt.



"THE MOST POPULAR BOOK ON EARTH"—THE TELEPHONE BOOK

One of Gluyas Williams' Illustrations for Robert Benchley's new book, "Of All Things!"

banks that they seem to resent any call on their drink-mixing abilities, I might just as well save time and go home and shake up an egg and milk for myself, for I shall not be waited on until every one else has left the counter and they are putting the nets over the caramels for the night. I know that. I've gone through it too many times to be deceived.

For there is something about the realization that I must shout out my order ahead of someone else that absolutely inhibits my shouting powers. I will stand against the counter, fingering my ten-cent check and waiting for the clerk to come near enough for me to tell him what I want, while, in the meantime, ten or a dozen people have edged up next to me and given their orders, received their drinks and gone away. Every once in a while I catch a clerk's eye and lean forward murmuring, "Coffee"—but that is as far as I get. Someone else has shoved his way in and shouted, "Coca-Cola," and I draw back to get out of the way of the vichy spray. (Incidentally, the men who push their way in and footfault on their orders always ask for "Coca-Cola." Somehow it seems like painting the lily for them to order a nerve tonic.)

I then decide that the thing for me to do is to speak up loud and act brazenly. So I clear my throat, and, placing both hands on the counter, emit what promises to be a perfect bellow: "COFFEE, MEGG AND ILK." This makes just about the impression you'd think it would, both on my neighbors and the clerk, especially as it is delivered in a tone which ranges from a rich barytone to a rather rasping tenor. At this I withdraw and go to the other end of the

counter, where I can begin life over again with a clean slate.

Here, perhaps, I am suddenly confronted by an impatient clerk who is in a perfect frenzy to grab my check and tear it into bits to drop in his box. "What's yours?" he flings at me. I immediately lose my memory and forget what it was that I wanted. But here is a man who has a lot of people to wait on and who doubtless gets paid according to the volume of business he brings in. I have no right to interfere with his work. There is a big man edging his way beside me who is undoubtedly going to shout "Coca-Cola" in half a second. So I beat him to

it and say "Coca-Cola," which is probably the last drink in the store that I want to buy. But it is the only thing that I can remember at the moment, in spite of the fact that I have been thinking all morning how good a coffee, egg and milk would taste. I suppose that one of the psychological principles of advertising is to hammer the name of your product into the mind of the timid buyer that when he is confronted by a brisk demand for an order he can't think of anything else to say, whether he wants it or not.

This dread of offending the minor official or appearing to a disadvantage before a clerk extends even to my taking nourishment.

I don't think that I have ever yet gone into a restaurant and ordered exactly what I wanted. If only the waiter would give me the card and let me alone for, say, fifteen minutes, as he does when I want to get him to bring me my check, I could work out a meal along the lines of what I like. But when he stands over me, with disgust clearly registered on his face, I order the thing that I like least and consider myself to be lucky to get out of it with so little disgrace.

And yet I have no doubt that if one could see him in his family life the Workingman is just an ordinary person like the rest of us. He is probably not at all as we think of him in our dealings with him—a harsh, dictatorial, intolerant autocrat, but rather a kindly soul who likes nothing better than to sit by the fire with his children and read.

And he would probably be the first person to scoff at the idea that he could frighten me.

What Is the Matter With Sin?

THE trouble with Sin is that it is a bore.

I am no saint. I am a sinner. I have been a sinner for a good many years. Consequently I am competent to speak upon the subject.

I am also, in certain favorable moments and environment, a saint—at least enough of a saint to know how it feels once in a while.

And the trouble with Sin—at least all the Sin with which I am acquainted—is that it is a bore. Sin bores me and Goodness cheers me.

The happiest moments of my life have been those in which I was conscious of some sort of goodness.

At times I have controlled my selfishness; I have restrained my evil desires; I have been kind to my fellow beings; I have helped those who were in need; I have encouraged those in trouble, and I have had the consciousness that my state of mind was of such a kind that the Deity would approve. These have been my moments of greatest happiness.

There have been other times when I have acted in a contrary way; when I have given way to those impulses and weaknesses which beset all human beings. In other words, I have sinned. These moments—barring the hectic and childish satisfaction they carried with them at the time—were not moments of rational pleasure, and they have left legacies of very unpleasant memory.

The fact is that even among us sinners a little streak of nobleness gives us a distinct glow of satisfaction beyond anything that our evil capacities can furnish.

I think I express the sentiment of my fellow sinners when I say that I agree with Elbert Hubbard's epigram, "We are not punished for our sins but by them."

Take hate, for instance, one of the greatest Sins. I find that it has never done my enemy nearly as much damage as it has done myself.

Take unkindness, which is about the most melancholy crime anyone can commit.

Take sensuality. Is it not about the dreariest sort of thing that a man can imagine?

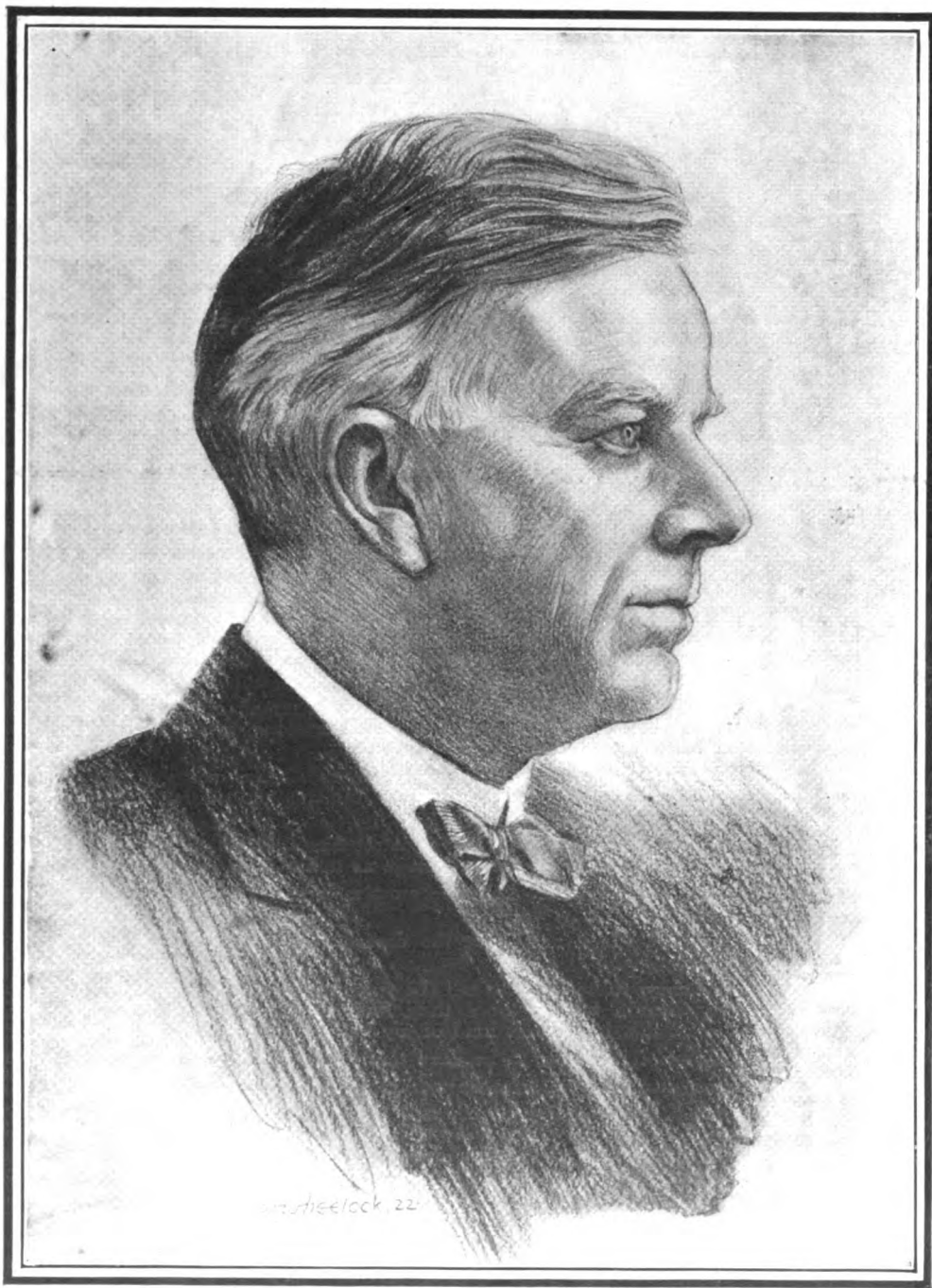
On the contrary, to be kind, to tell the truth, to love, to help, to be unselfish—even when a burglar or a thug feels these emotions fitting through his breast, that is the best kind of joy he can know.

Sin is dull, and it is better to be dead than dull.

Sin is fever, and it is better to be well than sick.

The horror of life is being bored, and I think I express the sentiments of my fellow sinners when I say that anybody that can save us from that by showing us how we can develop a little goodness will be doing us an immense benefit.

Frank Crane



DISCARDS THE TOGA FOR THE ERMINE

Senator William S. Kenyon, of Iowa, who has resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate to accept appointment as U. S. Circuit Court judge, has been adjudged the head of the alleged farm "bloc," which, however, he says, is a figment of the newspaper mind. He had in charge, also, the important bill to create an industrial code.

CURRENT OPINION

Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane



Associate Editors
Alexander Harvey
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IF THE SENATE FAILS TO RATIFY

JOHAN HAY predicted that no treaty of importance would ever again be ratified by the U. S. Senate. It is now "up to" that body to consider seven of the eight treaties that embody the results of the Washington Conference. If the Senate lives up to John Hay's prediction, the work of the Conference goes for naught.

Senator Brandegee has already served warning that the President "cannot commit this country to foreign policies without the consent of Congress." Bourke Cockran has served another warning that the President cannot fix the size of the navy (or army) by treaty. The House has joint authority with the Senate, under the federal Constitution, "to provide and maintain a navy." If he is right—and his contention is by no means absurd—the treaty providing for the reduction of our navy must be approved by the House as well as by the Senate. It is not impossible that a constitutional question may be raised that only the Supreme Court can decide. In the meantime the validity of the treaty and the scrapping of our bat-

tleships might be held up pending such a decision.

It is rather appalling to consider what the situation would be if one-third of the Senators make up their minds to balk on the ratification of the seven treaties now to be placed before them. "For all sorts of irreconcilable reasons," said the *N. Y. World* a few days ago, "an opposition is developing which, under the two-thirds rule of the Senate, might defeat the treaties which have been signed." In that case the international situation would be restored to what it was prior to the Conference, the race in naval armaments would be resumed and all agreements would be abrogated, except, perhaps, the one on Shantung between China and Japan. But there would be added to that situation an exasperation with America and a suspicion of our real purposes that would be ominous. In that event, also, "there will arise," as the *N. Y. World* puts it, "the question whether the United States of America possesses a government that can under any conceivable conditions carry on negotiations with other governments. . . . In

is practically unanimous agreement as to the work of the Washington Conference. The general demand for the prompt ratification of its work is overwhelming."

It would be difficult to conceive of any one act that would do more at this time to shake the faith of intelligent people in the American form of government than the rejection of the treaties by the United States Senate. National pride, national economy, national peace, all call for their prompt ratification.

With Pennsylvania sending Crow and Pepper to the United States Senate the political menu appears complete.—New York Call.

□ □

Net Results of the Washington Conference

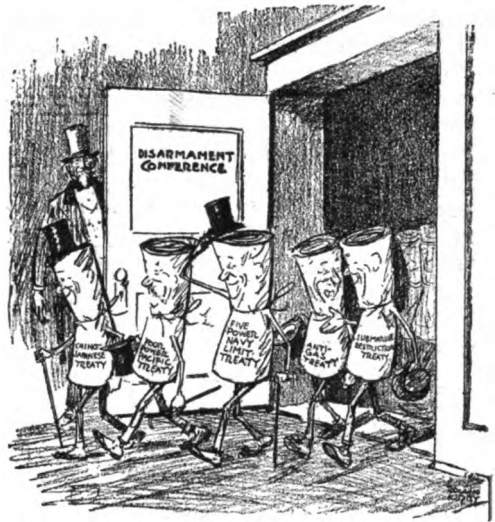
ASSUMING that the Senate doesn't "spill the beans," what are the net results of the three months of travail at Washington?

There are intangible as well as tangible results. For one thing, the self-esteem of the American people, badly injured by the events following the war, has been restored. We are back in the game and playing a stellar rôle. We have reason to be pretty well pleased with ourselves and we are pleased.

That is one intangible result, and the second is like unto it. The Conference has created a better spirit of cooperation among nations. The psychological effect upon the members of the Conference and their attendants (Japan alone had several hundred there) was good. The essential truth of Kipling's lines was illustrated:

But there is neither East nor West, Border
nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
tho they come from the ends of the
earth.

This spirit created by the Conference was referred to by Mr. Hughes toward the close as "the best thing



THE PROCESSION STARTS TO THE SENATE
—Kirby in New York World.

about it." It was still more strikingly referred to by Baron Kato, of Japan, who said: "In Japan we realized that a new spirit of moral consciousness had come over the world, but we could not bring ourselves truly to believe that it had struck so deeply into the souls of men until we came to Washington. We came and we have learned." Mr. Balfour spoke of the results as "far more than the most experienced statesman had ever dared expect," adding, "already confidence has taken the place of mistrust." This same spirit extended to the army of newspaper men from all parts of the globe. "In spite of passing frictions of purpose," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "and occasional acerbities of speech, the whole spirit of the Conference has been one of mutual understanding and helpfulness. It is a spirit that has gone beyond the agenda."

This intangible result, for which Mr. Hughes is largely responsible, may prove of far-reaching importance to the world. It is certain to if the treaties are carried out in the spirit in which they were made.

But the tangible results also are important and numerous—far more

important, apparently, than even Mr. Hughes or any one else hoped for. The first of these is the economic result. Scrapping a score or more of costly battleships and turning them into junk does not look at first sight like a highly profitable proceeding. It is not, tho it may save us something in cost of maintenance. But the saving comes in stopping the ambitious programs for building ever larger and more costly ships in the years to come. That deadly race in naval armaments is to cease for at least 14 years (the treaty remains in force until December 31, 1936, and perhaps longer). For instance, in the case of the United States, we finish two capital ships this year (the *Delaware* and the *North Dakota*), but we do not lay down another one until the year 1931, when we may lay down two more to be finished in 1934, to replace three others to be scrapped that year. The same thing is true of Great Britain. Japan lays down one new ship in 1931, none before that.

This is where the economic result comes in. And, moreover, no new capital ship is to be of more than 35,000 tons. It shall carry no gun larger than 16 inches. No warship other than capital ships and aircraft carriers shall be built larger than 10,000 tons, and it shall not carry any gun larger than 8 inches. Again, the *status quo* is to be maintained in the Pacific (north of the Equator) in the matter of fortifications. This does not apply to Hawaii, but it does apply to Guam and the Philippines. The savings in the next ten years will run into many billions of dollars—two billions for this country alone.

In surveying the other tangible results of the Conference, the relations between Japan and China are, of course, the big central factor. One striking fact juts out like a promontory. This is that the only nation that has, as a result of the

Conference, relinquished anything it held when the Conference opened is Japan. She has relinquished Shantung and she has relinquished exclusive control in Yap. She has relinquished most of the Twenty-one Demands. She has not relinquished her hold in Mongolia and Manchuria, but she had that long before the Conference met. The same is true of Siberia and Sakhalin. But if the Conference has done anything at all to alter her position in these places, it has been in the way of weakening her position in a moral sense. She has had to reaffirm her intention to relinquish Siberia—some time. She has had to reaffirm her adhesion to the doctrine of the open door even in Manchuria and Mongolia, to relinquish her exclusive rights to railroad building there, and to assent to an international Reference Board which may review past as well as future infringements of the open-door doctrine. She has, moreover, relinquished her military alliance with Great Britain. What she has gained has been (1) a sense of security in her own home; (2) freedom from the necessity of competing in a costly naval race with the United States in which she was sure to be left behind; (3) an assurance that the grab-game in China played by European nations is stopped and that she is to retain whatever trade advantages her propinquity to China fairly entitles her to enjoy.

It is true that Great Britain also relinquishes Wei Hai Wei and France stands ready to relinquish Kwang-chow-wan; but these are minor facts that hardly alter the general statement that the only nation that has really given up anything is Japan.

As for China, it has turned out, after all, that she gains much and loses nothing. She gets Shantung, ports, railway, mines and all, paying only for the improvements made by Germany and Japan. She gets

control of her "foreign post offices" that were flooding her territory with opium. She gets an increase in her income through higher duties on imports. She gets control of the foreign radio stations. She gets also some shining promises that she is familiar with about withdrawal of foreign troops, removal of trade discriminations, and cessation of all efforts to create "spheres of influence" in her domain. As for the Twenty-one Demands, the majority of them, and the worst of them, have gone definitely into the discard. The first group of four demands were about Shantung. They are dead. The fourth group, consisting of one demand about China's leasing her ports to foreign powers, is eliminated by agreements reached at Washington. The fifth group of seven demands—the worst of them all—Japan now definitely renounces. Thus twelve of the twenty-one are gone. Most of those that are left pertain to Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, and here Japan stands pat on her treaties.

What China makes out of her gains depends chiefly upon herself. If she can't pull herself together and establish a government that governs she will make nothing out of them. Even as the Conference closes, news comes that Wu-Pei-Fu, Governor of Hunan and Hupeh, is moving his troops on Peking to check the power which Chang-Tso-Lin, war-lord of Mukden, is exerting over the Peking Government. This may mean a new civil war and a more chaotic chaos than ever.

What has America gained and lost? She has supplanted the military alliance between Japan and Great Britain with the Four-Power treaty, which removes a threat and an apprehension that seemed to burden many minds. She gains economically from the naval holiday. She gets control of her cable line at Yap. She sees her policy of the open door in China vastly strength-

ened and Shantung restored to China. She has built up a strong moral barrier against any sudden attack by Japan upon the Philippines or any other of her possessions in the Pacific. And she has gained enormously in international prestige. These are her gains. She loses nothing except the power to overawe and bully Japan in the years to come with the colossal navy she was planning to build. She loses also a certain amount of isolation which seems very dear to some and which is confounded by them with independence and power. (Note the cartoon from the N. Y. *Evening Journal* showing the American eagle dragged down to a watery grave as the ships are scrapped.)

One thing that neither America nor the rest of the world gains as a result of the Conference is a new Association of Nations to supplant the League of Nations. How any one could have expected it, with all the nations (other than our own) represented at Washington bound by the League covenant, we cannot see, but many did expect it and perhaps some still expect it. There may be other conferences called for special purposes, but an Association of Nations that will put the League out of business is not in sight. Says Frank H. Simonds:

"The logic of events at the conference which President Harding himself convoked makes it clear that there is virtually no hope for carrying out his party's plan to form an association of nations to take the place of the League of Nations. . . .

"No new international pathways have been found at Washington. Mr. Hughes for the United States has been compelled to recognize, to accept and to bow to European conditions in precisely the same fashion as Mr. Wilson. The fact has been disclosed that the main obstacle to international association of any sort is found in world conditions rather than in the weakness of the League of Nations or of Mr. Wilson."

The Genoa Conference and Its Three R's

SO successful was Mr. Harding's Conference that Mr. Lloyd-George wishes to have one. It is expected to be the largest and most important one ever held. Every nation in Europe, except Turkey, has been invited to participate, and so have the United States, Japan and the South American States. Forty-five invitations have been sent out by the Supreme Council and forty-five acceptances are hoped for. That will mean a conference, including the consulting experts, of 1,000 or more.

It is called an Economic Conference, but, according to Mr. Lloyd-George, who inspires it, the first point on the agenda will be peace—"a general European peace pact." That is taken to mean Russia. As China the chaotic was the central problem around which the

Washington Conference revolved, so Russia, also chaotic, will furnish the central problem for the Genoa Conference. Russia took no part in the Versailles Conference, has no part in the League of Nations. She, with her large army and her hostile attitude toward all the rest of Europe, and her total financial and industrial collapse, makes it more difficult for other nations to reduce their armies, restore the channels of commerce and balance their budgets.

Russia, therefore, has been invited and has indicated her acceptance. But how can Russia's delegates be admitted without recognizing the Soviet Government that sends them? The answer seems to be they can't. So conditions have been attached to the invitation. The conditions are that foreigners who furnish capital to restore Russia must "have a certitude that their property and their rights will be respected" and have assurance of "the impartial execution of all commercial or other contracts." Then it is stated: "If with a view to assuring the necessary conditions for the development of the commerce of Russia the Russian Government claims official recognition, the allied Governments cannot accord this recognition unless the Russian Government accepts the preceding conditions." So that the Genoa Conference at the very outset involves the far-reaching question of the recognition of the Soviet Government. If Lenin says, "I accept the conditions," and sends delegates, is that all that is necessary? Apparently it is, according to the form of invitation. This is one of the points that caused Briand's downfall. Poincaré, his successor, demands that some definite guarantees be furnished other than Lenin's and Trotsky's promise before the Soviet Government is recognized.

There are two other points Poin-



WHAT GOOD IS IT TO HAVE THE ONLY FOOTBALL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD IF WE AREN'T ALLOWED TO PLAY?

—Ding in Springfield Republican.

caré insists on. One is that there must be no interference with existing treaties. If the Genoa Conference is to provide for the economic reconstruction of Europe, it must not do it by tearing the peace treaty of Versailles to pieces, going behind the Reparations Commission instituted by that treaty and undoing its work. Another point is that in this international conference of European nations the League of Nations must be called upon to play an important rôle, or it will be discredited. What Poincaré has in mind apparently is that the secretariat of the League should have charge of the making of arrangements for the Conference, the keeping of the records and administration of the details of management.

Each of these three points seems to us eminently reasonable and sane, and the idea conveyed in the newspaper dispatches that France in making them is again kicking over the pail of milk is unjustified. As ex-Judge Alton B. Parker says, in a special report on Russia adopted by the National Civic Federation, "official recognition would give Lenin permanent and legal title to all the undeveloped wealth that Russia contains and would deliver all that vast treasure and the present credits which might be based upon it to the uses of Bolshevism." To do this on the mere word of acceptance of Lenin would be absurd.

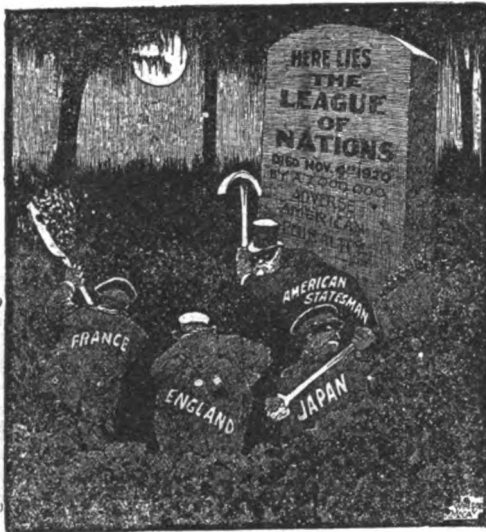
On the second point, France has a right to be cautious. The constant reopening of the Reparations question means constant delay by Germany in living up to the terms imposed upon her. The proposal is now made by the English economist, John Maynard Keynes, in his new book, "A Revision of the Treaty," that the amount of Reparation decided upon by the Commission and assented to by the German Government be whittled down



OUT OF BALANCE
—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle.

to a little more than one-fourth the sum and Germany be given 30 years to pay it! The immediate result of the discussion attending the calling of the Genoa Conference is a note from the German Government to the Reparations Commission asking to be relieved of all cash payments for 1922.

As to the League of Nations, the only reason Lloyd-George prefers to have the Supreme Council take charge of the Conference rather than the League is that this might make it easier for the United States to send delegates. That is probably the reason the Supreme Council has been kept in existence as long as it has, as a concession to the tender feelings at Washington. Just now those feelings are particularly tender until Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes see their treaties safely out of the clutches of the Senate and duly ratified. It is another illustration of the way in which our attitude



GRAVE ROBBERS

—McCay in New York American.

toward the League is hampering the efforts of Europe to get on her feet again. Poincaré wishes to see the Supreme Council ended and the affairs of Europe adjusted in the usual way, with the help of the League in matters calling for other than diplomatic parleys. Who can blame him?

The economic plight of Europe is appalling and the Genoa Conference will have a desperate situation to consider. The first and all-important thing is that the Governments "balance their budgets"—that is to say, cut down their outgoes to less than their incomes. Even in Great Britain the expenditures are a million dollars a day more than the receipts, and, according to Lloyd-George, there is more unemployment and suffering than at any other time since the Napoleonic wars. The budget for France for 1922 does not balance by 2½ billion francs, and her army and navy are still costing her 4½ billion francs (being far less, at that, than ours are costing us). Her circulating medium has been inflated from 6 billion francs just before the war to about 40 billions.

Germany's treasury is going behind 6 billion marks a month, not taking account of the reparations, and her circulating medium has been expanded from 5 billion marks to 108 billions, with a floating debt besides of 245 billions. Poland, which established her national currency in 1919, has succeeded in two years' time in expanding it from 3 billion to 60 billion marks. The story is worse still in Austria, worst of all in Russia and bad enough in Italy and even in Spain. All continental Europe is in much the same slough. This inflation has, of course, increased the costs of living (prices mount more swiftly than the currency depreciates), rendered the rates of exchange in many cases impossible, disrupted commerce between states and thrown millions out of employment. The only way to stop it is, first, balance the budgets, and the first and most necessary step to that achievement is to decrease governmental expenses, especially those for armaments. The disease is a desperate one, but there is nothing mysterious in it that defies diagnosis. What the Genoa Conference is wanted for is to find the remedy.

The remedies suggested are not particularly convincing. Keynes's remedy is to revise the Versailles Treaty and lop off three-fourths of the reparation Germany is required to pay. That would be a wonderful help—to Germany. Another remedy is for the big creditor nations like the United States and Great Britain to remit all the debts contracted to them during the war. In that case Great Britain would lose but little, as her loans and her borrowings are nearly equal. We would lose all that is owed to us (about 10 billions) and gain nothing (except indirectly), and all the other nations would gain. Vanderbilt's remedy is for us to keep the debts standing, call for Europe to

pay the interest, and use the payments as a big revolving fund with which to establish a huge international bank in Europe for financing the restoration of European industry. He does not make it clear how Europe, with her unbalanced budgets, is going to contrive to pay the hundreds of millions of interest due annually on our loans.

Russia, Reparation, Reconstruction—those are the three R's the Genoa Conference will have to wrestle with. Compared with them, the problems of the Washington Conference seem now to have been very easy.

The young Prince of Wales, probably by this time having picked up some American slang, may describe his visit to India by saying, "It was a riot."—*New York Sun*.

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Billions for a Bonus

R EPORTS from Washington indicate a strong likelihood that the bill for "adjusted compensation"—what is known as the Bonus bill—will be passed at this session. Only about a dozen Senators are willing to go on record in opposition, one-half of the number being Democrats and one-half Republicans. "The bill," says the *N. Y. Times* correspondent, "unless there is an unexpected change, will pass both houses by overwhelming majorities." The "unexpected change," it is evident, will be wrought, if at all, by two influences, namely, the flood of protests which is said to have been started by chambers of commerce and business men's organizations and by the difficulties found in agreeing upon plans for raising the money. For adjusted compensation, as estimated by Secretary Mellon, will cost in cash in the next two years the sum of "at least" 850 million dollars, and the probable ultimate cost is placed at 3,330 millions, with a possible maximum of 5,250 millions.

But that may be very far from



DOOMED WITH THE SHIPS

—Williams in *N. Y. Evening Journal*.

being the end of it. The plea the advocates of the bonus make is that the soldiers received but a dollar a day for their services while civilians who stayed at home were getting ten dollars a day. (The soldiers also received board, lodging and clothing, but that fact does not seem to figure in the comparisons.) Now the pending Bonus bill grants to each man who went overseas \$1.25 for each day of his service and to other soldiers \$1.00 a day. This would make the comparison with civilians stand: \$10.00 a day to \$2.25 and \$2.00 a day. Evidently if the idea of justice that underlies the Bonus bill is to be realized we must not stop there. When the soldiers have spent this bonus there must be another, and another, and another, until at least half a dozen bonuses equally large shall have brought about something like an equality of compensation. This would require the expenditure not of 3,330 millions but of 18 billions. If the justice of the pending bill is conceded, it is hard to see how the justice of subsequent bills can be denied.

The officers of the American Legion, which is the body responsible for the present bill, contemplate that the soldiers who are not in

need of the bonus they receive can be persuaded to turn over the money to the Legion itself, to constitute a large revolving fund to be used for the future benefit of needy members. If their plan is realized, it will mean that the Legion will be immensely strengthened with a revolving fund of perhaps one hundred million dollars—maybe much more. There will be nothing to prevent the Legion from making further demands upon the Treasury in behalf of the soldiers, and backing them up with a power far greater than it now possesses. "I believe," says Senator Pepper, "that the enactment of this measure"—the Bonus bill—"would prove to be the foundation for an enormous superstructure alike burdensome to the taxpayers and discreditable to American manhood."

It is worth while considering what the nation has done and is doing in the way of compensation. The second-class private was paid

\$30.00 a month, in addition to his food, clothing, shelter and medical attention. (The first-class private received more, the non-commissioned officer considerably more and the officers very considerably more.) He was given physical training and a certain amount of mental and technical training, all of which ought to have added something to his vocational value. In addition, if he was married and had dependents, additional sums were paid to them. He had the privilege of insurance at rates far less than civilians could obtain, and the insurance privilege has continued. There is still in force insurance to the amount of $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars on 600,000 ex-service men. When mustered out, each enlisted man received a bonus of \$60.00. (In our Civil War the soldier was paid \$11.00 a month at first, \$16.00 a month at the last, and this in depreciated currency, and it was 25 years before a service pension—for the uninjured man—was provided.) In addition the Government to-day is paying one million dollars a day "directly into the hands of the ex-service man or his dependents"—we quote from a statement by Col. C. R. Forbes, director of the Veterans' Bureau. Hospital care and treatment are being provided without cost, including board and lodging, to 30,000 ex-service men, at a cost to the Government of 60 million dollars a year; vocational training to 100,000 disabled men, at a cost of 30 million dollars a year, and treatment to 20,000 men outside hospitals. In addition, according to Colonel Forbes, 305,000 compensation claims have been allowed and over 300 million dollars paid out on them. There are now on file 1,200,000 such claims and they are coming in at the rate of 1,000 a day. Still further, every honorably discharged soldier and sailor, of the recent war or any prior war, has a right under the law to a permanent



COMPANY FOR DINNER AND NOT EVEN A CAN OF SARDINES IN THE PANTRY
—Ding in Chicago Post.

place in any of the National Soldier's Homes, if he becomes incapacitated to support himself, and to live there at Government expense for the rest of his life.

These are the compensations the Federal Government has already provided. They are, of course, independent of the provisions, costing many more millions of dollars, made by the State Governments. New York State alone has voted a bonus to the soldiers of \$10.00 for each month of service, up to 25 months, and is now facing the prospect of a direct State tax of 40 million dollars to raise the funds required.

These are some of the facts pertinent to the Bonus bill. Other facts, pertaining to the condition of the federal treasury, are given by Secretary Mellon: A Federal debt amounting to 23½ billion dollars, of which 6½ billions fall due within the next 16 months; a deficit in sight for this year of 24 million dollars, and for the coming year of 167 millions, with a possible addition of 112 millions more. "For the first time in our history," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "ex-soldiers are pressing for an immediate wholesale pension bill for young and strong men, many of them well-to-do or rich, at a time when the Government cannot meet its obligations without a crushing system of taxation."

Now it is, of course, true that paying the soldiers a bonus of one billion or three billions does not mean an economic drain upon the country of that amount. The wealth of the country is not impaired to anything like that extent, for the money itself remains in circulation. "This wealth," as the *Springfield Republican* observes, "will not be destroyed unless unfortunately the recipients waste it; but in any event it will be invested or spent in this country. It is also true that such an amount as goes into land reclamation, as provided in one of the options of the bill, may prove a profit-



SLIPPERY GRADE

—Pease in *Newark News*.

able investment for the country in years to come. To this extent, therefore, the Commander of the American Legion, Hanford MacNider, is right when he says:

"I think adjusted compensation would be a great economic benefit, because these veterans are not going to squander their money even if they take a cash bonus. Many of them will elect to take the farm or loan aid, land settle- or paid-up insurance, so that the money will be spent for houses and farms. That will add to the prosperity of the country."

That part of the bonus which goes directly into land projects may add to our eventual prosperity in years to come, but that fact will not diminish the burden imposed upon the country now. The permanent economic loss will come from the disturbance to industry and commerce that ensues. For before the bonus can be paid it must first be extracted from the people by taxation, and that means, temporarily at

least, an increase in the overhead expenses of all business, an increase in living expenses, and an irremediable waste in the expense of collecting and disbursing the taxes and in such cessation of industrial effort as may ensue among recipients of the bonus. If a bonus to four million soldiers would, as Commander MacNider thinks, be a great economic benefit, why would a bonus to 108 millions of citizens not be a vastly greater economic benefit? Why not make ourselves all rich by the quick and easy way of voting unlimited bonuses all around?

The chief journalistic support for the bonus comes from the Hearst papers (there were New York soldiers who by vote declined a reception on their return because Hearst was on the reception committee) and the *Chicago Tribune*, which had almost as bad a war record at one time as Hearst had. The *Tribune* argues that the bonus will relieve much pressing distress, help many men to become self-supporting, remove a dangerously growing sense of resentment, and mean an improvement in national morale which will reflect itself in an improved business morale. The *Hartford Courant* also argues for the bonus but admits that "if the uniformed dudes who wore their nice clothes every day to their desks at Washington get into it, to that extent it will be a farce." The *Wichita Eagle* wants to see a bonus paid for by putting back the surtaxes on income. But the general chorus of newspaper comment is strongly against the bonus as a measure which, if it is passed, will be passed because of political cowardice. Here is a sample utterance from the *Louisville Courier Journal*:

"A bounty based upon mere service is merely a sordid gratuity that commercializes patriotism. The moment

this practice is begun the country will be plunged into extravagance limited only by political capacity to raid the Federal treasury. Once granted, the soldier bonus would set a precedent that would be repeated again and again. In a few years amounts far exceeding those now asked would be insisted upon by able-bodied veterans of the late war. Politicians seeking votes would fall ready victims to this clamor, as they have fallen victims to it in days still vividly recollected. The time to resist the thing is now, not later."

The *Newark News* talks to the same effect:

"The utter recklessness that is evinced by both parties in Congress as to the bonus is appalling. If its effect were really to ameliorate the condition of helpless men, not a word could be said against it. Actually the bonus is devised as a Congressional tip to some four million voters, by many of whom it is regarded as insolence. As a proposed bribe to a large element of the electorate it constitutes a national scandal."

While the *N. Y. Evening World* is willing to see a bonus granted if only it is raised by restoring beer and light wines and putting a tax on them, the morning *World* is strenuously against the bonus principle and says that "there is nothing to choose between the two parties in the reckless and unsound course on which they have entered. The Democrats are just as deep in the scheme as the Republicans, and from precisely the same motives. Both parties are prepared to vote away billions of dollars because they expect shortly to be paid in votes. No amount of hypocrisy can cover up their real purpose."

"Adjusted compensation!" exclaims Senator Borah, one of the few Senators fighting the bonus bill in the open, "Compensation for what—for service when the country is in peril, for defeating the enemy?"

How can men be compensated for such service?"

There is but one answer to such a question. There is but one adequate compensation for the man who goes through what many of our soldiers had to go through, and that is the fact that the homes of their country were successfully defended against violation, the rights and liberties of its citizens were preserved, its institutions and its honor kept inviolate. God pity the young man who went through the hell some of our men went through, God pity the young man who returned maimed and crippled for life, if he cannot feel that the suc-

cess of the cause for which he fought, the victory of the nation of which he is a part and the glory of the flag that is his as well as ours is not an adequate compensation; for if he cannot find adequate compensation in that fact, then he will never find it, no matter how many bonuses he may receive. That was the feeling with which, we believe, most of them went to the war and that is the feeling with which, as we also believe, most of them would go forth to another war to-morrow if their country needed them. It will be a great misfortune if either we or they, in the wrangle over a bonus, forget that.

It's getting harder to railroad legislation through Congress now that they have installed the bloc system.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

Ireland already is face to face with the problem of what to do with her ex-president.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

Any doubt that Ireland is a free state is now removed. Its Government is confronted with a threat of a general railroad strike.—*Boston Transcript*.

What Japan objects to is the "Sha'n't" in Shanghai.—*Providence Journal*.

The Chinese feel that the much-talked-of open door should bear the word "Exit" in several foreign languages.—*Chicago Post*.

There is something in the theory that the world is flat. It is flat on its back, but is going to turn over.—*Toledo Blade*.

The Germans should get credit for starting this scrapping of warships.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Soviet Russia claims to be something more than a "provisional" government, but the hungry peasants have not found this out.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

PERSONAL QUALITIES OF THE NEW POPE

PHYSICALLY big and endowed with unusually long legs and arms, Achille Cardinal Ratti, who has just ascended the pontifical throne as Pius XI., has long been celebrated for muscular strength. Anecdotes in the *Giornale d'Italia* might lead one to infer that the new Pope is a Hercules, for when he was approaching the age of sixty he astonished the porters in Warsaw by carrying through the streets with ease a huge valise under the weight of which a couple of young men went through the motions of staggering in the well-known fashion of Polish porters who expect a lavish fee. In his agitated Warsaw period he thought nothing of rushing between belligerents who, on

one occasion at least, came to fisticuffs in his presence, only to discover that the priest could, unaided, put them out of the room with perfect ease.

The present sovereign pontiff, according to the *Corriere della Sera*, ascribes his unusual vigor to open-air exercise, to his persistence in walking when most men would ride, to his well-known delight in mountain climbing, to the extreme regularity and abstemiousness of his mode of life; but he seems to have come from a stock noted for its longevity and muscular development, and his grandmother, says one genealogy, exceeded a hundred years at the time of her death. The Ratti have for the past few genera-

tions been in humble circumstances, subsisting by manual labor. The tradition of physical prowess is definitely established among them, and the Pope's father is affirmed by the Italian paper to have amazed the inhabitants of Rogeno when a youth by hurling great stones high in the air and catching them with ease as they descended. This father is said to have vehemently opposed the "vocation" of the little Achille, who, he thought, ought to become a lawyer.

This impression of the boy's aptitudes appears to have been based less upon his fluency—for Ratti was sententious and epigrammatical as a pulpit orator and not brilliant or eloquent—than upon his originality in seeing distinctions and drawing inferences, his logical tendency, his clarity in argument, his patience in conveying an idea from his own mind to another. It occasioned his father no little chagrin, therefore, when this promising member of the somewhat large family of children was handed over to a parish priest in the little town of his birth and committed to the religious life. "Poor child!" sighed the elder Ratti, "I would grieve less at his funeral." The newspapers of Milan, to which the Archbishop was for a brief period a stormy topic, observe that to the day of his death the father of the present Pope could never reconcile himself to the "waste" of his son's career. This regret seemed reasonable enough from the merely worldly point of view, for not until recent years did Achille Ratti emerge from the ranks of the priesthood and attain episcopal rank. He was steeped in such poverty that his sister sewed on his buttons and saw to his washing.

His long obscurity is ascribed in the Milan paper, to which we are indebted for this study, to his disconcerting frankness, to his lack of tact, as Italian diplomats understand the term, and to a somewhat impatient attitude towards the di-

lettante scholarship too characteristic, he fears, of Italian seminaries. His somewhat sudden and rather brief irruption into pontifical diplomacy was not the success one might fancy it to have been from the eulogies bestowed upon him by his champions in the press. Indeed, if we may believe the more candid Milan dailies, there were ecclesiastics in the Polish capital who did not relish the tone adopted by the Pope's envoy when broaching such themes as the number of baptisms in some of the parish churches, the attendance at masses and the decline in religious schools. The Polish prelates thought, on the other hand, that he made too many concessions to the peasant party, which sought to settle the land problem in the rough and ready style of the French revolutionary *Jacquerie*. Those were his stormy days—a librarian dragged from his manuscripts and his emendations of Greek and Latin texts to the uproarious Warsaw of the original Bolsheviks. He was more than once the solitary mute in a room filled with howling men shaking fists at one another. Perhaps his failure in Warsaw was foredoomed.

Ratti, in his Milanese days, we must remember, was a hard-working parish priest as well as a scholar and a writer, whose mountain climbing, quoit throwing and billiard playing—for he has handled a cue—were never more than relaxations, altho occasionally arduous ones. He was austere to the Poles and a trifle Puritanical in his attitude towards their esthetic conception of the spiritual life. It would be a misconception of the new Pope, therefore, to conceive of him as a diplomatist in temperament, in training or in method. In flat contradiction of what has been said outside of his own country, the Italian press dwells upon his unbending attitude in all matters of principle, upon his forthrightness



THE NEW SOVEREIGN PONTIFF OF THE HOLY ROMAN CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH
His Holiness Pius XI., until the last conclave known as Achille Cardinal Ratti, is dark-eyed, swarthy and of athletic build and appearance, despite his sixty-three or four years. He is a capable linguist, speaking six modern languages and knowing well four ancient ones. In his somewhat austere conception of the Christian life, he resembles the late Pius X., but in his fondness for learning he seems more like Leo XIII.

of speech in the conduct of a negotiation, his refusal to yield to considerations of expediency. "Perhaps," to quote our contemporary, "he is too masculine a nature for the feminine temperaments with which he is forever in collision."

The Milanese got to know him very well by sight, for his long legs, his athletic instincts and his devotion to the open air enabled him to get over the ground so easily that he went everywhere and was seen everywhere. He had an immense umbrella, which he was always losing and which everybody knew so well that he always got it back. He revealed long before his elevation to the rank of archbishop his well-known disinclination for talk. This makes his company a trifle monotonous and he does not atone for it by proving a particularly good listener. It is easy to see that his thoughts are far away from the ordinary themes of human discourse. He once complained to an intimate friend that a Roman Catholic priest often feels like a stranger among his own people. His favorite topics are biblical and scientific. Unlike his friend, Cardinal Maffi, he has never made a hobby of astronomy, but he is well versed in mathematics and chemistry without being an expert.

He is accused of discriminating against the Italian scholars who came to the famous ecclesiastical library in Milan while he was in control of the collection of manuscript treasures. Doctor Ratti, as he then was, proved sufficiently indiscreet to communicate to a distinguished Italian critic his view that the state of Biblical scholarship among the Italian churchmen is disgraceful. He thought they neglected Greek studies far too much and that their knowledge of Hebrew was inadequate. One charge was that he favored the critics who seek to prove that Luke and the book of Acts were not, despite what gener-

ations of scholars thought, written by the same person. In the conduct of the debates provoked by these views, Doctor Ratti, says the *Corriere*, defended his position with such a wealth of learning and with such eagerness to establish the truth that his fame spread to the Vatican and caused the peasant then on the pontifical throne to ask who he was. Pius X., however, left Ratti among the manuscripts. Not until the late Benedict XV. became Pope did Ratti's mentality achieve the recognition it deserved. Ratti, moreover, was somewhat discredited in the eyes of the peasant Pope by his toleration of Abbé Loisy, whose writings were based in part upon study of the manuscripts to which Doctor Ratti allowed him access. The Biblical studies of the French priest proved so "modernist" that Ratti, who befriended him at one time, seemed long under a cloud. Italian papers incline to bestow upon Pius XI. epithets that suggest the tempestuous and the mighty, as if, to quote the Milan daily again, he had caught something from the hugeness, the boldness and the hardness of the mountain rocks he loves.

Something of a tempest in Italian politics seemed to precede his election. On the very day the Cardinals were immured in the Sistine Chapel the Italian Premier, Bonomi, was forced to resign as a result, so the dispatches state, of his too conciliatory relations with the Vatican. The anti-clerical organs of Europe profess to be amused over Bonomi's assumption of condescension to the papal power, whereas the fact has been, according to the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, that the State has continued to exist only because the Church tolerated it. There has not been a time since the close of the war, according to some European dailies, that the late Pope could not have put an end to the existence of the Italian Government by giving the signal.

Significant Sayings

"As for opportunities, there are ten to-day for every one there was sixty years ago."—*John D. Rockefeller.*

"We dare not trust to our wit for making our house pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice-cream."—*Emerson.*

"Commercialized gambling has almost a death-strangle grip over the newspapers of this country."—*Canon Wm. S. Chase, of Brooklyn.*

"I represent the people who want this racing news, who like horse-racing and betting on horse races. I don't want all the joy taken out of my life."—*H. D. Oxnard, Prest. American Beet Sugar Refining Co.*

"One of the greatest obstacles to the advance of truth and progress is the preaching of 100 per cent. patriotism. The most false thing of all about patriotism is its demand that it be unqualified and absolute."—*Prof. H. A. Miller, Oberlin Univ.*

"In profound appreciation of the boll weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity [by diversifying crops], this monument is erected."—*Inscription on public fountain in Enterprise, Ala.*

"Probably no people on earth have a higher standard of morality than the Florida Seminoles."—*Recent U. S. Report on Seminole Indians.*

"If you cannot go to the theater or dance and be religious, it may not be a mark of superior spirituality but of some deficiency of religious type."—*Rev. Dr. C. K. Miller, Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*

"One can govern only with a solid majority. It is not enough to have one's speeches applauded."—*Aristide Briand.*

"In the United States we are, in flat defiance of all our proclaimed principles and ideals, building a series of bureaucracies that will put to shame the best efforts of the government of the Czar of all Russia when in the heyday of its glory."—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

"The money brain is, in the modern world, the supreme brain."—*Lord Beaverbrook.*

"The Filipinos, if governing themselves for the last twenty years, would have had as much chance of success as the proverbial celluloid dog would have had of catching the asbestos cat in hell."—*Ex-Governor-General Forbes.*

"It is almost as difficult to name the conspicuous members of the U. S. Senate as to repeat the words of the national anthem."—*Melville E. Stone.*

"We have a natural pride in our country and our Americanism, but we leave it to our foreign-born to have the babies."—*Health Commissioner Copeland of N. Y. City.*

"It seems clear that fewer students drink alcoholic liquor and fewer students drink it to excess than ever before."—*Dean of Harvard University.*

"All the money that comes to me goes into new industries. I never invest money in bonds or anything of the kind."—*Henry Ford.*

"There can be no question of restoring [in Italy] the temporal power, and I find most of the leading Catholics opposed to it as tending to weaken the spiritual authority of the Church."—*N. Y. Times special correspondent in Rome.*

"Men are so difficult! They make the real troubles in opera organization. They are so small, so petty, so supersensitive."—*Mary Garden.*

"I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition."—*Voltaire, a few hours before his death.*

"It is suicidal for the Government to regulate wages and not provide the means of getting a full day's work for a full day's pay."—*Charles M. Schwab.*

"It is my observation, after thirty-four years as Vassar physician, that the women and girls of to-day are very much healthier than those of twenty years ago."—*Dr. Elizabeth Thelberg.*

"In many places [in Russia] the people are eating dead bodies, but in the Samara regions they are beginning to kill one another."—*Fridtjof Nansen.*

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

The Conference Habit

IF the Disarmament Conference did nothing else for us, it at least coined a phrase, "The Conference Habit."

The conference habit, more than any particular conference or any series of conferences, is what is going to save the world's bacon.

For all that the world needs is to get together. This is what is needed internationally precisely as it is what all other human affairs need, whether national, local, industrial, artistic or moral.

There is but one salvation for the human race—it is to learn team play.

Human beings have found out how to get along by cunning, force and the like. Our great problem now is to learn how to get along with each other, which we cannot do without the grace of God and the consummation of evolution, which two things probably mean the same.

It is something to have gotten into the way of talking things over. We do not realize the social value of speech. Words not only make war but they can prevent war.

Whatever is dumb is dangerous.

This is so because when a man is dumb we do not understand him, and what we do not understand we dislike.

The various languages of the world are strongholds of provincialism and prevent man from getting together.

Not the least significant fact of the Disarmament Conference was that everybody spoke English, except the French.

When a man will talk we can find out something about him. We get to know him even if he lies. Any-

thing is better than dumbness. For if he will not talk we simply invest him with the evils of our imagination.

It has been said that we do not love people but that we love our ideals about them. This is not true. People are intrinsically lovely. If we knew everybody perfectly we should love them all. It is when we do not know people that we imagine all sorts of reasons for hating them.

The deepest root-cause of war is unacquaintance.

We drivel hostility toward the Japanese, we detest the British, we despise the French, and we curse the Germans, all principally because we do not know them.

Germany would never have begun the last war if it had understood the rest of the world. It was so locked up in crazy nationalism that it bristled with hates, and hate is always blind.

The word "internationalism" is not a happy term. World consciousness sounds better. And we are only going to struggle out of the war zone of thought as we clamber up into the plane of world consciousness.

Toward this many cosmic forces are pushing.

First, and greatest, perhaps, is the genius of Christianity, the whole ethics of which are based not upon one nation but upon humanity, and the whole effect of which is gradually to break down the barriers between races.

Then comes commerce, which unifies mankind in the realm of business as religion tends to unify it in the realm of thought.

The intelligent optimist, therefore, has sufficient warrant for expecting the end of war in the not

distant future by the only means which will ever end war, that is to say, by the development of a world consciousness, by "The Conference Habit."

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France in the Air

AIR traffic is in all the heat and vigor of adolescence.

It is growing faster than any department of human activity. Altho this claim perhaps might be disputed by the progress mankind is making in chemistry, in electricity and in biology.

And the French are maintaining their place among the races of Europe as pioneers in progress.

A little outside the gates of Paris is the air field called Le Bourget. This is the central station from which most of the international air lines radiate.

The statistical report of Le Bourget for 1921 illustrates the enormous strides made by French commercial aviation during the year.

French airplanes fly regularly several times a day from Paris to London. The service is safe, comfortable, rapid, and costs no more than travel by land and water.

Besides this, airplanes fly from Le Bourget to Brussels, to Amsterdam, to Havre, to Strasbourg, to Prague and to Warsaw.

During 1921 the above-named lines carried 13,369 passengers, which was double the number carried the previous year.

The seasons make little matter, as 359 passengers were carried during the month of December.

From Le Bourget in Christmas week, in 1921, 207 voyagers went by airship, compared with 25 in the same week in 1920.

There is an air service also from France to Africa, linking Toulouse with Dakar.

Air traffic in Germany is also increasing rapidly.

The Rumpler Company, in its annual report for 1921, shows 1,244 passengers, and 7,500 lbs. of mail were carried on the firm's airplanes between Berlin and Augsburg, in Bavaria, during eight months of the year. These air lines discontinue from October to March on account of adverse weather conditions.

It does not take the son of a prophet to predict with confidence that in ten years from now the vision of Tennyson will be surpassed, and the purple twilight will be filled with the fluttering wings of the navies of the world.

If only the nations will have wisdom enough to make these navies the argosies of commerce, the shuttles weaving the severed strands of the world's nationalities into one fabric of unity.

It will certainly be a different world when there is a regular air service between Rome and Constantinople, between Paris, Petrograd and Moscow, between Tokio and Peking, and from the Cape to Cairo.

The arguments of those forward-looking minds who insist upon the superiority of the claims of humanity over the claims of patriotism, may be successfully resisted by the Chauvinists. The physical argument of commerce and of inventive progress has behind it the conviction of destiny and cannot for long be resisted.

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Permanent Wave

I WAS thinking, said Herve Lauwick, of the courage of women.

Men want to conquer, Women want to please. And it takes more heroism sometimes to do the latter than the former.

A woman friend of mine was just telling me of her visit to one of these Paris beauty parlors.

There she saw an old woman undergoing the tortures of the damned in order to look pretty.

She was getting a permanent "undulation," one guaranteed to last a year.

I should think once a year would be enough.

My friend arrived at the parlor ahead of time. She was asked to wait. The professor was "operating."

That was the word they used—"operating." Beside his performance a surgical operation was mild.

The patient was in a chair. She was a fat and rich American of some fifty summers.

The professor was dancing around her with combs, brushes, pins, pincers and electric contrivances enough to run an automobile factory.

At first, while my friend waited in the adjoining room and the door was shut, she thought by the sounds she heard that surely some one was being murdered. Screams, groans and prayers alternated with whining like a puppy and squeaking like a pig.

When the door opened she saw the victim. She was a sight. She had collapsed into an armchair. Her hair was all in little spindles that stuck out from her head like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Between her tears and sobs and hairbunches she was munching a sandwich and drinking a cup of tea.

The séance had begun at nine in the morning, and it was now half past one in the afternoon.

The professor was fanning her with napkins, the girl assistants were rubbing the back of her neck, and a boy was bringing more sandwiches.

It was an hour still before she was "finished."

Then she came out, smiling and radiant and triumphant.

She looked like a horse and buggy.

My friend said she gazed at her with admiration.

What mere man would undergo such agony just—to please?

Voltaire, in his "Candide," wrote a terrible sentence.

"Cunegonde did not know that she had grown ugly; nobody had told her."

Cunegonde probably lived out her days in peace—without a permanent undulation.

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Laughter in Heaven

"HUMOR," says Max Eastman, in his book "The Sense of Humor," "is of all things most unlike religion. It fills a similar function in our moral economy, relieving us of the intolerable poignancy of our individual wills. But it does this by a simple emotional mitigation, whereas religion seems to require a great and heavy process of the heart."

He further explains that the mystic gets rid of the trouble caused by failures and imperfections by believing that they are things to be endured in the working out of God's will for our perfection; while the humorist declares that they are funny and accomplishes the same thing.

They both escape the intolerable reality of life, but in opposite directions. And he concludes that it is not surprising that mystics should be lacking in a sense of humor and that humorists should not often be prayerful.

Perhaps neither Eastman nor any other writer can be blamed for understanding religion to be that atrabiliar withdrawal from life which is about all that the childhood of the world has yet understood.

Some day, however, the mind of the world is going to grow up, abandon its petulance and realize that religion is no other spirit than the spirit of life itself, or rather that spirit of perfect sanity and health in life.

Perhaps we shall get this notion

when Christianity gets back from the Orient, that is, when our Western strained and gloomy thinking has been properly mixed with the placid maturity of China.

The Hebrew ideal of perfection, and about all the morality we have is Hebrew, is segregation or getting away from the world, for, as the Hebrews were a "chosen people," so the very word "church" means "called out."

The Chinese idea of perfection is poise or balance.

Half of any doctrine is the man who believes it. That is why we say our morality is going to be a different thing, and probably a more healthy thing, when it has experienced the reaction of the Orient. Then a lot of what we call sanctity, but what is nothing more than pure fetishism, will have to go, for our religion will be so wholesome that little children can play games in the Holy of Holies.

Saints will not then be afraid of comedians. The mystic shall make merry, and the clown shall know the life of the spirit. So shall the green and immature earth ripen and sweeten.

And in heaven there shall be heard the sound of laughter.

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Negroes

THE negroes last summer held a grand demonstration in New York and gave symptoms of standing up for their rights.

The negro has been the most wronged figure in history. Compared to him, the Irishman has been, you might say, coddled.

For some reason he has always carried the white man's burden. For the white man is superior. He himself admits it.

White men have even circulated the story of Ham, son of Noah, that he made fun of his father who had

got drunk and kicked off the covers. That may not have been nice of Ham, but it was hardly serious enough to warrant cursing his posterity for thousands of years.

Even in white folks' fiction the negro gets the worst of it. Every time Robinson Crusoe meets Friday in the wilderness it is the black man who carries the wood and the white man who carries the gun.

The negroes once lived in Africa, a large continent containing a fifth or sixth of the earth's area. There, according to the 14 points, they ought to have had some say as to how they were to be governed.

They had not.

They never came over to bother the whites; the whites came over to bother them. They came as explorers, profiteers, slave dealers, rum peddlers, government officials and missionaries.

In their native land the negroes lived at peace in the bosom of their families, under their palm trees, and played around in a costume which was much more rational for hot weather than any kind of clothes permitted in New Jersey.

They had their medicine men who chanted their own lingo, even as ours talk Latin, and gave powdered elephant ears and grasshoppers' knees for bowel complaint, even as ours give their more expensive dope, and with about the same success. At least they all died after a while anyhow, even as our forefathers.

They had their little dances by torchlight under the trees, as we have our midnight follies atop the theater.

They beat their tom-toms and wriggled their tum-tums, as also our jazz orchestras perform and our young folks shimmy and fox-trot.

They had their sorcerers and others whom they paid to humbug them, even as we have our own blatherskites.

They made war when they were hungry and needed food, fun and

women. We make war for no reason at all, and do not even eat our foes.

It is a wonder Ham has stood for his abuse as long as he has.

He now protests against lynching, that is against being hung by amateurs and not professionals.

I am for Africa for the Africans, Ireland for the Irish, and New York for the Jews.

The negroes are a happy, contented and lovable people, and have as much right to their place in the sun, and also in the shade, as white folks.

□ □

Rats

ONE of the greatest enemies of the human race is the Rat.

He is a friend of Dirt, which kills more people than gunpowder, and an ally, companion and carrier of the Microbe, which takes of human life the greatest toll of all.

Rats do not bulk large in the public eye.

They are nothing new. They have always been with us.

They do not attack in the open, but skulk in dark places.

They do no boasting, have no propaganda and do not advertize. But they keep busy.

Rats, said Sir James Crichton-Browne, destroy as much property in England in the course of the twelve months as was destroyed by submarines around English coasts during the war.

Through the bubonic plague and other diseases which they propagate, Rats will destroy as much human life in a year as was destroyed during the war.

We make much to-do over the dangers of war and call international conferences at Geneva and Washington to lay plans to avoid future wars. But the devastation wrought by our three common foes, the Rat, the Fly and the Mosquito, far exceeds the havoc of any war.

And these three are right on the job every minute.

An International Anti-Vermin Congress would be even more to the point than a Disarmament Congress.

A recent writer described another serious count in the indictment against the Rat. Dr. Burton Fanning gives an account of a disease of a very grave nature caused by the bite of a Rat or of a Ferret that has eaten part of a Rat.

Rat-bite fever, according to Dr. Fanning's report, "has been recognized in Japan for the last twenty years, and 10 per cent. of the cases in that country have proved fatal; but it is only quite recently that it has been identified in this country. Fifteen cases have, however, already been diagnosed and reported, and there can be no doubt that many cases have passed undetected.

"From a fortnight to three weeks after the bite of the Rat, sickness sets in, and high fever, which keeps recurring at intervals of three or four days, with swelling of the lymph vessels and glands, and a red rash over the body, vomiting and headache, with emaciation and changes in the blood. If unchecked, the disease runs on for from three to twelve months, incapacitating from employment and causing great distress, sometimes proving fatal. We do not yet know whether, even when cured, it may not leave unpleasant consequences behind it."

Men have always fought Rats, and there seem to be quite as many of them as ever. They are as vigorous, as numerous and as destructive as in the days of our grandfathers.

"We have cursed him in eating and cursed him in drinking,

We have cursed him in coughing and sneezing and winking.

We have cursed him in sitting and standing and lying,

We have cursed him in living and cursed him in dying.

There never was such a terrible curse.
 But what gives rise to no little surprise
 Is that the rat does not seem a penny the worse."

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Children's Games

CHILDREN should be taught games that are simple and that can be played without expensive apparatus.

A good deal of the instruction in regard to children's games is too theoretical, hence we submit the following practical hints, which are within the reach of all, rich and poor, wise and otherwise.

Children love to break things. There is hardly any sense of moral satisfaction keener in the child than the pleasure he gets from smashing something. The child, therefore, should be given access to the china closet and occasionally turned loose in the parlor with a little red hatchet.

He should not be taught to play chess, nor solitaire, as these games are too quiet and induce sedentary habits.

He should be provided with fire-arms, drums and horns, so that early within his little bosom he might learn to love war and grow up to be a foaming patriot.

He should be familiar with all games which are played by taking sides, so that early in him the party spirit might be developed and thus he might grow up to be a good Republican or Democrat.

He should be encouraged to fight as much as possible, as everybody knows that competition and struggle are the basis of a strong character.

Girls should be allowed to play at wearing their mothers' finery, so that when they become grown women they can be experts in fashions and collectors of jewelry, and thus

be able to spend their husbands' income.

Children should be taught to litter up the floor, scratch the piano and do as they please, thus developing in them that strong sense of personal liberty which would keep them from becoming Prohibitionists.

A child can get a good deal of amusement out of a pair of scissors, with which he can cut the curtains into coupons and reduce his mother's opera cloak to ribbons.

A nice game for children is called "flood." It consists in turning on all the faucets in the bathroom and watching the water run out over the floor and inundate the entire apartment.

A similar simple game is that called "rain." All that is needed is to give the child a pitcher of water and put him on the balcony. He then can pour the water on the passers-by. The little darling will enjoy this immensely.

Every effort should be made to encourage the precious lammy in self-indulgence, for he will have a hard enough time when he grows up.

He should not be put to bed at regular hours, but always allowed to go to sleep in the corner with his clothes on.

A nice game is called "nigger." It consists in finding a little colored boy for your white son and his companions to play with. They can drive him out of the yard, they can persecute him, tie him up and beat him, and thus there can early be developed in your darlings that sense of race superiority which is so essential to Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

By noting these simple points one can see that the best children's games are quite simple and need no expensive apparatus. By a little intelligent foresight one's child may grow up to be a distinguished blatherskite, and, if he escapes the penitentiary, he may become one of our leading citizens.

GENERAL SMUTS TELLS WHY WILSON FAILED

By Mary Hastings Bradley

WIRELESS brought word to us, on the *Kenilworth Castle*, five days out from Southampton to Cape Town, that the *Saxon*, which had sailed the week before, was on fire and putting back for aid. August twentieth saw the *Kenilworth Castle* steaming into Free Town harbor, Sierra Leone, where the *Saxon* lay at anchor, the fire under control, but smoke pouring from her blackened port-holes.

The next morning the *Kenilworth* took all possible passengers, leaving the rest to patience and a crippled steamer. We took on board a distinguished company and chief among them, conspicuously tall, erect, military looking, was General Smuts, returning to South Africa from England after the Irish Peace Conference.

My first instant impression was of the soldier in him, the air of authority, of responsibility, of quick and stern decision. I saw a strong, dignified face, of guarded reserve, blue eyes with the keen glance of a scout, bushy brows, gray hair, a closely trimmed yellow-gray moustach and

ON the steamer, on the way to South Africa, Carl Akeley's party, going to study gorilla life, found General Smuts, Prime Minister of Africa, fresh from the Anglo-Irish negotiations. In this article Mrs. Bradley, one of Mr. Akeley's party, tells of conversations with the General. He talked freely and frankly of America, of Wilson, of Africa, of its pygmies and of our race-destiny.

had the restraint and thoughtfulness and indomitable tenacity of statesmanship, and in everything about him was the soundness and vigor of a splendid physique in the prime of power.

I met him a few days later. He was in talk with Mr. Carl Akeley, of the American Museum, and I was struck with the vividness of the general's interest in the scientific objects of the expedition and the quick, Rooseveltian variety of his mind.

There are no dull phrases in General Smuts's conversation. He cuts to the heart of a subject. His questions are incisive and direct, his speech is vigorous, animated, shot with humor.

Our talk at first was about our expedition, where we were going, of Lake Kivu and the pygmies there.

Later in the afternoon he talked interestedly of America, of the problems there, of prohibition, immigra-



JAN SMUTS. MAIN-STREETER

imperial — the cropped suggestion of an imperial—an aquiline nose and firmly molded mouth and chin.

It was the face of a man who has fought and fought hard and is unwearied. It

had the restraint and thoughtfulness and indomitable tenacity of statesmanship, and in everything about him was the soundness and vigor of a splendid physique in the prime of power.

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tion, and the women of America, their activities, their home life.

"To succeed, a nation must have fine women," he said, "big, splendid women," and you saw in him the strength of his hearty Dutch blood and the pride of strong, self-reliant ancestry.

"One looks to America," he said earnestly, and that brought us to the Peace Conference and President Wilson.

"He came as God," he said. "The people of Europe were hungry for good, for the things of the spirit. You understand? That was the thing he was to them. It was the secret of his enormous prestige. But no man could do it. It was beyond human power—the passions of men that had to be reconciled. I was there. My wife and children were in Africa, and for six months I fought the terms of the peace treaty as hard as I could fight. I saw much of Wilson and House. I know the whole story. But it was too much for man to do. Only God could do it. I said that one night at a meeting. I said, 'now is the time for the Griqua prayer.'"

He explained that the Griqua is a mixed race, some Hottentot, a very little white. But they are Christians. "Now there was to be a battle between the Griqua and the blacks the next day and the Griqua came to God in prayer. You ought to hear it in broken Dutch. But it was like this. He told God he had often prayed before and been disappointed. God had failed him. Now to-morrow was 'to be the great battle. 'Blood will flow,' said the Griqua. 'It will be a terrible thing. Now, God, you be there. Come yourself. Don't send your Son. This is no place for children. Come yourself.'"

"I told the Peace Conference that night, 'this is the time for the Griqua prayer!'"

He laughed, his eyes twinkling. His laugh, his humor, is a great

reason for his success. You can see him winning over his opponents, heartening his tired soldiers, joking with bluff, Dutch farmers.

"Humor is the saving of us," he declared. "It is the salvation of our race."

Of Wilson he said again, "he was not God, and no one but God could have done it—not a mere erring mortal like ourselves."

I said that I thought in America the time had come for the Griqua prayer, and the talk went back to American problems again.

"I am reading 'Main Street,'" said General Smuts, and he asked about the truth of the picture it drew. He found the doctor in the story magnificent, operating away with the tools at hand, at night, on a farmhouse table; and the wife, who escaped from it all, he said, did nothing after she got away—nothing but talk. He was sure that was the conclusion the writer meant to draw.

"'Main Street!' he said, humorously. "All my life I have been a Main Streeter!" and he chuckled. "All Main Streeters, we fellows who are trying to get things done—trying to do something besides talk about it—working away with the things at hand; and the other fellows, who would make such a different world of it if they were God, criticizing and tearing away! If they were God—they would make a fearful mess of it!" he flung out with a flash of sternness.

"But the intolerance in America, tell me about that," he asked very earnestly. "One hears that in America there is a tyranny of public opinion—I see that in 'Main Street,—and that it is killing true liberty, the liberty of the individual, of self-expression. One must have the same way of living as the others, the same thought, the same belief, or one is hunted out. Is that true? That would be terrible."

That was a hard thing to answer.

I told him that in small places in America, as in small places the world over, public opinion became petty and despotic, for human nature is human nature wherever you find it; but I did not believe it more true of America than of any other country. And from my own experience I knew that in the larger groups there is a fine freedom of thought and talk and life.

"That is right," he said heartily. And, again, "One looks to America."

But he did not stop with generalities. "Tell me of yourself — your blood — your family — your inheritance — your life," he said, and when I told him I was of old New England descent, "Ah, a Puritan — one of those terrible Puritans I read about in 'Main Street'!" he laughed.

Now I am tired of the simple pastime of reviling Puritans. They were not fountains of free thought, but they were narrow-minded at a time when the rest of the world was about as broad-minded as a knife edge; they struggled and sacrificed for what was at the time unheard-of liberty; they had an ideal of freedom and education for which they left home and comfort; they weren't attracted by high wages and good living. Their lives weren't half as blue as their laws, and to say that they burned witches is simple slander. As a matter of honest history, no witches were ever burned in New England and but fourteen hanged, and this at a time when the witch fires were mounting by hundreds in Europe. The Puritan was ahead of his time, constructive —

"But he was very bad to the Quakers," said the general shrewdly, with the military habit of finding the weak place in a defense. Then he put his hand over mine: "Dear child, you are a good American — I like that."

He talked of Africa, of the blacks, of the pygmies. Of the latter he said:

"I am convinced that they are de-

scendants of the bushmen. Do you know the bushmen — the painters of antiquity?" and he turned quickly to me as we sat side by side in our steamer chairs. "They were the little men who succeeded the Neanderthal man — that giant of the ice age who died out with his fellow monsters. After him sprang up these bushmen who were painters, wonderful painters of fine line and color. They worked always on rocks. It is extraordinary, that work. And there were paintings in Africa before there were in Europe. I will tell you a story about that."

He continued: "I was driving along the veldt one night with a friend and he pointed out a pile of stones in the moonlight. Probably you will see that same pile. But many of the stones from it are now in the museums. Well, on those stones piled there were the carvings of the early bushmen — little hunting pictures of eland and buffaloes. These stones are of diabese. Do you know diabese?"

I did not.

"It is fine volcanic rock," he explained. "Blue gray when it is broken open, weathering black outside. Now the cuttings on those rocks are black, black throughout. Scientists who have studied the rate of that oxidization place the age of that carving at a hundred thousand years at least. So a hundred thousand years ago, while ice still covered Europe and the Neanderthal man hunted his monsters there, the little men were in South Africa, scratching their delicate images upon the stones."

He added: "And those little men, I am convinced, those painters, were the same race as our little bushmen."

I asked him if he had seen those little bushmen.

"I was brought up among them," he told me. "My father was a farmer and those little men worked

on my father's farm—little men with their wives and children. Full grown, they were three feet or so high. When my brother was ten or eleven he could knock over any of those full-grown men. Now they have all disappeared."

"Could you speak their language?" I wanted to know.

"No, I could not. It was a series of clicks—like this," and he illustrated. "But there was a woman who studied it, the daughter of a scientist. She got the government to give her some of the little men out of jail—they are expert thieves—and had them about her for years, studying their language. She wrote it down, but it is very hard to speak."

He went on: "The little men out in the interior are not the same as those on my father's farm. They are wilder, very shy, and it is hard to see them. A man who has lived there has told me you can pass within five rods of one and never see him. When he hears someone in the bush he flits aside and stands on his head with his two tiny feet in the air, exactly like a little black stump with two bits of branches. So one passes by and sees nothing."

I murmured something about protective coloring.

General Smuts smiled. "He wears nothing. Those on my father's farm wore very little—almost as little as some of the ladies last night," and the general's smile deepened. (We had had a fancy dress ball on the boat that last night of great vivacity of costume.)

"These little men always hide and shoot their poisoned arrows from a tiny bow they hold in one hand. When they have shot something they run after it until it dies of the poison. They eat carrion. They lie on their backs in the bush and watch the sky and their eyes are keen, very keen. They see vultures that are out of sight to us. Vultures stay up very high. The airman that flew

from Cape to Cairo flew ten thousand feet up and he told me the vultures were above him. The vultures stay in layers, watching to see which of them will first sight carrion. And the bushman lies hidden in the brush and watches the vultures."

He made it dramatic. He saw that little bushman vividly, lying hidden there, his fierce unwinking eyes staring at the blazing sky.

"When a bird starts off, that pygmy jumps up and runs, and he runs like the devil, two hours, ten hours, all day, with his finger up like this," General Smuts put up an alert finger, "pointing to keep the flight of the bird, and at last he comes to the carrion and gets his meal. He will fight the vultures, but if the other beasts are there he must wait till they are done."

"I knew a man who caught two of them, very young ones. The way you catch them is this. You put out a dead animal and hide yourself and wait, and first come the big beasts, a lion, perhaps, or a leopard, and gets a meal and then the hyenas and the jackals and then the vultures. Then the little men creep out and pick the bones cleaner. That was how this man caught two very young ones and kept them, for six months, I think, but he could do nothing with them and when he saw they were pining and would die he let them go."

"They will die out, of course, those little men. Die out as the Neanderthal man died. There is no connection between the two. I am convinced of the separate origins of life," he said earnestly. "You understand?"

He had a way of saying, "You understand?" or "Do you follow?" with an intent look from those searching eyes of his, as if he were saying, "If you are at sea, speak out. Life is too short to talk incomprehensibly."

He repeated: "Unquestionably life

has had separate origins. It has sprung up and died out and sprung up in other places. And we may go—just as the Neanderthal man has gone. We may go. The problem of life is too much for man. We are at war with ourselves. We are in this frame of earth, and God has given us a soul . . . and we strive and fight . . . and the consciousness of the world and the sorrows of it wear us out."

He stopped. "The only happy man I know is the black. He is a distinct race. The black will work all day, work as hard as you can make him. But night comes, he eats his bellyful, he sings. He has the secret of happiness."

He touched his breast, half smiling. "We others, we have too much here. It is too much for us, and we may go and another race take our place."

It struck me as characteristic of the man that he should have this feeling so strongly, should accept this with scientific detachment as a possible conclusion to all our human endeavors and yet be, in his infinitesimal span of life, not at all detached, but one of the hardest workers to achieve results that no hope of his could call permanent.

There was nothing tragic, nothing frustrate, in his face. He had the steady courage of the man who had looked life and death in the eyes and marched through defeat to continued effort.

He is a man who believes in the old substantial foundations—country, home and family. He believes in hard work, in enthusiasm, in endeavor, in good cheer. His roots go deep into the soil, into the good, strong, warming earth. Well educated—it was Cambridge, I think, that he went to—it is his native endowment of sound, penetrative good sense, informed in a hard school, that is his unfailing inspiration.

For children he has a fatherly

tenderness. He has eight children of his own, and his wife, I heard, is a splendid, independent woman, a great reader, who has generally had a baby in one arm and a book in the other. The youngest child is a little girl, the age of our little Alice, and he gave me many thoughtful directions for the care of Alice in the interior, and many wise cautions from his own experience in the care of his soldiers there.

He was a little amused at my own hardness in wishing to venture among gorillas.

"Gorillas!" he laughed. "At the end of the Boer War we had irregular fighting, you understand—what the English called guerilla warfare. But the Dutch did not understand that word. 'The damned English call us gorillas,' they said," and the general laughed heartily in reminiscence. There was good-natured banter but not a touch of rancor in him. Wise Smuts, they call him.

When Mr. Bradley, who joined our group, said we were going to see Africa more than gorillas, the old, wild Africa, vanishing so fast, "Ah, you will feel it," he said, "the spell of it, the ancient vastness—untouched, unchanging—the beauty, the freedom, the lure of it. I know, I feel it, it is in me. . . . Africa is wonderful. There is nothing for me like Africa!"

Enthusiastic Smuts—wise, unwearied, dynamic Smuts. Human, sympathetic, clear-sighted and far-sighted, the man to whom a cause will always be a challenge, the man whose inner thought and long experience have not poisoned the springs of energy, whose understanding of human nature has not dulled his determination to do his best for it, to whom work is worth while and who works with the material at hand, liberal in sympathies, robust in humor, grave and resolute in decision—Jan Smuts, Main Streeter.

WHY FRANCE CANNOT DISARM

A Symposium by Representative Alsatians

By Jonas Lippman

(Former Editor of The Voice of Alsace-Lorraine)

IN October, 1870, while France was engaged in a death-struggle with Germany, a little old man, a former minister of Louis Philippe, King of France, left Paris to pay a visit to the Courts of England, Austria and Russia.

This little old man was Louis Adolphe Thiers, who later became President of the Republic. He was cordially received by Queen Victoria, by Francis Joseph and by Alexander II. To each of these crowned heads Mr. Thiers spoke as follows: "My mission is not to ask material help. It is much simpler. It is a duty for me to warn you that if you let Prussia mutilate France in the matter of Alsace and Lorraine, before another half century will have elapsed, you will have to defend your own territory against a formidable Germany." Mr. Thiers' appeal was unheeded. His prophecy has since come true.

To-day France, again devastated, tho victorious, appeals to the Allies of yesterday for protection and security. Anxious as she is to work hand in hand with the Powers who contributed to the final victory, France nevertheless cannot subscribe to what is known as "disarmament." Rudyard Kipling hit the nail on the head when he recently stated in a speech that the program of France is comprized in this short sentence: "To prevent Germany from again invading her territory."

On the question of disarmament the views of those directly exposed to a new German attack are certainly of more value than the views of well-meaning persons too far away "to see things" and to judge German mentality. The people of Alsace

are more vitally interested than anybody else in the subject of disarmament.

Recently I addressed the following question to representative men of Alsace, leaving out professional politicians and soldiers: "Will you be kind enough to express your views on the question: Should France disarm?" Those asked to answer this question are: the head of a great financial institution; a Professor of the University of Strasbourg, well known in America; a leading manufacturer of steel and iron; a popular clergyman formerly a member of the Reichstag; the editor of a weekly publication, and, lastly, a representative of the workingmen.

An exact translation of their answers follows:

The Banker: "Germany so far has not honored the signature she affixed to the Treaty of Versailles. Until the complete execution of said treaty, France must of necessity occupy the left bank of the Rhine. She needs an army ready to enforce the terms of that Treaty. The question of indemnity is not the only question in which France is interested. There are others, as, for instance, the trial and punishment of the war criminals, not in a parody of justice, as the recent trials in Leipzig have proved to be. Then again the disarmament of Germany, outside of her arsenals, must be effectively accomplished. We ought to do along these lines what Germany did in this very City of Strasbourg in 1870, make a house-to-house search, and, wherever weapons are found, they should be destroyed and the owner of such weapons, as well as the proprietor

of the building, punished for not having complied with the request made long ago to deliver to the Allies all arms in their possession. That is exactly how the Germans enforced their instructions for disarmament of civilians.

"As for the war indemnity, let us again apply the methods of 1870. Until the 5 milliards of francs were paid—capital and interest—German troops were stationed in France and the up-keep of the Army of Occupation was charged to the French budget.

"No one then interfered in favor of an agonizing France. Why is there interference to-day in favor of Germany as against a devastated, tho victorious, France? Let the gentlemen delegates at Washington answer the question if they can."

The Professor: "Were I a delegate to the Washington Conference I would put the following question to the delegates of the other nations: If France, complying with your friendly wishes, should disarm, who or what will prevent Germany in ten years from now from destroying Alsace-Lorraine within 24 hours by an aerial bombardment, before we would have time to cable to the world at large that we are being attacked? Assuming that Germany has disarmed her land forces, what will prevent her chemists from discovering new elements of destruction or perfecting those already known? The comparatively recent explosion at Oppau has never been explained. We must be prepared for any emergency. Can we trust Germany?"

"Let me recall to you an episode which has its proper place in this discussion. When Napoleon made the treaty of peace known as the Treaty of Tilsit he incorporated in that instrument a clause stipulating that Prussia should at no time have more than 60,000 men under arms. Prussia technically complied with that clause in her typical way.

What did Prussia do? She drilled, trained and equipped 60,000 men and demobilized them. Then she called another 60,000 men, drilled them, trained them and then demobilized them. Then she called another 60,000 men and repeated the same performance over and over again, gaining thereby a formidable army of well-trained soldiers, ready for battle. Prussia is the mother of the reserve armies of the world. That same Prussia—call it Germany—is doing business at the same old stand.

"We have not forgotten, nor would America forget had her territory been invaded as often and as ruthlessly devastated as ours has been. Our gratitude to America for having lent her brilliant army to liberate our Alsace is and always will be in our hearts; but, after all, it is our territory that we must protect against future aggression; the three million men killed and wounded are our flesh and blood. We feel keenly the unneighborly neighbor inflicted upon us by an unrevised geography."

The Clergyman: "'Love thy neighbor as thyself' is the beautiful maxim our Master taught the world. All Christians should practice it. I feel no scruples in preaching it. Conceding this, it must be admitted that 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' does not instruct us to leave our door unlocked at night when a cruel lesson has taught us that our immediate next-door neighbor is a professional burglar and an ex-convict! The lock and key to the Alsace door is a standing, watchful army."

The Workingman: "Without any hesitation I venture to write to you that disarmament is not a problem: it is a solution. No sane man, no man who loves his country, should oppose disarmament. As to a possible or a probable attack by Germany, the thought must be entirely discarded. The Hohenzollern army has ceased to be a nightmare. Ger-

many is out of her stupor. The old army is disbanded and scattered. A new army has come to the front more powerful than the former imperial regiments. It is the industrial army, composed of workers, manual and intellectual, men who are the pride and the honor of Germany, men whose services make for peace with all their fellow men, to whatever nation they may belong. Never again will the German workingman take up arms against his brothers. We are a universal family. Let the German capitalist fight the French capitalist while the German workingman shakes hands with the French workingman. Patriotism is misunderstood and misused. Patriotism to-day means to own your home and live happily surrounded by your wife and children. To work in peace makes such a life possible, to parade in a uniform makes it impossible. Disarmament is our motto."

The Manufacturer: "A few years ago I enjoyed a very pleasant trip to America, whose free institutions we all admire and respect. I stopped at Pittsburgh with some friends. One evening, going up to the roof of their house, which was surmounted with a tower, I was dazed and bewildered at the view which that elevation afforded me. For miles and miles the sky was illumined by blue and red flames coming out of hundreds of chimneys. Thousands of men, like so many pygmies, hammering and toiling, crossing here and there, seemed to be and were deeply interested in their work. My friend asked me why I was so quiet. I could not answer him. My voice was choked. I was thinking of our devastated Pittsburgh, in the northern part of France. I was thinking of all the towns and villages wantonly destroyed, of our factories now heaps of stones and ashes, of that once flourishing country at peace with the entire world and then suddenly attacked and bombarded and

ruined for years and years to come.

"These recollections come to me as I read your question: Should France disarm, partially? What would you or could you answer to such a question?

"Is it not obvious that France is financially and economically at a disadvantage? We have thousands of factories either destroyed by fire or rendered useless by the fact that the costly machinery, the heart of the factory, as it were, has been dismantled, shipped to Germany, or hammered into bits.

"Compare this with the industrial life of our foe—not a window-pane broken, not a chimney destroyed. While we are computing and figuring helplessly, they—the Germans—are manufacturing and selling their wares and haggling about the indemnity.

"Isn't there a time in a nation's life when patience ceases to be a virtue? Has that time not come? Then why should we disarm?"

Such are the sentiments freely expressed by those who have most reason to dread a new conflict.

It is not the intention of the writer to editorialize on the acute situation which faces France. But why not mention here a recent news item flashed by the Associated Press to the effect that President Harding will not give his approval to any reductions which will bring the army below the point of absolute national safety.

"Absolute national safety" is all that France means by maintaining nearly a million men under arms! France is in a worse position to-day than in 1914. The belief that she seeks to crush beyond recovery her enemy is gaining ground in America, not so much among the everyday people as among the official representatives at Washington. A few weeks ago Congressman Britten, of Illinois, introduced a resolution asking President Harding to submit a proposition to withdraw all Allied

troops from the Rhineland, supplementing his resolution by the statement that "Prussian militarism has given way to French militarism, which seeks to dominate Europe." The next day, January 4th, Congressman Reaves, of Nebraska, introduced a resolution that "the Government of the United States advise debtor nations, through the proper channels, that the payment of obligations now due to the United States will be acceptable," and declared that the program France has mapped out (maintenance of her army) "shall be paid for with her money and not with ours."

It may be recalled that the first treaty America ever signed was the Treaty of 1778 with France, pledging "mutual help and protection." George Washington's signature honors that important document, which has never been abrogated. George Washington did not dream that some day the sons of America would forget that France spent 775 million dollars to equip, transport and maintain the French army to which Corn-

wallis surrendered at Yorktown.

France is not discouraged. No individual, no party, will be strong enough to sow discord between the two Republics. But France is worried over that question of disarmament in view of new evidence tending to show that Germany has not disarmed, as the public at large generally believes. To mention but one fact: Very recently the officers of the Interallied Disarmament Commission discovered in Saxony 300 howitzer barrels, ready to be mounted, and at another place 150 more, making a total of 450 guns, sufficient to arm over 25 divisions. More discoveries of hidden guns, details of which need not be told here, have been made in other parts of Germany. Let us not forget to add that the population of France, including the territory of Alsace-Lorraine, numbers 38 millions, as against 70 millions composing the population of the German Republic!

Should France disarm? Would America disarm under similar circumstances?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND NICOLAI LENINE—A CONTRAST

By Wayne C. Williams

IN the early part of the nineteenth century and with but few years intervening two men were born whose lives are profoundly affecting the life of the world at the present time. These men were Abraham Lincoln and Karl Marx.

When Marx was born in Germany, May 5, 1818, Abraham Lincoln was a lad of nine years, running through the wilderness of Kentucky and Indiana, then a frontier in which Daniel Boone was pioneering and fighting Indians. Neither man ever saw the other. Lincoln doubtless never heard of Marx, tho the latter surely must

have heard of Lincoln. Lincoln was reared under conditions of free soil and the free institutions of a democracy whose key-note was equality. Marx was reared in an imperial autocracy. Both saw the later stages of the rise of the machine and the higher development of the factory system. Every man had a chance to rise in Lincoln's world, for the free soil and the flexible industrial conditions and the wide opportunities gave every man the hope of becoming a capitalist. In Marx's day, in Germany, a laborer could and did become a capitalist, but Marx acquired a peculiar and distorted view of the capitalis-

tic system and out of his experience and his theories, evolved from that experience, Marx wrote "The Communist Manifesto" and "Kapital," upon which modern Socialism is based and around which the doctrine of Bolshevism is organized and operating in Russia to-day. For Bolshevism is only Marxian Socialism with Russian trimmings.

Lincoln abolished a system of human slavery, both political and economic in its nature; he led a nation through civil war, reuniting the two warring sections of the country and preserving to posterity a republic that now spans this continent.

America and Russia are two of the most potent and influential nations in the world to-day, possibly the most potent. Their ideals and institutions are now animating the minds of all men and influencing governmental forms in nearly every country. The spirit and teachings of the democrat, Lincoln, and of the socialist, Marx, are opposite and hostile to each other, arrayed in deadly combat, in a contest for supremacy in many great nations of the world.

A wide gulf separates Democracy and Bolshevism. They are not only not the same thing but they cannot fuse. The world will not continue to exist half Democracy and half Bolshevik. The world did not continue to exist half Democracy and half Autocracy. The deadly enmity between these diverse principles brought the mighty collision of the world war and spelled the doom of Autocracy in government with its imperial dreams and its military trappings.

A new contest is before us, the contest of Lenine's class autocracy of industrialism against the liberal principles of our free institutions as exemplified in the principles, the faith and teachings of Abraham Lincoln.

Democracy stands for all men's having an equal chance to do what

they will with their time and talents. Lincoln expressed this when at Philadelphia, February 22, 1861, he said, "It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, that all should have an equal chance."

The Russian Constitution, Article I, Chapter 2, Section g, provides, "for the purpose of securing the working class in the possession of the complete power, that the toilers shall be armed and the propertied class disarmed."

The purpose of Bolshevism is that there shall not be free opportunities for all, but for a particular class.

The Bolshevik government of Lenine is founded on the principle that the rich must be killed and eliminated from government and society, that the capitalist is a parasite and must be overthrown.

Marx, in "The Communist Manifesto," said, "the proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie." Lenine's "Declaration of the Rights of the Laboring and Exploited People" says, "in the interest of securing all the power for the laboring masses and the elimination of any possibility of the reestablishment of the power of the exploiters, the arming of the toilers and the complete disarmament of the wealthy class is decreed."

Lincoln believed in a free democracy where effort and talent gave every man the chance to rise to independence and even affluence. In a speech at New Haven, Connecticut, March 6, 1860, he said: "I take it that it is best for all to leave each man free to acquire property as fast as he can. Some will get wealthy. I

don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich; it would do more harm than good. So while we do not propose any war upon capital, we do wish to allow the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with everybody else. When one starts poor as most do in the race of life, free society is such that he knows he can better his condition; he knows that there is no fixed condition of labor for his whole life."

Nothing could better illustrate the fundamental difference between Lenine's theory and the vital principle of progress upon which Lincoln here declares himself.

Lincoln was struggling for the lowest stratum of human labor to have its fetters unbound and to have an equal chance with white labor to toil and achieve. Lincoln did more for the cause of free labor than can be done by any socialistic theory or communistic theory of society which enslaves labor in an army of toil and destroys the fundamental principles of orderly human living.

This doctrine of class rule in Russia is the fundamental human difference between Russian Bolshevism and American Democracy. Lincoln expressed it when he said, in a speech to a workingmen's committee on March 21, 1864: "The strongest bond of human sympathy outside the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Here are words that contain much

of inspiration and comfort for workingmen; they might even lend themselves, if not taken with the whole context, to radical labor doctrines; but they express that moderate, yet sound doctrine, upon which labor leaders can plant themselves: that labor's future is gone if it pulls the house down upon itself, and does not let others build as their time and talents give them a chance to build.

But Marx in his *Communist Manifesto*, which Lenine quotes from constantly, advocated "the abolition of property in land," "the abolition of all right of inheritance," and that "the power must belong entirely to the toiling masses."

And the Lenine government has slain or starved or banished the rich, the men of talent, of business initiative and administrative ability, upon the plea that human society is better off without them.

Lincoln knew no class distinctions, for he declared for "a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Lincoln fought compulsory labor; he said in a speech at Baltimore, April 18, 1864: "With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men's labor."

Lenine has decreed compulsory labor for the toilers of Russia, and has organized an "army of toil."

Lenine and Trotzky follow Marx in scorning religion as well as the churches and God. They declare the church to be a mere salve to keep people in bondage and they deny the right to vote or stand for office to "monks and clergy of all denominations" (Art. IV, Chapter 13, Section d, of the Bolshevik constitution). The Russian leaders are following distinguished precedent, for the leaders of the French Terror

abolished God and decreed that "death ends all"; yet human nature revolted and sent its revolutionary leaders to the guillotine.

Lincoln, on the contrary, believed devoutly in an overruling Providence. On September 28, 1862, replying to an address from a delegation, he said: "In the very responsible position in which I happen to be placed, being a humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father, as I am, and as we all are, to work out His great purposes, I have desired that all my works and acts may be according to His will, and, that it might be so, I have sought His aid."

On May 14, 1864, he said to a delegation from the churches: "God bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches."

Lenine and Trotzky rely upon force to establish a communistic brotherhood of working people in Russia. They overthrew Russia's only constitutional body, the Constituent Assembly, just as Napoleon used force to overthrow the chamber of the Five Hundred in France. Lincoln believed in the rule of the majority, the participation of all in a free government, and in a speech on November 10, 1864, speaking in reference to his reelection, he said: "We cannot have free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us."

In his first inaugural Lincoln said: "A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does of necessity fly to anarchy or despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority as a permanent arrangement is wholly inadmissible; so that,

rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left."

Sublime conception and the truth, spoken for that generation, yet applicable to this and to all future generations.

Lenine and Trotzky, leading an arrogant class minority, rejected the constituted and constitutional assembly with the result—"Despotism and anarchy," as Lincoln predicted.

But beneath this usurpation of power by a ruthless and bloody minority in Russia, led by the Marxian leaders, lies a deep moral principle. The doctrine that a minority class may by force seize and rule a nation and by slaughter destroy other classes is an immoral and unchristian doctrine; it is the doctrine that might makes right. It is the same doctrine, in another form, that was proclaimed in the philosophy of a great imperial autocracy in Germany and had to be overthrown.

Lincoln's doctrine was precisely the opposite of this. He said, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Are Americans ready to surrender the Americanism of Lincoln for the Bolshevism of Lenine and Trotzky? Can any American who has taken the oath of allegiance to this free republic, founded on the equal rights of all men, prefer to surrender our government for a class oligarchy, governed by a dictator and a soviet and denying the right of any other class to exist?

Has American freedom lost its virtues and its attractions? Does might make right or does right make might? It is a choice between irreconcilable forces that we have to make, and we may make it with the life and faith and teachings of Lincoln to inspire and to guide us as we make it.

JAMES COUZENS: THE FORD-MODEL MAYOR OF DETROIT

IN Detroit, Michigan, is a strange city hall and a more or less remarkable mayor—rather more than less remarkable, in the opinion of such a commentator as Arthur Brisbane. He observes, in the *New York American*, that an observer of mayors in this country never before observed such a city hall nor such a mayor as Detroit possesses in James Couzens. Samples of all the parasites that live and get fat on politics patronize the average city hall and mayor. But Detroit has a multimillionaire mayor who interests himself in the welfare of unmarried mothers and the reclamation of wilful, difficult boys. A well-organized plan for securing vacations for tired business girls, another for making crippled children less unhappy, and full information for poor, uneducated mothers as to how they may save their babies from premature death are among the daily exhibits in this unusual city hall.

We are told that Mayor Couzens is in politics because he believes a millionaire owes time and energy to those masses of fellow citizens who enable such as himself to accumulate great fortunes. He runs a city administration in which no attention is paid to the politics of applicants for office. His theory is that it is possible for a city, like a human being, to have a soul and to be anxious about its welfare. He is striving to make Detroit "the first free city in America."

A graduate of the Ford Motor Company, with something like \$30,000,000 to his credit, he is demonstrating to the American people the practicability of public operation of public utilities. To operate large enterprises, he says, we must draw our executives from the ranks of honestly successful business men. Before we can hope to enlist this class of municipal executives we must teach business men that service comes first, money-making after. It happens,

however, that the reverse is true in his own case.

Some five or six years ago, having disposed of his interest in the Ford Motor Company for thirty odd millions, it is said, Couzens became first street commissioner and then police commissioner of Detroit and made such a record that he was elected mayor in 1919 and has since been reelected. During the dozen years that preceded his election Detroit had doubled its area and population, leaping from 40 to 80 square miles and from 500,000 to 1,000,000 residents. Civic institutions and utilities had not kept pace, we are told, and Couzens promptly set about rebuilding the city. Bond issues totaling \$96,000,000 were issued for work on schools, hospitals, water supply, sewers, parks and a municipal street railway system. He made seventy-five speeches in three weeks in the campaign to start the municipal railway, and his prediction that "in less than five years we will own and operate every inch of street railways in Detroit" is becoming a fact.

The life-story of Mayor Couzens could be told from several angles. His success in business, from which he retired when under forty, as a multimillionaire, would make an Horatio Alger book. His achievements in the sociological field would make another story. And his faculty for forthright speech and action in crucial moments would fill an interesting volume.

Mayor Couzens was born in Chatham, Ontario, about fifty years ago, of Scotch Presbyterian stock. His schooling was interrupted by a period of labor in a small soap factory that his father operated. His vacations from school had been spent as a "news butcher" on the old Erie and Huron Railroad and, when seventeen years of age, he became a freight-car checker for the Michigan Central at \$40 a month in the city of which he is now mayor. After six years of car checking he attracted the atten-



"THE BEST MAYOR DETROIT EVER HAD"

His name is James Couzens, and as a millionaire some forty times over he has resolved to spend the remainder of his life as a public servant who seeks no financial reward.

tion of Alex Y. Malcomson, coal dealer, in whose office he became a clerk at a salary of \$75 a month and during this period he married.

Five years later, says the *Detroit News*, came the "horseless-carriage" idea and "a queer genius by the name of Ford trying to get someone to back him in the manufacture of a small 'get about' to be built at a price within reach of people in ordinary circumstances." Alex Y. Malcomson and his head bookkeeper, James Couzens, became interested in the Ford proposition, and when the Ford Motor Company was organized, in 1903, Couzens was recorded as its secretary and business manager. He was promoted from time to time until he became vice-presi-

dent, treasurer and general manager at a salary of \$150,000 a year.

He was then nearer thirty than forty years of age and, reviewing his career, in *System*, Mayor Couzens declares he would never as a business man employ men over forty years old. In this connection he tells of a man of fifty-five who once applied to him for a position.

"You are too old," Couzens, then general manager of the Ford Motor Company, informed him.

"I am too old, am I? Do you want to find out right here who is the better man?"

"It is not because you are too old to work; it is because you are too old to be looking for any job," Couzens answered. "At your age you ought not to

be looking for a job unless under exceptional circumstances, and you have not told me any such circumstances. That is why you will not do for us."

The worst failure he ever hired was an elderly man who had the gift of speech. "He made me forget all of my principles and hired himself to me. He was a flivver. His glibness had been trained exclusively to getting jobs—not to going anything after he got them."

This remarkable mayor does not believe it worth while to attempt to be popular, but he would prefer to be a hard tho fair taskmaster. Popularity, he observes, is more often a liability than an asset, and he is not a political handshaker. His purse is said to be open at all times to worthy charitable purposes, but he is not an indiscriminate donor. His principal recreation is the game of dominoes, of the non-galloping variety, which he plays every day after lunch.

This Ford-model mayor of Detroit is said to believe more in the existence of bad luck than of good luck. Health is frequently good luck, he will admit; but often the sickness of mothers and children and the domestic trials that strain the nerves of the average household are due only to bad luck. And Mayor Couzens has had enough experience to know that in such straits it isn't criticism a family needs so much as material assistance. He hasn't, we are told, any of the successful man's impatience with unpreventable failure. He

reserves his contempt for sheer laziness. That angers him.

This interest in seeing people get along was at the bottom of the methods he used in ridding Detroit of its red-light district. Here was a public sin which Detroit had condoned for generations. Yet the impulse of an awakened civic conscience was to drive all the unfortunate women out in a night. Drive them where?—thought Couzens, then police commissioner. What will they do? How will they live? Was it human to treat human beings thus, after having tolerated them all these years? So he went at the matter house by house. He interviewed hundreds of girls, inquired of their financial resources or ability to work, and especially of their dependents. He found many of these women to be mothers of children who were in ignorance of their mothers' profession. He offered to see that the children were taken care of if the mothers would make a clean start again. He availed himself of every human agency that would help a woman make a clean start. Thus one by one he eliminated the houses of ill fame, giving every inmate who so desired a new door open upon a new life.

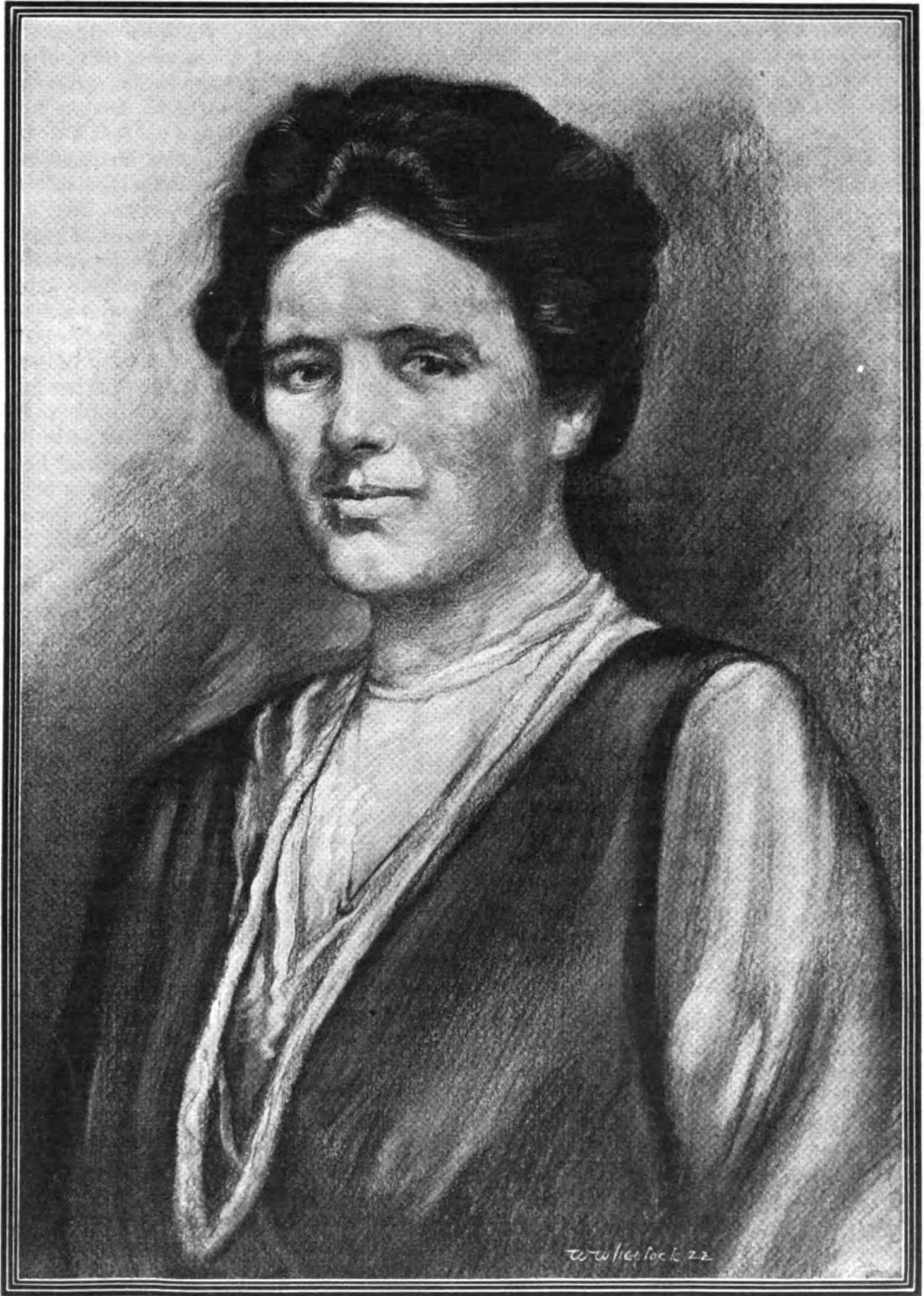
Meanwhile the city hall of Detroit is congested with evidences of an intelligent desire to help the poor, on the part of a mayor who was able to accumulate thirty to forty millions before he was forty and who is willing to devote the rest of his life and the administrative ability that made him rich to the service of the people.

MRS. WINTRINGHAM THE NEW ACCESSION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

EXPECTATION had been keyed up, as one reporter in London says, when Margaret Wintringham arose a few weeks ago to deliver her maiden speech in the House of Commons. She is the first English-born woman to sit in that august assembly; but people were curious, remarks the *London News*, for another reason. She has long been famed for the feminine

type of her eloquence. No woman in England, perhaps, has spoken so well on such a variety of themes. She is unruffled in her ease before an audience, swift to divine and to accept the mood of any crowd and quite free from those theatrical touches which, as some critics contend, are the bane of platform oratory in the Celtic manner.

Possibly the success of Mrs. Wint-

**A WIDOW WHO GOT HER HUSBAND'S SEAT IN PARLIAMENT**

Margaret Wintringham has been distinguished for years as one of the ablest educators in England, as a worker among the poor and the diseased, as a public speaker of charm and power. She got her late husband into Parliament with her cleverness and when he died lately she was at once elected in his place.

ringham as a speaker—she dislikes the word orator—is due no less to her personal appearance than to her flexible, musical, low but carrying voice, so the *London Post* suggests. She impresses by her tallness and the unusual grace of every movement—an appropriate characteristic in one who spent so much time in teaching English girls to be graceful in their deportment. Walking, she is quoted as having said, is an accomplishment, like drawing, and she practices it to perfection, especially when she emerges upon a platform. She has the additional good luck to be what the *London Times* calls “well built,” what the *London Chronicle* calls “statuesque in Juno’s style.” The roundness—one might say the plumpness—of the figure is obliterated by its height, by the delicate effacement of the shoulders, by the amplitude of a chest sustaining without fatigue the strain of hours of open-air speaking, by the spontaneity of the arm sparingly but appealingly used in gestures.

The arresting feature in the beautiful if slightly florid face is found in the large, swimming brown eyes. They have defied the subtlety of more than one portrait artist, these famous eyes of Mrs. Wintringham’s, so we learn from the *London Express*, because they laugh, they chide, they command, they appeal. They reveal at once the essential trait of this lady, which is good humor. No audience can resist her, apparently, when she turns those eyes full upon everybody, with that famous effect of laughter, showing her lips full and red above a chin that suggests a trifle too much strength to be feminine. Mrs. Wintringham has a quick temper, but it is a source of strength because it is under perfect control, and it emerges, as a rule, through the flash of the eye only and perhaps a toss of the head. The hair, dark, relieved just a little with silver here and there, is held back in masses from a wide brow; but it does not conceal the ears altogether. A pearl necklace usually heightens the impression of clean-cut youth and freshness retained by a woman in her for-

tieth year. Her frocks are usually of a dark material, set off here and there with effects of color edgings. Of course, she avoids earrings, and it is affirmed that she never in her life used a lip-stick.

Education has been the business of her life and before her marriage to the late Tom Wintringham—who died so suddenly in the smoking-room of the Commons—she was head mistress of a girls’ school in Yorkshire. There she attracted instant attention because of the worship she received from her pupils and the bewildering variety of her own accomplishments. The institution was sadly run down when she took charge and in a few years she had built it up through the sheer magic of her cheerful disposition. A young lady who had been her pupil assured the *Yorkshire Post* that as a schoolmistress Margaret Wintringham succeeded because she was always laughing and that made the girls laugh. She took her buoyancy, her cheerfulness, her bright smile, her contagious good health and her flashing eyes into a dreary institution and transformed the scene. Much must be allowed her on the score of previous training. She is a born teacher, a born disciplinarian, a born administrator and a born student, her Yorkshire admirers say. She is a Yorkshire woman by birth and breeding, and this explains to the discerning her optimism. The fundamental Yorkshire trait is self-confidence supported by irrepressible good humor that conceals dogged determination, and all these qualities are in her case inherited from ancestors for generations back. Her English accent betrays Yorkshire, as does her extreme neatness, to say nothing of her methodical habits, her fondness for village life and her love of horses; but in nothing does she manifest her Yorkshire attitude to things so obviously as in her distrust of the effect of city life upon the character of the young. The supreme problem of poverty, she suspects, is the fact that its victims must bring up their children in huge modern cities.

Her devotion to teaching impelled Margaret Wintringham, when she was still quite young, to embark upon a severe course of study. What was usually taught to persons of her age and sex did not suit her at all. Sciences, languages, philosophies, as well as music and painting—she absorbed them all. It would be erroneous, says our Yorkshire contemporary, to infer from this that she is “intellectual.” She was reared in a pious household and her father thought her reading ought to be supervised, but her mother understood those manifestations of an insatiable curiosity about life. The young lady was a regular attendant at the congregational church and she has for years been a student of the New Testament. One admirer of Mrs. Wintringham’s mentality affirms in the *London Times* that she could emerge more successfully from an examination in theology than any man now in Parliament, and there are deans who do not know as many of the Epistles by heart. She is not devout or pious so much as “believing,” her manifestation of Christian activity taking the form of “Samaritanism.” She has improvised kitchens and cooked meals for the unemployed. She is not the kind of school principal who avoids the classroom lest she give offense to the teacher. When she presided over the destinies of a school at Grimsby she could act as substitute in any emergency, teaching botany one morning, the elements of Greek or French the next and drawing later on. She ascribed much of her success at this period to the fact that she knew little more than her pupils and was ready enough to let them know it.

Seldom does one find a person whose knowledge gleaned from books is associated intimately with the kind of knowledge obtainable only from life. In Grimsby, where she lived after her marriage, says the *Manchester Guardian*, she enjoyed an extensive acquaintance with the life of the poor and often visited invalids who had no one in particular to look after them. One object of her solicitude was a laborer’s wife

who lamented upon her sick-bed that she could not cook. Mrs. Wintringham assured her friend that this was a deficiency well-nigh universal. The immortal chefs in the French capital did not cook every article of food with equal skill. Hence they were obliged to specialize—some in pastry, some in roasts, many in confectionery. The point was to excel in the cooking of one thing in particular. In the ordinary English home, the cook might specialize in some such article as roast beef. Having achieved distinction for her success in this dish, the ambition might next be gratified by studying the roast potato. Even in the humblest walk of life, fame for one’s roast beef and potatoes need not be despised, especially when it is remembered that an immortal French chef goes down to posterity merely because of his beef à la Béarnaise. As for herself, Mrs. Wintringham very early discovered her gift in the direction of rabbit stew, and this aptitude won for her a reputation as a good cook which she feared she never deserved. This conversation, it is recorded, had a most inspiring effect upon the invalid, giving her a consciousness of being understood by a competent adviser whose words bore fruit in the meals she served to a happy husband.

Having no children of her own, Mrs. Wintringham had time for politics, in which she deems herself a traditional English liberal, with no partiality for radicalism. The Yorkshire papers ascribe her husband’s election to the Commons to the popularity of his wife, who campaigned for him amid the welter of plows, carts, pigs, sheep and horses which make market-day in a Yorkshire town so interesting. She talked crisply about cheeses to men and women whose business in life was to make them. There had been a local prejudice against her partly on account of her sex, but chiefly on the ground that she was a schoolmistress, but the *Yorkshire Post* records the wonder of the rural types who found themselves addressed in the peculiarities of their

own dialect by an exquisite creature who on one occasion wore an academic hood. The election was carried for her husband by the force of the wife's personality and in a comparatively few months she found herself a widow. Her married state had endured some nine-

teen years, long enough, as she remarked recently, to enable her to perceive the absurdity of all that is written on the subject of domestic life. "A true woman," she is quoted as saying, "can love her husband in spite of the fact that she is married to him."

CHANG TSO-LIN: THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN CHINA

WORDS can convey no idea of the fury of Chang Tso-Lin when he learned that certain Manchurian financiers had combined to control the money market. He gave orders that these men appear at his *yamen* forthwith. They lacked courage to stay away from the gorgeous residence within which is the seat of this Manchurian superman's government. All were received with ceremony at both the outer and the inner gates, and at last they stood together in the Chinese reception hall adorned with exquisite bits of jade and heavy with rare perfumes. Chang Tso-Lin kept them waiting a full hour, says the *Paris Temps*, and when the little man appeared he wore the hat with the big pearl in it—a sure sign of his displeasure.

"Ingrates!" shouted the strong man, in his capacity as Tuchun of Mukden, as well as military governor of Feng-Tien, "if you raise the rate of interest I will have your ears cut off." He signalled to a member of the suite and at once a ferocious bandit—Chang Tso-Lin began life as a bandit himself—rushed in with a long knife. "If the rate of interest is still too high," proceeded the superman, "your hands will be cut off. To be frank, I am not sure I will not begin by cutting your heads off." The corner in the cash market was broken at once. Chang Tso-Lin has a bank of his own, explains the French paper, and its stock is far above par.

This anecdote, from all accounts, sums up the man. He is not far from fifty, but it is said he does not know

just where and when he was born. He received no education at all and to-day, observes Lord Northcliffe in the *London Mail*, his control of the Peking government is complete, altho Chang Tso-Lin prefers the safety of his seat in Mukden to the perils of the nominal capital. He is wise, suspects our Parisian contemporary, the real capital of China being in Chang Tso-Lin's pearl-topped hat.

He is a small creature physically for a Manchurian bandit. His ears are disproportionately large, and in reflective moods the superman will pull at these ears as if he wanted them off. He wears no beard or mustache of any kind, but the breast of his military coat is a mass of decorations to which he has no claim whatever. His features are unexpectedly refined, almost delicate, and he pinches his eyes together to peer at a document. There is a suspicion that he reads with difficulty. He has some thirty-one or thirty-two children by eight or nine wives, all, it is said, living happily under one roof in the Chinese manner. The French, who admire him immensely, say he keeps order in his household after the fashion so characteristically shown in the case of the financiers. He is a stickler for etiquette, and visitors get the usual tea and salutations, with many assurances that they own the place and all it contains. These displays of generosity must not be taken too seriously, as the late Yuan Shi-Kai found to his cost. Chang implored Yuan to ascend the throne and, when the great Cantonian did so, the Manchurian turned against him. "I was only showing my politeness when

I asked him to reign," observed Chang later, "and he should have displayed equal politeness by declining to do so."

The genius of this strong man of China being primarily military, his home, explains the *London Mail*, is naturally an armed camp. Chang parades his little but powerful frame about the establishment, keeping his hawklike eyes upon his staff, and doffing his plumed cap to reveal closely cropped hair when he becomes overheated from his exertions, his shoutings and his prancings. Every one of the three hundred thousand men under his orders must take a tremendous oath. It was not so tremendous at first, but Chang was shocked when he happened upon a camp thronged with raw recruits and listened to the milk-and-water ritual. He mounted a big gun and in a loud voice promulgated the present form of affidavit for all ranks: "If I should break my oath, may my mother become a harlot. If I prove false to the Tuchun, may my children become thieves!" The air was filled with the ensuing din as they all swore and, to make the ceremony additionally impressive, several prisoners were decapitated to exemplify the penalty for perjury.

Chang Tso-Lin has been accused in some native papers remote from his jurisdiction of undue sympathy with the clansmen in Tokyo, and it is hinted that in the war between Japan and Russia he fought for the Mikado. At that time he and his followers were known somewhat indiscriminately as Hunghutsus. He had got together a band of fugitives from Chinese justice, the *London daily* hears, and it is suspected that he and they flourished by halting caravans, stopping trains, raiding villages and making swift descents upon provinces in the north. The booty thus secured was divided in accordance with the strict discipline Chang Tso-Lin has always managed to maintain among his followers. Once he had robbed a traveler—and he made it a rule never to take more than a certain proportion of his victim's belongings—he issued a sort of certificate that guaranteed im-

munity. An English trader in the mountains was held up the day following an experience of this kind. Chang was highly indignant. He rallied his whole band, overtook the rival bandits, recovered the booty and restored it to its owner. "I will teach them," he explained, "that I mean what I say." Such were the beginnings of the undisputed sway of Chang Tso-Lin in the Manchurian wilds. He never admitted a recruit who had not shown capacity to shoot accurately, to fight bravely and to talk intelligently. He tolerates no stupidity even in the ranks, and his army is made up, say all accounts, only of men who can pass rather severe mental tests. He has a genius for putting short, sharp and searching questions, and if the answers please him, promotion from the humblest rank to a high one may follow then and there. He is so afraid of treachery among his followers that he attends personally to details which in an ordinary army would be left to a general staff. Here he is wise, according to the *London daily* again, for in his *yamun* are self-seekers who would turn against him at once if they dared and this Chang well knows. Armed sentinels guard him while he sleeps and when he eats. The six-cylindrical American car in which he dashes about the road surrounding his capital is a traveling arsenal. With the revolver and the automatic pistol he is a dead shot, and when he encounters anyone he does not know he takes care to "get the drop." Sometimes he will meet a man whose features are familiar and then he will ask: "Didn't I order your head cut off last year?"

So much for the more conspicuous traits of the superman who is accused of having blocked an American agricultural scheme of some importance in his bailiwick because there was nothing in it for himself. For a man who is said to read with difficulty and to write not at all, he is amazingly successful in money matters. He presides over the destinies of one of the biggest banks in Manchuria and his depositors have great faith in the institution, thanks

to Chang's own promise to kill anybody who starts a run on it. He halted a farmer whose thrifty habits were notorious and expressed his surprise that the individual did not keep an account in the best fiduciary institution. The farmer explained that he was afraid of the man who ran the other bank. "I will make you afraid of me," shouted Chang. "Get in here!" The farmer took a seat in Chang's car, which raced to the offending financier. This personage was influenced by a pistol at his head. His depositor's money was taken from him and duly transferred to the right bank. This institution is regularly examined by Chang himself with the aid of men armed to the teeth. If his investigation does not satisfy him, the official at fault is strung up by the thumbs until an explanation is forthcoming. All the brigands in Manchuria prefer Chang's bank, which is suspected of having received more booty in its time than a pirate isle.

Now that he is getting on a little in years, Chang Tso-Lin grows sensitive to certain forms of criticism which, in his more flagrant bandit days, he despised. When Ma Ting Liang represented the central government at Mukden, Chang Tso-Lin suspected him of spreading calumnies on the subject of bandit manners and bandit education. "I will have you know," he shouted, "that I can read and write." Ma was astonished. "May I ask," he said politely, "what languages your excellency reads?" "None of your business!" roared Chang. "What a fool I would be to tell everybody the languages I can read! If I find anyone from Canton or Peking saying I can't read and write I will send him home with his ears in his pocket." Thus, according to the French press, arose the hostility between the Chinese resident and the local superman. Chang, moreover, is getting a trifle sensitive about his finger nails, which are no longer broken and dirty, but long and polished.

Another charge against him concerns opium. He is thought to have made a large fortune out of smuggling opera-

tions in this drug. Rice, timber, hides, pay him toll. His personal fortune is estimated in the *Temps* at the equivalent of twenty million dollars in American money. He lives like a prince out of the Arabian Nights. His automobiles are the most powerful in Asia. His wives go about in costly gems. His harem is a dream of luxury. His troops are regularly paid, well clothed, well fed and firm in the faith they have in their leader. No one in Manchuria but himself is permitted to take toll of anybody or of anything. He has come to a full realization of the superiority of his own position as the strongest man in China and he brooks no rivalry. His sensitiveness to his educational deficiencies is one consequence. He keeps a perfect regiment of scholars in attendance upon him and they explain in turn whatever intellectual or cultural difficulty baffles him for the moment. Even here his dealings betray his character. "Here," he will say to his master in western etiquette, "is a bag of coins. This is a knife. If I learn, you get the coins. If I don't, you get the knife." Fortunately, adds the *Gaulois*, by way of comment, Chang is a keenly intelligent pupil and he is easy to teach.

The efficiency of his followers is established to the satisfaction of the London *Post* by the promptness with which Chang Tso-Lin picked out the cabinet which holds nominal sway at Peking. Name after name was called out. Chang sat at a table with a pot of tea and a few cups. His impressions of each personality were terse, vivid, unerring. This man was a coward. That man thought himself wiser than he was. A third was too susceptible to feminine charms. Yet another knew nothing of China. A listener who knew the situation would have seen at once how perfectly this recluse at Mukden kept in touch with the great world outside. The cabinet was made up at last and Peking was duly notified. "I see," he remarked to the Englishman who was an interested spectator of this scene, "they suspect me of being under the influence of Japan. The truth is the contrary."

A VOICE IN THE HALL

By Julian Street

LYING back upon the pillowed window seat in the security of her locked bedroom, Mary Comp-ton opened the book which held for her an interest so peculiar and intense.

Reading was rendered difficult by her tears, which started almost at once; for the description of Presh

Ballantine, as seen by his mother, began on the second page, and there were passages in that description which, to one who understood the entire situation, as Mary felt she did, and who, moreover, had cared for Presh as she had, were filled with a grim, unconscious comedy which made them terrible. If thoughts of Presh had brought the tears, it was this grotesqueness in his mother's book which caused them to sting.

Mrs. Ballantine had not, of course, used the nickname in the book. She had, Mary felt, always resented it as an impertinence, for "Presh" was a schoolboy contraction of "Precious," which had been the mother's early appellation for her only child.

Where he was first definitely mentioned in the book his name was printed out in full—Francis Knox Ballantine—and thereafter he was referred to by his first name only. That was another tragi-comic point—his full name—differing by but a single letter from his mother's. It told so clearly what she had intended him to be, what she had tried to make of him. Not a Ballantine, but a Knox—a Frances Knox.

Mary dimly recollected gentle Mr. Ballantine. He was associated in her mind with the dear old brownstone house on Madison Avenue where she had lived until her parents died. She had a memory of herself as a child peeping over the banisters when guests were arriving for dinner parties, and of seeing Mr. Ballantine enter the front door behind his consort with an air, it seemed to her, a little timid; and, tho she could not in those days have explained this matter to herself, she felt sympathy for Mr. Ballantine because she,

THIS is a story with a tremendous dénouement—dramatic, crushing, and highly satisfactory. It is reprinted, by special permission, from *Harper's Magazine* (copyrighted, all rights reserved), and is one of the outstanding stories of 1921. The author has long been known as a writer of stories and special articles for the magazines. Now he writes us: "Have just finished a novel—my first. I feel as if no one could have written a novel before! Yet Tarkington and some of my other friends assure me it has been done."

too, was timid in the presence of this lady.

Yet Mary remembered what her aunt, Miss Banks, with whom she now lived, had long ago said to her of the Ballantines and the Knoxes; and she knew that her aunt's opinions were sound, altho her friends rel-

ished them most, perhaps, for the picturesque vigor with which they were expressed.

"Mr. Ballantine was an able lawyer and a lovable man," Miss Banks had said of Presh's father. "I was always a little sorry for him. Frances ran him just as she runs the boy. The boy's like his father. Not weak—just easy-going. Still, when Mr. Ballantine died, I couldn't help feeling somehow that he had crept off to the tomb with his tail between his legs."

"Auntie! What an idea!"

"I suppose it was my knowledge of the Knoxes that made me feel that way about him," Miss Banks continued. "It's a family strain. They have to run everything. Frances's sister—the one whose husband was ambassador—tried to run Italy. To get her home they had to recall *him*. Both the girls are like old Ira Knox, their father. He had a head like a mountain profile. When some wag who had borrowed money of his bank made a little joke—'Strong as a Knox,' he said—the old gentleman didn't like it, and, to show he didn't like it, called the loan. There's not a glint of humor in the whole Knox tribe."

"You'd not say Presh lacked humor?"

"No, indeed. But he's not like the Knoxes. He gets his humor from his father, and all his nice ways. Old Mr. Knox was called a bully in Wall Street, but I've always thought the Knoxes didn't mean to be bullies. It's just that they're always certain their way is the right way. Being so big-boned and powerful, they ride everybody down. But they don't realize it."

Reading Mrs. Ballantine's tribute to her son, Mary recalled out of the long ago this conversation with her aunt. Miss Banks had been right. The Knoxes didn't realize it. The book made that point ludicrously, pitifully clear.

Francis [wrote Presh's mother in her introductory chapter] may indeed justly be referred to as an ideal son. Tho he possessed by nature a strong, determined character—such a character as my father, the late Ira Knox, was known for—and, tho from boyhood he exhibited in sports a highly commendable aggressiveness which promised well for later life, the side he showed me, his mother, was uniformly gentle, chivalrous and tender. I may indeed say that not a single harsh word or thought ever passed between us.

My rule was never to interfere with him in anything if I could possibly avoid doing so, and even then not to compel him to my views, but rather to point the way of wisdom, making it so clear to him that his own native good sense—a quality with which, I am thankful to say, the Knoxes were well endowed—would bring him to the right decision. Thus, tho often with a certain guidance from me, he always in the end made up his own mind, and I never found it necessary actually to cross him. In reasoning with him I did not treat him as a child, but talked with him as I used to with his father before him. Nor can I refrain from adding that if more American mothers and fathers would follow my method in rearing and training their offspring, they would not only find their relations with them more satisfying and harmonious, but would in the long run make better men and women of them.

So that was Mrs. Ballantine's conception of her relations with her son! From somewhere behind Mary's tears there came the flicker of a little laugh. And then, as tho to extinguish the faint gleam of mirth, the tears flowed faster than before.

Again she thought of what her aunt had said so long ago: "The Knoxes ride everybody down."

That, to her, had been the point of paramount importance. That was why, loving Presh, she had brought herself finally to refuse him. The Knoxes did ride everybody down. Mr. Ballantine had been ridden down. Presh had been ridden down, and his wife would certainly be ridden down. It was inevitable. And the torturing thing about it was that the sweetness of nature which so endeared him to Mary was precisely what made it inevitable. To marry him would be to become not so much a wife as a daughter-in-law.

The mere thought of a perpetual endeavor to live up to the standards Mrs. Ballantine would set for a daughter-in-law put Mary's nerves on edge. It would be futile. She had no wish to try, and, moreover, she had standards of her own. That she could have made Presh happy if left to do it in her own way, she did not for a moment doubt. But that condition, all-important, was the one condition which could not in the circumstances be fulfilled. Her own way in any matter was the last thing she could hope to have; and Presh's way, she had become convinced—because of his lifelong habit of letting his mother do the managing, and his belief, inculcated and shared by her, that her wisdom in all things was oracular.

The one alternative to yielding would have been to fight. But that presupposed in him an understanding of the actual situation. To have become his wife while harboring a secret thought of breaking later with his mother was something not to be considered. Mary would have had to be certain he foresaw the likelihood of such a break; that he would approve it and give her full support if it should come; and in point of fact she was almost certain of the opposite of this. She could picture him in such a crisis, shocked, grieved, entirely confused, endeavoring to mediate between them; and, tho she trusted him enough to believe that if mediation failed he would stick to his wife, she could fancy his keen suffering, and could even imagine his keen holding in his innermost heart the thought that his mother had been in the right. That she could not have endured.

Vividly she remembered the momentous afternoon on which she had admitted to herself the complete hopelessness of the circumstances. In making a final plea to her to marry him, Presh had spoken as tho actually thinking to entice her with the vision of a near relationship to his mother. Heartbroken tho she felt at that moment, she could not but be aware of ghastly humor in the contrast between his conception of the case and hers. It had come to her like a sharp, painful ray of light, that humor, revealing matters as they were. Until Presh should be disillusioned on this subject she could never marry him. Nor would she be the means of his disillusionment. If he was to find it he must find it for himself and bring it to her—a bridal gift. And that would mean a miracle.

Gently she had refused him. A bitter cup for both—and harder even than it had been for her to drink of that cup, and make him drink of it, was her task of doing so without explaining why.

To him, of course, rejection meant that she did not care enough for him to be his wife; and tho from the depths of her torn heart she had longed to tell him it was not true, she could not, lest after the disclosure she be tempted to reveal the actual reason. She would never speak a word to him against his mother.

The ordeal of renunciation, cruel as it had been, was to Mary less terrible than the agony of silence. Nor had her suffering diminished with time. She was haunted by the memory of his eyes, filled with pain, and of his brave effort to conceal his suffering behind a philosophic front.

"Of course, I more or less expected it," he said, looking at her with an expression like that of a devoted dog gazing for the last time at the master who has shot him.

"There's no one else I care for half so much," she had answered. "I think of you as the best friend I have in the world."

At that he had managed to muster a little smile. Almost she wished she could forget that smile.

"I'd rather hear you say that," he said, trying to speak gayly, "than to be adored by Cleopatra, Lady Hamilton and Helen of Troy. That's a fact, my dear. I just can't see anybody else."

As he was leaving her apartment he said, casually:

"I've been planning a little trip. I may not see you for a while."

"Where?"

"Canada."

"For winter sports? Splendid! Quebec?"

"Montreal first. I have some business there. Perhaps Quebec, too. I can't be certain yet."

"How long will you be gone?"

"That's uncertain, too."

"Write me."

"Yes, of course."

She walked with him to the door. "Good luck!" she said, giving him her hand.

Then she did what she had not intended. She reached up and kissed him on the cheek. And he kissed her. She liked to remember that. It was the only thing she had to be glad of now. Yet even that gladness was not unalloyed. Of course, he had counted her kiss as one only of compassion; and now he would never know

the truth about that, nor any of the rest of it.

The reason why he could never know was set forth in the second chapter of Mrs. Ballantine's book:

One night early in January, 1917, Francis came home looking weary and depressed. He mentioned a disappointment he had met with telling me what it was and saying that he was going on a trip to Canada. I tried to show him that the disappointment was not so important as it seemed to him at the moment, but to no purpose. As he did not then reveal to me his true reason for going to Canada, I assumed that it was for the winter sports, of which he was always very fond. A few days later, however, he wrote me from Montreal that he had enlisted in a Canadian regiment for service overseas.

This action and that immediately preceding his departure—the one which brought about the disappointment of which he had spoken to me—were, as far as I know, the only two important acts of his entire life undertaken without first consulting me.

I was, of course, aware that he felt strongly about the war, and that he believed the United States should have already gone into it, but I did not know that he had contemplated enlistment. Contrary to his usual custom, he had withheld from me this knowledge, both because his mind was not fully made up and because he felt the news would disturb me.

When I learned the truth I could not but conclude that the disappointment was a determining factor in bringing him to his decision, and, as the reader of these pages will presently see, my conclusion was later confirmed in an extraordinary manner. And as this disappointment was, in my judgment, entirely unnecessary and undeserved, having been brought about by the raising of false hopes in him and the subsequent deliberate dashing of those hopes, I cannot but resent the fact that it was visited upon him, nor avoid feeling that the person responsible for that disappointment was directly to blame for subsequent events.

With something between a gasp and a sob Mary flung the book down upon the window seat and started to her feet. Crossing swiftly to her dresser, she drew from the back of a top drawer a small packet of letters tied with narrow ribbon, and, slipping out the first one, opened it and read.

The letter was just as she remembered it. It was written from Montreal on the day of his enlistment. He told her about

that. Then came the passage which had meant so much to her:

It occurs to me that if anything should go wrong with me later, you might manage somehow to figure out a connection between our talk of a few days ago and my decision to get into the war. But don't let any such idea enter your head, my dear. There's nothing melodramatic about my having enlisted—none of the spirit of "Now she'll be sorry she didn't marry me!" I want you to be clear on that. If the Boche should get me, and I have time for any "final words," they'll be, "God bless her!—she's always been the sweetest thing in the world." But from what I hear, the ancient custom of saying a few well-chosen words at the last, while the whole regiment stands around and weeps, is going out of style. Deaths are being worn shorter in France this season. That's the kind of war it is, and, personally, I think it's a good thing. However, don't imagine I am going over with the least intention of getting myself permanently planted there. On the contrary, I fully expect to come back whole and sound, and have a lot of good times with you.

Get this straight, Mary. If you had accepted me I should have done exactly what I have done, and I know you wouldn't have wished to stop me. I've been planning it for a long time. The U. S. will be getting into the scrap pretty soon, anyhow. But I can't wait any longer. I wanted to tell you when we had our talk the other day, but I didn't because I thought romantic stuff about "the brave soldier boy marching off to war" might tend to sway your decision. A lot of tenderhearted women have been falling for that, you know, and it isn't quite fair. I wanted you to decide on the merits of the case. And you did. But remember this: If you had said "yes" instead of "no," and I hadn't dropped dead on the spot from joy, then I should have told you right away that I intended to come up here and enlist.

Mary pressed the letter to her breast. Thank God for the thoughtfulness in Presh which had made him foresee that she might some day need the comfort of these definite assurances! How like him! Yet how little had even he imagined to what vast and terrible dimensions that need would grow!

His mother must see this letter. She must be made to understand that it was not because of the refusal that Presh had gone to France.

Mary's first impulse was to go instantly to Mrs. Ballantine and face her down with

this exoneration in Presh's writing, but the impulse was retarded by a second reading of that brutal passage in the book. One clause there was which made her hesitate . . . "my conclusion was later confirmed in an extraordinary manner." . . . Before going she must find out about that. She must read further.

Her tears having been dried by the fires of her indignation, she was now able to progress more rapidly. It was recounted that, a month before the United States joined in the war, Mrs. Ballantine's son was with his battalion in France, and that in June, 1917, when the American First Division landed, he was already in the trenches. He was promoted, becoming sergeant, lieutenant ("We Canucks pronounce it 'lefftenant,' and we don't have firsts and seconds—just one grade," he wrote), and in the early fall, captain. In September he was wounded slightly but was back with his men within three weeks. Half a dozen of his letters were quoted—gay, whimsical letters, rich in anecdotes of life in the trenches and in billets behind the lines.

The letters filled out the year 1917—almost. The last of them was dated early in December, and a footnote gave the information that it had been received by Mrs. Ballantine in January, 1918, more than two weeks after the official telegram had come.

This telegram, announcing briefly to the mother that her son had been killed in action, was also given, and was followed by several letters from brother officers, condoling and attesting to the young man's worth. Then a letter from the chaplain, giving details. In an advance near Cambrai, on December 3d, Captain Ballantine had been shot through the right breast. The chaplain had found him with a pulse barely fluttering. The young officer had not regained consciousness. "I closed his eyes, wrapped him in a blanket, and went on," he wrote. "Later the Germans retook this terrain, so I regret to say I cannot state the exact location of his grave."

All the foregoing was by way of introduction. It was the material that followed which had gained for the strange volume so many thousand readers, such ponderous endorsements from scientific men noted for their belief in spiritism, and so much space in a press congested with news of the Rhine occupation and the budding Peace Conference at Paris.

The nature of the book was indicated in

its title, *Letters from Beyond the Front*. Mrs. Ballantine told how, two months after Francis's "going over," she had come upon a poem she liked, the first line of which was:

"Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?"

and had sat down at her desk to copy it. But when she put pencil to paper she did not write the lines she had intended. Instead, some force outside her own volition caused her to form the word "No."

For a moment she was at a loss to understand this. Then it occurred to her that the word "No" was like an answer to the interrogation of the poem, and while she was thinking thus her hand, without conscious effort on her part, had written "Yes," as tho in reply to her unspoken thought.

"Is this a message from the Beyond?" she had asked.

Again, "Yes."

"Who is writing?"

In answer came the initials, "F K B."

"Is it you, Francis?"

"Yes, mother."

With a little practice, Mrs. Ballantine went on to say, she developed great facility in communicating, by means of this automatic writing, with her son, whom she now mentioned as being "nominally dead"; and it was with messages received from him that the larger portion of the book was taken up.

At first, Francis declared, he had been a little bit confused. The arrival in the Beyond was a strange experience. But he had been helped by friends already there, chief among them his grandfather Knox, who, he said, occupied a most important position. He himself was doing work which interested him, but which it was difficult to describe. It was difficult, too, to describe most phases of the Life Beyond, because the worldly vocabulary was so limited. It was like trying to describe wireless to a South Sea Islander in his own tongue.

For a little while he had slept. On awakening he felt bewildered. And yet there had been nothing uncanny about him or his surroundings. The surroundings seemed familiar yet unfamiliar. There were houses, trees, rivers, flowers, and it surprised him to find that these things had substance, just as on earth. They possessed the usual three dimensions; but there was a Fourth Dimension; he couldn't explain that now; it was too new to him.

He was only beginning to grasp it. They were teaching him. Perhaps sometime he could make it clear.

His present existence was on what, as nearly as he could find words to describe it, might be called the Etheric Plane. But he did not quite like that definition. There were many planes and each had many spheres. He himself had already paid a visit to the Soterial Plane. There, too, everything was solid, but of wonderful materials, unknown to him. The buildings were very beautiful, and were constructed of something that made him think of alabaster. But it wasn't alabaster.

Every article in the world, it was stated, gave off what might, for want of a better name, be termed Etheric Magnetism, which, floating up to the Etheric Plane, acquired substance. Thus, animal, vegetable and mineral substances, as known on the World Plane, existed in transposition. Etheric Magnetism was something like a perfume, and each race of people, as well as each individual and object, had a distinct perfume which declared the exact quality of that race, person or object.

There was constant growth. People changed, but in a way that could not easily be explained. They grew finer, bigger, stronger, but you recognized them just as you would on earth. Of course, those who had been strongest and finest on earth were correspondingly advanced. He had searched for those he knew. He had not as yet seen his father, tho he knew that he was there. But he had seen his grandfather Knox many times.

His grandfather Knox, as nearly as he understood it, was in charge of what appeared to be a vast Reconstruction Camp for Souls. Partly as a result of the war, there were many sick souls which needed strengthening before they could go on with their work. There were nurses there, assisting, just as in a hospital on earth. Among them was Florence Nightingale. And there were great physicians and psychologists, like Lister and Behrens.

If there could be said to exist in the Beyond such a thing as sadness, it came from the fact that while, under certain immutable laws and conditions, the inhabitants of that place could revisit the Earth Plane, it was almost impossible to make these on earth aware of their presence. Just as a wireless receiver must be tuned to catch messages coming from the void, so the human consciousness, or subconsciousness, must be tuned to catch

communications from the Beyond.

There were very few receivers—very few persons on the Earth Plane capable of attuning themselves to the proper pitch. Such persons were psychically very advanced. Mrs. Ballantine was one of them. The close bond of sympathy which had always existed between herself and him not only made communication easier, but was susceptible of great development. He elaborated upon the beautiful qualities of their relationship, telling what a considerate and helpful mother she had always been; and Mrs. Ballantine added in a footnote that, whereas she would have preferred to omit a reference so personal, she had refrained from making alterations or elisions in order that the record should be complete. Automatic writing was but the beginning, Francis assured her. Later he would try to speak to her and appear visibly before her.

Not until Mary had read nearly to the end of the book did she discover the passage she had been seeking:

On this side of the Veil, mother [declared a letter in one of the closing chapters], we see things which were hidden from our earthly eyes. We can look back and laugh—for there is laughter here—at things which, on the Earth Plane, seemed to us of the most vital consequence. Our earthly visions, so obscure, made mountains out of the veriest molehills. Disappointments which once loomed large and appalling are now insignificant. Characters which were as closed books to us become as apparent as the printed page. All values are corrected.

Your earthly wisdom was far greater than mine. You are in what we term the Ninth Sphere on the World Plane. There are but few who have attained to that sphere. As you know, I permitted what I then regarded as a serious disappointment to govern my impetuous action in leaving home. You knew best. You tried to guide me. It was useless. But now, mother, it is ridiculously apparent that you were right about it.

But here, as you so well understand, regrets and grudges do not exist. Therefore, if you should see M., it would be the part of kindness to make it understood that on this side there is only happiness, and that no troubled soul on earth need be concerned about the question of forgiveness from those who have passed on, since that forgiveness is granted automatically, and is retroactive.

A footnote by Mrs. Ballantine here referred to the disappointment mentioned in

the second chapter, and added that "M" was the person who had occasioned it.

So this was the vaunted "confirmation" of that false and cruel charge!

With her clenched fist Mary smote the page. "He never wrote it!" she cried aloud! "He never wrote it!"

There was a glitter in her eyes as she closed the book. Rising, she almost ran to the closet, snatched a coat, hat and furs, and put them on. The book and Presh's letter lay on the window seat. Seizing them, she started to insert the letter between the pages, but suddenly desisted.

"No!" she exclaimed, slipping the missive into her bag. "This one sha'n't go in there, Presh! It's real!"

The brightness was beginning to fade from the short winter afternoon as Mary ascended the brownstone steps of Mrs. Ballantine's wide, well-kept, but austere-looking, house. She rang and stepped to the spotless marble floor of the vestibule. Presently a shadow showed faintly against the ornamental ground-glass panel of one of the inner doors; then the door swung slowly open, revealing in the aperture a middle-aged butler with a silver card tray hanging ready in one hand.

"How do you do, Reeves? Is Mrs. Ballantine at home?"

Reeves had opened the heavy walnut door in his best manner, but at the sight of her he unbent so far as to smile.

"Yes, Miss Mary." And he added, "It's been a long while since we've seen you."

Entering, she nodded an amiable acknowledgment of this. It had indeed been a long time since she had come to this house—nearly a year. Her last call had been made a few days after the news of Presh's death had come, and it was because of the frigid manner in which her condolences had on that occasion been received by Mrs. Ballantine that she had not returned.

"Mrs. Ballantine is in her sitting-room," said Reeves.

She knew that because of her old familiarity with the house and its family he meant to suggest her going directly to the sitting-room.

"I think you had better announce me," she said.

"Yes, Miss Mary." He held back the heavy portières, letting them fall again when she had passed into the drawing-room.

Mary well remembered that room. It was long and spacious; at the rear, folding doors, now closed, led to the dining-room; at the front, two vast, plate-glass windows, heavily curtained with stiff lace and velvet, admitted a dim light. Even when the house was overheated there was here always the suggestion of a chill. It was a room formal with the ugly and somehow stupid formality of the sixties. The furniture, dark and solid, showed in its every line the bedeviling touch of the carvers and upholsterers of two or three generations ago. There were two curio cabinets with glass doors and silk-covered shelves littered with small, useless souvenirs of foreign travel—china, ivory, tortoiseshell and silver—and on the walls a number of Victorian paintings, drab in tone, most conspicuous among them a portrait of Mrs. Ballantine's father, which hung above a marble mantelpiece bedecked with meaningless beveling and carving. The portrait showed Mr. Knox in middle life, at a period when his extremely financial-looking whiskers were beginning to turn gray. He was dressed in a frock coat, and was seated in a tufted armchair beside a table on which lay a large book. One finger was inserted in the book, as tho to mark a place. The head was massive and the eyes glared. Mary noticed that the cover of red plush, with which the painter adorned the table, remained the brightest spot of color in the room, time-bedimmed tho the pigment was.

Eighteen years or so ago, when as a little girl she had begun to notice and remember houses, there had been in New York many rooms of this type; but tho, as she reflected unregretfully, such rooms had of late years been disappearing, giving place to modern, cheerful furnishing and decoration, she somehow felt that this solid mansion, built by old Ira Knox and inhabited by his daughter, would never, never change.

As she was reflecting thus, Reeves returned to announce that Mrs. Ballantine was coming down.

Mary well knew that this descending was intended by the lady as a preliminary snub, since it was her custom to receive those whom she treated as intimates in her sitting room upon the floor above—a chamber smaller and much less funereal than this.

A moment later Reeves again parted the heavy portières, letting them drop into

place of their own weight after Mrs. Ballantine had entered.

"How do you do, Mary," said the lady, without a note of interrogation, and without offering her hand, as she rustled majestically to a fringed and tufted chair. Seating herself, she indicated with a gesture to Mary, who had risen, a chair fully two yards from her own. "How is your aunt, Miss Banks?"

"Quite well, I thank you," answered Mary, taking the proffered chair and placing Mrs. Ballantine's book conspicuously in her lap.

"I understood that you were working at Red Cross headquarters. Have you dropped that?" Her tone implied a criticism.

"I have not, Mrs. Ballantine."

"Ah! It was my understanding that the headquarters staff worked full time daily."

"We did until about a month ago—just after the armistice. But work is lighter now. This is my day off." Then, without waiting for an answer, she plunged in. "I have just read your book, so I came to see you."

"My book?" Mrs. Ballantine glanced at the volume in the girl's lap. "You are in error in calling it mine. Of course I was the medium through which the letters came, but it is really my son's."

In answer Mary held the book up and pointed to Mrs. Ballantine's full name in capital letters on the cover.

The other jerked her head impatiently. "The publishers' choice—not mine. If you will take the trouble to glance at the title-page you will see that my name is preceded by the words, 'Transmitted through.'"

But Mary did not turn to the title-page.

"In any case, you are responsible for the book, are you not?"

"For the book—yes. For the contents—no. If you've read it—and you say you have—you must be aware that it consists almost entirely of communications to me from my son, published at his expressed wish."

"I am aware that such a statement is made," Mary replied, keeping her voice under control, and envying Mrs. Ballantine her vitality and poise, "but does not the source of these—these messages, seem to you at least debatable?"

"Had I thought so," returned the other crisply, "I should have said so in the introduction."

"But is there any proof?"

"Of what?"

"That the letters are actually from—
from your son."

"Do you mean to question my good faith?"

"No, Mrs. Ballantine. But sometimes one's subconscious mind can—"

"The letters," declared the elder woman with finality, "are from Francis."

Mary had a momentary feeling of being overcome by the sheer weight and force of blind asseveration. "She's trying to ride me down!" she thought, and in her reaction from this thought she spoke with greater intensity.

"Mrs. Ballantine, please believe that I did not come here to be impertinent. But what you have written in this book gives me a right to question you."

"It does not."

"If I am the person referred to as 'M,' I think it does. Am I?"

"Judge for yourself."

"I did judge for myself. I could not but conclude that you were charging me with having sent Presh—"

"Francis, if you please."

"Sent him to his death."

"Well?"

"I protest against such a statement—and against your having published it. It isn't true!"

"He confirms it in a letter in the book."

"But it isn't true! He couldn't have written such things."

"As to that," returned Mrs. Ballantine, with a contemptuous little smile, "I fear the preponderance of evidence is against you. The book was read before publication by such authorities as Sir Orion Hudson and Dr. Eric St. Clair of the British Association for Psychical Research, Professor Metzler of Boston, and Dr. Michael Follansbee of Chicago. Sir Orion wrote me that he considered the work the most important contribution to knowledge that had been made in years, and that he had recommended me for the association's special gold medal. Doctor Follansbee came from Chicago expressly to see me, because the letters fitted in peculiarly with cognate work of his. Only yesterday I heard from him that I had been elected an honorary vice-president of the Chicago Psychical Society. I could cite you any number of further instances of appreciation. I have received hundreds of letters. The book has gone into eleven large editions in three weeks. The press has been astonishing—stupendous. I am now ar-

anging a lecture tour. Not that the attention focused upon me personally is anything but distasteful, but that it is so apparently my sacred duty to utilize every means at my disposal for spreading the light and the truth." She paused, eying Mary grimly; then added, "I fear, Mary, that I cannot be much impressed by your doubts."

Mary had laid the book upon the seat of the chair at her side. Her hands were working nervously in her lap.

"Those people didn't know him!" she cried.

"You will hardly say that I, his mother, didn't know him."

"I can't talk about that. But I know he never wrote those things. They never came from him. Never!" She rose, and with trembling fingers opened her bag. "You can't prove that his hand directed yours," she went on, as she drew forth the treasured letter, "and I *can* prove that he *never* wrote that of me!" She crossed and pressed the letter into Mrs. Ballantine's hand. "I can prove it—*prove* it! Read that!"

Mrs. Ballantine reached out and turned on the lamp standing upon the table at her side. She looked at the envelope; then, with complete composure, drew out the letter, opened it, and read. Mary meanwhile stood with clenched hands and burning eyes, gazing at her.

Having read, the elder woman refolded the sheets and held them out with the envelope to Mary.

"This proves absolutely nothing," she said, as the girl took them.

"But it's in his own writing!"

"His writing—yes."

"And he says he would have gone in any case."

"It was like him to say that."

"You mean you don't think he would have gone? Why would he say so then?"

"Evidently he foresaw that you might some day reproach yourself."

Mary raised a hand to her throat. "Oh, I do—I do!" she gasped. "But this must be true—or he wouldn't have written it! He never told you anything different, did he?"

"A year before he went he confided in me that he thought himself in love with you. You were not the wife for him. Evidently you felt that yourself, for later you refused him."

"But I loved him!" the girl burst in. "I loved him so!"

"Let me finish. You made him wait a year and then refused him. Why you thought it necessary to make him wait a year I cannot— However, you *did*; that's the only point we need consider here. And he went immediately to Canada and enlisted. Could anything be clearer? It's a perfectly plain case of cause and effect."

"But this letter!" cried the girl, insistently, clutching the envelope, as tho only by clinging to it she could save herself from the bottomless pit.

"I should think," returned the other, "that you might get more comfort from his letter in the book. That was a very beautiful thing he said about forgiveness, Mary. Sir Orion particularly—"

"But I tell you," the other rushed on, desperately, "I don't believe the book! I don't believe a single line of it! He was gentle, modest, sensitive—there's not a word of it that sounds like him. It doesn't ring true. He can't be so changed that he would write like that—not even by death. He just can't!"

A sob tore its way out of her. She dropped into the chair, brushing the book to the floor. "Oh, I hope," she exclaimed, brokenly—"I hope he doesn't—doesn't know about the book! Wherever he is—I hope he doesn't know!"

Mrs. Ballantine sat apparently unmoved. "This is absolutely futile," she said. "It is a strain on me—and I have my work to do. Mary, I am sorry, but I shall have to ask you to go, as soon as you are able to collect yourself. It was a mistake for me to see you." Mary's head was bowed; her shoulders shook.

"It was a mistake for me to come," she answered, in a choking voice.

The long silence that fell upon the room was broken by the entrance of Reeves.

"Shall I put on the lights, madam?" he asked. Then, catching sight of Mary bent over in her chair and manifestly weeping, he looked quickly away and, with the manner of one talking to cover a *faux pas*, went on, "Will you be wishing tea served this afternoon, madam?"

"No, Reeves. Nothing."

"Very good, madam."

Sedately, as always, he turned to go. As he did so there came from the hall the muffled sound of the front door, closing, followed by that of something soft and heavy falling to the floor.

Reeves accelerated his pace, lifted one portière, and passed quickly from the room. Almost instantly the two women

heard him utter a startled exclamation. Then another voice spoke, saying something indistinguishable.

As Mary heard that voice she sat suddenly erect. Her eyes left the doorway only for one instant—to look at Mrs. Ballantine, who was staring at the portières with a rapt expression. As the girl's gaze returned to the doorway, she saw one heavy curtain thrust aside. In silhouette against the aura of light from the hall, was revealed a figure—the figure of a man in a military overcoat.

"Here I am, mother."

The figure took a step or two toward Mrs. Ballantine, then, catching sight of Mary's uplifted, tear-stained face, stopped.

"What's the matter?"

Mary heard Mrs. Ballantine gulp.

"You were expecting me?"

This time the elder woman nodded.

"But not—not so soon," she murmured.

"Presh!" cried Mary, leaping to her feet. She flew toward him, but in the midst of her flight stopped short, and, running instead to Mrs. Ballantine, seized her by the arm. "It's Presh! It's Presh! He's alive! He's *alive*!"

"Alive? Of course." He came quickly to them and laid a hand upon the shoulder of each. "What did you mean, mother, when you said you were not expecting me so soon? You knew my ship—you must have got my cable." He bent and kissed her. "I was afraid about that—the Armistice and Peace Conference have clogged the lines so—but if you *did* get it—" Then, breaking off, "Why, mother, what's the matter?" Mary's eyes followed his to Mrs. Ballantine's face. The look she saw there was not that of a mother whose son, the flesh of her body, is miraculously returned to her from the dead, but of one who sees her handiwork destroyed, her beliefs shattered, her world reeling.

Shocked and sickened, Mary turned away.

Then, as the mother did not answer, she heard Presh say, half jestingly, "You look as tho you weren't glad to see me."

That wouldn't do! When, later, he should learn about his mother's book he might remember her expression and make his own deductions. It would be horrible!

Taking him by a lapel, Mary led him a few steps away. "Don't say anything more to her now," she warned him. "It's the shock. For a year we've thought you dead. 'Killed in action,' the telegram said.

(Concluded on page 414)

KIKI

A Romantic Comedy of the Chorus Girl Heart

By Andre Picard

"KIKI," a character study by André Picard, adapted from the French and produced by David Belasco, with the versatile acting assistance of Leonore Ulric, is something of a puzzle and the American adapter frankly confesses that he was much perplexed in several scenes as to the keynote of her mood; and as to when she was and when she was not in earnest. In fact, as George Jean Nathan observes, in the *Smart Set*, she wanted knowing. Yet "Kiki and her moods are really as clear as day even to the most innocent Frenchman and, one ventures to say, to any other man who has not sophisticated his vision of the original play with a touch of either moral cowardice or commercial bravery."

The gamine, Kiki, of the play, is simply a hoyden who thinks of sex, if she thinks of it at all, as essentially comic and transient and who is therefore, in the eyes of the French author, the charming, sentimental heroine of a play whose other characters, made to view sex somewhat more seriously, are to him neither charming nor sentimental, but villains. Mr. Belasco apparently cannot persuade himself to believe this, for he adds, in his program note, "This (the riddle of Kiki) was the problem facing me in my version of this comedy of the heart—for surely it may be called a comedy of the heart, if hearts do play at comedy."

Heywood Broun observes, in *Vanity Fair*, that Leonore Ulric, whose superb acting really carries the play, makes Kiki loose enough to please the most exacting. "She has created a gamine type of marvelous merriment, and yet

she is able to make the rowdy little French chorus girl a person poignantly appealing in her final scene. Miss Ulric has never done anything half so good. Indeed, few actresses have . . . the best acting we have seen this season."

The play itself is pronounced by Alexander Woolcott, in the *Times*, to be nothing over which David Belasco can afford to swell with pride, and in its present version "it would probably be viewed with astonishment, and possibly not even with recognition, by its French author, the expert André Picard." Kiki is a daughter of the Paris streets. She is tough. She is wise. She is immodest, courageous, quick-witted, self-possessed, indomitable. She is a monkey and she is "a good girl." She blows into the office of Victor Renal (Sam B. Hardy), manager of a music hall, for whom she has developed a romantic attachment. She upsets him, his household and his former wife, who is seeking a reconciliation. And when it looks as if all were over and Kiki must choose between being passed on to the protection of a Baron Rapp (Max Figman) or go back to the streets, she simulates a cataleptic trance and produces one of the oddest scenes of comedy record.

The rising curtain discloses, in the office of Victor Renal, manager of the Folies Monplaisir Music Hall, certain of his employees, including Joly (Sidney Toler), stage manager; Brulé (Thomas Findlay), stage door-keeper, and Sinette (Saxon King), a dramatic writer, attached to the music hall. There is a patter of introductory dialog, punctuated by the coming and going of



KIKI "BLOWS IN"

Lenore Ulric, in the title rôle of David Belasco's adaptation of André Picard's French comedy "Kiki," gives a performance of remarkable versatility.

various neophytes. Renal enters and issues, among other instructions to his subordinates, an order for his former wife and for ten years star of the music hall, Paulette (Arline Fredericks), to come to him in half an hour for her "walking papers." He "blows out" and Kiki "blows in" with a grievance to air. She finds Brulé obdurate to the idea of her meeting Renal and there is a diverting clash between them. Renal re-enters and Kiki complains to him that Joly has "taken away her lines" and has said she "needn't come to rehearsal to-morrow." Renal, in turn, complains

that she fights with everybody and is becoming a nuisance. Eventually Kiki goes out with the promise of returning when Renal is disengaged. Paulette and Baron Rapp enter, the latter in the rôle of mediator between Renal and his ex-wife. Their mission proves to be a failure, Renal taunting Paulette about her relations with a tenor in the company. Paulette goes out. Kiki reappears, reapplies to be restored to her place in the chorus and is being catechized by Joly and Sinette. She indignantly denies that she is knock-kneed, and proves it. But she fails to prove that she can sing and Renal is persuaded to discharge her. Joly and Sinette retire triumphantly. Whereupon:

KIKI. (*After a pause, affecting not to care.*) I'm fired again. Well—thank you, anyway. . . . Cheer up. . . . Things may look brighter to you in the morning. (*She crosses to sofa, where she has put her bag, and in order to gain time, takes out a pair of very long, shabby silk gloves and draws them on slowly. Renal goes towards the coat hanger, remembers the lights and turns out two of them, leaving a dim light in the room, takes his hat and overcoat, hesitates, puts them on the chair right of the desk; then turns the green desk lamp, and flashing the light on Kiki, examines her for the first time. She blinks, turning her head away. He runs his eyes over her—finding that she has more possibilities than he expected, in fact she is better than nothing; so his expression is a trifle more amiable.*) Well, why do you look at me that way—with your light-house?

RENAL. (*Slowly*). Because I hadn't noticed you before.

KIKI. Well, what do you think of me now that you have noticed me?

RENAL. (*Lowering the light.*) Not bad—if you were dressed like a human being.

KIKI. My own special style—that's me! Individual! Paquin's green with envy! (*Looking at herself in the glass—pauses anxiously, crosses center.*) Say—can't change your mind and engage me, can you? (*Goes near desk.*)

RENAL. No—but I'll take you along with me.

KIKI. Where?

RENAL. (*Calmly.*) Home. (*Has put on his coat and stands down right.*)



KIKI DECLARES HER QUALIFICATIONS TO STAR IN THE CHORUS

But Joly (Sidney Toler), the stage manager, and Sinette (Saxon Kling), playwright, prove to be skeptical and hard for Kiki (Lenore Ulric) to please.

KIKI. (*Wide-eyed.*) Why? . . . You might at least ask me if I'm willing.

RENAL. (*Without listening.*) Go ahead, while I put out the light.

KIKI. (*Shakes her head.*) No, no, no, no, no!

RENAL. What's the matter with her? Go ahead!

KIKI. No, no—

RENAL. Ah, I get you. Spanish Grandee. Senora Kiki— (*Approaches, hat in hand, extravagantly offers his hand to escort her, then his arm. She makes a face, he takes her by the chin.*) Kiki . . .

KIKI. Ye-e-s . . .

RENAL. That's better. (*Crosses to waste basket, picks out the gardenias, shakes them and offers them to her with an awkward bow.*) Here. (*Kiki takes them, using them for a corsage bouquet. He puts out the desk light; only the night jet is burning. He comes down and slaps*

her on the back with his hat.) Houpla! (*He goes to the door and opens it.*)

KIKI. (*Follows up to the right of him.*) Say— (*Her back to the audience.*)

RENAL. (*Half turns to her.*) What?

KIKI. Give me a minute, will you?

RENAL. Oh, all right. (*Exit.*)

KIKI. (*Runs to the glass, powders her face, dolls herself up and turns to go.*) Wh'—gee! I hope he invites me to supper. (*Runs off after him.*)

The time of the second act is a week later and the place is Renal's apartment. There is a scene between Kiki and Adolphe (Thomas Mitchell), Renal's man-servant, who contemptuously declares he doesn't even know who she is.

ADOLPHE. When Monsieur Renal speaks of you he never even mentions your name; he does mention you, tho.

KIKI. (*Turning to him.*) You see!

ADOLPHE. He said, "What a damned nuisance that little insect is!"

KIKI. (*Quickly.*) He didn't mean *me*.

ADOLPHE. (*Laughing.*) Oh, yes, he did.

KIKI. He meant some other insect—you, probably.

ADOLPHE. You—that's who he meant—just you.

KIKI. Then he was joking. He thinks a lot more of me than anyone would suppose.

ADOLPHE. Lucky for you—for no one would suppose it.

KIKI. Oh, wouldn't they? (*Lifting her shoulder.*) Well, I don't want to brag, but just now at lunch he said: (*Making it up as she goes along.*) "This little woman"—he said it to our guest, old Baron Rapp—"this little woman—well, I couldn't get along without her." (*Makes a movement to left.*) "I never knew what real true happiness was—till this dear little woman came to live here. She makes me so comfortable—she keeps my servants in order—and she presides so—so grandly over my establishment." That's just what he said.

ADOLPHE. Then he said it when I was out of the room.

KIKI. (*With assurance.*) He said it.

The altercation continues, growing in violence, Adolphe declaring her to be a hussy, and furthermore:

ADOLPHE. Yes, you're a little pick-up—that's what you are!

KIKI. A pick-up—a hussy! Take that! (*She slaps his face.*)

ADOLPHE. (*Lifting his hand to his ear.*) Oh! (*Then threatening her.*) I warned you! (*She moves around to the left of the table, both holding on to a tray of dishes. It falls to the floor in the struggle. They clasp each other and begin wrestling and rolling over on the floor, Adolphe yelling for help. During this Renal is heard to call from the dining room, as tho attracted by the row. When Kiki hears Renal calling she escapes from Adolphe and runs on her hands and knees under a table. Renal and Rapp enter from the dining room, napkins in hands, to see what the trouble is.*)

RENAL. Now then! Now then! What's going on? (*Comes down center. He doesn't notice Kiki under the table. Rapp comes down right of the table, laughing as he sees Kiki. Renal is attracted in that direction and sees her.*)

KIKI. One moment—here I am, my dear— (*She crawls from under the table, very collected, in fact she is quite dignified.*) We had—er—a little accident.

ADOLPHE. (*Picking himself up, right center.*) Just let me tell you, Monsieur. She—

KIKI. (*Rising, interrupting him quickly, aside, fiercely.*) Shut up or I'll knife you.

RENAL. (*Has gone up and closed the door, comes down, to Kiki.*) Well, what is it?

KIKI. (*In a suave voice—crossing to Renal.*) Why, I—I tripped and fell—and Adolphe tried to catch me—and he went over, too—poor boy.

ADOLPHE. Liar! (*Kiki, unseen by Rapp and Renal, lifts up a steel paper knife on the table, significantly. Adolphe stops, alarmed.*)

RENAL. (*To Adolphe.*) Well, what are you waiting for? Pick up those things and bring us some fresh coffee. (*Adolphe passes before Kiki, who kicks him. Then he picks up the things, putting them on the tray.*) (*To Kiki.*) And you go and make yourself presentable and don't come back till you're called. Run along!

Baron Rapp questions Renal about Kiki and learns how she happens to be domiciled in the apartment. He also learns that the girl had kicked Renal when he had attempted to kiss her.

RENAL. She attacked me like a wild-cat—clawed my face—made a terrible racket. (*Annoyed by Rapp's laughter.*) You seem to think it's funny.

RAPP. (*Who has been greatly amused.*) Oh, I think she's a darling! But how did it end?

RENAL. It ended in a nice quiet little chat, in which she told me that the last time a man tried to make love to her she nearly cut his heart out.

RAPP. What! (*He moves his chair away.*)

RENAL. Then she said good night, curled herself up on a rug, and that was the last I saw of her till the next morning. When I got home late that night there she was.

RAPP. (*Following him with keen interest.*) There she was, eh?

RENAL. Sound asleep in a suit of my pajamas on a sofa at one end of the hall. That's where she camps out now.

RAPP. Did you ever try to kiss her again?

RENAL. (*Emphatically.*) Not on your life.

In the end the two men strike a bargain whereby Baron Rapp is to assume charge of Kiki—as a Christmas gift. Renal goes out. Kiki enters and, conversing with the Baron, naively declares she is beginning to understand men.

RAPP. (*Coming to center.*) You know you interest me—er—greatly. You—

KIKI. What I haven't seen—experienced. (*Rapp gives her a furtive look, can't quite make her out yet, but as she goes on with story, he is spellbound, believing every word of it; indeed, it is difficult not to, she is apparently so sincere.*) Why shouldn't I tell you. You look so kind and good. . . . I will tell you. Sit down. (*She sits in chair left of table-right. He moves the armchair from right of table-left to left of her and sits.*) I lost my parents when I was young—a mere girl. My father was a sailor—an officer—a great officer—a captain or something on the Spanish Main. . . . He was killed at—er—oh, I forget—but it was off the coast of Africa somewhere, fighting Zulus—black people, you know—tall—ah! boug' de saligaud!—how tall! My mother, the captain's widow, did everything for a living; she even worked in a bakery, making rolls and cakes—St. Honoré—cakes and babas. I sold flowers in the Latin quarter. . . . I was a nurse-maid, too, in a Duke's house . . . distant cousin of my father. I did anything . . . to earn a few sous to bring home to my poor mother . . . she was bedridden. . . . Oh—what didn't I do! And then . . . then . . . one terrible day . . . (*There is now a very sad note in her voice. She takes the Baron's handkerchief, wipes away a tear, starts to put it in her bosom, then returns it to him.*) Well, now I'm quite alone. . . . (*She hands back his handkerchief with a sigh.*) I could tell you things about myself that— (*Then, with an entire change of manner*) Ah, well, never mind. As I



IN A FRENCH-MODEL GOWN KIKI IS WELL SATISFIED WITH HER HOYDEN SELF

But even her most intimate friends would find it hard to recognize in her the erstwhile gamine of the Paris streets.

was saying, so many gentlemen are full of fine talk and compliments and all sorts of promises, but in the end there's nothing doing. They're all out mousing.

RAPP. (*In an undertone.*) Mousing?

KIKI. You know what I mean by "mousing"?

RAPP. No—no—really—I don't.

KIKI. Well, they're—how shall I say it and be refined? Well, they're rotten. The way they chase a girl anyone would think she had catnip in her system. Now, Victor's just the opposite. The more he scolds you, the better he likes you. I'm telling you this because you might think from the way he treats me—

RAPP. What an idea. . . . I understand perfectly.

KIKI. When we're alone he's another man. My God, how that man loves me! Only yesterday he said to Adolphe (whom

I'm going to discharge one of these days, the damned little stinker), he said, "Adolphe, I want you to treat Kiki with the same respect you treated the other one." Nice of him, wasn't it?

Eventually Baron Rapp withdraws and Renal reappears with Adolphe, questioning the latter about the disappearance of some letters from Madame Paulette. Adolphe charges Kiki with the theft of them. She denies it and bursts into tears.

RENAL. (*Under his breath, over her head, to Adolphe.*) Get out. (*Adolphe goes out quickly, leaving everything behind him. Renal releases Kiki, who stands sniffing. He pays no attention to her, but smoothing out Paulette's letters, eagerly begins to read them. Then, annoyed at hearing a loud sniff from Kiki.*) You sit down, keep quiet, and don't you dare move. (*Kiki sits in the chair left of the table-right, as meek as a lamb. He is very much absorbed in Paulette's letters. Kiki follows the expression of his face anxiously. Then seeing that he is pleased with what he is reading and enduring it as long as she can.*)

KIKI. Takes you a long time to read them, don't it? And there's nothing interesting in them, either. . . . My God, that woman writes a rotten hand. (*Renal holds up his hand and signals for her to be quiet.*) And you know she's lying when she says she's sorry—that's all bluff!

RENAL. (*He reads the second letter, and after finishing it, looks at Kiki severely; then goes straight across to her.*) Do you know what you deserve? To have your ears boxed.

KIKI. Go ahead, box them. I know I've been bad. (*Leans towards him. He makes her cross to left, holding her by the ear.*)

RENAL. You have.

KIKI. (*Anxiously.*) Are you very angry with me?

RENAL. (*Frowning.*) Angry! (*Smiling, changing his tone.*) Not at all. I'm delighted.

KIKI. (*Amazed, her eyes wide open.*) Huh?

RENAL. For if I had received those letters, I would probably have answered them.

KIKI. Course you would.

RENAL. And that would have been a mistake.

KIKI. (*Delighted.*) I'm glad to hear you say that.

RENAL. Silence is best—a dignified silence. That's what I call strength of character.

KIKI. (*Hopefully.*) And now, you won't answer her at all?

RENAL. No.

KIKI. Not a line? (*Renal shakes his head.*) You're sure?

RENAL. (*Crossing to her, much pleased with himself.*) Certain.

KIKI. (*Grasps his hand.*) Shake—you're a real sport.

RENAL. (*Laughing.*) Why, you're positively growing amiable.

KIKI. (*Quickly.*) I've been amiable ever since I got here—only you didn't notice it. The few times we've seen each other, you've always quarreled with me.

Kiki proceeds adroitly to question Renal about Paulette and, in turn, is informed that she, Kiki, is to be taken under the protection of Baron Rapp. The Baron enters and finds Kiki alone. He proceeds to flatter her and declares Renal to be incapable of appreciating her charm.

KIKI. Yes, and my intelligence—the idiot! (*Raps on the table-right, and sits in chair left of it.*) I'm not a fool, you know.

RAPP. I should say not. (*Rises and crosses to her.*) And you've got such a nice way about you, too. You're so amiable and— (*Takes her hand.*)

KIKI. (*Changing her tone, getting her hand away from him.*) Oh, well, when it comes to that, I'm not. I've got the damndest temper— (*Quite matter-of-fact.*) You might as well know it. (*Seeing the funny side in spite of herself.*)

RAPP. (*Laughing, catching her spirit.*) So long as you've warned me. And now, what do you think of me?

KIKI. Well. . . . I'd rather think it than say it.

RAPP. What?

KIKI. Nothing. (*Suddenly.*) You're rich, aren't you?

RAPP. (*Taken aback.*) Why, fairly.

KIKI. What do you mean by fairly? Very rich?

RAPP. Yes, very.

KIKI. Not that I care about money; I don't. But I feel like spending it now.

Toward the end of this second act Paulette enters and confides to Kiki that while she expects to resume marital relations with Renal she is not losing her

head over him. Kiki is indignant and, being taunted by the other, declares passionately:

KIKI. I could love him with all my heart, strength and body. It—it would be like a fire inside of me. I would do anything for love; steal, I'd steal . . . slave . . . anything! If I loved a man and he said to me, "Kiki, go rob and murder," I'd go and come back with what he sent me for. That's love—for when you love, everything's easy . . . laughing or crying or dying . . . it's all the same thing. That's how love makes you feel. *That* kind of love I can understand—but *your* kind, I don't know . . . and I can't help it—for I have the temperament of my country in my veins. You see—I'm a Corsican! *(She stands looking at Paulette—one hand on her hip.)*

PAULETTE. *(Surprized—step or two to the left.)* Why, I thought Victor said you were Spanish.

KIKI. He didn't know what he was talking about— I'm Corsican. My father was Corsican. My mother was Corsican. Oh, we know how to use a knife.

PAULETTE. *(A little nervous—retreats a step.)* Ah!

KIKI. *(With emphasis.)* When we're angry, or when we're in love, there's a knife in our hands before we know where we are.

PAULETTE. *(Uneasy.)* That's quite primitive—very odd.

KIKI. *(Portentiously.)* So, you see, it's better not to make an enemy of me. And now, I'll tell you something. *(Fixing Paulette with her eye.)* I'm in love—

PAULETTE. Oh!

KIKI. *(Watching Paulette's face to see the effect of her words.)* I'm so much in love, you couldn't possibly understand it . . . And I'm just mad enough about him go off my ear. You don't ask me who it is.

PAULETTE. I don't want to be indiscreet.

KIKI. But I'll tell you just the same. It's Victor—the man you only pretend to love— I'm crazy about him.

PAULETTE. *(Alarmed, trying to get to the door.)* But, Mademoiselle— I think I'd better go.

KIKI. *(Runs up and bars the way, with her hands on her hips.)* No, no, you don't!

PAULETTE. But, really, this is ridiculous. If I had known—

KIKI. You wouldn't have come, which would have been better for you.

PAULETTE. *(In a trembling voice, turning to Kiki.)* Oh, I'm not afraid of you.

KIKI. *(Sarcastically.)* No, of course not—you don't look it! Well— *(Crosses to table-left and gets paper knife.)* I'm sorry for you. *(Begins to sharpen the paper knife on the sole of her shoe, Paulette getting more and more frightened. All done seriously, convincingly, with no trace of burlesq.)* I'll be guillotined for this—but I won't care. You brought this on yourself—I warned you. *(By this time she has given the finishing touches to the knife on the bare skin of her arm—and Paulette is terrified.)*

PAULETTE. Well—what do you want me to do?

KIKI. *(Approaching her stealthily.)* I want you to give up Victor, leave him to me, for life.

PAULETTE. *(With false bravado.)* This is absurd—

KIKI. I warn you, if you don't give up Victor, I'll poke daylight into you. I'll cut you up and cut you down and crosswise. *(Slashes the air wildly, and wriggles some more.)*

PAULETTE. *(As Kiki makes a rush—she cries out.)* Oh! Oh!—help—help— *(Collapses into the chair right of table-left.)* Great heavens—she's a savage!

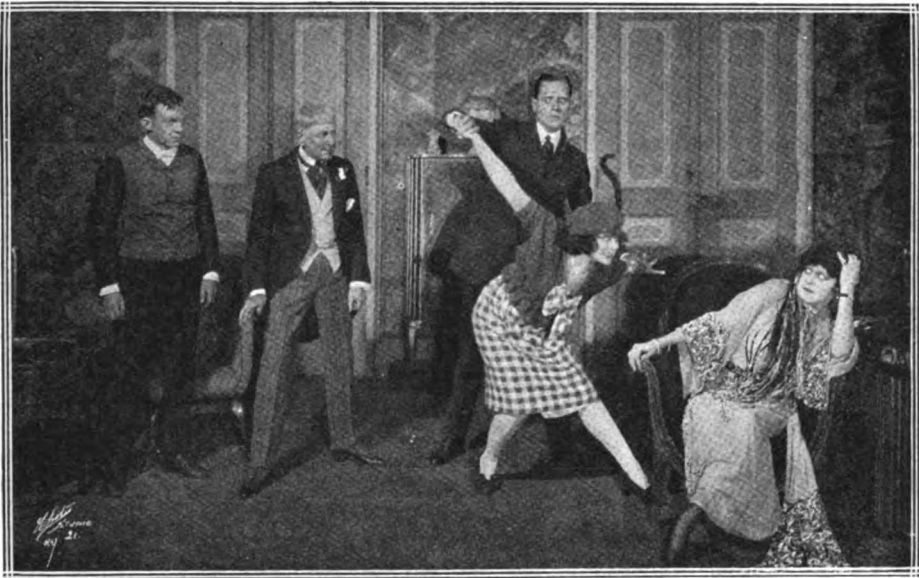
KIKI. *(Over Paulette, brandishing the steel paper knife.)* Will you swear? It's your last chance— I'm a daughter of Corsica! *(Renal enters, followed by Rapp and Adolphe.)*

RENAL. No, you're not! You're a daughter of a noble Spaniard—and your knife won't cut. That's the end of you in this house—be off—on your way! *(He takes the knife from her hand.)*

KIKI. Hi-i-hi-i—! *(She pretends to swoon in Renal's arms; he throws her to Rapp, who lets her fall to the floor.)*

RENAL. Oh, Paulette—my dear— *(Kiki looks up from the floor and suddenly kicks him in the leg, then flops back on the floor in a pretended faint, as they all turn and look at her.)* Oh!

The third act transpires a few hours later in a sleeping chamber of Renal's apartment. Paulette and Renal have returned from a late supper and are engaged in conversation about the advisability of their being remarried when they are startled by a sound in the adjoining dressing-room. Renal throws open the door and discovers Brulé, Adolphe and a doctor laboring over Kiki, clad in pajamas and apparently in a cataleptic trance. This situation fur-



KIKI IS DISARMED AND PREVENTED FROM STABBING MADAME PAULETTE (ARLINE FREDRICKS) WITH A PAPER KNIFE

In the picture, from left to right, are Adolphe (Thomas Mitchell), Baron Rapp (Max Figman), Victor Renal (Sam B. Hardy), Kiki (Lenore Ulrich) and Paulette, former wife of Renal, with whom Kiki is in love.

nishes rich serio-comic material and toward the conclusion, when Renal and Kiki are left alone, she quits her shamming and begins dancing madly about the room.

RENAL. Will you stop that! Now look here, as you weren't asleep, you must have heard everything we said.

KIKI. Of course— I had to have some amusement.

RENAL. Why, you cheeky little— Well, of all the impudent, brazen—

KIKI. Oh, don't let it worry you. You're not really angry.

RENAL. I'm not?

KIKI. No. You're only sore because I heard the way that woman dressed you down.

RENAL. What way?

KIKI. Why, so scornfully! I'd never have thought a man like you would let a woman bullyrag him like that.

RENAL. Yes, but I gave it back to her.

KIKI. (*Rising.*) In a whisper. She didn't hear it. (*Sitting on sofa.*) But I know all about it. You told me—when I was stuck up there against the foot of the bed—as if that was a decent way to treat a cater—cater—lip—tic.

RENAL. (*Threateningly.*) If I'd only known that you were shamming—

KIKI. Well, you did know it a little

later. Why weren't you angry then? Why didn't you give me away?

RENAL. Why did I— Why did I— (*Exploding.*) Look here, I'm the one to ask questions, and I've asked several.

KIKI. Oh, yes, that's so; you did ask me why I kissed you—seems to interest you—

RENAL. It paralyzed me. Why did you invent that ridiculous attack of catalepsy?

KIKI. Because—

RENAL. Because what?

KIKI. You know—

RENAL. (*Rising, exasperated.*) I don't! Why?

KIKI. So I shouldn't have to leave here.

RENAL. So you didn't intend to go.

KIKI. No, I didn't. And there was only one way to stay—get sick—

RENAL. Oh—

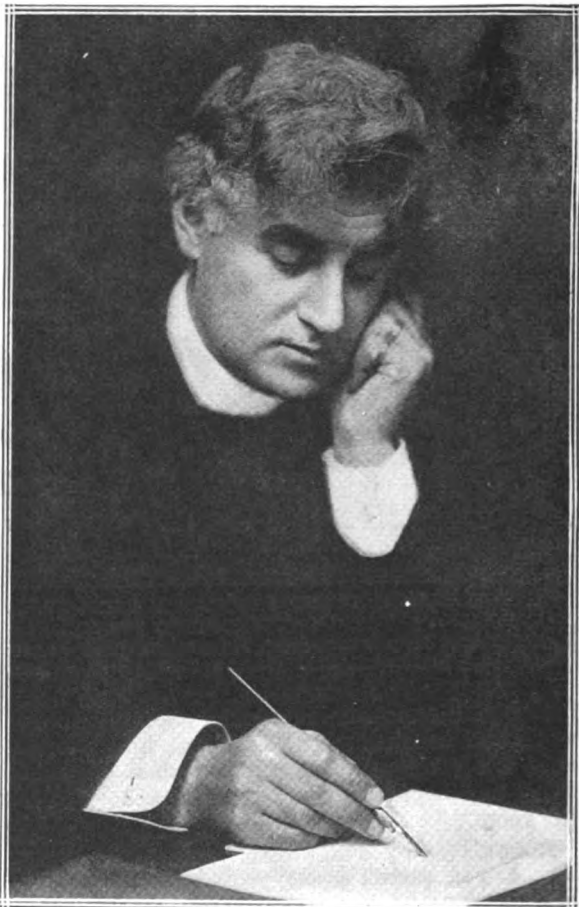
KIKI. So I took a fit. (*Rises.*) At least, I started in with fits, but the doctor called it cater—you know; and when I say myself here—here—for two years— Ha! two whole years— Oh, I fell for that disease strong!

RENAL. Do you imagine I'm going to let you stay here?

KIKI. I don't know, but I do know one thing—I haven't left yet. And if I hadn't had fits, I should be on my way by this time. (*Sitting on sofa.*)

In the end she timorously declares her idolatry for Renal, who is at a loss to comprehend her. He questions her about her family and history, learns about her pathetic poverty and the hardships she has virtuously endured, and hears her say that "the night I left your office with you my dream came true."

KIKI. My dream came true, but not quite in the way I wanted. I thought I was in heaven and then—ha! You ought to have seen yourself that night in the restaurant—hateful—horrid—cranky—*Mon petit gros*. You *were* sure a martyr! It's a wonder you didn't check me with your hat. I was just a pick-up! I wasn't "Kiki," no, I was just woman, any woman, blonde or brunette, lean or—Ah! I didn't mean any more to you than the sardines—you certainly gave me the gooseberry! But I'm not complaining. No, no, I went with you—in a grand restaurant—having my gullet fed—and you sat there chewing a cigar, thinking of your row with that other dame. I watched you— You might have given me a smile—kicked my foot under the table, as any gentleman would to a lady; might have done something nice, but, no! And then—when I was in the cab with you—you might have said— (*Laying on the politeness.*) "It was charming of you to come with me, Mademoiselle Kiki. You're a darling. We're going to have a lovely evening together, you, you wonderful little girl!"—or something like that—pretended you were tickled—but not you! Oh, I know; you didn't exactly have to *coax* me to come here—I'm no fool. I knew what was in your mind. But after I was filled up, got that swell supper out of you, I couldn't very well ask you to let me out on the first street corner, could I? That wouldn't have been honorable. But I *wouldn't* have done it, anyway. I was willing—yes—I wanted to come with you— But when the cab stopped here at your house, where *you* live— Oh, La! La!— I never was so



HE ADDS ANOTHER SUCCESS TO HIS NOTABLE RECORD
AS A PLAYWRIGHT-PRODUCER

In "Kiki," which he has adapted from the French of André Picard, David Belasco exhibits what is enviously known as "the Belasco touch."

scared in all my life— My knees rattled—and you brought me in like—like an umbrella—an old one. And my throat was dry and my feet like ice—all you could say was, "Take off your hat! Take off your hat! Take off your hat, Marie." And my name is *not* Marie." (*Puts her cigaret away.*) And then, without even saying "My dear" or "My darling" or showing me photographs, or the props in your palace, or something intimate, to make me feel at home, you made a lunge for me, a grab—like that—(*imitating the way he must have attempted to grab her*)—and tried to kiss me—kiss me and maul me—and all the time with your head full of her—of her—you tried to hug and kiss me—me. You were going to take me

for—for—a sweetheart—and you hardly knew what I looked like—just because I was a woman—any woman. Not because I was myself. You were going to take me for a sweetheart—carelessly! That's what hurt me! That it wasn't me—me—at all you wanted— I was just someone, anyone you happened to have in the house—a, a makeshift— That's what hurt me— That's what made it such an awful thing to do. *(She is overcome and gradually her voice goes into a whisper. Renal, soothingly, seeing how much she is taking the recollection of that night to heart.)*

RENAL. There, there. I'm sorry.

KIKI. And the funny thing is I let you.

RENAL. But you didn't.

KIKI. I nearly did.

They are interrupted by the telephone ringing and Paulette talking to Renal. Kiki endures an agony of suspense, fearing that Renal will return to Paulette, but in the end her great love triumphs and the light of it breaks over him. "I'm . . . I'm a good girl," she says, "you know, I mean a *good* girl, there." Renal, taken aback, asks, after a pause, how she has managed to keep so virtuous and she answers: "I don't know . . . perhaps it was for *you*." Whereupon he takes her in his arms and kisses her. Kiki laughs softly, perfectly happy. Life has given her everything for which she could ask.

HOW TONY SARG PERFORMS "MIRACLES" WITH MARIONETS

TONY SARG, the artist and puppet showman, following the example of such stage magicians as Houdini and Hermann, has lifted the seal of secrecy from his marionets, many of whose feats are a source of perplexity to thousands who have seen his productions. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all occurs when the audience at the puppet show sees the showman appear on the stage among his creations. A curious illusion is obtained, the showman appearing gigantic, a Colossus, while the dolls seem the size of ordinary human beings. One would expect that the appearance of a man among the manikins would dwarf them instantly, but the contrary is true. F. J. McIsaac, in "The Tony Sarg Marionet Book" (B. W. Huebsch), recounts that the illusion was at first as much of a surprise to Mr. Sarg as it was to the audience. During the preparation of the production he was continually busy with the dolls and never far enough away from them to get the full force of the strange effect. At the close of the initial performance, at the Neigh-

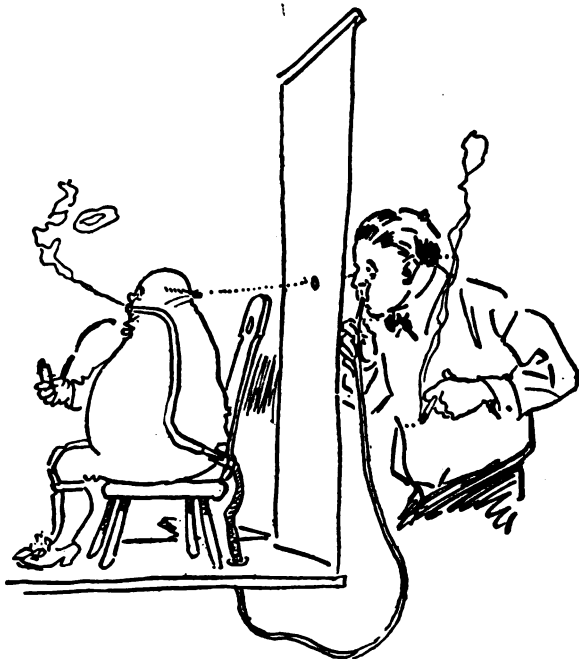
borhood Playhouse, in New York, the enthusiastic audience called for Tony Sarg and the artist decided, on the spur of the moment, to walk on to the stage—altho the proscenium arch was only six feet high—leading a charming marionet in the cast of "The Green Suit." He seemed ten or twelve feet high and to weigh five hundred pounds. The explanation is simple enough in the reading—the dolls are perfectly proportioned and all the scenery and properties made to scale. The audience, who have been looking at the marionets for some time, with nothing wherewith the eye can gauge relative height, visually accepts the figures as life-size. The in-



roduction of the living person among the manikins causes the man to appear out of scale and not the dolls.

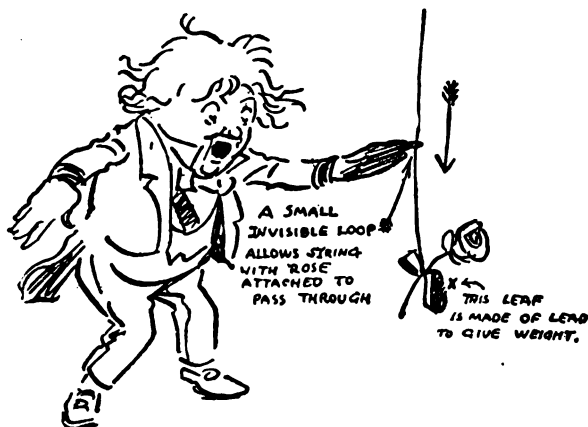
In the play of "Rip Van Winkle," Nick Vedder, the innkeeper, sits smoking a long pipe—a trick which has perplexed many people. Sarg thus explains the feat: A rubber tube runs through the body of Vedder and emerges at the middle of his back. Another tube goes through one of the legs of the chair in which he sits, and runs back stage. The arrangement is such that, when he is seated, the tube in his back is connected with the tube in the chair; and when he rises, he disconnects himself. Directly back of Vedder, and behind the back-drop, stands one of the puppeteers with a lighted cigaret. Through a tiny hole in the curtain, the operator watches the motions of Vedder, and, when he puts his pipe into his mouth, blows a puff of smoke through the tube. It is forced out of the bowl of Vedder's pipe. The operator puffs regularly and so does the puppet. Finally the doll arises and walks off, without showing the tube, and the audience is completely mystified.

In "The Green Suit" a fat puppet, bewitched by Dr. Magicus, shrinks to alarming thinness. Afterwards he is



restored to his original rotundity—before the eyes of the audience. The "miracle" is thus performed: Inside the fat puppet is a rubber ball, something like the bladder inside a college football. When this is inflated, the character is fat; and to make him thin all that is necessary is to let the air out of the bladder by means of a rubber tube connected back stage.

One of the most ingenious of the Sarg marionet transformations is that of Porter Gruffanuff in "The Rose and the Ring" (an adaptation of Thackeray's fairy tale), who is turned into a door knocker by the fairy whom he has insulted. The figure of Gruffanuff is fitted with thirty-six different strings. There is one complete set on top, and another set which works from the back-drop and brings about the transformation. The body of the porter is hollow and so are his legs. As long as he stands upright he seems like the other marionets, but when the moment comes for the transformation the



strings, attached to the door and pulled in succession, drag the body through a small opening placed where a knocker should be on the palace door, which forms the back-drop. Gruffanuff shrieks with pain as his body is contracted and pulled through the key-hole, leaving his ugly head to serve as a knocker.

The transformation of the Countess Gruffanuff, in the same play, from a hideous dowager to a beautiful young girl, and back again, is managed in an entirely different way. This puppet's face is an extremely ugly mask, which covers a beautifully modeled head, and is attached to it at the chin. The lining of the ugly mask is made to represent a pompadoured coiffure. At the moment of the transformation the lights flicker for a second, the mask is quickly pulled up and turned inside out by means of the strings, revealing the beautiful face, framed in becoming pompadoured hair, which is the lining of the mask. No one has yet been able to guess the method by which

this transformation was accomplished.

While marionets can perform many feats impossible to the human actor, some of the simplest acts of the living being are extremely difficult for them. For instance, it is only by the greatest ingenuity that the Sarg puppets are enabled to pick up objects and put them down again. This is how Prince Bulbo, in the Thackeray play, drops the magic rose, stoops and picks it up again: In Bulbo's hand is a loop of wire, through which runs a string which is attached to the magic rose, and holds up Bulbo's hand. An additional string is fastened to his wrist. The rose is weighted with lead, and, when Bulbo is ready to drop it, the string which holds the rose and holds up his hand, is released; the hand falls and the rose drops to the floor, still attached to the string. Bulbo kneels and touches the rose by means of the wrist-string, whereupon the puppeteer releases the wrist-string, pulls the rose-string, and Bulbo rises triumphantly with the blossom in his hand.

AN ARRAIGNMENT AND DEFENSE OF THE MOVIES

OF discussion of the movies there is no end. The latest antagonists and protagonists of the film drama are S. L. M. Barlow and Robert Emmett MacAlarney, in the *Forum*, and Burton Rascoe and Sir Gilbert Parker, in the *Bookman*. Holding the mirror of criticism up to a number of widely advertized productions of the D. W. Griffith and other brands, the first-named critic, in the *Forum*, detects a glamor of magnificence in such a picture as "Way Down East," for instance, but declares that, as art, it does not exist. The expressions photoplay and photodrama are, in his opinion, misnomers because the intimate drama without exaggeration or buffoonery can never be screened. "Ibsen, perfect on the stage, becomes, in the movies, such an amorphous and dull spectacle as one

of the de Mille six triangles or the cream-pie farce. So long as the cinema deals with material which can better be handled on the stage it shall be without its own art." Artistic things are admitted to have been done fragmentarily in the movies, but even the charm of "Sentimental Tommy" on the screen does not constitute a work of art and "Barrie remains greater in the book than on the screen." The "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is put in the same category, the original chronicle being pronounced better by far than the movie.

On the other hand, Annette Kellerman's undersea pictures are admitted to be legitimate as well as beautiful. "The subject is impossible, except in the movies, and the photography is exquisite. Such pictures are *echt*—they

pertain to the movies alone, they are not perversions or enlargements of the regular stage—they are neither Ibsen nor Drury Lane suffering from elephantitis. At their best, however, such spectacles are but glorified travelogs, Burbankiana, without dramatic significance. They do but point the way to those individual expressions which at some later date are to coalesce into the fine art of the cinema."

This writer agrees with Burton Rascoe that such imported films as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem," and various French and Italian projects, show a tendency to grasp the particular problem of the movies and to evolve an art form peculiar to that medium. But:

"The movie industry in America is a commercial and speculative enterprize and nothing more. Within a few years it has become one of the five most important industries in the country. It has behind it a vast deal of shrewd and adventurous business acumen but not one influential directive mind above the level of a stock promoter, not one guiding personality who has revealed more than a glimmer of esthetic interests or even of elementary taste. The aims of those concerned with it from the first have been as meretricious as the aims of so many real estate boosters. Its promoters have successfully resisted every influence designed to lift the movies above the level of a cheap and gaudy piece of merchandize. They have kept the movie on the intellectual level of the peep-show and the penny arcade, the trashy novel and the illustrated newspaper."

Mr. Rascoe makes the sweeping assertion that not one scenario has been prepared in this country for a motion picture with a significant idea. We are assured that in almost every instance where good novels and plays and short stories have been drawn upon for movie material, the ideas have been distorted and sentimentalized out of all recognition. And the very worst and most insipid of American fiction has been gutted for scenarios of widely advertised and patronized films. In the process of preparing a plot for the movies

a series of rigid taboos are observed by which every possible variation from the insipid formulæ of sentimental moralizing is rigidly excluded. As a result, this critic maintains, the movies as we know them might very well be censored off the face of the earth, and the only effect upon the intelligence and art of the country would be one of lasting benefit.

Mr. MacAlarney, taking up a cudgel for the defense, is inclined to belabor the producers for having invited guerrilla warfare upon the screen by coaxing the public into taking it too seriously. Let us, he pleads, look upon the screen as it is—a somewhat hard and flat, if potent, medium. "Naturally it is an art. Anything capable of being handled artistically may be labeled that. But woven through every foot of positive print is the celluloid cry of business, business in bulk, sold and over-sold through the same hippodrome methods used by the manufacturer of soap or motor cars." It is a silly waste of time to direct gun-fire against the screen, it is agreed, unless the attack is constructive. Arraign the movies, if one must, but Mr. MacAlarney would pronounce sentence against them only after giving some thought to the difficulties of their making.

Sir Gilbert Parker, summing up for the defense, expresses conviction that the chief film producers are as earnest in making good pictures as any writer or any critic or any other citizen of the country. He has spent a year at Hollywood, California, and reports that life in that great movie colony compares most favorably with life in all places where industry and art are at work and he is convinced that "even now motion pictures are an industry *and* an art." Seventy-five per cent. of the films, Sir Gilbert admits, are bad and the proportion of masterpieces is small; but, he concludes pertinently, "how old is the film industry? It dates back fifteen years, and what is expected in that time? One need not look for too much all at once. This new industry and art has gone wonderfully ahead since the day of the nickelodeons."

THE DISAPPOINTING PAUSE IN THE TRANSMUTATION OF ELEMENTS

LET us not take too seriously the announcement that a German physicist has actually transformed a baser element into gold. There is nothing to inspire our incredulity in the announcement. The thing is bound to come. But we should wait for the exact facts before we accept the demonstration. There has been a pause in the series of steps which were leading one by one to a realization of the dream of the alchemists, a disappointing pause. The explanation is simple. The right genius has still to appear. We are on the threshold for reasons set forth by the illustrious Professor Charles Moureu in his study of the situation.

What great names are involved in it: Frederick Soddy, Ernest Rutherford, William Ramsay, Madame Curie—these are but a few. Hopes were high when Soddy came to England from Montreal, where he had been assisting Rutherford in his beautiful work on thorium. The curious fact had been discovered that a material substance was continually being given forth from thorium. It received the name of emanation.*

Helium! Still helium, a kind of leit-motif in physics! An element produced from another element! The magnitude of the discovery, says Professor Moureu, immediately appeared. For the first time was beheld the transmutation of one element into another. It was revolutionary. Is it necessary to add that the scientific public did not at first believe, that it continued to doubt for a long time—very naturally? It very naturally doubts the news from Germany about an actual transmutation of a baser element into gold, and this, too, is as it should be. In the first case of actual transmutation on record, it was argued that the helium had come from anywhere except from the emanation. It had come from the glass, from the mercury, from the platinum, from the

walls of the pump. Was not the indestructibility of atoms the dogma of dogmas?

The discovery of Ramsay and Soddy being taken up, the formation of helium was demonstrated as coming from actinium by Debierne, from thorium and uranium by Soddy, from polonium by Madame Curie, from ionium by Boltwood. This destruction of radioactive atoms, in which Ramsay was the first to see helium atoms, the one born of the other, had the effect of liberating an enormous quantity of energy. It was an energy capable of breaking up water, carbonic gas, the very substance of glass and who knows what besides? The emanation of radium in its disintegration gives off an explosive quantity of heat. Ramsay supposed that if a sufficient amount of emanation of radium were put into contact with atoms, the energy liberated by the decomposition of the emanation would be able to break off some of them. In common with Cameron, he announced that he had thus obtained lithium, starting with copper, and carbon starting with thorium and other elements of the same group.

"Another problem, in some degree the reciprocal of the preceding, naturally presented itself: If the disintegration of heavy elements can lead to light elements, would it not be possible, by an inverse method, to condense light atoms into heavy atoms and thus realize in all its fullness the dream of the alchemists? . . . Ramsay found that if the hydrogen is moist—that is, if it is accompanied by oxygen—there will be, moreover, formation of neon, created by the addition of the atom of helium (4) to the atom of oxygen (16). It seemed to him, therefore, that under analogous conditions sulphur would lead to argon and selenium to cryton."

At this point the problem must now be taken up. Its possibilities surpass those of any other problem now in the range of scientific investigation.

* ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1921.

THE NEGRO WHO HAS WON THE GONCOURT PRIZE

SOMETHING of a sensation has been caused by the recent award of the "Prix Goncourt" for the best French novel of the year to René Maran. This sensation is due only in part to the fact that Maran is a negro. Paris is used to seeing dusky faces and discourages race-prejudice. It is due rather to the way in which the prize came to be awarded, and to the character of the prize-novel, "Batouala." René Maran conceives of himself as an emancipator of his race. He says that he has striven hard to make his story "objective," but, in a preface to the book, he violently attacks French colonial administration in Africa and calls his literary colleagues to a holy crusade in behalf of oppressed negroes. The story itself, which deals with the corrupted life of the negro in Africa, is construed by some as an attack on the negro. The colored Deputy, Diagne, has prophesied that "Batouala" will cause "more than 100,000 white men to form an unfavorable opinion of the colored people whose vices Maran reveals." Many people in Paris, so it is said, are curious to learn the effect of this colored man's literary triumph on American opinion.

It seems that Maran, during a recent visit to Paris, was introduced to the famous French writer, Henri de Régnier, and showed him the manuscript of his novel. De Régnier was so much impressed by it that he took it to a publisher, while another of Maran's friends, Manoel Gahisto, to whom the book was dedicated, brought it to the attention of the Académie Goncourt. The members of the Académie, among whom are some of the most eminent of living Frenchmen of letters, were as strongly and favorably impressed as De Régnier had been, and found themselves, when they came to the matter of awarding the 1921 prize, divided between the merits of "Batouala" and a novel entitled "Epithalame," by Pierre Char-donne. Each of the stories received

five votes, whereupon the President of the Académie, Gustave Geffroy, cast his vote in favor of "Batouala."

The winner of the prize, T. R. Ybarra notes in the *New York Times*, is the first member of the colored race to whom the honor has come since the institution of the Goncourt Prize in 1903. Mr. Ybarra goes on to sketch the salient events in Maran's career:

"René Maran was born thirty-four years ago at Bordeaux in France. Both of his parents were of the colored race, natives of the French West Indies; his father came from the island of Martinique, his mother from the Island of Guadeloupe. While still a young student, he began writing and succeeded in getting a number of poems and other pieces accepted by *Le Buffroi* of Lille, northern France, a newspaper noted as being kindly disposed toward struggling young scribblers. Later, the editors of this newspaper brought out two books of verse by young Maran, entitled 'La Maison de Bonheur' and 'La Vie Intérieure.' It was while he was contributing to *Le Buffroi* that Maran became acquainted with M. Manoel Gahisto, also a contributor.

"Having finished his studies, the young writer took up his residence in the African wilds as a French colonial official. The post where (if all goes well with the mails) the news of the honor conferred upon him will reach the lucky novelist some time in February is Fort Archambault, two days' journey from Lake Chad, in the French possessions of northern central Africa. There are eleven French officials stationed at this outpost of civilization. All of them, except René Maran, are white men. Until he wrote 'Batouala,' the work of this young writer had attracted little attention in literary or other circles, and the first facts about the author of 'Batouala,' accompanying the news of the award of the prize, were meagre. He was a lover of sport, a redoubtable football player, one newspaper informed its readers. It was also vouchsafed that Maran was fond of taking long walks, that he had a passionate fondness for Africa and all things African. Surely, the Prix Gon-

court in all the eighteen years of its existence was never conferred upon a writer about whom so little was known by those conferring it and their fellow countrymen."

"Batouala" is a story of 20,000 words which takes its title from a jungle chief who lives in the region of Ubangi-Chari, one of the four subdivisions comprized in French Equatorial Africa. Surrounded by his nine wives and native henchmen, Batouala lives in primitive fashion in one of several villages over which he holds nominal sway. But tho, as Mr. Ybarra puts it, he seems monarch of all he surveys, the real power is lodged in the hands of the local French commandant and his native gendarmerie. The commandant concerns himself scarcely at all with the welfare of the natives, and is presented as typical of a system of callous oppression and injustice on the part of French colonial officials in Africa, which is dwelt upon with unsparing frankness by Maran.

"The white man," says one of his characters, Batouala's father, "has given us only three things worth while—the bed, the easy chair, and absinthe."

Batouala has a favorite wife, Yassiguindja, whom he guards jealously and who casts amorous eyes on a native youth, Bissibingui. The two men are soon in the position of rivals for her favor. She inclines toward the youth, and Batouala determines to get rid of him.

There is a big-game hunt. A huge panther leaps in the direction of Bissibingui. Batouala's hunting knife whizzes in the same direction. Bissibingui knows that the weapon was aimed at himself, but escapes, almost by a miracle, from both of the dangers that menace him, and stands by while the panther inflicts a terrible wound on Batouala.

The chieftain now can only crawl to his hut in mortal agony. The scepter of power has passed from his hands. While he lies prostrate, his wife and her lover live in dalliance in his house.

It is all a story of primitive love



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood
NOVELIST AND CRUSADER

René Maran, author of "Batouala" and the first colored man to win the much-coveted Goncourt Prize, indicts French colonial rule in Africa and calls his literary colleagues to a crusade in behalf of the oppressed negro.

and hate carried through amidst vivid descriptions of native degradation. There is an account of a dance which, Mr. Ybarra says, "reveals René Maran not only as one with a remarkable fund of original first-hand knowledge of the negroes of whom he writes, but also a writer with a Zolaesque capacity for parading details of filth and degradation and brutality." Mr. Ybarra continues:

"His realism is unbounded; at times he goes to lengths before which even the most extreme of modern French writers might hesitate. On the other hand, he draws pictures of the African wilderness, creates an atmosphere of vast spaces and silence and mystery which recall W. H. Hudson at his best. And always, even when his Africans are dancing and reveling at their

maddest, he succeeds in suggesting the unhappiness that besets them, the sword of Damocles which the white man holds suspended over their heads. Haranguing his followers, squatted in the darkness about him, Batouala exclaims:

"Thirty moons ago we used to be paid 3 francs for each kilo of our rubber. Then, suddenly, without the shadow of an explanation, all we got for the same quantity of 'banga' was three-quarters of 1 franc!

And that was exactly the moment chosen by the Governor for raising our tax from 5 to 7 and then to 10 francs!

"We are nothing but flesh out of which taxes may be ground. We are nothing but beasts of burden. Beasts? Not even that! The white man will feed a dog and will care for a horse. But we? We are less than these animals, we are lower than the lowest. The white men are killing us slowly!"

A JAPANESE STATESMAN'S DELIGHT IN AMERICAN MORALS AND MANNERS

ALTHO his name is not familiar in this country, Umeshiro Suzuki is regarded by the Japanese as their highest living authority on everything American. In his capacity as a member of the house of representatives of the imperial Japanese diet, Mr. Suzuki takes a prominent part in every debate on the subject of his country's attitude towards America. He is eloquent and well informed, decidedly pro-American in his views and thoroly familiar with our history, our language and our attitude in general. His writings on the themes afforded him by our institutions, our morals and our manners have a wide circulation in Japan. His tone and temper are well suggested by his study of "American Justice and Humanity," recently issued by the Jitsu-Seikwatsusha of Tokyo, in which Mr. Suzuki explains, at the risk of losing popularity among his constituents, that he loves the American people. "When a youth," he says in his fluent and animated English, "I read an American history and entertained a burning admiration for America and the Americans. I have often read the lives of the great men like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, so absorbed that I forgot my meals." He admits that the defeat of the League of Nations in the Senate gave his faith in America a severe shock, but he remembers that America has often in the past seemed to be going the wrong way only to turn about and go the right way. People in Japan think America materialized, mad

in the pursuit of wealth, but Mr. Suzuki notes by way of qualification:

"Business is the art for the Americans. In that respect, the European business men are not so single-minded as the Americans. They have an air of the samurai in business. They work for living because they must. If they do not find difficulty of living, they would live a little more artistic life in their old age. In other words, there is a tendency to scorn business. That is the remnant habit from the feudal days. In Japan this tendency is all the more remarkable. But the Americans have not a particle of it. To them business is at once art. They engage in commerce not because they want to accumulate dollars. But they indulge in business for the sake of enjoying business.

"Artists have artist conscience, scholars have scholastic conscience. So the Americans have business conscience, that is the commercial morality. That is the most powerful cause for the business success of the Americans, the business conscience of the commercial morality. The Americans are generally known as a genius in advertizement. Our business advertizement learnt much of its art from America. The Flat Iron Building, the Singer Building, the Metropolitan Building and other big buildings of New York bespeak the American boastfulness in a sense and in another sense they bespeak the valueableness of the price of land in New York, especially in the Manhattan island. However boastful Americans may be, they would not invest large fortunes to building devilish big buildings if unnecessary."

There is a too prevalent impression in Japan that if money were taken out

of America there would be nothing worth while left. This theory of America is ridiculed by Mr. Suzuki. "The Americans face business," he writes, "as the poets face nature, as artists face their subjects of sketch and as scholars address their subjects of study." Furthermore:

"The Americans are urged on by the precious blood handed down by their ancestors and are impelled by heaven-sent impressions. With such lofty spirit alone was made possible the prosperity which America enjoys to-day. If, as some people believe, there was to remain nothing behind if money-making, speculation, adventure and extravagance were taken away from the Americans, the development of America so far might not have been possible. America might have fallen long ago. The ardent love of freedom and the indomitable spirit of the forefathers who have landed in a corner of Cape Cod where they went aboard very dangerous sailing vessels early in the 17th century still runs in the red blood of the Americans to-day. The idea of labor for human service or labor for labor's sake pervades the mind of the Americans, whether they be steel kings or newspaper peddlers, oil kings or milkmen. A son of a millionaire who is drunk in the strong perfume of 'American Beauty,' while lying idly in a fashionable hotel on Fifth Avenue, once reading the history of America, and learning how his ancestors have vigorously fought against the power of nature, broken up the forests, reclaimed the marshes, leveled hills, tilled the prairies into farms and showed the courage and faith in their ability to win in the fight, will certainly resolutely awaken from the dreams of extravagance, break away from the yoke of personal habits and will show the determination to fight as his forefathers did like a man with bare hand and nothing to aid him."

Comparisons between things American and things Japanese do not result favorably for the Japanese, says Mr. Suzuki. He is amazed, when reading Japanese papers, to find them so fond of instituting comparisons of this kind. The inference invariably is discreditable to the Americans, but this merely proves how incompetent many journal-

ists and publicists are to institute comparisons. Such Japanese, declares Mr. Suzuki, have never been to America. They get everything wrong, especially when they talk about advertizements. American advertizing, he says, is infinitely superior to Japanese advertizing on the moral plane. It is a theme to which he returns again and again:

"The big buildings in New York mean in a sense the use of the air space because of the high price of land. At the same time, they mean that the Americans are skilful in the art of advertizement. A curiosity monger in China sent a letter to a certain person, addressed to the Singer Building, without even mentioning America or New York. The letter reached the addressee without any fuss at all. How remarkable the value of sky-scrapers is for advertizement can be seen. The Americans are thus fond of advertizing and are adept at advertizing. But the Americans do not lack in business morality because of their love of advertizement. The Americans do not sell questionable articles by any means. They make efforts to produce goods after painstaking industry in order not to betray the confidence of their customers. They advertize in a thoroly penetrating manner, skilfully and beautifully. No wonder that the Americans overwhelm the world in business. But our Japanese business men have learnt only the art of advertizement from America and manufacture inferior articles. In some cases, the goods are not worthy of use. How can dare these Japanese reproach the Americans for their materialism, utilitarianism and the idea of almighty dollar?"

A most remarkable fact about this country to Mr. Suzuki is the "distance between the expert or specialist and the novice," which is "very short." Any novice can become an expert if he makes efforts, says this Japanese admirer of ours. In America, according to Mr. Suzuki, "everyone is a statesman, an expert engineer and a scholar." He quotes Long, who was in McKinley's cabinet, thus: "When I heard a man who lived in a country town in the northern part of Maine, after he read newspapers and magazines from New York or Boston, discuss eloquently the events of the day, I found him possess-

ing intelligence and power of understanding things, so much so that he could be placed in a position of the cabinet without any shortcomings at all." In America, accordingly, the difference between the lectures given for laymen and for experts is not so great as in other countries. Hence the Americans will listen attentively to "dry lectures" because that may be of use to them. In Japan it is otherwise. "The people do not listen except to speeches which are lightheartedly delivered to please the novices." Take the subject of the currency:

"Americans will listen to lectures on that subject if they think that the lectures will concern their interests. They study carefully and then decide their vote. In that respect, they show their quality of a self-governing people, such as one cannot note in European countries. In short, there is no obstacle in the way of an individual to make his way. A boy, a cook, a porter, or a cowboy believe they can equally become the President of the United States, if they only make efforts. That may be regarded as an expression of the spirit of democracy.

"That peculiarity can be noted also in the circles of learning and arts. The Americans are, as a rule, excellent in applying principles in practice. Among laymen there are many who invent machines or tools. The remarkable past progress of industry in America is largely owing to that peculiar quality of the Americans. For instance, Edison, Bell or Tesler and other great inventors rose from among laymen. In America, the number of applications for patents filed is enormous every year. But not all of them are filed by expert engineers or specialists. In Japan, too, laymen began gradually to make remarkable inventions. That is due to the fact, after all, that the oppressions of the feudalism which had hindered development of life of the people were done away with, so that it has become possible to attain results by even the commercial men, farmers and persons of any classes, if they only worked hard enough. But in Japan, experts are still very much depended upon for making inventions.

"This consideration is same in respect of learning. For scholars to stay closeted in a laboratory in his school and to despise to participate in practical affairs of

society, it is also a remnant habit of feudalism. The harmony between learning and practice is a thing in which the British, the people of the country of forefathers of America, are the geniuses. The British possessing that genius have won their place of eminence in the world. The Americans have inherited the British blood and then have added luster to the genius."

It must not be supposed that Mr. Suzuki is blind to certain features of American life less worthy of praise than others. "How about the negroes," he asks, "whose lives are always threatened with cruel tortures of lynching of which even the most vicious devils will be ashamed?" Even if a section of the Chinese repose confidence in America, the negroes, the Turks, the Persians, the Hindoos, and others are looking to Japan as the source of their hope. The majority of the colored races will never be the friends of America. Consequently "America is hourly approaching the dangers," and "she does not realize her own position and is only doing things which are calculated to lead her into a position of isolation in the world."

The thing that will save this country, according to Mr. Suzuki, is the American home. Let not the world be deceived, he says, by misrepresentations of the domestic manners of the Americans. American marriages inspire his admiration, American men are honorable, true and spiritualized in thought, American women are heroines without exceptions sufficiently numerous to affect the validity of the rule. The Japanese must study the domestic manners of the Americans and thus rise to the lofty American level where the home is concerned. "In Japan, the system of jinsan kin, the bride bringing a fortune to her husband in marriage, is rather despised, but the system is widely practiced. But in America there is no such system as the jinsan kin. A daughter of a family, however rich, when married to a man, is expected to work sweating in her brow together with her husband in order to open new fortunes for themselves and by themselves."

THE "YOUNG INTELLECTUALS" VERSUS AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

THERE are two kinds of youth in America to-day. The first is that represented, broadly speaking, by the daily press and by such organizations as the American Legion. The second is that which finds expression in the radical weeklies and in essays of the type printed in "America and the Young Intellectual" (Doran) and in "Civilization in the United States" (Harcourt). Each of these volumes is inspired by Harold Stearns, who has written a book on "Liberalism in America" and is presented as one of the ablest of our young men. "His very clear, analytical mind," we are told on the paper jacket of "America and the Young Intellectual," "has been turned upon the old bulwarks of our literary and cultural ideas with disastrous results." In "America and the Young Intellectual," which consists of essays reprinted, in the main, from the *Freeman* and the *Dial*, Mr. Stearns attacks the accepted doctrines of contemporary intellectual life, and attempts to show "what the new generation expects in the way of a bearable social order." In "Civilization in the United States" he reinforces his point of view in a symposium in which thirty Americans and three foreigners participate. Taken together, the two books exhibit a new ferment at work in America—a ferment of youth, of idealism, of intellectual revolt, which is making itself felt in our poetry, our art, our politics and our fiction.

Mr. Stearns, who is in his early thirties and is now living in Paris, is frankly pessimistic. He speaks, in "America and the Young Intellectual," of himself and his friends as "unhappy intellectuals educated beyond our environment," and of average Americans as living in "shivering, corn-fed timidity before the joyous waywardness and gaiety of life." When he thinks of France he thinks of the intellectual life represented by such men as Henri Bar-

busse, Anatole France and Romain Rolland. When he turns to England he is energized by the spirit of Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Angell, Massingham, Brailsford, Wallas and Cole. But American intellectual life is impotent; "it is exercising no influence at all."

Proceeding to speak more specifically of the plight of American youth, Mr. Stearns offers the case of a young man, "just out of college and returned to his moderate-sized home town in Ohio (why not Marion?), who is honestly trying to make contacts with the national culture. Here is the picture we get:

"First, he tries business; where will he find the idealistic business man with a vision of a future great moral republic—I mean a real vision and not a hypocritical pretense put on for the sake of the neighbors? Next he tries politics; where can he in fact go but to those leaders who took a local pride in rolling up a big majority for Brother Warren? Then he tries reform and the labor movement; can he go to a better place than the leader of the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union and possibly to the enthusiastic local manager of a national 'Open Shop' campaign? Finally, he tries music, art and literature; but here my hand falters, the picture is too pathetic. Perhaps he ignores all these activities; he wants merely to live a gracious and amiable and civilized life for himself, to be part of an interesting and intellectual social group and do his work honestly within it, forgetting the harshness of the environment. Frankly, has he one chance in a hundred?"

To accept life as it is and make the best of it, Mr. Stearns continues, may be an admirable quality in middle-aged men, as it is a lovable quality in old men, but "it is a horrible thing in a young man." The intransigent spirit of youth wants to improve the quality of life. It demands something richer and more varied than is thought good for it by the W. C. T. U. of Centreville, Ohio. It demands also the opportunity

to shape what we call "civilization" nearer to the heart's desire. But in America, Mr. Stearns says, youth is permitted to do neither one thing nor the other.

This indictment is carried forward, in elaborate fashion, in the thirty-three essays which constitute the volume, "Civilization in the United States." Almost every essay is a "knock," and the total effect conveyed is that American life and culture are at a very low ebb. "Our metropolitan civilization," says Lewis Mumford, in the first essay, on "The City," "is not a success." The average congressman, we read in the second essay, on "Politics," by Henry L. Mencken, "is incompetent and imbecile, and not only incompetent and imbecile but also incurably dishonest." All newspapers, so John Macy tells us in the third essay, on "Journalism," are controlled by "the advertizing department, that is, the counting-room." And so it runs.

In an effort, in the Preface, to sum up the chief themes that inform these essays, Mr. Stearns finds:

"First, That . . . in actual practice the moral code resolves itself into the one cardinal heresy of being found out, with the chief sanction enforcing it, the fear of what people will say.

"Second, That whatever else American civilization is, it is not Anglo-Saxon, and that . . . until we begin seriously to appraise and warmly to cherish the heterogeneous elements which make up our life, and to see the common element running through all of them, we shall make not even a step towards true unity; we shall remain, in Roosevelt's class-conscious and bitter but illuminating phrase, a polyglot boarding-house. [Roosevelt, by the way, used the phrase to describe not what the country is but what it is not.]

"Third, That the most moving and pathetic fact in the social life of America to-day is emotional and esthetic starvation, of which the mania for petty regulation, the driving, regimentating and drilling, the secret society and its grotesque regalia, the firm grasp on the unessentials of material organization of our pleasures and gaieties, are all eloquent stigmata."

Such is the indictment, widely pro-

claimed and widely discussed. It is partly true, and it may be needed, as a writer in the *New York Tribune* declares. It is also symptomatic of the spiritual restlessness that has followed the War, and from this point of view is significant. But what else should be said?

We find, even among radical and liberal writers, a tendency to resent so sweeping an arraignment as that contained in "America and the Young Intellectual" and "Civilization in the United States." David Karsner, for instance, in the *Socialist Call*, makes this comment:

"It does seem that Youth is more articulate to-day than yesterday. Our books and our pictures are written and painted by young men and young women who take their work seriously. It is a good sign. But we also observe that the Youthful Intellectual, when he turns his attention to economic and industrial matters, is usually about as competent as a plumber at a watchmaker's bench."

In the *New York World*, both Heywood Broun and Franklin P. Adams assert that they are getting tired of the general condemnation of newspapers which they find generally come from men who do not know the business well enough to be specific.

In his "Bowling Green" in the *New York Evening Post*, Christopher Morley has this to say:

"We welcome a book like 'Civilization in America' because it shows in a clear cross-cutting what is wrong with a great many excellent young minds. They are quick to scoff, but they are not humorous; they are eager for human perfection, but want to escape from humanity itself. They say a great many admirable things, true things; but so condescendingly that, by some quaint perversion, they impel us to fly to the opposite view. Life itself, apparently, is too multitudinous, too terrible for them. They enjoy pouring ridicule upon the world of business and upon the business man. We should like to see them tackle their own tasks with the same devotion and lack of parade that the business man shows. Some of the most amaz-

ing beauties of American life have been the work of quiet business men who were not clamoring for admiration as 'artists.' Our friends the Intellectuals keep shouting that the 'creative class' (so they call themselves) must be more admired, more respected, more appreciated. We answer, they are already respected and applauded as much as—perhaps more than—is good for them. Let them cease to consider themselves a class above and apart. They are too painfully conscious of being 'artists.' They make us feel like gathering a group of Young Roughnecks—let us say Heywood Broun and H. I. Phillips for a nucleus—and going off in a corner to be constructively and creatively vulgar."

In even more devastating language, Prof. Stuart P. Sherman, of the University of Illinois, writing under the title, "The Belligerent Young," in the *Literary Review of the Post*, answers the query of Stearns, Why is it that the Young Intellectuals are exerting practically no influence?

"I will tell him plainly and simply, tho on many pages of his book ['America and the Young Intellectual'] he descends so far below the level of a true Intellectual that I almost despair of his redemption—pages, I mean, where he lapses into mere fatuous and hackneyed Menckenisms and Dreiserisms; and attributes sobriety and domestic decency to timidity and hypocrisy; and, dismissing efforts at reform as 'morbid perversity,' discourses on Freud and 'healthy' sexual activity; tells us with unmanly grief how very fond he is of wine; sentimentalizes over the sad impossibility of a 'defeatist' party in America; laments that our youth can't enjoy a nice little revolution as they do in Italy; regrets that our timid corn-fed people are so healthy, athletic and optimistic; and finally, in order to make us a bit pessimistic, threatens to take his talent out of the country because he can't do precisely as he pleases. When Mr. Stearns runs on in this lugubrious vein, and pretends that this is in the spirit of the national genius, and that this is the spirit which our artists ought to express, I no longer feel that he is an Intellectual; I feel only that he is very young, which, after all, is not quite the same thing."

The trouble with Intellectuals like



THE CHAMPION OF THE YOUNG INTELLECTUALS

Harold Stearns, after castigating American life in books and in essays, has gone to Paris because, he says, there is no respect for ideas or ideals in America to-day

Mr. Stearns, we are told further, is that they have no critical discrimination.

"They will embrace and call brother any man who is against the existing order, quite irrespective of whether he wishes the existing order replaced by a philosophic anarchy or a Prussian despotism. Half of them still profess the muddle-headed belligerent individualism of the mid-nineteenth century, which went into bankruptcy because it became identified with an irresponsible 'doing as one likes'; and in the next breath, with sublime inconsequence, the same half of them will profess themselves Socialists, like the other half. The reason that they don't get what they want is that they don't know what it is. Instead of exerting themselves to frame a coherent conception of the 'good life,' they waste themselves in puerile revolt for revolt's sake, in behalf of a freedom with no destination, in behalf of an individuality without character."

THE SONG OF SONGS INTERPRETED AS A PURELY EROTIC POEM

THERE have always been scholars who found it hard to account for the presence of the so-called "Song of Solomon" in Holy Writ. Its language is beautiful, but its sentiment is pagan. It contains not so much as a single allusion to the national Deity of the Hebrews, and it makes no mention of any religious belief or rite. In face of the difficulties it presents, it has been interpreted by early Jewish commentators as an expression of Jehovah's love for Israel, and by later Christian critics as an expression of Christ's love for his church. Augustine saw in the phrase, "where thou reclinest at noon," a suggestion that the true church lay under the meridian, in Africa. Bernard of Burgundy found in the first two chapters of the book subjects for 86 homilies. The Jewish Saadia of the tenth century traced in the Song of Songs a history of the Jews from the Exodus to the coming of a twelfth-century Messiah; and Thomas Brightman in 1600 carried the history down to the time of Martin Luther.

Now comes Morris Jastrow, Jr., in a book entitled "The Song of Songs" (Lippincott), in which he indicates that interpretations of the kind described are the sheerest futility. The Song of Songs, he says, is exactly what it seems to be—an anthology of erotic poetry—and its author, he goes on to inform us incidentally, could not possibly have been Solomon. Dr. Jastrow's book impressively rounds out a trilogy which includes Ecclesiastes and the Book of Job. He occupied, until the time of his death a few months ago, the chair of Semitic languages in the University of Pennsylvania.

If Dr. Jastrow's theory is correct, how, it will be asked, did these secular songs find their way into the Bible? The answer is as simple as it is obvious. "The Song of Songs comes to reinforce the instinctive conviction of mankind that human love is sacred even in

its passionate manifestations, when not perverted by a sophisticated self-analysis." Dr. Jastrow would have us think of the book as forming part of a sacred collection not by an accidental admission to its present place or by a minority vote of a solemn assembly of learned pedants, but because of an irresistible popular appeal to which pedantry was forced to yield.

The association of Solomon with the Song of Songs, as tho he were a participant in the situation unfolded in the book, rests, according to Dr. Jastrow, upon the individual mention of Solomon in the last chapter and upon the identification of the "king," mentioned a number of times in the book, with Solomon as the king *par excellence*. This identification, we are told, led to adding the name Solomon after "king" in several places. But "king" is the designation still given in parts of the Orient to the "bride-groom" as the central figure in the wedding festivities. "The real Solomon plays no part whatever in the book."

The starting-point in the interpretation of the Song of Songs, as Dr. Jastrow sees it, is "to take the book for what it clearly is, a continuous ecstasy on the theme of sexual love." He writes:

"It is from this point of view that the Song of Songs is treated in this volume, and it follows almost as a necessary corollary that the Song of Songs consists of a series of independent songs, all dealing with the one theme, which were brought together into a little anthology by some editor, or more probably by some editors, who *may* have intended to give a semblance of literary unity to the collection. If that was the case—and the question is one to which a categorical answer can hardly be given—the unity is purely artificial, by which I mean that the separate songs to be distinguished are originally independent compositions and that any attempt to string them together spoils their beauty and interferes with their under-

standing and appreciation. For the songs are folk-songs, and folk-poetry does not indulge in elaborate composition. It is marked rather by its brevity—by its limitation to one or two thoughts or to a few pictures, not by a long train of thought carried through with logical precision, such as marks a literary composition produced with conscious and persistent effort. The folk lyric suggests the brevity of the love kiss and the fleetingness of the love sigh. What has been set forth by me in a previous volume [on Ecclesiastes] of the anonymous and collective character of all except the very latest books of the Old Testament applies with special force to the Song of Songs. There is no author, in our sense of the word, to the Song of Songs. All the songs are the expressions of folk emotions. They voice the joy felt by the young on the awakening of passionate love; and the popularity which the songs must have enjoyed and which led to their preservation was due to the response that they found in the hearts of those who heard them and sang them. The poet who thus gives voice to emotions felt by all becomes merely the mouthpiece of the clan to which he belongs, or of the village into the life of which he enters along with his fellows. We cannot, therefore, properly speak of an author or of authors in connection with these songs, any more than there are specific authors to the folk-tales and fairy-tales which in all lands pass from mouth to mouth and are finally given a permanent form by some one whose personality is kept in the background because he is merely a medium for an entire group."

The further we get away from the idea that we are dealing with delicately refined and polished compositions, Dr. Jastrow continues, the nearer will we come to the spirit of the songs. "They do not represent grandiose poetry like the Symposium in Job or like the Nature Poems added as a third stratum to the Book of Job; they betray no profound thought nor striking originality as do the reflections of Koheleth. They are certainly not to be compared with the exquisite and sublime poetry of the Psalms, nor are they literary gems such as are many of the sayings in the Book of Proverbs. They must be taken for what they were intended—simple little songs that make their appeal by their



"THE AMERICAN RENAN"

So Morris Jastrow is characterized by Benjamin De Casseres. His new book, "The Song of Songs," rounds out a trilogy which, had he lived, "would probably," Mr. De Casseres says, "have been the foundation of a complete structure of Biblical criticism which some day would have been placed side by side with the epoch-making works of the great Frenchman."

genuine reflection of the folk spirit exercising itself on a theme of thoroly human and therefore of universal appeal."

Readers who are shocked by the undisguised outbursts of passionate love in the songs, by the pointed allusions to sexual delights, and by the many metaphors that are unmistakably erotic, need to remember that naïveté is the dominant trait of folk-poetry. This naïveté, Dr. Jastrow says, deprives the song of any suspicion of salaciousness or vulgarity; it exhibits their sincerity and simplicity. The argument proceeds:

"Folk-poetry is always direct, free from subtlety and without any ulterior motive. It is realistic in the best sense, as not being ashamed to reveal the feelings inspired by healthy and normal love, but it is never vulgar. Obscenity in erotic poetry is the outcome of self-consciousness; but folk-

poetry is marked by an absence of self-consciousness. We must look on these little songs as we should look on the charming folk-tales and tribal traditions in the Book of Genesis. . . . Read as such, the 23 songs into which I have divided the book form one of the most precious as well as one of the charming legacies of the remote past. They afford us a picture of a phase of life which is only occasionally touched upon in the pages of the Bible—at times in the Book of Proverbs, and here and there in the tales of Genesis—but nowhere with the grace and the poetic glow of the Song of Songs. Let us, then, enjoy the songs as outbursts of the joy of life which reaches its full measure in the sigh of the lover at his heart's desire and in the longing of the maiden to be united with her swain. Love as the most primitive instinct is also the most enduring, though perhaps its fullest appreciation can come only in retrospect of the period in every one's life when love was (or seemed to be) the most absorbing emotion. Perhaps this was what some sage had in mind in advising that one should not read the Song of Songs until one had passed his thirtieth year. At thirty, the ebb tide of passion sets in and we begin to recall its surging roar, once so loud as to shut out all other sound; and as the years slip by and the approach of evening is heralded by the lengthening shadows, one can read the Song of Songs with perhaps increased appreciation—provided that we have kept our hearts young enough to sympathize with youthful passion."

Dr. Jastrow's book contains not only an interpretation of the Song of Songs but also a new translation based on a revised text. We reprint here three of the lyrics as Jastrow renders them:

SPRINGTIDE OF LOVE

(Beloved)

Hark! my love is coming,
Leaping over mountains;
Bounding over hillocks.
Behold him behind our wall,
Looking through windows;
Peering through lattices.
My love began to speak unto me:

(Lover)

Rise up, my darling;
My fair one, come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over;
The cold (?) is gone.

The ground is covered with blossoms;
The time of pruning has come;
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard.
The fig-tree is "ripening her figs";
And the vines are in blossoms;
Giving forth their fragrance.
Rise up, my darling, my dove,
In the clefts of the rock,
In the cliff's recesses,
Show me thy face, let me hear (thee),
For sweet is thy voice;
And comely thy face.

THE BEAUTY OF THE BELOVED

(Lover)

Ah, thou art fair, my darling;
Ah, thou art fair.
[Ah] thy eyes are doves,
Behind thy veil.
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
That trail from Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock ready for shearing,
That have come up from the washing.
Thy lips are like a scarlet thread,
And thy mouth is comely.
Thy temple is like a slice of pomegranate,
Behind thy veil.
Thy neck like the tower of David,
Built for an army.
With a thousand shields upon it,
All shields of warriors.
Thy breasts are like two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle.
Thou art all fair, my darling,
And there is no spot in thee.
Until the morning blows,
And the shadows flee,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
And to the hillock of frankincense.

LOVE'S CONSUMMATION

(Beloved)

The saffron of the plain am I;
The lily of the valleys.

(Lover)

As the lily among thistles,
So is my darling among maidens.

(Beloved)

As the apple among the trees of the forest,
So is my love among youths.
In his shadow I love to dwell
And his fruit is sweet to me.
Bring me to the house of wine,
And serve me with love.
Stay me with raisins;
Refresh me with apples.
His left arm caressing my head;
His right one embracing me.

PLAYING TRICKS UPON THE SEAL IN THE ICE

TO understand the detection and securing of seals under the ice, our view of them must go back in imagination to a preceding summer, explains the Arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Each summer gale breaks the ice a little more and there are no frosts to cement the fragments together before the autumn. There is enough water between the floes so that seals can travel freely in all directions, and they do, coming up in the free patches of water to breathe.

Then comes the autumn, with its light frosts and mushy young ice forming everywhere. The seals are reluctant to stop their wanderings and are free to continue them a while, for a sharp upward bunt of their heads will break ice up to four inches thick and give them a chance to breathe. When a seal travels along a lead covered with young ice he leaves behind a trail of circular fracture spots from a dozen to several dozen yards apart. For months later these fracture spots are game signs to

the Arctic explorer, his index to the presence of seals. Most of the fractures are hidden by the snow in winter, but if a man as he travels watches all day and every day, he will eventually be rewarded by seeing an ice patch swept bare by some wind eddy where there happens to be the characteristic round fracture spot.

The seals must stop traveling and take up residence somewhere when the ice thickens and hardens. By industrious gnawing, they keep breathing holes open all winter. At the surface these holes are openings only an inch or two in diameter. Underneath they are enlarged continually until, as the ice thickens to two or even four or the maximum of seven feet, they become cigar-shaped chambers of a diameter large enough for the seal's body. Each seal may have half a dozen of these cigar-shaped chambers leading to breathing holes that are covered with a few inches or a few feet of snow and thus hidden from the observation of



THE VICTIM OF A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK

The seals must stop traveling and take up residence somewhere when the ice thickens. By industrious gnawing they keep breathing holes open all winter. Through these breathing holes they are trapped by lurking explorers who must eat to live.

man and from the eyes of other animals.

A bear can discover them by the sense of smell. This may serve his purpose if the ice is only a few inches thick, as he can with his mighty strength fracture it for several square yards around. The seal will imagine this ice to have been broken by the pressure of wind and current and will rise to breathe. As a result he becomes a meal for the waiting bear. Near land the ice is much broken by pressure at all times and young ice thin enough to be broken by a bear is continually forming over patches where seals sported in open water a few days earlier. On this young ice as well as in the open water bears know how to get the seals. Far from land the pressures are milder and the ice is less broken, so that there are large areas where the skill and strength of the bears do not suffice to get them any seals. Bears are accordingly rare in such areas, which is one of the reasons for the view which was once generally held that seals are non-existent in the deep polar ocean far from land.

The way in which the seals are secured by men is described in detail by Mr. Stefansson:*

"The breathing holes of seals are sometimes seen on patches of ice swept bare of snow by the wind, but these holes have usually been abandoned by the seal. The ones in actual use are generally covered with snow so no eye can see them and no faculty of man detect, and only bear or dog can find them by the sense of smell. While this ability does the bear no good if the ice is too strong to be broken, the ingenuity of man is equal to the task of securing the seal.

"If a man who has no interest in seals, or to whom it has never occurred that any might be near, drives a dog-team over snow-covered ice and finds them wanting to stop and sniff the snow, he urges them on impatiently, imagining the dogs trying to find an excuse to shirk. But if you believe that seals are found here and there all over the polar ocean, you will infer when a dog wants to pause and sniff the snow that a seal's breathing hole is con-

cealed beneath. This inference is usually right, for there are few other things up there that smell.

"If you allow it, the dogs may begin to dig in the snow as a dog would for a rodent. You must not permit it, for daylight in the breathing hole will scare the seal. The dogs' usefulness is over when they have scented out the holes. You lead or drive them to a distance of a few score yards, where they lie down and sleep while your part of the work is on.

"After quieting the dogs, you go back, take a long rod like a slender cane and with it poke and prod the snow till the rod slips through into water. Now the hole is exactly located. You withdraw the cane and fill the hole made by it with soft snow to prevent clear daylight from entering. Then, by scraping with your hunting-knife or by cutting blocks you remove most of the snow from over the hole, leaving a layer of only a few inches. Next you take an ivory 'indicator' that much resembles a coarse knitting needle and stick it down through the snow so that its lower end passes through the breathing hole and is immersed in the water. When the seal rises to breathe his nose will strike this indicator and shove it upwards. You are now standing motionless above the hole (and perhaps have been for hours, for this hunting method, like most other primitive ways of getting game, requires much patience). Your eye should not leave the indicator where it stands upright like a peg in the snow. When the seal rises to breathe you cannot hear him, you cannot see him, and you have no warning till the indicator quivers or moves up. Then you drive your harpoon down alongside the indicator. If you hit the one or two-inch hole you hit the seal, for his nose is in the hole. He is now harpooned and you hold him by the harpoon line twisted around one leg while with an ice chisel you enlarge the hole enough to drag him out."

A seal does not at any time crawl unguardedly out on the ice. He is always afraid of polar bears. When a seal wants to come up and bask, he spies out the situation by bobbing up from the water as high as he can, lifting his head a foot or two above the general ice level. This he does at intervals for some time until he concludes there are no bears about and then

* THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: Macmillan.

ventures out on the ice. Here follows another period of extreme vigilance, during which the seal lies beside his hole ready to dive in again at the slightest alarm. Eventually he begins to take the naps for the sake of which he came out of the water. His sleep is restless through fear of bears. He takes naps of thirty or forty or fifty seconds or perhaps a minute. Then he raises his head ten or fifteen inches and spends five to twenty seconds in making a complete survey before taking another nap. A nap of three minutes is protracted slumber for a seal, altho far away from land and in regions where bears are few. Stefansson has seen them sleep for five and six minutes.

In rare cases basking seals will be found lying within rifle shot from an ice hummock or land, and can be shot from cover. Ordinarily, however, they select a level expanse of ice. In that case they will see the hunter long before he gets near enough to shoot. An essential of a successful hunt is, therefore, to convince the seal that you are not dangerous.

There are only three animals with which seals are familiar—bears, white foxes and other seals. It would not serve the hunter to pretend he is a bear, for that is the one thing the seal fears. This consideration shows you must not wear white clothes for the advantage of "protective coloration" on the white ice. The seal will probably see you, and if he sees something suspicious and white he will think of a bear and dive instantly. You cannot very well pretend to be a fox, for they are not much larger than cats, are very agile and continually keep hopping around. That part you would fail in playing. But if you are dressed in dark clothing and are lying flat on the ice you look at a distance much like a seal and you will find by trying it that you can imitate his actions successfully.

A seal is not likely to see you at much over 300 yards. Up to that point you advance by walking bent while the seal sleeps and dropping on your knees to wait motionless while he is awake. At

less than 300 yards he might notice you on all fours, and as that is not a seal-like posture you must begin to wriggle ahead snake-fashion. You must not crawl head-on, for a man in that position is not as convincingly like a seal as he would be in side view. You must therefore crawl side-on, crawfish-fashion.

"You crawl ahead while the seal sleeps, and you lie motionless while he is awake. Had you been upright or on all fours he might have noticed you at 300 yards, but now he does not till you are perhaps 200 yards away. When he first sees you his actions are plainly interpreted—he becomes tense, raises his head a little higher, crawls a foot or two closer to the water to be ready to dive, and then watches you, intent and suspicious. If you remain motionless, his suspicions increase at the end of the first minute, and before the third or fourth minutes are over he plunges into the water, for he knows that no real seal is likely to lie motionless that long. Therefore, before the first minute of his watching is over you should do something seal-like. You are lying flat on the ice like a boy sleeping on a lawn. The easiest seal-like thing to do is to lift your head ten or fifteen inches, spend ten or fifteen seconds looking around, then drop your head on the ice again. By doing this half a dozen times at thirty or fifty-second intervals you will very likely convince your seal that you are another seal.

"But some seals are skeptical. If yours seems restive and suspicious, it is well to increase the verisimilitude of your acting by not only lifting your head at varying intervals, but also going through whatever seallike antics you have observed while watching the real seals through your field glasses."

The general picture of life in the Arctic is by no means so bare as other explorers have allowed it to seem. There is the hunt to vary the monotony. There is the abundance of food when one knows how to solve the problem it presents. Finally there is the extreme simplicity of the housing problem. The blocks for a mansion are all ready and Nature provides the cement, the hardening, the foundation, the tools even. Food cannot go stale.

TRAGEDY OF THE LITTLE GIRL WHO CAUGHT COLD SO EASILY

SHE went one day to a playmate's birthday party at a neighbor's home, says Alfred W. McCann, who knew her well. Set before the children was a great frosted cake with lighted candles. There were ice-cream bricks striped with red, white, green and brown, to say nothing of candies of seven hues and a riot of goodies that struggled with each other in a debauch of color. Angel cakes and wafers were consumed by the little ones without end, especially by that little girl who caught cold so easily. That night the tired but happy little darling was tucked away in her warm little bed by the dear little mother, who was happy too.

In her sleep the little girl tossed and fretted a bit. The next day she did not seem well enough to go to school. Toward evening a slight fever had developed. Her mother called it an "up-set." The fever continued into the second day and the doctor was called in. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and asked what she had been eating. He gave her medicine and in a few days she was "well."

Now, the doctor had not taken into consideration, according to Mr. McCann, the food expert, that the milk of which that richly decorated ice cream had been made was raw milk. He did not know that a microscopical examination of it would have revealed millions of organisms to less than a teaspoonful. He did not attach much importance to the fact that many of those organisms were of the disease-producing type, and that the simple remedy against them, pasteurization, had not been applied.

He did not recall that freezing has no effect on the disease germs of milk, and does not destroy the tuberculosis, typhoid and diphtheria bacilli.

He did not know that the ice cream sent in from a store was stiffened with a bodifier made of commercial gelatine,

more truthfully classified as carpenters' glue.

Nor did the doctor know that glue, containing sulphites, copper and arsenic, was originally intended as wall-paper sizing or for use in the furniture shop, but that, through the cupidity of the wholesale bakers' supply houses, it had been appropriated for use as confectionery, or in ice cream and cake. He did not know that the marshmallows consumed by the child consisted of glue, sugar and a coal-tar dye. He did not know that the colored candies were made chiefly of glucose, sweetened with ten or fifteen per cent. of sugar. He did not know that the soft drinks consumed by the child were sweetened with saccharine, contained soap bark for "suds," were colored with dye, preserved with salicylic acid, benzoic acid or formic acid, and flavored with esters, ethers and aldehydes.

The little party, as a single instance of childhood dissipation, did no particular harm to its victim except perhaps to infect her through the ice cream with the germ of bovine tuberculosis, altho every time she consumed a glass of raw milk of unknown origin at home she encountered the same danger. The significance of the little birthday party lay in the fact that all the delicacies served to the romping children were merely typical, under other forms, of the refined foods so generously incorporated in the every-day diet of the American people. We begin to get an idea of why the little girl caught cold so easily and why it seemed difficult to cure those colds. We gain a more definite theory of the matter when we ask: of what did her breakfast consist?*

"There was, of course, the usual coffee, which no child should ever consume, and the usual rolls, toast or pancakes with glucose syrup, with one of the many popular breakfast foods served with milk produced

* THE SCIENCE OF EATING. By Alfred W. McCann. New York: Truth Publishing Company.

by cows fed on brewers' grain, beet pulp, distillery waste, cottonseed meal and gluten feed, a by-product of the glucose factory, compounded black strap feeds, containing ground corn cob, oat hulls, peanut shells, buckwheat hulls, cottonseed hulls, rice hulls, cocoa shells, chaff, elevator screenings, shredded straw, plant refuse, dirt and sand.

"Is this not the breakfast of millions?" you ask.

"Of what did the 'breakfast-food' consist?"

"Breakfast foods made of wheat, corn, barley and rice must 'keep'; they must 'look nice.'"

"The corn flakes, the farina served under trade names in fancy packages at high prices but purchasable in bulk without the fancy names at half the price, and the puffed rice are merely other forms of angel cake and wafer without the sugar and eggs.

"They represent but the starchy part of the grain from which the many wonderful substances we are about to describe have been removed for commercial reasons.

"At noon, as father did not come home for lunch, mother fried the potatoes from last evening's meal, and perhaps added a bit of bologna in which, in the uninspected establishments, of which there are thousands in the United States, the raw flesh of the rejected dairy culls (old and diseased cows) is utilized.

"White bread and margarine, with syrup, were present in abundance. They were always present!"

This little girl who caught cold so easily liked white bread or biscuits, deluged with table syrup, for lunch. Her mother did not know what life-sustaining substances had been removed from the bread and the biscuits or what had been taken from the hydrolized corn-starch that produced the syrup. The little girl also liked jam purchased from the store, with its ten per cent. of fruit and its ten per cent. of apple juice made from the sulphured skins and cores of the dried apple industry; with its seventy per cent. of glucose, sweetened with ten per cent. of sugar, held together with sufficient phosphoric acid to supply the jellying quality and preserved with the classic one-tenth of one per cent. of benzoate of soda to prevent the mass from disintegrating.

She liked the bright strawberry hue of the sweetish stuff. This hue had been contributed through the legal use of a coal-tar dye known as amaranth.

Only one-tenth of one per cent. of benzoate of soda was declared in fine print on the label. Before the war, when benzoate of soda did not cost \$5 a pound, the presence of as much as five-tenths of one per cent. in many foods was determined by the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia. The facts were reported to the state chemist in serial No. 56. Today formic acid and other preservatives less costly are secretly employed.

The little girl's doctor did not know this; moreover, he was not worried by the presence of a little benzoate in her jam.

The worst of it all was that the little girl who caught cold so easily was plump, and this plumpness seemed to indicate that she was well nourished. The child's mother and the neighbors did not know that water-logged tissues are often mistaken for plumpness or that plumpness has nothing to do with muscle tone, with normal functioning of the glands, with vitality or with resistance to disease. Nobody in the child's life knew that the "plump" child, fed on anything and everything, succumbs more quickly than the well-fed, muscular but thin child.

A few weeks after the little party, as the little girl who caught cold so easily was going home from school she was caught in a rainstorm. Mother changed her clothes promptly and gave her hot lemonade. There was another fever and the doctor was called. When he arrived he uttered the word "pneumonia." We now know, for the census director at Washington has told us, that every year in the United States 400,000 children under ten years of age are buried as this little girl was buried because she caught cold so easily. The apparent cause of the child's death was pneumonia. The real cause was malnutrition followed by low resistance and inability to fight off the pneumococci.

A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION OF THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE

ONE fact that has frequently tended to prevent the recognition of language as a merely conventional system of sound symbols, that has seduced the popular mind into attributing to it an instinctive basis it does not really possess, has just been pointed out by Professor Edward Sapir, the eminent Canadian anthropologist. This is the well-known observation that under the stress of emotion—say of a sudden twinge of pain or of unbridled joy—we do involuntarily give utterance to sounds that the hearer interprets as indicative of the emotion.

There is all the difference in the world between such involuntary expression of feeling and the normal type of communication of ideas that is speech. The former kind of utterance is instinctive, but it is not symbolic. The sound of pain or the sound of joy does not, as such, indicate the emotion, it does not stand aloof and announce that such and such an emotion is being felt. What it does is to serve as a more or less automatic outflow of the emotional energy. In a sense it is part and parcel of the emotion itself. Moreover, such instinctive cries hardly constitute communication in any strict sense. They are not addressed to anyone. They are merely overheard, if at all, as the bark of a dog, the sound of approaching footsteps or the rustling of the wind is heard. If they convey certain ideas to the hearer it is only in the very general sense in which any and every sound or even any phenomenon in our environment may be said to convey an idea to the perceiving mind.

If the involuntary cry of pain which is conveniently represented as "oh!" be looked upon as a true symbol of speech equivalent to some such idea as "I am in great pain," it is just as allowable to interpret the appearance of clouds as an equivalent symbol that carries the definite message: "it is likely to rain." A definition of language, however, that

is so extended as to cover every type of inference becomes utterly meaningless.*

"The mistake must not be made of identifying our conventional interjections (our oh! and ah! and sh!) with the instinctive cries themselves. These interjections are merely conventional fixations of the natural sounds. They therefore differ widely in various languages in accordance with the specific phonetic genius of each of these. As such they may be considered an integral portion of speech, in the properly cultural sense of the term, being no more identical with the instinctive cries themselves than such words as 'cuckoo' and 'killdeer' are identical with the cries of the birds they denote or than Rossini's treatment of a storm in the overture to 'William Tell' is in fact a storm. In other words, the interjections and sound-imitative words of normal speech are related to their natural prototypes as is art, a purely social or cultural thing, to nature."

It is true that the interjections differ somewhat as we pass from language to language. But their case is nowise different from that of the varying national modes of pictorial representation. A Japanese picture of a hill both differs from and resembles a typical modern European painting of the same kind of hill. The two modes of representation are not identical because they are executed with differing pictorial techniques. Just so the interjections of Japanese and English, suggested by instinctive cries, are suggestive of each other. They differ because they are builded out of diverse technics—the speech habits of the two peoples.

Interjections are among the least important elements of speech. Their discussion is valuable mainly because it can be shown that even they are only superficially of an instinctive nature.

All attempts to explain the origin of speech as instinctive have, Professor Sapir asserts, been fruitless. There is

* LANGUAGE. By Edward Sapir. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

no tangible evidence tending to show that the mass of speech elements and speech processes has evolved out of the interjections. These are a very small and functionally insignificant proportion of the vocabulary of language. At no time and in no linguistic province that we have record of do we see a noticeable tendency towards their elaboration into the primary warp and woof of language. They are never more, at best, than a decorative edging to the ample, complex fabric.

What applies to the interjections applies with even greater force to the sound-imitative words. Such words as "whippoorwill," "mew," "caw" and the like are in no sense natural sounds that man has instinctively or automatically reproduced. They are just as truly creations of the human mind, flights of the human fancy, as anything else in language. They do not directly grow out of nature; they are suggested by it and play with it. Hence the theory that would explain all speech as a gradual evolution from sounds of an imitative character really brings us no nearer

to the instinctive level than is language as we know it to-day.

"It is true that a number of words which we do not now feel to have a sound-imitative value can be shown to have once had a phonetic form that strongly suggests their origin as imitations of natural sounds. Such is the English word 'to laugh.' For all that, it is quite impossible to show, nor does it seem intrinsically reasonable to suppose, that more than a negligible proportion of the elements of speech or anything at all of its formal apparatus is derivable from an onomatopoeic source. However much we may be disposed on general principles to assign a fundamental importance in the languages of primitive peoples to the imitation of natural sounds, the actual fact of the matter is that these languages show no particular preference for imitative words. Among the most primitive peoples of aboriginal America, the Athabaskan tribes of the Mackenzie River speak languages in which such words seem to be nearly or entirely absent, while they are used freely enough in languages as sophisticated as English and German. Such an instance shows how little the essential nature of speech is concerned with the mere imitation of things."

THE SCANDAL OF THE FIRST MAN-CARRYING AEROPLANE

A HOAX was perpetrated upon the world of science, so it is claimed, when the original Langley flying machine was dragged from its repose in the Smithsonian Institution as far as Hammondsport, N. Y., and there put through its paces by parties interested financially in making it appear that the device had actually flown. It never actually flew at Hammondsport or anywhere else, according to the sensational charges of Mr. Griffith Brewer, a British student of aviation, who has got the Royal Aeronautical Society into something of an uproar on the subject. The scandal has been taken up not only by the scientific press of this country and Europe, but by the lay press as well, because experts of international renown, as well as officials of the Smith-

sonian Institution, are involved more and more in a controversy that may yet bring the whole subject of "subsidized science" and "endowed research" before a congressional investigation committee.

Nearly eight years have passed since the Langley airplane made its luckless trip—not through the air—to Hammondsport. There it came under the control of persons interested in contesting the validity of the Wright patents, among them Mr. Glen Curtiss, the aviator, and Doctor A. F. Zahm, the technical expert of Mr. Curtiss in his litigation. These gentlemen, according to the charges set forth in the *Aeronautical Journal* (London), practiced upon the ancient Langley relic the same sort of metamorphosis endured by the knife

that got first a new blade, then a new handle and then a new clasp, but still kept the old name. The expert who makes these allegations, Mr. Griffith Brewer, thus summarizes them in his recent lecture before his audience of aeronauts in London:

"It is untrue to say that Langley's machine of 1903 ever has flown or ever could fly. In both trials in 1903 the wings collapsed through faults in design of the machine, and not from any failure in the launching mechanism.

"The machine used at Hammondsport in 1904 differed from the original Langley machine in many important respects.

"The wings were of different area, different camber and different aspect ratio.

"The system of wing trussing, which in the Langley machine had failed, was completely changed at Hammondsport.

"The large keel surface of the Langley machine was altogether omitted.

"The Langley system of launching was abandoned, and a system developed after his death was used in its place.

"The original Langley propellers were modified and afterwards superseded by a

modern propeller, based on knowledge not possessed by Langley.

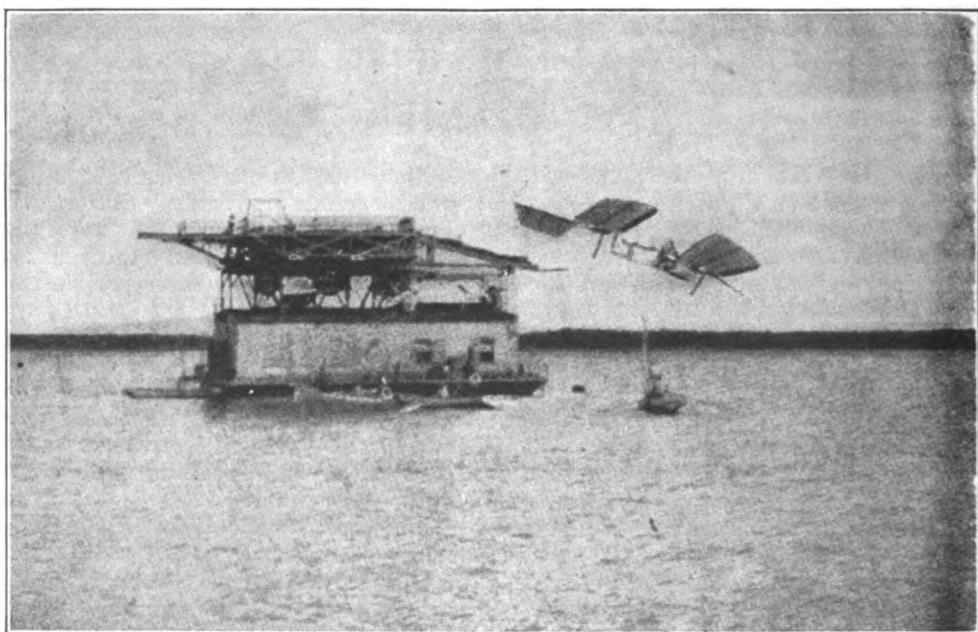
"A system of lateral control unknown to Langley was added. The dihedral angle of the wings on which Langley relied entirely for maintaining lateral balance was supplemented in the Hammondsport machine by the action of a rudder of increased size used as an aileron.

"The steering wheel, post and shoulder yoke of a modern Curtiss machine were installed complete in the Hammondsport machine.

"The original Langley engine of 52 horse-power was at first modified and afterwards superseded by a modern Curtiss motor of 80-100 horse-power.

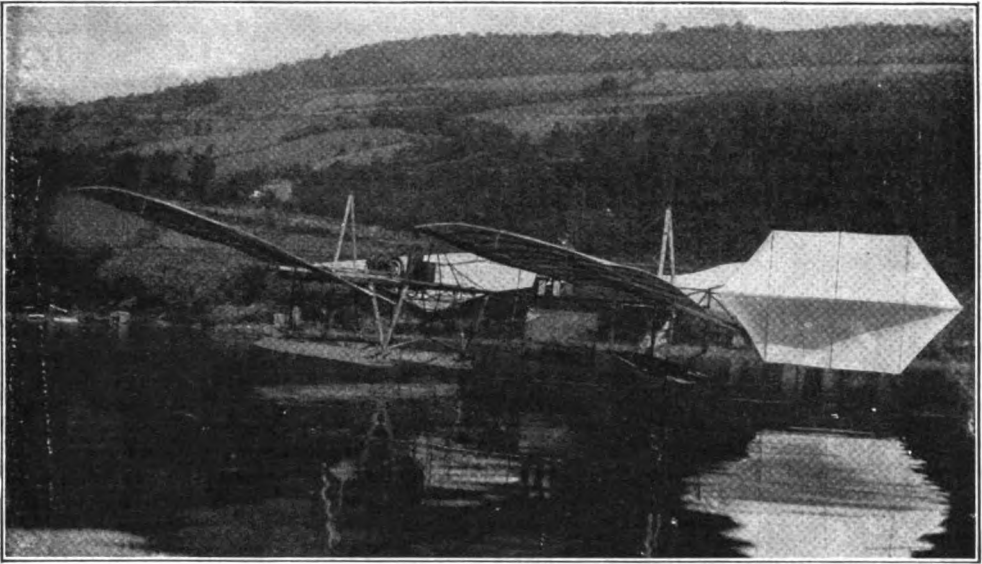
"At first it was necessary to change the machine to carry the engine, and then it was necessary to change the engine to carry the machine. Finally there was neither the original Langley engine nor the original Langley machine."

At last the remains of the Langley machine were returned to the Smithsonian Institution and there restored to the original form of 1903. The work was done so well that only an expert



WHAT LANGLEY'S MACHINE ACTUALLY DID TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO

This is the flight of the original aerodrome on October 7, 1903, as revealed by the Smithsonian publications of the period. It will be noticed that the front wings seem to have been twisted down by the front lower guy post, which hung on the launching car.



THE HAMMONDSPORT ADVENTURE OF THE LANGLEY MACHINE

The charge is made that this photograph is not that of the actual aerodrome which flew or rather attempted flight years before but a reconstituted and repaired form of it, so modified that it cannot be called the original machine at all.

could detect the trick, according to the charges. Then the officials of the Smithsonian Institution issued a "bulletin" in which they declared that the ancient Langley airplane had actually flown—a thing which certain litigants had a financial interest then in establishing. The assertion thus made upon the authority of one of the most important scientific foundations in the world was accepted far and wide as final. At this very moment, at the climax of the din created by the London "exposure," the officials of the Smithsonian Institution appear to be standing "pat," intimating, indeed, that another mare's nest has been discovered in a field that is sufficiently full of them as it is. They have gone so far as to keep the machine that has caused such scandal on exhibition in the national museum with a glorifying inscription to the effect that it was "successfully flown" at Hammondsport and is "the first man-carrying aeroplane in the history of the world capable of sustained free flight."

In the United States, as Lord Northcliffe has pointed out, there have been long and persistent efforts to belittle the work of Wilbur and Orville Wright,

and the misadventures of the Langley airplane are a part of these. Lord Northcliffe has studied the subject with care, and he is convinced that the credit of the first flying machine is due to the Wrights. The Smithsonian Institution sticks to the Langley side of the controversy, and we find Mr. Griffith Brewer saying in his now famous lecture:

"The Smithsonian Institution has always attributed the failure of the Langley machine in 1903 to a failure in the launching apparatus, and it has hitherto been generally accepted that the machine was wrecked without having had a fair opportunity to prove whether it was capable of flight. It is easy, therefore, to understand that since the Wrights, who had been working on the same problem, succeeded where Langley had failed, Langley's friends eagerly welcomed the suggestion made ten years later that it might still be possible to prove that Langley's machine was capable of flight. If Langley's machine could be flown, one of the most dramatic events in the history of aviation would be accomplished! Langley and the Wrights had been working concurrently, hundreds of miles apart, for several years, and both had approached the final stage

of their independent experiments at the same time. Langley tested his machine a few weeks before the Wrights were ready to test theirs, and the attempts to fly the Langley machine failed. The Wrights, one week after Langley's second attempt, tested theirs and succeeded. Was it merely a mishap which robbed Langley of the credit of being the first to fly, or did he fail because the machine he had built was not capable of flight? It is not surprising, therefore, that when Mr. Glenn Curtiss offered to fly the old Langley machine, Secretary Walcott, who had succeeded Professor Langley as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, should have welcomed the opportunity to have Langley's machine tested. It cannot be denied, however, that it was unwise to accept Mr. Curtiss' offer to carry out the tests, because the Curtiss Aeroplane Company had just been adjudged an infringer of the Wright Patent, and Mr. Curtiss obviously might have had other motives than merely the vindication of Langley."

In their comments upon this affair, the scientific and lay organs dwell upon the delicate dilemma in which the Smithsonian Institution is placed. It issues a bulletin which indicates an unusual conception of the proper way in which a fact can be deemed scientifically established. A number of important facts are now assumed to be "scientifically" established because the Smithsonian Institution has favored the world with its "bulletins" concerning them. Here is a development which, as the *World's Work* says, "is enough to shake the ordinary man's faith in the

Smithsonian science." For the propagation of this science appropriations are regularly made by Congress, expensive publications are issued, costly researches are undertaken and at the first breath of suspicion there transpires what may be a mare's nest, altho it looks like a hoax. The relation of the Smithsonian to the case is thus referred to by the *New Republic*:

"The question as to whether the Wright brothers or Professor Langley invented the first successful aeroplane might well be left to competent scientific bodies to determine were not the good faith of the ranking American body, the Smithsonian Institution, so seriously involved. The recent lecture of Mr. Griffith Brewer, the text of which has been released by the Royal Aeronautical Society, makes out a damaging case against Mr. Glen Curtiss and Dr. A. F. Zahm, the Smithsonian's representative. As a result of the Hammondsport tests, conducted by those two men in 1914, with what purported to be the old Langley machine, most Americans to-day probably believe that the credit for the invention of the aeroplane belongs to Langley. The Hammondsport machine was probably capable of flight. But that the Hammondsport machine was not the original Langley, but a modified machine in which the fundamental structural defects of the latter were eliminated, Mr. Brewer's paper proves conclusively. The action of the Smithsonian in permitting Mr. Curtiss to make the tests when his company had just been adjudged an infringer of the Wright patent, certainly demands explanation."

IS THE VITAMINE CRAZE UNFAIR TO MEAT?

RECENT establishment of the function of vitamins has so excited some of their discoverers as to lead them to place a special and unwarranted emphasis upon their importance, even to the extent of denying to protein and calories their place as the fundamental basis of nutrition. Such is the complaint of a student of food values, Professor William D. Richardson. Another misrepresentation, he

charges, is that milk is the only source, or at any rate the only suitable source, of vitamins. This, he insists, is far from the truth. They are so generally distributed in natural food stuffs that it is difficult to prepare a food substance in the laboratory which can be said to be devoid of them.* In connection with the undue emphasis placed upon vita-

* FACTS ABOUT MEAT. Chicago, Ill.: Bureau of Public Relations, 1921.

mines in the excitement consequent upon their discovery we hear much about a "safety factor," a term borrowed from engineering. It has been stated that we require not only a sufficient quantity of vitamins to insure growth and health but that we must supply a sufficient safety factor so that there will be an excess to draw upon, just as the engineer provides a safety factor of strength in excess of actual requirements in any engine or structure.

This, Professor Richardson maintains, is sound doctrine and applies to proteins as well as to vitamins. In contrast with it, some dietitians have been working to show that the average person in the United States consumes too much protein and have been making an endeavor to cut down the usual amount consumed to something like one-third.

If a safety factor is required in the case of vitamins, we are assured, it is certainly required in the case of proteins. The body should be furnished not only with the minimum quantity of high grade protein by which it is possible to keep up body repair but with a considerable excess in order that in no way may any deficiency occur. This is all the more desirable because, we are told, in contradiction to current teaching, an excess of meat does not appear to result in any harm; in fact, meat and its accompanying fat and organs appear to be the only substances which, while furnishing a complete diet in themselves, produce no ill effects in the human organism. This can not be said of any other natural food substance, not even of milk when used exclusively as an adult food. Meat has these peculiarities: it is capable of satisfying the human appetite more than other foods when used in moderate quantity; and when used even in excess or exclusively, as by the Eskimo, no harm results.

Contrary to what the extreme advocates of vitamins are now saying, meats and meat products are important sources of vitamins. This is stated on

the authority also of Doctor E. B. Forbes, who remarks that we are still probably at the beginning of our knowledge of vitamins, since their structure and mode of action, despite the recent literature on the subject, remain really quite unknown:

"They exercise most important directive control of animal life. Their presence, even tho in infinitesimal amounts, is absolutely indispensable to normal life and growth. Deficiency of vitamins leads to depressed or deranged functions, to increased susceptibility to infections, and also in some cases, as in scurvy, to specific disease. Other diseases in which vitamin deficiencies play major rôles are beriberi, xerophthalmia (an eye disease) and perhaps rickets. Subnormal growth and disturbed reproductive functions also appear to result from vitamin deficiencies.

"Our important message in connection with the vitamins is that meats are valuable sources of these nutrients. Little has been made of this fact, since the details, so far as known, have but recently come to light, and since none of the three known vitamins happens first to have been discovered in meat.

"The presence of vitamins in the particular foods in which they were first discovered has been featured in ways which have given the erroneous impression that they are found only, or principally, in these foods.

"It is to the interest of the public that it shall come to know the facts as to the presence of vitamins in meats and meat products."

The newest development of research work on meat, says Professor Paul Rudnick, is a weakening of the prejudice established in the minds of the medical profession against the use of meat by people afflicted with certain diseases. Erroneous impressions of this sort are copied from one text-book into another until some one happens to investigate some particular instance more carefully. Such groundless prejudice against the use of meat is doubtless due to the same impulse which leads the average individual to blame whatever meat he may have eaten in his last meal for any digestive trouble. The

received notions regarding so-called ptomaine poisoning have been shown to be entirely erroneous, especially the widespread notion that such troubles can be ascribed solely to meat.

Doctor W. H. Lipman is another authority referred to as having exploded fallacies about meat. The attack upon meat as a food will result, he fears, in deterioration of the public health, especially in view of the tendency of most widely-read magazines to publish articles in which the food quality of meat is attacked. The vitamins are interpreted as arguments against meat and the proprietors of vegetable articles are only too delighted to advertise their food specialties as a substitute for meat because they contain vitamins:

"The material utilized by the authors of these attacks is very evidently taken from the old medical writings and in many

instances the old ideas are grossly exaggerated. Throughout all these attacks it is quite apparent that the writers are not acquainted with the newer knowledge on the subject of the relation of food to disease, or are purposely omitting them.

"Meat has been charged as being the cause of almost every conceivable condition, ranging from some trifling condition such as baldness to such serious maladies as cancer. An article appearing in a prominent New York daily last February even stated that meat was the cause of the declining birth rate in this country and in Europe!

"Misinformation regarding meat or any other food, especially in its relationship to disease, is very likely to cause considerable harm for the reason that, if a person is led to believe that a certain food produces this or that disease, he will be induced to abstain from that food in the hope of effecting a cure, instead of seeking adequate medical treatment, and in so doing neglect the disease until a cure is no longer possible."

EMBARRASMENTS OF THE BIGGEST BEASTS ON EARTH

THERE is a prevalent notion, encouraged by the fanciful exaggerations of newspapers, complains Sir Ray Lankester, that the animals of past ages, whose bones are dug up from time to time out of rocks and quarries, were many of them much bigger than any at present existing and that we are living in an age of degeneracy. It is true that the mammoth and the mastodon were enormous creatures, but they were not bigger than their living representatives, the great elephants of Africa and India. The African elephant often stands eleven feet high at the shoulder and it occasionally attains twelve feet. Now and then scientists have become celebrated by the discovery of the bones of huge reptiles—far bigger than any crocodile existing—now called the "dinosauria." Skeletons of these have been found in the United States and one of them is mounted in a museum and called the *diplodocus*.

These dinosauria may lead to mis-

taken inferences. The fact is that if we wish to make an intelligent comparison of the sizes of different animals, we have carefully to ascertain not merely the length measurements but the proportions of the different parts and the actual bulk and probable weight of the beasts under consideration. Also—and this is a most important and decisive matter—we must know whether the beasts were terrestrial in habit, walking with their bodies raised high on their legs, or whether they were aquatic and swam in the lakes or seas, their bodies buoyed up.

By far the biggest animals of which we have any knowledge are the various kinds of whales still flourishing in the sea after many generations devoted by man to their capture. A mechanical limit is set to the size of land-walking animals and that limit has been reached by the elephant.*

* SECRETS OF EARTH AND SEA. By Sir Ray Lankester. New York: Macmillan.

"'Flesh and blood,' and, we may add, 'bone,' cannot carry on dry land a greater bulk than his. He is always in danger of sinking by his own weight into soft earth and bog. His legs have to be much thicker in proportion than those of smaller animals—made of the same material—or they would bend and snap. His feet have to be padded with huge discs of fat and fiber to ease the local pressure, and his legs are kept straight, not bent at the joints, when he stands (a fact to which Shakespeare makes Ulysses refer), so that the vast weight of his body shall be supported by the stiff column formed by the upper and lower half of the limb-bones kept upright in one straight line. A well-grown elephant weighs five tons. Compare his weight and shape with that of a big whalebone-whale! No extinct animal known approaches the existing whale in bulk and weight. He is 80 to 90 ft. long, and has no neck nor any length of tail. His outline is egglike, narrower at the hinder end. He weighs 200 tons—forty times as much as a big elephant—and is perfectly supported without any strain on his structure by the water in which he floats. There is no such limit to his possible size as there is in the case of land-walking animals. But it seems probable that he, too, is limited in size by mechanical conditions of another kind. Probably he cannot exceed some 90 ft. in length and 200 tons of bulk on account of the relatively great increase of proportionate size and power in the heart required in order to propel the blood through such a vast mass of living tissue and keep him 'going' as a warm-blooded mammal."

An important limitation to great size in an animal is often imposed by nature—the creature's food. Ten individuals each weighing a hundredweight will more easily pick up and swallow the amount of food to nourish ten hundredweight of the species than will one individual responsible for the whole bulk, provided the food is scattered and not ready to the mouth in unlimited quantity. A creature which has unlimited forest or grass or seaweed as its food will be at no disadvantage owing to its size. A carnivore or a fish-eater or one depending upon special fruits and roots not offered to it by nature in mass has to search for and sometimes to hunt or at any rate to compete with others for

the scattered and elusive bits of food.

Hence we find that the fruit-eating apes are not very big and that terrestrial carnivores are small, tho powerful and swift, as compared with cattle, deer and vegetarian beasts.

"Even the carnivorous Dinosaurs such as *Megalosaurus* and *Tyrannosaurus* were much smaller than the vegetarian *Iguanodon*, *Diplodocus*, *Brontosaurus* and *Triceratops* on which (or on the like of which) they preyed—just as a tiger is smaller than a buffalo, and a wolf smaller than a horse. It is owing to causes of this nature that the life of some animals, and consequently their growth, is limited in duration. Occasionally the common lobster lives to a great age, and grows to be more than 2 ft. long. But he is doomed by his size; the smaller lobsters 'go quickly around' and get all the food (carriage of the sea), and the big fellow has to starve. The whalebone-whales, it is true, take animal food; but it occurs in the form of minute sea-slugs and shrimps, which fill the surface waters in countless millions over hundreds of miles of ocean. Hence the whales of this kind have only to swim along with their mouths open."

Here we have an order of ideas that must tend to revise our theories of the life led by prehistoric man. It is a somewhat gratuitous assumption that he was made miserable by the proximity of huge beasts. The exact contrary may be the fact. There is nothing to indicate that the big beasts molested man. There may have been reasons why prehistoric man molested the big beasts. Perhaps he disturbed the balance of Nature in a fashion yet to be made clear and thus led to the evolution of our species. The mere bigness, as has been said, of the big beasts left them helpless in coping with the intelligence and the activity of man. Man reigned over these creatures, strange as it may seem, because they were so gentle. The dangerous, raging animal is small. An infuriated *diplodocus* could not have inflicted much damage upon an alert man. As for the mammoth, its gentleness of disposition and its response to affection must have been those of the elephants generally.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH OUR YOUNG NOVELISTS?

A NEW spirit has taken possession of the writing of our young novelists. What it is and what it portends, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the *Literary Review* of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, undertakes to tell us. The inquiry, he intimates, is one of vital importance, for the spirit of youth is often the spirit of the future, and "we may be reading the first characteristic work of a new literary era." On the other hand, we may be reading nothing of the kind. Dr. Canby, while he is himself a liberal and pleads for the right of youth to express its point of view, is inclined to stress the negative aspects of the new fiction.

In recent decades, he points out, the novel especially, and also poetry, has drifted toward biography and autobiography. An acute critic, Wilson Follett, has recently noted that the novel of class or social consciousness, which only a few years ago was discussed as the latest of late developments, has already given way to a vigorous rival. It has yielded room to what Dr. Canby calls "the novel of the discontented person." What began as biography has drifted more and more toward autobiography—an autobiography of discontent.

American literature in 1920 and 1921 has been, it seems, especially rich in such novels. Dr. Canby (in an article in the *Century*) names the following eight:

"There was, for example, Fitzgerald's ragged, but brilliant, 'This Side of Paradise,' which conducted aimless and expansive youth from childhood through college. There was the much more impressive 'Main Street,' biographic in form, but with teeth set on edge in revolt. There was the vivid and ill-controlled sex novel, 'Erik Dorn,' and Evelyn Scott's 'The Narrow House,' in which the miseries of a young girl caught in the squalid and the commonplace had their airing. There is Stephen Benét's 'The Beginning of Wisdom,' where the revolt is a poet's, and the realist's detail selected from beauty instead of from

ugliness; and Aikman's 'Zell,' in which youth rubs its sore shoulders against city blocks instead of university quadrangles. There is Dos Passos' 'Three Soldiers,' in which the boy hero is crushed by the war machine his elders have made. There was Floyd Dell's notable 'Moon-Calf.' These are type examples, possibly not the best, certainly not the worst, drawn from the workshops of the so-called young realists."

What is the biography of this modern youth? Dr. Canby goes on to ask. He sums it up in the quest for sensation which culminates in disillusion and disappointment. More specifically we get this picture of the young rebel who figures in the new fiction: "At the age of seven or thereabout he sees through his parents and characterizes them in a phrase. At fourteen he sees through his education and begins to dodge it. At eighteen he sees through morality and steps over it. At twenty he loses respect for his home town, and at twenty-one discovers that our social and economic system is ridiculous. At twenty-three his story ends because the author has run through society to date and does not know what to do next." Life is ahead of the hero, and presumably a new society of his own making. This latter, however, does not appear in any of the books, and "for good reasons," Dr. Canby says.

Here, roughly, is what Dr. Canby believes has happened:

"The youths of our epoch were born and grew up in a period of criticism and disintegration. They were children when the attack upon orthodox conceptions of society succeeded the attack upon orthodox conceptions of religion. We know how 'the conflict between religion and science' reverberated in nineteenth-century literature and shaped its ends. The new attack was quite different. Instead of scrutinizing a set of beliefs, it scrutinized a method of living. Insensibly, the intelligent youth became aware that the distribution of wealth and the means of getting it were under attack; that questions were raised

as to the rights of property and the causes and necessity of war. Soon moral concepts began to be shaken. He learned that prostitution might be regarded as an economic evil. He found that sex morality was regarded by some as a useful taboo; psychology taught him that repression could be as harmful as excess; the collapse of the Darwinian optimists, who believed that all curves were upward, left him with the inner conviction that everything, including principle, was in a state of flux. And his intellectual guides, first Shaw, and then, when Shaw became *vieux jeu*, Gourmont, favored that conclusion.

"Then came the war, which at a stroke destroyed his sense of security and with that his respect for the older generation that had guaranteed his world. Propaganda first enlightened him as to the evil meanings of imperialistic politics, and afterward left him suspicious of all politics. Cruelty and violent change became familiar. He had seen civilization disintegrate on the battlefield, and was prepared to find it shaky at home."

The result is a literature of naturalism in which the friction between one's ego and the world is the central theme exploited. "It is passionate truth, which is very different from cool truth; it is subjective, not objective; romantic, not classical, to use the old terms which few nowadays except Professor Babbitt's readers understand. Nor is it the truth that Wells, let us say, or, to use a greater name, Tolstoy, was seeking. It is not didactic or even interpretative, but only the truth about the difference between the world as it is and the world as it was expected to be; an impressionistic truth; in fact, the truth about *my* experiences, which is very different from what I may sometime think to be the truth about mankind."

It will be strange, Dr. Canby continues, if nothing very good comes from this impulse, for the purpose to "tell the world" that one's vision of America is startlingly different from what one has read about America is identical with that break with the past which has again and again been prelude to a new era. At the same time, nothing particularly good *has* yet come out of it, if Dr. Canby's opinion is to be accepted. In



From a pen-and-ink sketch by Norman Borchardt

HE FINDS TOO MUCH EGOISM IN OUR FICTION

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*, says that "inflammation of the ego" has spoiled the recent work of young American novelists.

the first place, he says, our young writers have no sense of plot. "Plot, which began to break down with the Russians, has crumbled into a maze of incident. You can no longer assume that the hero's encounter with a Gipsy in Chapter II is preparation for a tragedy in Chapter XXIX. In all probability the Gipsy will never be heard from again. She is irrelevant except as a figment in the author's memory."

In the second place, Dr. Canby insists, these writers seem to have lost the power of discrimination. They celebrate, with equal zest, the exquisite chiaroscuro of Chicago, or the spots on a greasy apron. And here Dr. Canby makes the point that the excessive naturalism of our young realists is based upon romanticism. This romanticism, he explains, is not the opposite of realism; it sometimes embraces realism too closely for the reader's comfort. But it is the opposite of classicism. "It is emotional expansiveness as contrasted with the classic doctrine of measure and restraint."

In the third place, these young novelists are wasteful. Books like "The

Three Soldiers" spill over in all directions—spill into poetry, philosophy, into endless conversation and into everything describable. Books like "The Beginning of Wisdom" are still more wasteful. "Here is the poignant biography of a boy who loves his environment even when it slays him, plus a collection of prose idylls, plus a group of poems, plus a good piece of special reporting, plus an assortment of brilliant letters; and imbedded in the mass, like a thread of gold in a tangle of yarn, as fresh and exquisite a love-story as we have had in recent English." Dr. Canby finds it necessary to repeat the platitude that life may not be orderly, but that literature must be.

The upshot of the argument is that our young romanticists suffer from an inflammation of the ego. No one of them, in Dr. Canby's view, writes with the skill, with the art, of Mrs. Wharton, Miss Sinclair, Tarkington, Galsworthy or Wells. He adds:

"It should not long be so in a creative generation. In sheer emotion, in vivid protest that is not merely didactic, the advantage is all with the youngsters. But they waste it. They have learned to criticize their elders, but not themselves. They have boycotted the books of writers who were young just before themselves, but they have not learned to put a curb on their own expansiveness. We readers suffer. We do not appreciate their talents as we might, because we lose our bearings in hectic words or undigested incident. We lose by the slow realization of their art.

"Youth is a disease that cures itself, tho sometimes too late. The criticism I have made, in so far as it refers to youthful impetuosity, is merely the sort of thing that has to be said to every generation, and very loudly to the romantic ones. But if these autobiographians are, as I believe, expansive romanticists, that is of deeper significance, and my hope is that the definition may prove useful to them as well as to readers who with an amazed affection persist in following them wherever they lead."

RE-ESTIMATING THE PATRON SAINT OF MODERN REALISTIC FICTION

THE centenary of Gustave Flaubert, whose epochal novel, "Madame Bovary," made him (somewhat against his will) the patron saint of modern realistic fiction, has been commemorated during the past year in Paris and in his native city of Rouen. The conclusion came on December 12 (the anniversary of Flaubert's birth), with the unveiling of a monument in the Luxembourg Garden. French music, art and literature combined "to honor themselves in doing honor" to a national hero of letters.

"Celebrated from the publication of his first book ['Madame Bovary']," says René Dumesnil in the *Mercure de France*, "Flaubert was, from that moment and all his life, passionately discussed." The controversy continues in the centenary articles, one of the chief accusations against Flaubert being the impassibility and coldness of his "archi-

tectonic" masterpieces. It is, after all, according to M. Dumesnil, only the old quarrel over "Art for Art's sake." For Flaubert, unlike his realistic successors, was preeminently the artist in modern French fiction.

The most important English contribution to the discussion is an article by that scholarly and penetrating critic, J. Middleton Murry, which appeared simultaneously in the New York *Dial* and the London *Times*. Mr. Murry is analytical and appreciative but firm in his conclusion that Flaubert, because of his fanatical devotion to "Art," and his detachment from and aversion for life, is a minor and not a major hero in literature.

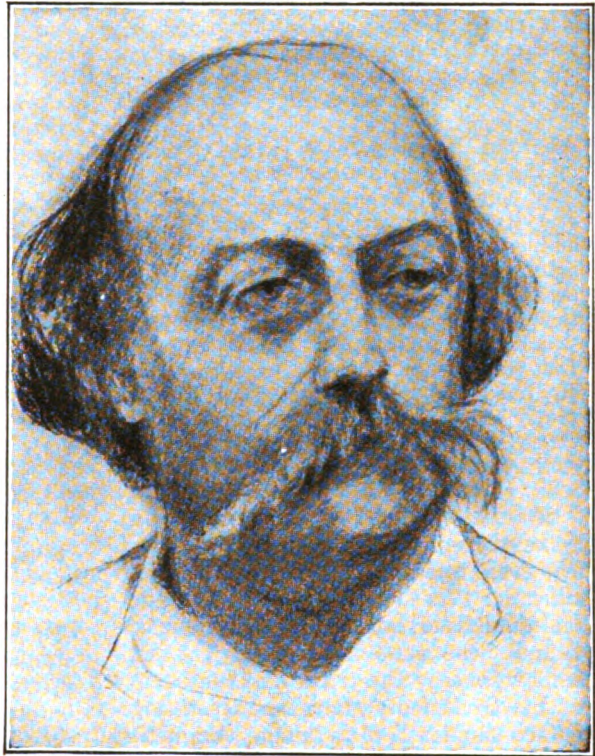
"There are two Flauberts," Mr. Murry begins his analysis. One was born on the 12th of December, 1821, in a surgeon's house at Rouen; the other in the minds of his disciples towards

the end of the century. "One was a broad, big-boned, lovable, rather simple-minded man, with the look and the laugh of a farmer, who spent his life in agonies over the intensive culture of half a dozen strangely assorted volumes; the other was an incorporeal giant, a symbol, a war cry, a banner under which a youthful army marched and marches still to the rout of the bourgeois and the revolution of literature." This legendary Flaubert has acquired the dignity of an institution.

Remy de Gourmont declared that Flaubert was the archetype of the creative writer for two reasons. He devoted his entire life and personality to the construction of his novels, and he was supremely gifted with visual imagination. But Mr. Murry does not agree with de Gourmont. He writes:

"It is not easy to see why the value of a writer's work should depend upon the completeness of his incineration on the altar of Art. A good writer has to make sacrifices, of course, but he need not burn himself to ashes. Better writers than Flaubert have not felt the necessity. To one who is not a born Flaubertian the astonishing tortures he inflicted upon himself would naturally suggest not that his genius was preeminent, but that his creative impulse was not very strong. While the truth about his visual imagination is that it was not of the finest quality."

This is, of course, rank heresy to the Flaubert idolaters; but Mr. Murry persists in what he acknowledges must appear "an act of wanton cruelty." The fact is, he asserts, that Flaubert "did not possess the finest kind of literary discrimination." To quote further: "He had an unusual visual faculty which he turned to good account, but the use he made of it was primitive. Most of his descriptions are visual pageantry, sometimes impressive, sometimes beautiful,



THE AUTHOR OF "MADAME BOVARY"

The name of Flaubert, who confronts us here in a study reproduced from *L'Illustration*, will always be associated with the agonized search for the right word. His "Madame Bovary" is one of the great novels of the world. A few weeks ago, a new monument in his honor was unveiled in Paris.

sometimes as tedious as the tail-end of a Lord Mayor's show. Of the faculty which employs visual imagery to differentiate the subtler emotions of the soul, Flaubert had little or nothing at all. The true faculty of metaphor was denied him."

The author of *Madame Bovary*, moreover, lacked something more fundamental still, according to the present analysis. His gigantic works—"Salammbô," "L'Education Sentimentale," "La Tentation de Saint-Antoine," "Bouvard et Pécuchet," reveal an absence of inward growth. His vision of life did not deepen. It only became more extensive. "He had acquired more material, but no greater power of handling it; he manipulated more characters, but he could not make them more alive." To quote at length:

"We may suspect that a writer who does not really develop, the vitality and significance of whose latest work is less than that of his first, has not the root of the matter in him. And Flaubert had not. It may not be given to mortal men to understand life more deeply at the end than at the beginning of their share of it; but they can more keenly feel its complexity and its wonder; they can attain to an eminence from which they contemplate it calmly and undismayed. The great writers do this, and convey the issue of their contemplation to us through the created world which they devise. But of this unmortified detachment Flaubert was incapable. He lived and died indignant at the stupidity of the human race. As he was at thirty, so he was at sixty; in stature of soul he was a child."

Flaubert evolved for himself the doctrine of the sovereign autonomy of Art. He even tried to believe that the significance of a subject was not an essential quality. It was the writer, he maintained, who endowed the subject with importance by the truth and the beauty of his treatment. "Pressed to its logical conclusion," Mr. Murry comments, "the theory is almost meaningless, for the writer must choose a subject and must have motives for his choice. So that it is not surprising that Flaubert never wholly satisfied himself. He wavered." He even wrote once in a letter to a friend: "The greatest men often write very badly, and so much the better for them!"

What is this "Art," Mr. Murry questions, of which the greatest writers have no need? What is its value? And why call it "Art"? Flaubert never answered these questions. Mr. Murry concludes:

"The greatest writers remained prodigies for him: there was no room for them in his philosophy.

"But for Flaubert, tho they existed on heights unapproachable, they did exist, and he never forgot them. What are we to say of a generation that has seen in Flaubert's 'Art' the highest achievement of literature, and in Flaubert himself the type of the great writer? Were it not the fact, the collective hallucination would seem like a chapter in a fairy tale. We

can see the cause of the aberration. Flaubert's Art is an art which minor writers can understand; in pretending to surrender themselves to it—for a real surrender is much too painful—they have the satisfaction of manipulating a mystery. But the mystification has lasted too long. The invention of Art has done no good to art, and it has interposed a veil between Flaubert's work and the general judgment. To be critical of Flaubert is to prejudice a vested interest, so large an edifice has been built upon the insecure foundation. . . .

"Flaubert's work can never cease to smell of the lamp, but by the writing of one fine book and one perfect story and his devoted researches into the capacity of language, he is one of the greatest minor heroes of letters."

Flaubert, in his letters to George Sand (now for the first time published in English*), strongly sustains Mr. Murry's estimate of his work, and it is interesting to note that "Un Cœur Simple," the short tale chosen by Mr. Murry as one of Flaubert's two undoubted masterpieces, was written for George Sand (who died before its completion). The author thought "the human basis of this little work" would please the greatest and most deeply appreciative friend and critic of his stubborn genius.

Mr. Murry grants that in his prodigious labors with the French language, Flaubert did succeed in "fashioning for himself an instrument upon which no tones were impossible." Both painting and music pay tribute to the marvel of his prose. Pierre Monnier contributes to the *Mercure de France* an article on "Gustave Flaubert, Colorist," giving example after example of his masterly word-painting. "He combined," says M. Monnier, "his colorist's vision with his faculties of thinker in a unique art—his own—to which, without weakness, he gave all his will, all his soul and his life."

Not only is there form and color in Flaubert's prose. There is music. His

* THE GEORGE SAND-GUSTAVE FLAUBERT LETTERS. Translated by Aimée McKenzie. Introduction by Stuart P. Sherman. Boni and Liveright.

final test in writing was rhythmic. "Flaubert was a musician, a musical poet," wrote James Huneker in an anniversary article republished in "Variations":

"His ear was the final court of appeal, and to make sonorous cadences in a language that lacks the essential richness, the diapasonic undertow of the English, is just

short of the miraculous. Until the time of Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo the French language was less a liquid, plastic collocation of sounds than a formal pattern, despite the clarity and precision of the eighteenth century; one must go back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for richer, more pregnant speech. Omnipresent with Flaubert was the musician's idea of composing a masterpiece that should float because of its sheer style."

THE "TEMPERAMENTALS" OF WALTER BECK

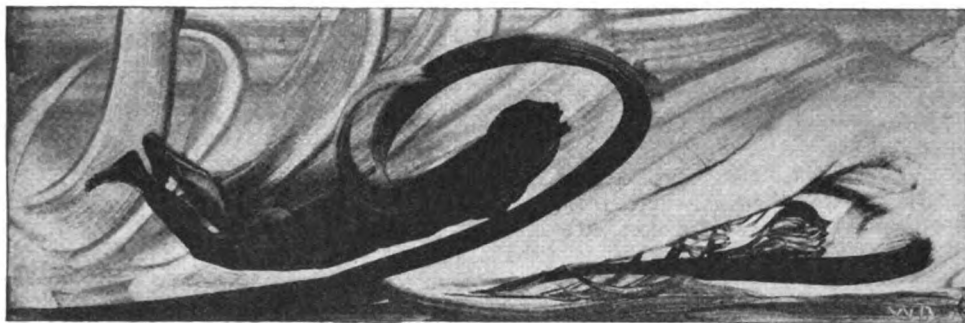
SOMETHING at once alluring and peculiarly typical of "modernism" in art has gone into a series of paintings recently made by Walter Beck, of New York City. These paintings have been exhibited in the hall of St. Mark's Church in-the-Bouwerie, but as yet they are known to only a limited circle. Wherever shown, they have aroused enthusiasm. They are very interesting in themselves, and they have an interesting story.

Mr. Beck was born in Dayton, Ohio, and his early life as an artist ran along conventional lines. He did some of the mural decoration of the City Hall in Cincinnati; he illustrated the Life of Christ; he made portraits of military celebrities in the style of Franz Hals. Contemporaneously with his creative work, he was teaching art at the Cincinnati Academy of Fine Arts, at the Rookwood Pottery in Cincinnati, and at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. It seems, however, that, in spite of his real success as a painter and teacher, he was not content. He felt a strong dissatisfaction with the dominant artistic spirit of the time, as manifested in Europe and this country. The idea grew upon him that modern academic art was following a false trail, that oil-painting was inadequate as a medium, that the easel-picture was destined to be superseded. He looked to the Orient and found, especially in the Japanese art created in opposition to the government school, a suggestion of something new, revolutionary and preeminently de-

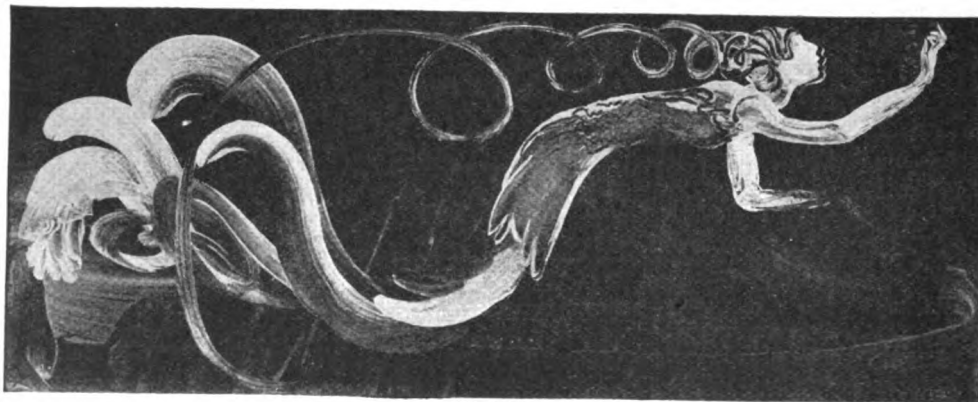
sirable. Then he went into his laboratory and began to experiment.

The result was a mixing of colors capable of achieving the most brilliant effects. They were made to be laid on wet, absorbent paper in lines that are immediate and final. They lent themselves with peculiar felicity to a kind of improvisation that is as startling as it is original. Mr. Beck says that his "temperamentals" are the result of inspirations that he himself cannot control. He never knows, at the start of his work, the end. The suggestion of color leads on to a "psychic flash" which results in unhesitating expression. He has painted as many as twenty-six of these flashing temperamentals in a day. The inspiration that came with his new medium was wholly unlike anything he had ever before experienced. Before it began to subside, he had painted about 500 pictures, in about ten weeks, and his attitude toward them is like that a hen might have that found it had hatched out a family of iridescent birds of Paradise.

Subjectivism and spontaneity are ruling qualities in this new art. It is bathed in glorious lights that never were on sea or land. Mr. Beck is not so much occupied with reproducing nature as with creating a new world in the realm of pure emotion—a sort of subconscious world, full of queer antic forms that exist nowhere on this planet, some of which amuse, some of which appeal, but all of which have a beauty of color that one feels was never seen be-



SEA CHANGES



LILITH



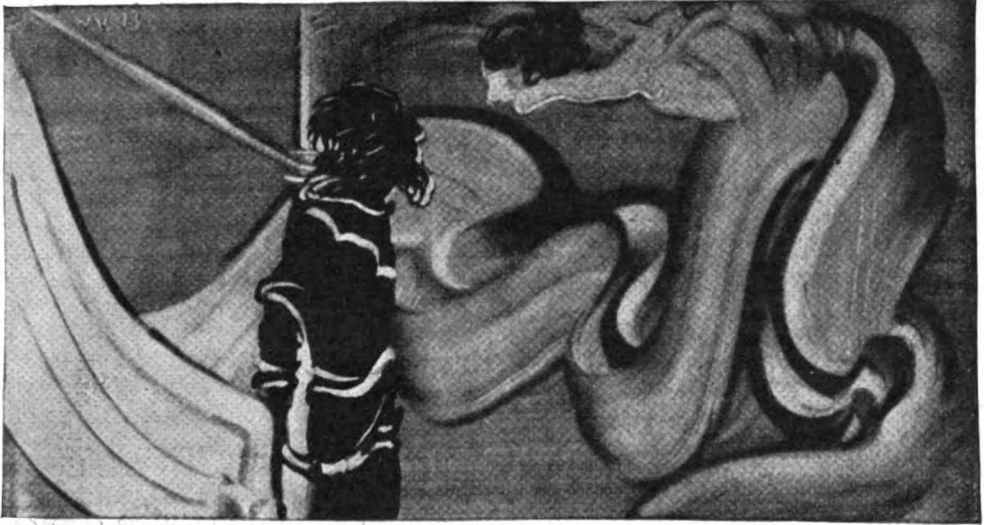
FLAME

fore. He is thinking in terms of rhythm and tone. His favorite effects come from long, waving grasses, undulating waves, streaming hair and curving feathers.

All this may betoken a revolution in art. The Rector of St. Marks, Dr. William Norman Guthrie, suspects that it does. For him the new paintings are reminiscent of Japanese prints, Chinese scroll-paintings, decorations of early Greek pottery, with an added significance all their own. In a rhapsody printed on a folder introducing the pictures to his parishioners, he has written:

"Not scrapping—creating a world! Not of scraps either—of finest raw material; a truly assimilated experience of life! No copy of anything God made! Why compete?"

"The esthetic abstraction rather, the evoked form-spirit, the delight or awe of the unseen! Appeal to the primal psychic forces that answered the cry 'fiat lux,' leaping forth in cosmic manifestation.



ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS

The studies on this and the foregoing page were made by Walter Beck, of New York City. They represent, according to some critics, "a revolution in art." Mr. Beck asserts that the day of the easel-picture and of the oil-painting is passing. His "temperamentals," made in a flash on absorbent paper, are types of the new pictures that he hopes are to supersede the old.



SLEEP

"How we have dreamed this thing! Impressionists, cubists, futurists, post-impressionists, vorticists, dadaists—and all other Istic, or Fistic-manics of oracular Proclamation and Reclame—what are they but the would-be Thor's hammer-blow on the blockhead of tradition? Play Marius among the ruins of Carthage? Hunt for shards, or weep over residual muddy drops of burst soap bubbles?

"O, for the genius of Blake-redivivus, who should have mastered all hitherto technique and forgotten it—distilled into the blood, quintessential instinct now! Then, new tools, new canons, for the new visions! Hellas, Egypt, Babylon, China, India, Persia, Japan—graciously appraised, and—superseded by—innocence! No bias, no antagonism, no peacock-strut or war-cry. Just a Child, new-born—beautiful, free, laughing to-day in face of tomorrow!

"Suggest that such a revolution is come to pass? We suspect it has. And we are still presumably sane. Well, we have invited Mr. Walter Beck (well known for thirty years of capable academic work as religious painter and as art teacher in the Pratt Institute) to exhibit this sudden, secret, inevitable Output. If not the prayed-for gift to America—it most vehemently announces!"

Another critic, Claire Dana Mumford, declares that in looking at Beck's studies she has been so impressed by a sense of infinity that, for the first time in presence of pictures, she has felt the impossibility of framing or bounding them. Mrs. Mumford has written, in a book entitled "The Psychology of the New Arts" (as yet unpublished), an interpretation of the work of Beck. Unlike the art of Blake, she says, this new art of Walter Beck's is an art lacking grave intention or philosophy.

"Begun as a play expression, without design or conscious tricks of composition or of technique, instantly the artist achieved a logic of the spirit.

"This means that it is not an art of haphazard chance, at the mercy of blind elemental instincts. The thing is very simple. It is an art in lineal descent from the great Primitives of the West married to the great art canons of the Orient. The troubling, the happy contribution of Walter Beck, is his new psychic equivalent (in perspective) for the chiaroscuro of the

Occident and the light-dark balance of the Orient.

"From the indefinite to the definite is the law of Oriental art. From the definite to the more definite is the rubric of the West. And because oil-paint is definite, local, static stuff, the painter of the pragmatic Occident has established standards for pictorial art. To be 'important,' easel art must be painted in oil. As a representation of beauty this is often monstrous. There is no trick of blots or blobs or blotches or spots that the new art of the Occident has not tried, in a strained effort to reproduce in oil paint the vibration of light."

In Walter Beck's new, personal use of tempera as a medium, Mrs. Mumford continues, you see at once "the lawful yearning for a line that would flow, a line that could carry over the edge of matter." And it is the line of harmony, the line of melody.

"Beck does not see life biologically. The life-forms flow into the inanimate. There is no separateness. When you look at his 'Lilith,' formed from or in fluid arabesques, you know that she grew, like lilies and serpents, in primal ooze, that she is reveling in the slow, rapturous curves of her own motion, her own horizontal forward push against the vast, convulsive flow of the waters; that her attributes, which are still subhuman, are lovely, shimmering color—living color, like the sails of the chambered nautilus. And then, dumb, you see that her face is upturned as to a Spirit shining through the waters, lighted from above.

"The life essence here seems to choose the new, higher form, before our eyes.

"Not that in the matter of color there is any concern with imitation of nature. The color is arbitrary symbolism. It is a stimulation by color, by color of dynamic intensity in the material itself, used with a spontaneity of inspiration that is a new art.

"It is color divine but maddening. His reds strike sparks. You all but see the infra red and the ultra violet. The spirit blue of the temperamental called 'Sleep' is the blue beyond blue. And at last we know. Blue is the very color of sleep. . . .

"And when it is the sea—sea that is not anywhere pictorially reported as just sea—the sea fairly swishes, so sure are you of the symbol. It is water that is water to the point of illusion about the medium."

THE EVOLUTION OF A LITERARY RADICAL

THIRTY years before Sinclair Lewis exposed the savorless flatness of "Main Street" and Sherwood Anderson bemoaned "the triumph of the egg," a writer born in West Salem, Wisconsin, was voicing the almost unspoken protest of Western farmers against a dull and lonely existence. He was Hamlin Garland and the book in which he came into fame was "Main-Traveled Roads." This book, as it turned out, was to be the first of a long series expressing many moods. Its author left the ancestral home to live in Chicago, Boston, New York, and to wander far into high lands. At a time when his latest book, "A Daughter of the Middle Border" (Macmillan), is eliciting high praise from leading critics, there appears an article by Carl Van Doren in the *New York Nation* which sums up the entire literary career of Mr. Garland. It is interesting not only as the record of one man's development from the fiery radicalism of that day (very different from that of today) into mellow maturity, but also by reason of qualities that make that development typical.

The decade in which "Main-Traveled Roads" was published had for its bitter philosopher Henry Adams, for its civic crusader Theodore Roosevelt, for its economic prophet Henry George, for its Utopian romancer Edward Bellamy, and for its analyst of manners William Dean Howells. It was Garland's distinction that he became the principal literary spokesman for the distress and dissatisfaction along the changed frontier which, so long as free land lasted, had been the natural outlet for the expanding, restless race. Mr. Van Doren says:

"Heretofore the prairies and the plains had depended almost wholly upon romance—and that often of the cheapest sort—for their literary reputation; Mr. Garland, who had tested at first hand the innumerable hardships of such a life, became articulate through his dissent from

average notions about the pioneer. His earliest motives of dissent seem to have been personal and artistic. During that youth which saw him borne steadily westward, from his Wisconsin birthplace to windy Iowa and then to bleak Dakota, his own instincts clashed with those of his migratory father as the instincts of many a sensitive, unremembered youth must have clashed with the dumb, fierce urges of the leaders of migration everywhere. The younger Garland hungered on the frontier for beauty and learning and leisure; the impulse which eventually detached him from Dakota and sent him on a trepid, reverent pilgrimage to Boston was the very impulse which, on another scale, had lately detached Henry James from his native country and had sent him to the ancient home of his forefathers in the British Isles. Mr. Garland could neither feel so free nor fly so far from home as James. He had, in the midst of his raptures and his successes in New England, still to remember the plight of the family he had left behind him on the lonely prairie; he cherished a patriotism for his province which went a long way toward restoring him to it in time. Sentimental and romantic considerations, however, did not influence him altogether in his first important work. He had been kindled by Howells in Boston to a passion for realism which carried him beyond the suave accuracy of his master to the somber veracity of 'Main-Traveled Roads,' 'Prairie Folks' and 'Rose of Dutcher's Coolly.' This veracity was more than somber; it was deliberate and polemic. Mr. Garland, ardently a radical of the school of Henry George, had enlisted in the crusade against poverty, and he desired to tell the unheeded truth about the frontier farmers and their wives in language which might do something to lift the desperate burdens of their condition. Consequently his passions and his doctrines joined hands to fix the direction of his art: he both hated the frontier and hinted at definite remedies which he thought would make it more endurable."

The private soldier returning drably and mutely from the war to resume his drab, mute career behind the plow; the

tenant caught in a trap by his landlord and the law and obliged to pay for the added value which his own toil has given to his farm; the brother neglected until his courage has died and proffered assistance is futile; the daughter whom a harsh father or the wife whom a brutal husband breaks or drives away—such were the themes of Garland's early tales. He told them, Carl Van Doren notes, "in the strong, level, ominous language of a man who had observed much but chose to write little. . . . There is a clear, high splendor about his landscapes; youth and love on his desolate plains, as well as elsewhere, can find glory in the most difficult existence; he might strip particular lives relentlessly bare, but he no less relentlessly clung to the conviction that human life has an inalienable dignity which is deeper than any glamor goes."

From this earlier mood, which had given him mastery, Garland passed to others that were much less successful. He followed to the Rocky Mountains what Mr. Van Doren calls "the false light of local color," and began a series of romantic narratives which interrupted his true growth and fame. As Mr. Van Doren sums up this stage of his literary life:

"He who had grimly refused to lend his voice to the chorus chanting the popular legend of the frontier in which he had grown up and who had studied the deceptive picture not as a visitor but as a native, now became himself a visiting enthusiast for the 'high trails' and let himself be roused by a fervor sufficiently like that from which he had earlier dissented. Looking upon local color as the end—when it is more accurately the beginning—of fiction, he felt that he had exhausted his old community and must move on to fresher pastures. Here the prime fallacy of his school misled him: he believed that if he had represented the types and scenes of his particular region once he had done all he could, when, of course, had he let imagination serve him he might have found in that microcosm as many passions and tragedies and joys as he or any novelist could have needed for a lifetime. Here, too, the prime penalty of his school over-

took him: he came to lay so much emphasis upon outward manners that he let his plots and characters fall into routine and formula. The novels of his middle period—such as 'Her Mountain Lover,' 'The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop,' 'Hester,' 'The Light of the Star,' 'Cavanagh, Forest-Ranger'—habitually recur to the romantic theme of a love uniting some powerful, uneducated frontiersman and some girl from a politer neighborhood. Pioneer and lady are always almost the same; so are the praise of plains and mountains and the scorn of cities and civilization. These romances exhibit the frontier as self-conscious, obstreperous, always insisting upon its difference from the rest of the world. In ordinary human intercourse such insistence eventually becomes tiresome; in literature no less than in life there is a time to remember local traits and a time to forget them in concerns more universal."

But Mr. Garland, according to this argument, was destined to redeem himself in the final mood represented by "A Son of the Middle Border" and its sequel, "A Daughter of the Middle Border." In these books he has concentrated what is at once most intimately personal and most truly universal. All along, it now appeared, he had been at his best when he was most nearly autobiographical. Those vivid early stories had come from the lives of his own family or of their neighbors. "In a sense," Mr. Van Doren says, "'A Son of the Middle Border' supersedes the fictive versions of the same material; they are the original documents and 'Son,' the final redaction and commentary." Veracious still, the son of that border appears no longer vexed as formerly. "Memory, parent of art, has at once sweetened and enlarged the scene. What has been lost of pungent vividness has its compensation in a broader, a more philosophic interpretation of the old frontier, which in this record grows to epic meanings and dimensions." Mr. Van Doren concludes:

"This autobiographic method, applied with success in 'A Daughter of the Middle Border' to his later life, brings into play all his higher gifts and excludes his lower.

Under slight obligation to imagine, he runs slight risk of succumbing to those conventionalisms which often stiffen his work when he trusts to his imagination. Avowedly dealing with his own opinions and experiences, he is not tempted to project them, as in the novels he does somewhat too frequently, into the careers of his heroes. Dealing chiefly with action not with thought, he does not tend so much as elsewhere to solve speculative problems with sentiment instead of with reflection.

In the 'Son' and the 'Daughter' he has the fullest chance to be autobiographic without disguise. Here lies his best province and here appears his best art. It is an art, as he employs it, no less subtle than humane. . . . If it is difficult to overprize the documentary value of his saga of the Garlands and the McClintocks and of their son who turned back on the trail, so is it difficult to overprize the sincerity and tenderness and beauty with which the chronicle was set down."

HAMLIN GARLAND TELLS OF HIS DAYS OF ABJECT SLAVERY

IT was cold, crisp and clear winter when I returned to West Salem¹ and the village again suggested a Christmas card illustration as I walked up the street. The snow cried out under my shoe soles with a shrill familiar squeal, carrying me back to the radiant mornings in Iowa when I trod the boardwalks of Osage on my way to the Seminary Chapel, my books under my arm and the courage of youth in my heart. Now a wife and daughter awaited me.

A fire was crackling in the new chimney, and in the light of it, at her mother's feet, sat Mary Isabel. In a moment New York and Chicago were remote, almost mythic places. With my child in my arms, listening to Zulime's gossip of the town wherein the simple old-fashioned joys of life still persisted with wholesome effect, I asked myself, "Why struggle? Why travel, when your wife, your babe, and your hearthstone are here?"

"Once I threatened the world with fire.
And thrust my fist in the face of wrong.
Making my heart a rousing lyre—
Accusing the rulers of earth in song.
Now, counting the world of creeds well lost
And recking the greatest book no prize—
Withdrawn from the press and free from the cost
Of fame and war—in my baby's eyes—
In the touch of her tiny, slender palm.
I find the ease of a warrior's calm."

IT was not slavery to a drug, or to a pipe, or to a cruel publisher, or to a vampire. It was—so he says himself—"abject slavery" to Mary Isabel, his first-born child. In his new book, "A Daughter of the Middle Border," his shameless confession is made, in a chapter on "The Fairy Land of Childhood," one of the most charming chronicles of parental joy ever penned and all the more charming because his experience was one common to uncounted millions of parents ever since time began. We reprint, with a few footnotes of our own, a part of the chapter by permission of the publishers—the Macmillan Company.

Calm! Did I say calm? It was the calm of abject slavery. At command of that minute despot I began to toil frenziedly. At her word I read over and over, and over once again, the Rhymes of "Mother Goose" and the Tales of "Peter Wabbit." The "Tin Tan Book" was her litany, and "Red Riding Hood" her sweet terror. Her interest in books

was insatiate. She loved all verses, all melodies, even those whose words were wholly beyond her understanding, and her apt eyes, deep and dark, as my mother's had been, gave me such happiness that to write of it fills me with a pang of regret—for that baby is now a woman.

It will not avail my reader to say, "You were but re-enacting the experiences of innumerable other daddies," for this was *my* child, these were *my* home and *my* fire. Without a shred of shame I rejoiced in my subjection then, as I long to recover its contentment now. Life for me was fulfilled. I was doing that which nature and the world required.

Here enters an incongruous fact—something which I must record with the particularity it deserves. My wife, who was accounted a genius, was in truth amazingly "clever" with brush and pencil. Not only had she spent five years in Paris, she had enjoyed several other years of study

¹ Wisconsin.



"A DAUGHTER OF THE MIDDLE BORDER"

Zulime Taft, after five years' training in Paris, gave up her art-career to share the joys and sorrows of Hamlin Garland, then a young author of uncertain income just beginning to achieve public recognition. She is the heroine of his new book, but—she has yet to read the book about herself.

with her sculptor brother.² She could model, she could paint and she could draw; but—to whom did Mary Isabel turn when she wanted a picture? To her artist mother? Not at all! To me—to her cornhusker daddy—of course. I was her artist as well as her reader.

To her my hand was a wonder-worker. She was always pleased with what I did. Hour after hour I drew (in amazing outlines) dogs and cows and pigs (pictographs as primitive as those which line the walls of cave dwellings in Arizona) on which she gazed in ecstasy, silent till she suddenly discovered that this effigy meant a cow; then she cried out, "tee dee momoo!" with a joy which afforded me more satisfaction than any acceptance of a story on the part of an editor had ever conveyed. Each scrawl was to be a fresh revelation of the omniscience, the magic, of her father—therefore I drew and drew while her recalcitrant mother sat on the other side of the fire and watched us, a wicked smile of amusement—and relief—on her lips.

² Lorado Taft.

My daughter was preternaturally interested in magazines—that is to say she was (at a very early age) vitally concerned with the advertizing columns, and forced me to spend a great deal of time turning the pages while she discovered and admired the images of shoes, chairs, tables and babies—especially babies. It rejoiced her to discover in a book the portrait of a desk which was actually standing in the room, and in matching the fact with the artistic reproduction of the fact, she was, no doubt, laying the foundation of an esthetic appreciation of the universe; but I suffered. Only when she was hungry or sleepy did she permit me, her art instructor, to take a vacation. In the peaceful intervals when she was in her bed, her mother and I discussed the question, "Where shall we make our winter home?"

My plan to take another apartment in New York seemed of a reckless extravagance to Zulime, who argued for Chicago, and in the end we compromised—on Chicago—where her father and brother and sister lived. November found us settled in a furnished apartment on Jackson Park Avenue, and our Christmas tree was set up there instead of in the Homestead, which was the natural place for it.

Another phase of being Daddy now set in. To me, as a father, the City by the Lake assumed a new and terrifying aspect. Its dirt, its chill winds, its smoke, appeared a pitiless league of forces assailing the tender form of my daughter. My interest in civic reforms augmented. The problems of street cleaning and sanitary milk delivery approached me from an entirely different angle. My sense of social justice was quickened.

In other ways I admitted a change. Something had gone out of my world, or rather something unexpected had come into it. I was no longer whole-hearted in my enjoyment of my Club.³ My study hours were no longer sacred. My cherub daughter allured. Sometimes as I was dozing in my sleeping car, I heard her chirping voice, "Bappa, come here. I need you." The memory of her small soft body, her trusting eyes, the arch of her brows, made me impatient of my lecture tours. She was my incentive, my chief reason for living and working, and from each of my predatory sorties, I returned to her with a thankfulness which was almost maudlin—in Fuller's eyes.⁴ To have her joyous

³ The Cliff Dwellers.

⁴ Henry B. Fuller, the writer.

face lifted to mine, to hear her clear voice repeating my mother's songs, restored my faith in the logic of human life. True she interrupted my work and divided my interest, but she also defended me from bitterness and kept me from a darkening outlook on the future. My right to have her could be questioned; but my care of her, now that I had her, was a joyous task.

It would not be quite honest in me if I did not admit that this intensity of interest in my daughter took away something from my attitude as a husband, just as Zulime's mother love affected her relationship to me. A new law was at work in both our cases, and I do not question its necessity or its direction. Three is a larger number than two, and if the third number brings something unforeseen into the problem it must be accepted. Mary Isabel strengthened the bond between Zulime and myself, but it altered its character. Whatever it lost in one way it gained in another.

Dear little daughter, how she possessed me! Each day she presented some new trait, some new accomplishment. She had begun to understand that Daddy was a writer and that he must not be disturbed during the morning, but in spite of her best resolutions she often tiptoed to my door to inquire brightly, "Poppie, can I come in? Don't you want me?" Of course I wanted her, and so frequently my work gave place to a romp with her. In the afternoon I often took her for a walk or to coast on her new sled rejoicing in the picture she made in her red cloak and hood.

In her presence my somber conceptions of life were forgotten. Joyous and vital, knowing nothing of my worries, she comforted me. She was no longer the "baby," she was "Wenona," my first born, and in spirit we were comrades. More and more she absorbed my thought. "Poppie, I love you better than anything," she often said, and the music of her voice misted my eyes and put a lump into my throat.

When summer came and we went back to the Homestead, I taught her to drive Old Smoker, Uncle William's horse. Under my direction she studied the birds and animals. In city and country alike we came together at nightfall, to read or sing or "play circus." I sang to her all the songs my mother had taught me, I danced with her as she grew older, with Zulime playing the tunes for us, "Money Musk" and "The Campbells are Coming." As we walked the streets the trusting cling of her tiny fingers was inexpressibly sweet.

"Poppie, I'm so happy!" she often said



"IT WAS THE CALM OF ABJECT SLAVERY" Mr. Hamlin Garland describes in these words his relations with his first-born child, in a chapter of his new book that will appeal strongly to all parents. "Led by her trusting little hand," he writes, "I rediscovered the haunts of fairies and explored once more the land beneath the rainbow."

to me after she was there, and the ecstasy which showed in her big blue eyes scared me with its intensity for I knew all too well that it could not last. This was her magical time. She was enraptured of the wind and sky and the grass. Every fact in nature was a revelation to her.

"Why, Poppie? What does it? What was that noise?" The dandelions, the dead bird, a snake—these were miracles to her—as they once were to me. She believed in fairies with devotional fervor and I did nothing to shake her faith; on the contrary I would gladly have shared her credence if I could.

Once as we were entering a deep, dark wood, she cautioned me to walk very softly and to speak in a whisper in order that we might catch the Forest Folk at play, and as we trod a specially beautiful forest aisle she cried out, "I saw one, Poppie!" Didn't you see that little shining thing?"

I could only say, "Yes, it *must* have been a fairy." I would not destroy her illusion.

She inhabited a world of ineffable beauty, a universe in which minute exquisite winged creatures flashed like flakes of fire through dusky places. She heard their small faint voices in the whisper of the leaves, and every broad toadstool was to her a resting place for weary elfin messengers hurrying on some mission for their queen. Her own imaginings, like her favorite books, were all of magic wands, golden garments and crystal palaces. Sceptered kings, and jeweled princesses trailing robes of satin were the chief actors in her dreams.

I am aware that many educators consider such reading foolish and harmful, but I care nothing for wire-drawn pedagogic theories. That I did nothing to mar the mystical beauty of the world in which my daughter then dwelt, is my present satisfaction, and I shamelessly acknowledge that I experienced keen pangs of regret as her tender illusions, one after another, faded into the chill white light of later day. Without actually deceiving her, I permitted her to believe that I, too, heard the wondrous voices of Titania and her elves in convention behind the rose bush, or the whispers of gnomes hiding among the cornrows.

Good republican that I was, I listened without reproof to her adoring fealty to Kings and Queens. Her love of Knights and tournaments was openly fostered at my hand. "If she should die out of this,

her glorious imaginary world, she shall die happy," was my thought, "and if she lives to look back upon it with a woman's eyes, she shall remember it as a shining world in which her Daddy was a rough but kindly councillor, a mortal of whom no fairy need have fear."

The circus was my daughter's royal tournament, an assemblage of all the kings and queens, knights and fairies of her story books. She hated the clowns, but the parade of the warriors and their sovereign exalted her. The helmeted spearmen, the lithe charioteers, the hooded drivers sitting astride the heads of vast elephants were characters of the Arabian Nights, passing veritably before her eyes. The winged dancers of the spectacle came straight from the castle of Queen Mab, the pale acrobats were brothers to Hector and Achilles.

As she watched them pass she gripped my hand as if to keep touch with reality, her little heart swollen with almost intolerable delight. "It makes me shiver," she whispered, and I understood.

As the last horseman of the procession was passing, she asked faintly—"Will it come again, Poppie?" "Yes, it will come once more," I replied, recalling my own sense of loss when the Grand Entry was over.

As the queen, haughty of glance, superb in her robe of silver, once more neared us, indolently swaying to the movement of the elephant, who bore his housings of purple and gold with stately solemnity, my daughter's tiny body quivered with ecstasy and her beautiful eyes dilated with an intensity of admiration, of worship which made me sad as well as happy, and then just as the resplendent princess was passing for the last time, Mary Isabel rose in her place and waving a kiss to her liege lady cried out in tones of poignant love and despair, "Good-by, dear Queen!" and I, holding her tender palpitant figure in my arms, heard in that slender silver-sweet cry the lament of childhood, childhood whose dreams were passing never to return. . . .

O those magical days! Knowing all too well that they could not last and that to lose any part of them was to be forever cheated, I gave my time to her. Over and over again as I met her deep serene glance, I asked (as other parents have done), "Whence came you? From what dusky night rose your starry eyes? Out of what unilluminated void flowered your fairy face? Can it be, as some have said, that you are only an automaton, a physical reaction?"



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

LORD DUNSANY, an Irishman who writes poetic dramas in prose, says that Americans must be taught to love poetry. Robert Frost, an American who writes good narratives and soliloquies in verse, says that they love it already. Lord Dunsany could contend that if people like something very much they will pay for it and that the American people are not in any large and liberal way paying for poetry. As the *New York Globe* observes editorially, they pay well for jingle and doggerel and humorous verse, as witness Walt Mason, James J. Montague and Berton Braley who make a living out of their rhyming. And there is Robert Service who, we surmise, has quite a respectable royalty income. For verse, however, that is or pretends to be poetry of a high and austere order the book-buying public does not appear of late to have given any writer much support in a financial sense. Masters's "Spoon River Anthology" has been the sole thing called poetry to sell like a popular novel. None of his succeeding books has compared with it in point of sales. Amy Lowell, whose books are advertized with the lavishness bestowed on fiction, could not live on her royalties, and it is not probable that the royalty income enjoyed by Edwin Arlington Robinson at the age of fifty has ever exceeded a very few hundred dollars a year. Frost, himself, who is rated by many people as the best living American poet and who has a steady growing popularity, does not find his books selling so rapidly but that he has taken a post at the University of Michigan with certain intangible but sufficiently real duties for the performance of which he is paid.

Does this mean, inquires the *Globe*, that little first-rate poetry is being written or that we do not know it and like it and buy it when it is? Possibly it means something between the two. That there is an appetite for the poetic seems to be unquestionable. Scarcely a high-school graduate will be found in America—and there are enough of them to maintain a hundred poets in affluence—who will admit that if what he considers poetry were presented to him he would fail to purchase it. Magazine editors aver that there is a sufficient number of people ambitious to be poets (and therefore lovers of poetry of some kind) to guarantee a tremendous sale to the right book of verse and thus prove the national love for poetry.

Yet, on the other hand, no one can deny that whatever sale "Main Street" has deserved, "North of Boston" or "The Man Against the Sky" deserved as good a one and that neither got it. Who will not agree with the *Globe* observer that if Harold Bell Wright or Gene Stratton-Porter is worth reading, such poets as Richard Le Gallienne, Sarah Teasdale, Edna Millay, Bliss Carman, George Sterling, David Morton, Lizette Woodworth Reese, William Alexander Percy, William Griffith, Mahlon Leonard Fisher, Cale Young Rice, Marguerite Wilkinson, Jessie Rittenhouse and the Benets, to mention a few, are worth it several times over? For the exceptional in poetry—for an "Everlasting Mercy," for instance—there is, of course, a sale. Poetry of marked distinction and originality, as a rule, however, requires time to find its proper audience. Dunsany may be nearer right than Frost. Theoretically Americans love poetry. Practically they are not

wagering any large sums on Pegasus. Nor may more than a part of the reason be found in the following poem from "The Open Sea" (Macmillan), the latest collection by the author of "Spoon River":

THE GREAT RACE PASSES

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THEY were the faired-haired Achæans,
Who won the Trojan war;
They were the Vikings who sailed to Iceland
And America.
They became the bone of England,
And the fire of Normandy,
And the will of Holland and Germany,
And the builders of America.

Their blood flowed into the veins of David,
And the veins of Jesus,
Homer and Æschylos,
Dante and Michael Angelo,
Alexander and Cæsar,
William of Orange and Washington.
They sang the songs,
They won the wars.

They were chosen for might in battle;
For blue eyes and white flesh,
For clean blood, for strength, for class.
They went to the wars
And left the little breeds
To stay with the women,
Trading and plowing.
They perished in battle
All the way along the stretch of centuries,
And left the little breeds to possess the earth—

The Great Race is passing.

They went forth to free peoples,
White and black.
They fought for their own freedom,
And perished.
They founded America,
And perished—

The Great Race is passing.

On State street throngs crowd and push,
Wriggle and writhe like maggots.
Their noses are flat,
Their faces are broad,
Their heads are like gourds,
Their eyes are dull,
Their mouths are open—
The Great Race is passing.

The meek shall inherit the earth:
Crackers and negroes in the South,

Methodists and prohibitionists,
Mongrels and pigmies
Possess the land.
A president sits in a wheel chair
Sick from the fumes of his own idle dreams—

The Great Race is passing.

In *Harper's* we find the following verses in which an ancient truth is freshly and vigorously expressed. The concluding stanza has in it a note of challenge that strikes on the ear with an odd snarling clarion effect:

TIGERS

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I SAW eight royal tigers in a ring
Barred round with iron like a monstrous cage,
And in the midst a man, a puny thing,
With whip, pole, pistol shot defied their rage.

Their golden bodies, like the cage black-barred,
Were lithe as houris in a paradise,
With sneering nose and snarling lips to guard
The deathless fire of hatred in their eyes.

And for their righteous hate I loved them.
Power
Had violated, mangled—to its shame—
Unconquerable beings for an hour.
My spirit joined with theirs as flame to flame.

God-made they were. Let man respect their right!
God-taught were they to love their freedom so.
And, tragic puppets, prisoners of might,
They were unchanged as water in its flow.

Whatever force may lie in love or hate,
The soul is scarless, and resists forever.
Man's soul is like the tiger soul, its mate,
That may be trapped and bent, but broken never.

Mr. Sterling has been especially prolific of late as a magazine contributor and is maintaining an austere standard as exemplified by this brief lyric from *Ainslee's*:

RAINBOW'S END

BY GEORGE STERLING

I FOUND it not in the heavens—the
loveliness wild and strange,
But near, a flower of the earth, a rose of
sorrow and change.
Tho I turn my gaze to the dawn, or the
sunset low in the skies,
The mysterious beauty of woman is ever
in mine eyes.

There is no word for her wonder, her pas-
sion and tenderness.
Many the stars that pale, but her star is
never less.
Tho I hasten to hide myself in the lonely
places of Art,
The mysterious beauty of woman is ever
at my heart.

It is light where the rest is shadow; a
mirage, but mirage is all.
Over the thunder of Time is the music
of her call.
Tho I long for a land beyond, or dream
of a dream's control,
The mysterious beauty of woman is ever
in my soul.

It is rare for a poet to achieve such
complete lyric success in such short
space as seems to us to be achieved in
the following poem, which appears in
Vanity Fair:

WILD PLUM

BY ORRICK JOHNS

THEY are unholy who are born
To love wild plum at night,
Who once have passed it on a road
Glimmering and white.

It is as tho the darkness had
Speech of silver words,
Or as tho a cloud of stars
Perched like ghostly birds.

They are unpitied from their birth
And homeless in men's sight,
Who love, better than the earth,
Wild plum at night.

The supremacy of Paul Laurence
Dunbar as a laureate of the mulatto
race remains to be threatened, but there
is the making of a genuine poet in the
author of the following verses which
we quote from the *Crisis*:

THE NEGRO

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

I AM a Negro:
Black 'as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.

I've been a slave:
Caesar told me to keep his door-steps
clean.
I brushed the boots of Washington.

I've been a worker:
Under my hand the pyramids arose.
I made mortar for the Woolworth Build-
ing.

I've been a singer:
All the way from Africa to Georgia I
carried my sorrow songs.
I made ragtime.

I've been a victim:
The Belgians cut off my hands in the
Congo.
They lynch me now in Texas.

I am a Negro:
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.

Instead of quoting at length from
the collection of poems, "Fir-Flower
Tablets" (Houghton-Mifflin), translated
from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough
and turned freely into English verse
by Amy Lowell, we reprint the follow-
ing poignant lines as representative of
the success of the collaborators and as
an example of the spirit of Chinese
poetry at its best:

THE LONEIY WIFE

BY LI T'AI-PO

THE mist is thick. On the wide river,
the water-plants float smoothly.
No letters come; none go.
There is only the moon, shining through
the clouds of a hard, jade-green sky,
Looking down at us so far divided, so
anxiously apart.
All day, going about my affairs, I suffer
and grieve, and press the thought of
you closely to my heart.
My eyebrows are locked in sorrow, I can-
not separate them.
Nightly, nightly, I keep ready half the
quilt,
And wait for the return of that divine
dream which is my Lord.

Beneath the quilt of the Fire-Bird, on the
bed of the Silver-Crested Love-Pheasant,

Nightly, nightly, I drowse alone.

The red candles in the silver candlesticks
melt, and the wax runs from them,

As the tears of your so Unworthy One
escape and continue constantly to flow.

A flower face endures but a short season,
Yet still he drifts along the river Hsiao
and the river Hsiang.

As I toss on my pillow, I hear the cold,
nostalgic sound of the water-clock:

Shêng! Shêng! it drips, cutting my heart
in two.

I rise at dawn. In the Hall of Pictures
They come and tell me that the snow-
flowers are falling.

The reed-blind is rolled high, and I gaze
at the beautiful, glittering, primeval
snow,

Whitening the distance, confusing the
stone steps and the courtyard.

The air is filled with its shining, it blows
far out like the smoke of a furnace.

The grass-blades are cold and white, like
jade girdle pendants.

Surely the Immortals in Heaven must be
crazy with wine to cause such dis-
order,

Seizing the white clouds, crumpling them
up, destroying them.

Slighter in volume but freighted with
almost as much pure ore of poetry as
was her first book published some two
years ago, comes "Vigils" (Doran) into
which Mrs. Kilmer gathers thirty short
lyrics nearly all of which will bear com-
parison with the following:

THE GARDEN

BY ALINE KILMER

AND now it is all to be done over again,
And what will come of it only God
can know.

What has become of the furrows ploughed
by pain,

And the plants set row on row?

Where are the lines of beautiful bending
trees,

The gracious springs, the depths of deli-
cate shade,

The sunny spaces loud with the humming
of bees,

And the grassy paths in the garden my
life had made?

Lightning and earthquake now have
blasted and riven;

Even the trees that I trusted could not
stand:

Now it lies here to the bitter winds of
heaven,

A barren and a desolated land.

SHARDS

BY ALINE KILMER

I CAN never remake the thing I have
destroyed;

I brushed the golden dust from the
moth's bright wing,

I called down wind to shatter the cherry-
blossoms,

I did a terrible thing.

I feared that the cup might fall, so I flung
it from me;

I feared that the bird might fly, so I
set it free;

I feared that the dam might break, so I
loosed the river:

May its waters cover me.

THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS

BY ALINE KILMER

THE heart knoweth? If this be true
indeed

Then the thing that I bear in my bosom
is not a heart;

For it knows no more than a hollow, whis-
pering reed

That answers to every wind.

I am sick of the thing! I think we had
better part.

My heart will come to any piper's calling,
A fool in motley that dances for any
king;

But my body knows, and its tears unbidden
falling

Say that my heart has sinned.

You would have my heart? You may.
I am sick of the thing.

The Reviewer, published in Rich-
mond, Virginia, continues to advance
the literary standard of the South.
Among other features in a recent num-
ber is a selection from the posthumous
works of Rombadille, entitled "This
Thing Called Art," translated by Robert
Nathan, who also does into English the
following delectable verses:

A MORAL EMBLEM OF MATURITY

BY FRERE ROMBADILLE

MAN grows up
In quietness.
As he grows older,
He talks less.

When he is old
He sits among
Gray grandfathers
And holds his tongue.

I'd rather sit
By a wine shelf
And tell people
About myself.

B. L. T., the famous columyst of the *Chicago Tribune*, has passed from us, but, in "A Penny Whistle" (Alfred A. Knopf), he has left not only a humorous but a serious record in verse. Altho his laughing muse is most in evidence, the author is at his best, in our opinion, when his fancy takes wings across a sea of tears, as witness:

BEHIND THE DOOR

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

HITHER, thither, little feet
Patter on the floor;
Still am I in my retreat,
Hid behind the door.

If my hiding-place is guessed,
Comes a gleeful cry;
But if vain should be the quest,
There are tears to dry.

In the House of Life, my dear,
All is not so fair;
Happiness is hiding here,
Sorrow hiding there.

May the gods your life endow
From their boundless store!
May you always find, as now,
Love behind the door.

IN STATU QUO

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

HOW nicely is our solar system spaced!
How orderly the planet movements
are!
Aloof, sedate, self-centered, sober-paced,
Each plods its way around the central
star.

Far out, far out upon the soundless sea
The derelicts of Cosmos rush and roll—
Star-hulks, that once in flaming panoply
Sailed on the long cruise 'round the ultimate pole.

Rayless they ride, unnumbered ages
through,
Titantic hulks—let lesser craft beware!
Should our good ship, with all her quarrel-
ing crew,
Ram one of them—ah, what an end were
there!

Shattered against a wanderer in space,
Old Earth would pass away in primal
fire;

Like moths in flame, the so-called human
race
In a great blaze of glory would expire.

A consummation, do I hear you say,
Devoutly to be wished? The prospect
cheers.

Alas, that lee shore is so far away
We might not make it in a million years.

Hope tells, through Science, an unflatter-
ing tale;
Our lookouts, watching in the quiet
night,
Find in our path nor white nor ebon sail.
The void is clear. There's no relief in
sight!

In a group of curious poems, entitled
Glyphs, rendered from the Amerind,
which Mrs. Austin prints in the *Dial*,
we find this quaintly stammering poetic
utterance which we take the liberty to
entitle

DISCOVERY

FROM THE AMERIND

BY MARY AUSTIN

YOUR face is strange
And the fashion of your garments,
But your soul to mine is familiar.
As if in dreams
We had visited one another.
Often
From unremembering sleep
I come delicately glowing.
Now I know
What my heart has been doing.

Now I know why when we met
It slipped so easily into loving.

WHY THE EDGE ACT CORPORATIONS ARE A FAILURE

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

WHY is the \$100,000,000 Foreign Trade Financing Corporation, authorized under what is Congressionally known as the Edge Act, failing to function properly and according to schedule? It has been endorsed by the American Bankers' Association and, by all the laws of the prophets, should be a strong and going concern. This Association represents all that is big in banking; but, in spite of its prestige and the intensive promotion campaign which it has waged, it has succeeded in launching in two years only two small corporations. One of these, the first, as its name implies, is the First Federal Foreign Banking Association of New York, with a capital of \$2,000,000, and the other is the Federal International Banking Company of New Orleans, with a capital of \$7,000,000—being the sum total that has been invested in machines built according to Government specifications for financing a foreign trade that runs easily into billions of dollars every year. Erelong this great enterprize may come to the front again, for it is badly needed, and upon it, or upon a multiplicity of corporations, the future of our foreign trade depends.

I am going to tell why it has failed to come across—why, altho nearly everybody recognizes that the plans perfected by Senator Edge are almost ideal, capital hesitates to embark in such corporations; why there is a tendency to "let George to it" if he will—and the receptive "George" hasn't yet been found.

The Edge Act, which is an amendment to the Federal Reserve Banking Act, is patterned after the laws which govern the operations of the Investment Trusts of Great Britain. This was a good lead to follow because these trusts have been the very backbone of England's success in foreign trade and have contributed

enormously to her prestige in overseas commerce. They have been profitable to a degree and their stockholders have reaped the benefit of a wisely conservative management which has placed their country in an enviable position in foreign commerce. Selling the products of British industry abroad, they have made it possible to accept in payment, instead of cash over the counter or in thirty days, the long-term bonds and other obligations of the industries of the countries with which they trade. In this manner two birds are killed with one stone. The British manufacturer finds a continuing overseas market for his product and a safe and sound investment is provided for Great Britain's surplus savings in the debentures issued by the investment trusts based upon the foreign securities which they hold. Nor is Britain the only country that has found it profitable to operate in this manner. Holland, Switzerland, Belgium and Germany have followed in the same path—to their profit and to the enrichment of their nationals. In this manner industrial, utilities, mining and other enterprizes of the world have been financed with Europe's savings. In this manner innumerable American enterprizes have been made possible. Before the World War it was the practice, the habit, to look to Europe when large amounts of money were needed to develop our railroads, our mines and industrial plants, and the Investment Trusts of Europe supplied us with the money. But the war put an abrupt end to all this. The scale turned and Europe looks to the United States to fulfill the office she herself so long fulfilled with mutual profit.

Properly organized Edge Act corporations have it in their power, with the backing of the American investing public, to fill this bill; but the shoe pinches in that American investors have never

interested themselves in foreign securities and will have to be educated, as European investors have been educated, in their value. One of the principal reasons why more substantial progress has not been made in the formation of Edge Act corporations (American Investment Trusts) is the fear that the public will not take kindly to the investments they will have to offer and that a long and expensive educational campaign will be necessary before success in floating really large volumes of trust debentures based on foreign security holdings can be hoped for.

Under the provisions of the Act and the rulings of the Federal Reserve Board, two kinds of Edge Act corporations may be formed. They may transact business and finance overseas trade by the use of "acceptances," or they may issue their own "debentures" (promises to pay) based on the foreign securities they hold in their vaults. No corporation, however, may use both methods. They must choose which one and stick to it.

The two corporations named as being in operation have chosen the "acceptance" method and are doing a good business, altho necessarily limited in volume. They finance an American exporter by taking the "acceptance" which his foreign customer gives him in payment for goods, holding it for collection at maturity, and issuing its own "acceptance" in place of it. The obligation issued by the Edge company is a "banker's acceptance" and is readily salable in the open market and funds made at once available with which to pay the American exporter for the goods he has sold abroad.

Edge Act corporations operating under the "acceptance" plan are performing a patriotic act (to their own profit, of course), as they stimulate and make possible a foreign business which otherwise would not be done. If there were a large aggregation of such corporations in the country with capital running into the hundreds of millions (which there are not), and if there existed a ready market for a large volume

of "banker's acceptances" which they manufacture, running also into hundreds of millions (which does not exist) the economic position of this country with respect to its foreign trade, and of many other countries with which we exchange commerce, would be greatly improved. But, even at their best, Edge Act corporations operating by "acceptance" methods are only palliatives. They do not solve the problem of America's future foreign trade, and the reason is that, altho the "acceptances" which they market are comparatively long-term—longer than is recognized as good practice in domestic commercial transactions—yet they are too short to fill the bill in dealing with the impoverished countries of Europe. They require really long-term credits—two, three, five years or more—such credits as can be produced only by accepting, in payment for the goods we sell them, the long-term funded obligations of the enterprizes of their lands. This is the foundation of the success of the Investment Trust principle—the Edge Act plan—and, in trying to carry it out to a conclusion, the \$100,000,000 corporation so superbly vouched for (in principle) by American bankers fell down.

The difference between an Edge Act corporation operating under the "acceptance" plan and one using "debentures" is that the former appeals to big men, big financial institutions with short-term surplus money to invest—to men of millions, so to speak; while the latter, in order to be successful, must appeal to the public—to the small investor—to millions of men. The men of millions do not need to be educated in finance. They know all about "acceptances" and they buy them as investments. But the aggregate wealth of the men of millions for investment is but small when compared with that of the millions of men. Who ever heard of "the public" buying a "banker's acceptance"? It is beyond the public ken, and, furthermore, when the public goes in for an investment it wants one that runs for more than a year before ma-

turing, and this is about the time limit of these "acceptances."

It is not considered worth while to try to educate the millions of men in acceptances. It seems a foregone conclusion that they will not like them. But it is considered worth while to try to educate them in the Edge debentures, and this is the task the \$100,000,000 corporation, or any similar corporation, will have before it when it opens its doors for business. We of America must be made to realize that the world is suffering not from overproduction but from underconsumption because of the inability of foreigners to buy our products—inability because they have not the money nor the goods with which to pay, and because we have been unable to furnish the credit facilities with which to make purchases of the things they need. We must be made to realize that the productive capacity of the United States is capable of being tuned up to turn out in four days all the goods—raw materials and manufactures—we can use in a whole week and that the surplus from the day-and-a-half of each week's production must be sold abroad or our industry will languish. It is now languishing for that very reason. It is this condition that has closed the doors of so many factories, has shut down so many mining operations, and has placed many more on short time. It is this condition that has thrown four million men out of work, and their diminished purchasing power has greatly affected all lines of trade.

But who is going to sell the trust debentures which alone can place the outside world in a position where it can buy the things we make, and how will such offerings be received by investors? Picture to yourself the hard lot of a security salesman dropping into your place of business and trying to interest you in purchasing some of the debentures of an Edge corporation based on such securities as the following: the Anglo-Argentine Tramways; the Australian Mercantile Land and Finance Corporation; the Bahia Tramway, Light and Power Company; the Crédit Fon-

cier de Mauritius; the Majuli Tea Company; the Guayaquil and Quito Railway; the Cordoba Central Railway; the Manaos Improvement Company, and a hundred others. "Outlandish," you would say. Very likely you wouldn't even know where these places were located on the map. "Give me something nearer home," you would most likely say, and so would nearly everyone who has not been educated to their value. But Englishmen and Dutchmen and Swiss and Belgians know all about these "outlandish" investments because they have been educated in them. They buy them in immense amounts, and they are good.

Nations which have prospered the most are those which have most energetically pushed their foreign trade. Spain rose to power and magnificence as its overseas commerce expanded with the discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and declined when Britain supplanted her in foreign fields. Holland's prosperity rose and fell and rose again as its foreign trade rose and fell, and the phenomenal prosperity of Germany prior to the war in consequence of her immense foreign trade activity is something we have seen and know about. The age-long association of England's prosperity with her shipping interests needs only to be mentioned to be appreciated. Conversely, Latin-American countries with natural resources unlimited have all lagged in the march of progress among the nations, and there is not one of them that has cultivated a foreign trade in proportion to its capacity.

It is said with truth that the United States is more nearly economically independent than any other nation upon earth, that our best markets are our home markets. "Still, true as it is," says John McHugh of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York, in a recent address, "we cannot now, if we would, withdraw our interest from other nations except at a terrible cost to ourselves and a more terrible cost to them." *Noblesse oblige* is an obligation we cannot dodge if we would.

No country can be wholly prosperous whose balance of foreign trade is constantly and enormously one-sided. This is so whether the balance be "favorable" or "adverse." We suffer now from the troubles of a "favorable" balance which has mounted into billions. This simply means that somebody abroad owes somebody in this country billions of dollars and cannot pay. It means that, in all probability, this enormous debt will have to stand on our books, a thoroly "frozen credit," till one or more Edge Act corporations get into action and thaw out this congealed mass of credits in the only possibly way it can

be done—by distributing the obligation to our American investors in a really long-term form of security. Since it is inconceivable that Europe will for a great many years be able to pay for the American goods she buys by a return of goods and thus equalize the trade balance in a truly legitimate way; and since the proposed new high tariff, with its American valuation plan, will, if it ever becomes a law, still further accentuate the difficulty of a return of goods for goods, then the only remedy seems to be in properly functioning Edge Act corporations which will distribute the obligation until Europe recovers.

WHAT THE RADIO TELEPHONE MEANS TO FARMERS AND BUSINESS MEN

AMATEUR radio telephony is easily the most popular application of the radio telephone up to the present time, and its growing importance is emphasized by the action of the Department of Agriculture in planning to use it in place of the present radio telegraph broadcast system which covers about half the country. This system itself was inaugurated only last spring from air mail radio stations at Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Omaha, North Platte, Neb., Rock Springs, Wyo., and Elko and Reno, Nev., each of them having a radius of 300 miles.

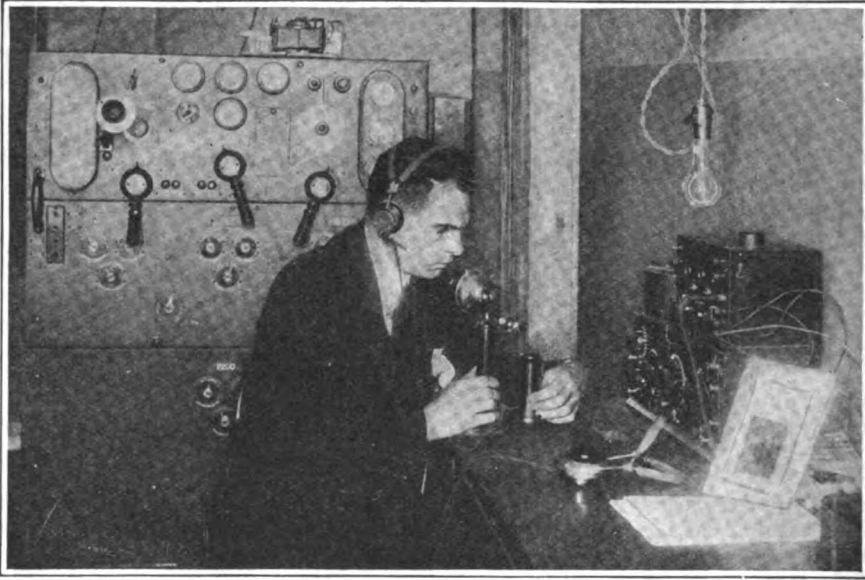
Radio telephony itself, the layman is reminded, is simply a telephonic system in which the action of a transmitter causes fluctuations in electric waves radiated through space by a high-frequency current, these fluctuations in turn affecting the receiver at the distant station in such a manner as to reproduce the original sounds. It differs from wireless telegraphy in that it uses a continuous train of waves instead of interrupted groups of waves, but employs similarly placed antennae as sending and receiving agents.

Reciting, in the *Scientific American*, the manner in which radio telephony is

being enlisted by the Department of Agriculture, Pierre Boucheron states that at eight o'clock each morning market reports covering grain and livestock, fruits and vegetables, are transmitted by regular wire to these stations, from which, together with local market reports, they are sent broadcast by radio telegraph. Anyone equipped with simple receiving instruments may pick up these reports with little difficulty; and consequently their value to farms, in banks and in commercial clubs, has been fully appreciated, more and more receiving sets being installed throughout the country.

The difficulty with the Government's broadcasting is that it is done by radio telegraph, so that the signals can be read only by persons proficient in copying Morse code. While the messages are copied by eager enough local amateurs, it is complained that there are not enough of them to permit broad application of the service. The radio telephone, on the other hand, will enable any farmer equipped with a moderate-priced receiver to take advantage of the service.

To this end, when the Federal Departments are reorganized, all communication matters such as these radio



Courtesy of the *Scientific American*

COMMERCIAL RADIO TELEPHONE TRANSMITTER

This is the type of instrument which the Department of Agriculture is employing in broadcasting work. Note that the operator speaks into a standard desk-type telephone instrument.

agricultural reports, which are now handled jointly by the Agricultural and Post-Office Departments, will probably be brought under the jurisdiction of the Post-Office Department. In fact, we read, a post-office official recently sailed for Europe to seek ideas bearing on the establishing of an extensive radio telephone stock market and weather-report service to be operated by the Government. This service will soon be available to every farmer in the country who cares to make the small investment required to purchase the necessary receiving apparatus.

While this Governmental interest in the value of the radio telephone is steadily thriving, private organizations are planning unique broadcasting services of their own. Two large companies have already established powerful radio telephone stations at certain centers, from which they send out news at stated intervals in addition to frequent concerts. Perhaps the greatest and most striking demonstration of this news-reporting method was the one staged at the recent Dempsey-Carpentier boxing-match, when more than 300,000 "ear

witnesses" listened to the reports of the fight round by round. The station was located at Hoboken, N. J., and the power of the radio telephone set employed was sufficient to reach amateurs within a circle of several hundred miles. The radio company which reported the big boxing contest now proposes to report future national events in much the same manner.

The vacuum tube, often referred to as the modern Aladdin's lamp of radio, is largely responsible for the present-day efficiency of the radio telephone as contrasted with the pioneer experiments of early investigators back in 1906, who employed the singing arc lamp as a generator of the required high-frequency undamped oscillations. To-day all that is required to produce wireless speech is a simple electrical circuit employing one or more vacuum tubes and several necessary accessories. A 100-foot antenna and a suitable grounding connection are easily installed, and these simple devices are sufficient for transmission and reception purposes.

To erect a small receiving set capable of intercepting wireless telephone con-

versations, concerts, Government reports, etc., the cost need not exceed \$25 as an initial outlay. The cost of erecting a combination sending and receiving station will be considerably more, since transmission entails the use of greater power. A few hundred dollars should be sufficient for a sending and

receiving station. Anyone who is going in for wireless telephone transmission as well as reception must necessarily secure a station license as well as an operating license from the Radio Inspection Bureau of the Department of Commerce, whose representatives are located in all the large cities.

SCIENCE IS BREAKING NEW AND STRANGE TRAILS IN INDUSTRY

SUPPLEMENTING freight and passenger traffic on our railroads and highways last year, a thousand airplanes were employed commercially in the United States and Canada, and these machines flew 6,000,000 miles, carrying 225,000 passengers and hundreds of tons of package freight. This advance in commercial aeronautical enterprise has taken place without the assistance or protection of law, in credits, insurance and the like. Its future is a challenge to the imagination. Not long ago an English business man chartered an airplane in Paris and for twenty-three days flew around Europe, touching at Brussels, Berlin, Warsaw, Trieste, Venice and many other cities. He is reported to have accomplished his business in one-tenth of the time that he would have consumed in going by train.

In view of the decreasing supply of gasoline as a motor fuel, it is interesting to read, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that laboratories are now at work producing alcohol that is equal to gasoline in providing mechanical energy, at the rate of from twenty to forty gallons per ton of parched shrubs or roots. The Germans get most of their power fuel from potatoes, and according to Floyd W. Parsons, the writer in the *Post*, just as soon as business becomes normal in this country and gasoline prices again advance, motor fuel from blackstrap molasses and from grain and fruits will be in the market competing with gasoline.

When the price of oil again gets as high as \$1.50 a barrel, we are assured, our infant shale-oil industry will again awaken and the result will be another competitor to check any runaway market which may develop in oil. Shale-bearing rock is present in this country and throughout the world in even greater quantities than coal. Also ways are being devised to "break down" radium and to apply the same treatment to other elements which are found in comparative abundance throughout the world. For instance, the energy latent in metallic uranium, which is gradually given off during slow disintegration, is so enormous that the amount liberated by the complete disintegration of 100 pounds of the metal is approximately equivalent to that obtained by burning 18,500 tons of coal.

Science, the bed-rock of business, is still working to produce cold light like that emanating from the little firefly, and its production will affect finance and industry enormously. This is cited as one of many inventions which will directly affect our lives and businesses. We are to have new types of fuel-saving boilers, in which great economies will be effected, because instead of having to heat a large amount of water in a cumbersome boiler only one or two gallons will have to be heated at a time. There is promise of the successful development of hydrogen-gas motors propelled entirely by water. In such motors the water will be used over and over again, and, of course, should they be

successful, there will be no transmission system necessary.

One inventor connected with a famous institution has already cooked all kinds of food with his solar cookstove. Every method of cooking except frying has been successfully tried on this stove, which consists of a concave, parabolic, cylindric reflector, through which runs a tube of ordinary cylinder oil to absorb heat from the reflector and apply it to the cooking compartment. Carefully adjusted insulation insures the retention of the heat in the oil overnight. A float device automatically regulates the cooking temperatures, while a simple clockwork mechanism keeps the reflectors facing the sun.

Abroad they have recently been experimenting with schemes for transmitting power by wave pulsations carried through pipes and conducted by a fluid, preferably water. This will be a sixth way of transmitting power, the other five being by steam, direct mechanical, hydraulic method, electricity and compressed air. In this new plan the power is communicated to water in one end of a conducting pipe, and the resulting waves carry it the full distance of the pipe's length. At present waves 120 feet in length are being sent through a one-inch pipe a distance of one mile to operate a riveting machine which delivers 2,400 blows a minute. The waves transmitting the power travel at the speed of sound in water. It is asserted that the pipe can be tapped at wave lengths or half wave lengths, and so may be made to serve a number of machines.

Only the other day a Western druggist discovered a way of treating baled cotton so as to render it fire-proof. As a result, we read, the railroads now consent to carry this chemically treated cotton on open flat cars, and insurance companies are reducing their rates on these fireproofed bales as much as 90 per cent. No product of American farms is more dependent on bank credit than cotton, and the obtaining of credit by growers and shippers has been hampered because of the serious losses resulting from the chronic rotting of the

staple during storage and shipment. The liquid treatment of the bales does not injure the cotton, but, on the other hand, does eliminate the former losses of from 80 to 400 pounds a bale due to rot.

Upon actual demonstration treated cotton showed no signs of fire damage after being transported from Oklahoma City to Chicago—about 900 miles—on flat cars next to the locomotive, altho the bales were buried in cinders after the trip. This development will release some 40,000 box cars, formerly needed for moving the cotton crop, for the transportation of grain and other farm products.

In the farming and fruit-growing industry, we are told that, whereas the California and Florida fruit growers a short time ago were delighted to get \$5 a ton for their cull oranges and lemons, this waste now is made to yield annually about 1,500,000 pounds of citric acid, 500,000 pounds of citrate of lime and 50,000 pounds of lemon oil. Our tomato-seed waste is being converted into an edible oil of high quality, as well as into a meal suitable for feeding cattle, hogs and chickens; and useless apples, even those that are intensely acid, are being made to yield calcium malate, the source of malic acid. The development of this latter process in Nova Scotia promises to result in the establishment of a new industry of considerable proportions.

Of the 6,448,366 farms in the United States, 4.1 per cent. were operated by women last year, there having been 261,553 women whose occupation was classified as farming, says the report of the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry.

The total land area in farms was 955,676,545 acres, the report shows. Men operated 929,878,145 acres, or 97.3 per cent. of the total farm acreage, while women operated 25,798,400 acres, or 2.7 per cent. The average size of the farms with women operators was 98.6 acres, while the average for the farms of men was 150.3 acres.

There were no comparative figures for earlier years, since the census of 1920 was the first to obtain information separately for men and women.

HOW JOHN WANAMAKER BEGAN TO WRITE ADVERTIZING

BUSINESS and philosophy would seem to have few, if any, points in common. Yet John Wanamaker, octogenarian merchant, has combined them in his Philadelphia store advertizing with highly interesting and profitable results. It has long been a source of curiosity to the public how this dean of merchants came to make his philosophizings a part of his store advertizing. He has been doing it since 1912, when he attended the Taft convention at Chicago and witnessed the Bull Moose raid on the Republican party. The strenuousness of that event, coupled with the heat, nearly knocked him to pieces, as he recounts in the *New York Times*, and he went home to rest and read for a few days. One evening his son protested that he was hurting his eyes poring over books, and suggested that he write some advertizing.

"I've never written any advertizing," he protested. "I've only used the blue pencil on it. I wouldn't know how or what to write." So I refused. But as he was going out of the room he looked so disappointed that I felt I had done a mean thing, and, without imagining what I was coming in for, I took up an old envelope, cut it open on three sides, so that it unfolded completely and then started to write on the inside of it. It worked very nicely. When I reached the bottom I found the envelope wasn't long enough, altho an envelope ought to be long enough for what a man has to say. But I wanted to say more, so I took another envelope, and finally a third one. I sent them to my son, supposing I had seen the last of them because there didn't seem to be anything special in them. The next morning I saw them published!

"Yes, I think I was pleased to see them in the paper, but I was without the least idea of continuing. Yet what could I do? I was like the visitor at the farmhouse who, passing a field, was

chased by a bull because he wore a red necktie. To escape he caught the bull by the tail and held on, hollering for somebody to help him let go.

"I never had the least idea of writing, altho I wrote four reports for the Post-Office Department during my years at Washington. . . . It is ten years since I wrote that first fatal editorial and in that time I certainly have written 1,000 or more pieces that I tore up as not worth printing."

The merchant, we are told, is plagued with many of the idiosyncrasies of an author. After his paragraphs are once written, he wants them put out of his sight. But in the files of his advertizing department are many scrapbooks in which they are carefully pasted, clipped from the advertizements where they first appeared. He has also a sensitive literary conscience and feels that "the idea's the thing," and it is the pursuit of that which gives him most anxiety.

"The hardest thing is to get something that would be worth keeping or remembering," he is quoted as saying. "I have a conscience about writing and taking people's time to read what I have written. But I certainly do write them all myself. My name never appears under anything that I haven't written. Sometimes I dictate them now, but sometimes the idea may come to me in an odd place, riding on a car, for instance, and then I use the envelope as formerly. You see, the envelope is just the proper length for my editorial, and I know when I've finished.

"I get my ideas in many ways. Sometimes talking to men on the train between New York and Philadelphia. If something is said in a peculiar or striking way, I remember it. This morning a man made a remark something like this, which may be an idea for an editorial: 'Beginning a new thing is the hardest. Think of the highest achieve-

ment of a year ago, and start from there to work up.'"

Many readers of his advertizements write to Mr. Wanamaker that they are touched by this or that effusion. Often he receives a dozen letters a day. "Sometimes it is about a young man whose parents write to tell about him. I am tremendously interested in this. I am interested in helping people who are in a fog about life. It is remarkable how lives change and alter their courses far from what the original path appeared. I could tell you the interesting story of the young lady who formerly wrote my advertizements for me. She is a college graduate, and wanted to do something higher than that; she wanted to write books and stories. She did write beautiful English, but I could see that she never thought highly of advertizing. She was finally sent to the Paris office, among the buyers there. Now she is the head of one of my departments. It is a very different career from the one she planned."

Here are a few observations culled from the Wanamaker advertizements as

typical of their terseness and character:

"It is of great importance in business to be just right, as well as right just."

"Business, to my mind, is the means to exchange knowledge, labor and skill for a living."

"The emptiest man and the emptiest store are most talkative."

"One may walk over the highest mountain, one step at a time."

"How the world ever got on till each of us came along is our enigma."

"The art of costuming a woman may be rightly classed as one of the fine arts."

"Let us be citizens first, and not merely bankers, lawyers, merchants and manufacturers."

"The air is full of plans—the plans are full of air."

"New goods are better than bargains."

"You can never ride on the wave that came in and went out yesterday."

"There are many croakers upon the edges of lakes and creeks; there they sit croaking and croaking; but they are only frogs after all."

"I cannot touch a single key that has a minor note in it."

"We can only reach each other with sympathy—the biggest word among the three or four big words of the world."

WHY ALASKA IS BEING RAPIDLY DEPOPULATED

LAST year the Dominion of Canada gained almost as many immigrants from the United States as constitutes the entire present population of Alaska, and in the past ten years Alaska has lost a third of its white people. To-day in a Territory having national resources calculable in billions and boasting one-fifth the area of the United States, there are fewer than 30,000 white persons. Asking what is wrong with Alaska, a writer in the *Boston Transcript* blames the American Government for this anomalous state of affairs. Intended to be a blessing to the Territory, the conservation policy promulgated by the Roosevelt administration in full cry against capitalistic monopoly has resulted, we are told, in putting 92 per cent. of the coal, oil, timber

and other resources of Alaska effectually beyond reach not only of the unscrupulous corporate interests, but of the legitimate settlers as well. It has taken from thousands all that they possessed, the fruits of years of labor and hardship; subjected others to suspicion and disgrace, and, it is declared, has turned over to the mercies of a jealous bureaucracy the destinies of a people five thousand miles away.

To that policy and to the conditions succeeding it, is attributed in a large measure the stagnation of Alaska. But other elements have entered in. The working out of the old placer claims, the depreciation of gold, and the cessation of mining due to the industrial slump following the war have had somewhat to do with it. The war took 3,000

young men from the Territory, and 4,000 others went out with the close of mining operations. Yet these are but a small part of the total who have left the country. In the meantime, of the 40,000 immigrants who entered Canada during four months of last year, 22,000 were Americans. These took with them, to add to the wealth of Canada, goods and money to the value of \$50,000,000.

It is not to government control of its resources that the resident Alaskan is said to object so much as to the methods of operation. There are thirty-eight different bureaus bent upon conducting his affairs, and their headquarters are in Washington. The result is a confusion of long-distance service.

"When, for instance, desiring to lease an island for fox-farming purposes, and being uncertain whether for the privilege he should apply to the General Land Office, the Forestry Service or the Bureau of Animal Industry, he is disconcerted to learn that he must go, not to any of these, but to the Bureau of Fisheries! Needing to drive piling for a fish-trap, and assuming naturally that he must get his permit from the Bureau of Fisheries, he applies there, only to discover that the proper authority is the Department of War. Having filed on a homestead, and addressed to that effect the General Land Office, he is dismayed by being informed that if he can persuade the Geological Survey that it doesn't want his "160" for coal or oil, the Bureau of Forestry that it hasn't preempted the land for timber, or the Bureau of Fisheries that it isn't entitled to a lien by virtue of a trout stream running through it, he may eventually be granted

title to his claim, provided that tract has not been set aside for allotment to an Indian. Being in sore need of a wagon road to his place, and having applied for it to the Bureau of Public Roads, he is discouraged to find that the Department of Agriculture can do nothing for him, since such a project would infringe upon the prerogatives of the Secretary of War, even if it did not give offence to the Secretary of the Interior. When, in consideration of the feelings of all three, he offers to put up his own money for the job, he is chagrined to learn that this cannot be done, since a department has no authority for receiving gifts!"

It is such things as these, more or less trivial in themselves, which, multiplied by hundreds and thousands, are discouraging settlers in Alaska. As a result, many thousands have in the past few years quit the country in disgust and other thousands are said to be preparing to follow.

"With restrictions on the natural resources—the timber, oil and coal tied up—the discouragements to capital, the lack of transportation, and the consequent absence of industries, all the result of the Government's conservative policy, it is not surprising that the investor and homesteader are looking elsewhere—that capital is turning its eyes toward Siberia, where, in a year or two, it declares, American enterprise will be welcomed; and that the homesteader, with his hankering for the land, is crossing the border into Canada."

CLASSES OF LABOR THAT ARE INDUSTRIALLY UNDESIRABLE

A VERY large part of the manual laboring population of the United States, according to a writer, H. A. Haring, in *Industrial Management*, are committing industrial suicide, or, in other words, rendering themselves unfit for employment in a modern industrial plant. They fall into three classes: first, those engaged in employments in

which the tipping system is the outstanding characteristic, including sleeping-car and hotel porters, waiters, bell-boys and public attendants in railway stations; second, railway brakemen, flagmen, switchmen and the like; and, third, coal miners. The fact that these three classes of labor are unfitted for factory employment, so the writer main-

tains, has been established by experience gained in the effort to reduce labor turnover. It is inadvisable to employ them for the stated reason that such workmen are likely to prove inefficient or to become easily discontented and therefore to quit.

In employment such as involves gratuities as a part of the compensation, it is emphasized, quickness and alertness are more apparent than real. Such men, being trained under a system wherein their earnings depend not upon the quality of their work but solely upon the wealth and caprice of their patrons, are poorly fitted to become employees of an industrial plant, with its monotony of work. They are found to grow weary of regular duties and are unhappy if obliged to work within confined areas.

The second group on this proposed blacklist is headed by railroad train crews other than conductors, engineers and firemen. Not only do brakemen, flagmen, switchmen and such pronounced "industrial undesirables" form a large proportion of our employed population, but they constitute even a larger proportion of the floating or nomadic labor supply. It is pointed out that railroads respond quickly to the country's swings of prosperity and depression, with the result that they alternately employ and discharge men in large numbers. Yard-crew work or rear-end-crew work are the two places where beginners for train service are taken. The railroads of the country have what is known as their seniority rule for train service, one feature of which provides that the most recent employee shall be the first to be dropped from the rolls, discharge then going progressively up the line of men. For these two reasons are found in this group all of the large number of railroad men of irregular employment, and, consequently, practically all of them who apply elsewhere for work.

Elapsed time, not work performed, is the basis of railroad crew compensation. Pay is on the basis of hours and miles, and, it is observed, the Brother-

hood leaders have without ceasing preached to their men the gospel that they are selling to the railroads their time, not their services. The men are thoroly schooled in this doctrine, which simply ruins such men for becoming efficient workers in ordinary industrial occupations. As a consequence of their spending so many hours merely sitting in cars without active occupation or waiting on sidings during delays, these men form a habit of constant and loose talking which is fruitful of trouble elsewhere. Rehearsing grievances that are often imaginary, according to this historian, "they have too much leisure to think over and rehearse stuff of this sort, without exercise enough to work it off. Only too often one ex-railroad man of the talking type will disorganize his department within the noon hours of his first week."

It is somewhat surprising to find coal miners in this catalog of undesirables, but the point is made that the mining of coal is piece work, the basis being the ton. Men work, either singly or in couples, in "rooms," each connected with the passage or entry ways. The possibility of continuous supervision or of surprise tests does not exist. The coal miner may work diligently all day or he may loaf eight hours. Transplant such a man into a factory where production is speeded and no imagination is required to picture what will happen. He has no conception of a plan wherein each worker is fitted and speeded to other workers. Miners, furthermore, occasionally present a difficulty in the matter of grievances. This arises from the method of handling disagreements in the mines, a method which does not exist to anything like an equal state in any other industry.

The coal mines are the most thoroly organized, or unionized, of our industries, we are reminded. The great control of the officers over the men has been obtained by making every petty grievance a matter for settlement between the union official and the mine-owner, instead of permitting the mine

foreman to settle it with the individual miner. The method of securing action is to magnify the grievance by shutting down the mine before attempting adjudication. A miner, therefore, enter-

ing industrial employment, must learn that he will not be babied and his imaginary injuries unduly magnified by a stoppage of the "works" for any small cause.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN IN INDUSTRY

DECLARING on the floor of Congress that the Indian Bureau will voluntarily relinquish its throttlehold on the surviving red men of this country only when every dollar of their money is spent and their property dissipated, Representative M. Clyde Kelly, of Pennsylvania, asserts that whereas in 1887 the expenses of the Bureau were \$5,000,000, last year they were more than \$15,000,000. The report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs shows that 26,949 Indians are engaged in other industries than farming and livestock raising—engaged, that is, in such picayune industries, as Representative Kelly terms them, as basket-making, beadwork, pottery, blanket weaving, lace-making, woodcutting, fishing and wild-rice gathering. Of the basket makers, 3,935 have incomes of less than \$25 a year; 2,755 beadworkers earn less than \$20 a year; 5,557 blanket weavers make less than \$120 a year; 2,144 fishermen make less than \$80 a year; 212 lace-men make less than \$30, 566 pottery workers less than \$15 and 1,350 wild-rice gatherers less than \$10 a year each. The average of all the workers last year was \$69, or \$5.75 a month. Representative Kelly contends that the Indians are encouraged in these pursuits, which "unfit them for a place in a real productive community and industry," and that, "instead of our groaning over the wrongs of the Armenians by the Turks, the harrying of Christians in Bulgaria and Jews in Roumania and Russia, we should emancipate the original Americans from the autocratic control of a money-wasting Bureau."

Looking further into the report, we find that 12,224 Indians were employed by the Bureau itself during 1920. They earned or were paid \$1,586,141, or \$130

each a year, on which to be self-supporting citizens. There were 11,038 employed by private parties at an average wage of \$20 a month; 40,962 Indian farmers cultivated an area of 890,700 acres and raised crops worth \$4,437,572, which means that each farmer had 22 acres and received about \$110 for the year's work.

Is it any wonder, asks this complainant, that a case can be made out by interested parties against the competency of Indians who have only such opportunities? If they are incompetent, the Bureau is declared to be responsible. "With a fair chance and the shackles removed from them, they can prove their right to the title of self-supporting individuals, but they cannot do it under such obstacles as now prevail. If one-tenth the effort made to persuade, hire and force the Indians to remain in tribal masses is made to persuade them to become part of American life, the Indian problem will be solved to the benefit of all concerned."

As to the coming generation, it is reported that last year 21,056 Indian children eligible for school were not in school because of lack of facilities. Yet in 30 years \$115,000,000 have been appropriated for schools for Indians. The government has school buildings on the various reservations valued now at \$15,660,373. That means that money enough to provide a \$40,000 school building for every 200 children has been furnished by Congress. The report, however, states that the money has been spent to build 2,450 schools. That means a school building for every 33 Indian children. However, Representative Kelly asserts, building so many school houses and scattering them so widely has certain fixed results. It keeps

the children on the reservation amid all the obstacles imposed by such conditions. It keeps them from learning the ways of outside life in American civilization, and holds them fast to outworn traditions and outgrown customs. It

makes necessary more employees. The pay-roll of the Indian school system last year amounted to \$1,727,000. In the past 10 years we have spent over \$600 for the education of each Indian child in the United States.

JERUSALEM TRADES AND INDUSTRIES RAPIDLY REVIVING

IN the Holy City of Palestine there are no street cars, therefore within the city walls everyone takes to the middle of the street and shares it with the donkeys and camels. Provision stores, workshops and booths open to right and left, displaying their wares without windows or show cases, after the oriental bazar manner. Here a harness-maker sits mending a bridle, there some carpenters are at work on boards of olive and acacia wood. Lumber is very scarce in Jerusalem and a correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* wonders why a good-sized American sailing ship does not land a large consignment of lumber at some Palestinian port and reap a harvest.

The British authorities require every store to be painted or whitewashed, which makes for increasing cleanliness; but flies swarm everywhere and window screens are much needed.

Under the stimulus of the Pro-Jerusalem Society a weaving school has been established in the covered street leading to the temple area. The making of pottery has also been revived, patterned after the famous blue tiles of the Dome of the Rock (erroneously called the Mosque of Omar), which covers the site of the ancient temple altar. Sauntering through the old city its trades and industries crop up in the most unexpected places.

Bethlehem is much occupied in the manufacture of beads for necklaces and bracelets, made of mother of pearl which comes principally from the Red Sea. These wares are much in evidence in the souvenir stores of Jerusalem. Hebron also sends to the Jeru-

salem market interesting and primitive glassware, especially many glass rings, which are worn as ornaments by the peasants, and are for sale on the street near the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Under the shadow of David's Tower peasant women sell these great earthen water and oil jars which are indispensable in every Palestine household.

Wherever there are any building operations going on, it is interesting to watch the masons at work, carrying heavy stones on their backs or balancing them on their hips. Such a thing as a wheelbarrow or a horse and cart does not seem to be required.

Grapes are for sale in Jerusalem quite six months in the year, for the vineyards at different altitudes on the backbone of this land ripen at different times. It is noticeable that the vine branches are not tied up, but are allowed to trail on the ground, the reason for this being that the vines may lap up every bit of the dew which falls at night. Experts at dry farming ought to succeed in Palestine, because one of the main difficulties in its successful prosecution in America is absent from Palestine, namely, the scarcity of labor. Dry farming requires a great deal of tilling of the soil in order to keep the surface broken up very fine. The patient fellah of Palestine ought to make a good dry farmer under instruction and supervision.

Of the total number of homes in the United States in 1920, 54.4 per cent. were rented, 28.2 per cent. were owned by occupants and free from encumbrance, and 17.5 were owned by occupants and mortgaged.

Give Your Wife This Chance To Be Happy

By G. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

THERE are more than a million women in the United States who have suffered untold agonies for years and who have found welcome freedom from ailments, buoyant health and colorful cheeks through Internal Bathing.

This wonderful gift to humanity was discovered by a physician who labored for years to get at the root of ninety-five per cent. of the ailments of which women complain. While other great physicians and scientists worked to cure cancer, consumption and other dreaded complaints, this physician went to the bottom of things to eliminate the cause of many of these diseases.

Now enlightened physicians all over America, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists and others who labor to build up the health of mankind, are earnestly preaching the gospel of Internal Bathing.

And what is more, hundreds of thousands of letters have poured in from women in all walks of life, from the highest in the land to the most humble, each anxious that her story should be told to some other suffering woman. Their gratefulness is unbounded.

Men know so little about women that the time has come when frankness should be the motto of all physicians. Men would then understand why their wives complain, why their eyes lack lustre and their cheeks grow sallow, and they live through each day fulfilling their duties, where a man, burdened by like suffering, would remain in bed.

Ninety-five per cent. of illnesses common to women are caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon (the lower intestine); this is

bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That is the reason, when you are ill, physicians always give you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble. And it is ten to one that no trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon.

Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, our lives would be increased probably to 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that is what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results.

But you can never be auto-intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is certain.

It is nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

It is probably true that more drugs, most of which are harmful and ineffective, are used for this than for all other human ailments combined. This goes to show how universal the troubles caused by accumulative waste really are—but there is no doubt that drugs

are being dropped as Internal Bathing becomes better known.

It is not possible, for your wife to conceive what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night before retiring, she will awaken in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—her system will be perfectly cleansed, everything will be working in perfect accord, the brain clear, eyes bright and the old vim and confidence back again for the day's duties.

Think of what this means to a woman, to be able to laugh, eat and sleep well, to be your cheerful companion, able once again to live the life nature meant every woman to live.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue that he made Internal Baths his special study, and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J.B.L. Cascade" and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request, if you address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 152 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this in CURRENT OPINION.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being or that of the family will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

The Voice in the Hall

(Continued from page 341)

And the chaplain wrote you'd been shot in the breast, and he closed your eyes."

"Very attentive of him," said Presh. "I don't remember that part, but the shot through the breast is correct. When I regained consciousness, the Huns had me in a hospital. I was top-hole again in a month, tho—fit enough to escape. Worked my way back to the Dutch frontier, but the beggars nabbed me again. Took me to a punishment camp and held me there, incommunicado. In October I fell ill. Mighty good luck, that—for the Huns sent me out with the very first batch after the armistice. In Blighty they discharged me. I cabled and sailed. . . . Oh, yes; a little scraggy, but quite all right."

He slipped off his overcoat and tossed it to the chair on which Mary had previously sat. As he did so his foot touched something on the floor. He bent over and picked up Mrs. Ballantine's book.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, looking at the cover. "What's all this? Mother blooming out as an author? *Letters From Beyond the Front*? What on earth—?"

"Sh-h! Keep quiet!" said Mary, clutching at his arm, while with the other hand she snatched the book from him. "Never mind that now."

"But"—he turned to his mother with a puzzled look—"Letters From Beyond the Front. What does it mean, mother?"

Mrs. Ballantine looked at Mary, in her eyes a poignant appeal.

"Mary—" she whispered; but, tho her lips continued to move, there came no further sound.

Now, in a sudden access of compassion, Mary felt herself for the first time in her life drawn to Mrs. Ballantine.

"Don't worry," she said. "It's going to be all right. I'll explain."

The other reached out, found Mary's hand, and pressed it.

"My sitting room," she said, in a weak, husky voice.

"Do you want to go there?"

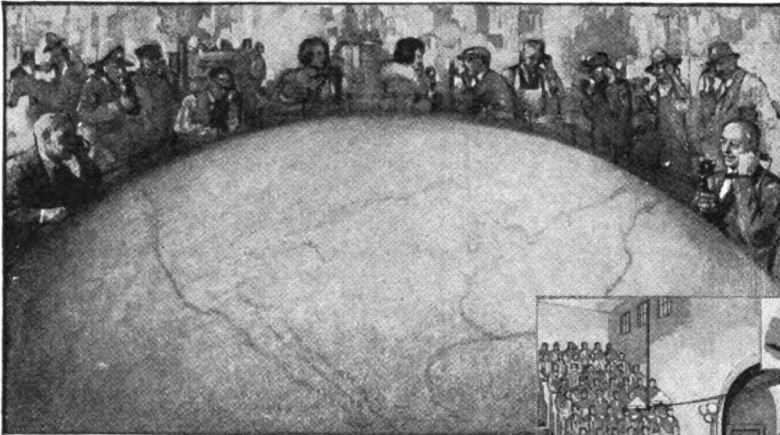
"No—you."

Comfortingly Mary patted the other's shoulder. Then she turned and laid her hand upon the olive-drab cuff, with its three stars and its stripes for wounds.

"Come along, Presh dear," she said, leading him toward the doorway.

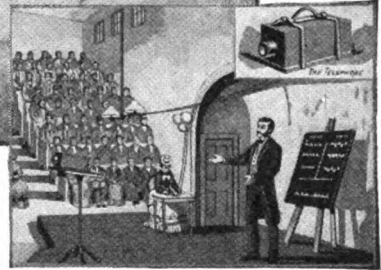
Then, glancing up into his eager eyes, and as tho in recognition of something new she saw there, she half smiled and amended:

"Come, Captain Ballantine!"



FORTY-THREE years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufacturers, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."

At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.



Foresight

More than forty years ago, when the telephone was still in its experimental stage, with but a few wires strung around Boston, the men back of the undertaking foresaw a universal system of communication that would have its influence upon all phases of our social and commercial life.

They had a plan of organization capable of expansion to meet the growth they foresaw; and their wisdom is borne out by the fact that that plan which they established when telephones were numbered by dozens is efficient now when telephones are numbered by millions.

This foresight has advanced the scientific development of the art of telephony to meet the multiplied

public requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

The foresight of the early pioneers has been developed into a science during the years which have elapsed, so that the planning of future operations has become a function of the Bell System. This is why the people of the United States have the most efficient and most economical telephone service in the world.



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**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

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toward Better Service***

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"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her and she answered
the caress
With the written declaration that, 'as surely as the
vine
Grew round the stump,' she loved me—that old sweet-
heart of mine."

It's James Whitcomb Riley, of course. No other American poet ever touched simple human experience with the same wonderful sympathy and charm. He wrote a verse for every mood; he stirs every kindly emotion with his deeply sincere humor and pathos.

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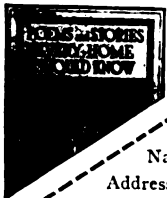
All his poems, all his short stories—the masterpieces that have caused the schools of his native state to have a Riley Day once a year—these are in these ten beautifully bound and illustrated volumes.

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The Cost of Unfaith

NOTHING is more expensive than Unfaith.

Nothing is more monumentally absurd than the delusion which the leading nations of the world imagine to be fact.

That delusion is that the only way for a nation to be "safe" is to arm itself against the aggression of another nation.

This fundamental canon of idiocy is assumed as a matter of course by the hard-headed Britons, the common-sense Americans, the acute French, and the clever Japanese.

Their firm faith in this Alice in Wonderland axiom is what is bankrupting the world. War, horrible as it is, is not so destructive to the resources of a country as preparedness for war, because the latter is continuous. Every war ends some time; preparedness goes on forever.

The two nations which have the best chances for the future are the United States and Germany.

Because the United States will not arm and Germany cannot.

When Germany had disarmament wished upon her, it was the best thing that ever happened. If that condition continues twenty-five years, she will be easily, after America, the richest nation in the world.

If somebody could lick France and compel her to disarm, she might have a future.

As it is, she is speedily deteriorating.

The French taxpayer is paying \$30, the English taxpayer \$60, and the German taxpayer only \$10.

M'Cready Sykes says: "No modern nation has ever been or can be impoverished by paying an indemnity, which under modern conditions and prevailing conceptions of international ethics can ultimately be paid only out of exports of a nation's surplus production. In the very production of that surplus a nation sweeps along to economic progress. By the time France had finished paying the indemnity of the Franco-Prussian war it was France and not Germany that had grown prosperous and rich."

All our wriggling and squirming, all our foaming patriotism and statesmanlike wisdom, all our alleged common sense and reason, all of which are supposed to prove to us that no nation is safe unless it is able to lick all the others, just as no man is safe unless he has a revolver in every pocket, cannot get away from the word of destiny: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

The real cause of unemployment in England, where processions of idle and hungry men swarm the streets, is the British Navy.

The real cause of France's half-bankrupt condition is her army.

The real cause of the starvation and pestilence that walks in Russia is Mr. Trotzky's military organization.

Of course, there is a simple plain way out of all this, and that way is some League of Nations or its equivalent.

You do not believe in the League of Nations? You don't have to. This is a free country.

But that Unbelief is about the most expensive thing in the world.

Frank Crane



HE MET LLOYD GEORGE LAST MONTH AND HAD HIS WAY

"Let us try less to form agreeable and frivolous minds than serious and reflective characters." So wrote Raymond Poincaré, war President of France, and now her Premier. He himself is serious and reflective, never a trifle or a fire-eater. His views in regard to the Genoa Conference seem to have prevailed. He stood out even against Lloyd George and won.

CURRENT OPINION

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AN OPEN LETTER TO WOODROW WILSON

Mr. Ex-President:

YOU have it within your power, by speaking a single word, to perform a service to your country and to the world such as the greatest men of history have been able to achieve but once or twice in a lifetime. Will you not speak that word and save the situation at Washington?

The fate of the Four - Power Treaty is hanging in the balance. A very few votes one way or the other will determine the result. The Yap Treaty, one of comparative unimportance, has been ratified, but nineteen of the thirty-two Democratic Senators present voted against its ratification. Most of the nineteen are what are known as "Wilson Senators." Now Senator Hitchcock, who voted for the Yap Treaty, has indicated that he will oppose the Four-Power Treaty as it stands. His position three years ago, in charge of the Versailles Treaty, identifies him in the public

mind with your views of foreign policy as no other man is identified.

The Four-Power Treaty is a "key" treaty. It is the one that repeals the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is the one that pledges the nations with possessions in the Pacific Ocean to an amicable conference when difficulties arise between them. It pledges them to respect one another's rights and to confer together when acts of aggression are committed in the Pacific by other powers. It alone renders the reduction of navies safe and possible by striking at the conditions that have caused the race in armaments. It is, as far as it goes, built upon the same principles as the Covenant of the League of Nations and it is opposed by the same men who, in both parties, forced the revolt against the Covenant. They oppose Article II in the new treaty for the same reasons that they opposed Article X in the Covenant.

Mr. Ex-President, this fight for

the Four-Power Treaty is a continuation of *your* splendid fight in Europe and in Washington. These new treaties would probably never have been signed and the Washington Conference would probably never have been held but for the heroic struggle made by you in behalf of the League of Nations. Those of us—including the editors of *CURRENT OPINION*—who sought by voice and pen to support you in that struggle, are hoping for a word from you that will prevent the use of your great name and your wide influence to destroy the work of the Washington Conference and to place the United States again in the position of a quitter in a game she has herself inaugurated. We who fought with you in the troublous years following the armistice will be grievously disappointed if you do not speak that word before it is too late.

We recognize the peculiar political and personal temptations that must assail many of your former lieutenants at the present time to "get even" with those who murdered the Covenant and the Peace Treaty two years ago. But we believe that you, by the exalted position which you have held, by the exalted character you possess, by the broad vision which has been given to you of the world's suffering and need, as well as by the detached position into which your own physical condition has forced you of late, are far above such temptations.

We are not asking you to speak a word in order to rescue a Republican administration from a parlous situation, but to rescue the nation itself, its good name among other nations, its moral leadership already badly

shattered and likely to be forfeited altogether by another fiasco. That these new treaties are in the charge of your political foes of three years ago is a mere detail. It is the nation that needs your word, and not the nation alone but the people of many nations. It is not a mere political or partizan emergency that, for instance, has brought together the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Central Conference of American Rabbis and the United Synagog of America, in a joint appeal to the pastors and churches of America on behalf of the ratification of these treaties "without change and without reservations." The President of the United States, he who is now bearing the responsibilities you bore and who stands before the world as you stood as our country's official spokesman, has said, speaking to the Senate: "Either these treaties must have your cordial sanction or every proclaimed desire to promote peace and prevent war becomes a hollow mockery." We believe the world will view a repudiation of the treaties in the same light. It will be small consolation to any American in after-years to be able to point to certain men among us and say, "Well, at any rate, scores were evened up with *them*."

We ask you, Mr. Ex-President, to do a resplendent deed and to add to the luster of your career the glory that comes from a supreme act of magnanimity. We ask you to speak an unequivocal word in behalf of the treaties that have come from the Washington Conference.

EDITORS OF *CURRENT OPINION*.

The Senatorial Game of Reservations

THE Senators are again at their favorite game—the game called Reservations invented several years ago by Senator Lodge. They revelled in it when the Versailles peace treaty was up for consideration. They indulged in it again when the separate peace treaty with Germany was debated. They are flushed with excitement over it again in considering the Washington Conference treaties.

It is a glorious game, but it costs something. It kept us technically in war nearly three years after everybody else had signed the peace treaty. Now we discover that the reservation attached to the separate treaty with Germany is costing us something. By that reservation the President is enjoined from appointing a representative on the Reparations Commission, and the Germans have calmly informed us that, since she has agreed to pay all reparation claims of the Allies (including ourselves) to that commission, we must look to it for our share of the money, the dyes and dyestuffs and various other things we expect to get. It is an embarrassing situation, but the Senators had a good time, even if our textile manufacturers and others are not having one now.

The game is on again, Republicans and Democrats both playing it gleefully. The Four-Power Treaty is under discussion as we write, and Senator Brandegee has framed a reservation which the Foreign Affairs Committee has adopted, considering it necessary in order to insure ratification of the treaty. What the treaty says is this:

Article II—If the said rights [in the region of the Pacific Ocean] are threatened by the aggressive action of any other power the high contracting parties shall communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to arrive at

an understanding as to the most efficient measure to be taken, jointly and separately, to meet the exigencies of the particular situation.

What Senator Brandegee's reservation says is this: "The United States understands that under the statement in the preamble, or under the terms of this treaty, there is no commitment to armed force, no alliance, no obligation to join in any defense." This does not satisfy Senator Hitchcock, the Democrat who led the fight for the Versailles treaty. He insists that the word "unprovoked" be inserted just before the word "aggressive." Otherwise he cannot support the treaty.

Senator McCormick has a reservation waiting for the navy reduction treaty. It is to the effect that in case any nation signing that treaty violates any of the provisions all the nations are thereby automatically released from all obligations under the treaty.

Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, has two reservations for the Four-Power Treaty, a short one and a long one. The short one reads: "The United States understands that each of the high contracting parties will refrain from entering into any secret treaty, agreement or understanding, with any other power or powers during the life of this treaty." The long one begins as follows: "The United States understands that each of the high contracting parties will respect the rights and possessions of all other nations and refrain from all acts of aggression against any other power or powers." Senators Johnson, Borah and the Lord knows how many others have reservations coming.

It will be noted that nearly every reservation begins with the words: "The United States understands," etc. What is the object of *any* such reservation? If the United States understands a treaty to mean a certain thing, then who can force us to



RUNNING MATES

Keeper: "It's all right—I have him well in hand."
—Marcus in *New York Times*.

act according to any other understanding? Every sovereign nation carries out the treaties it makes according to its understanding of what the treaties mean. The whole game of reservations seems based on the false idea that a treaty between nations is just like a legal contract between individuals. The contract is enforceable by a third party—the courts—and it is this third party that gives the final interpretation to its meaning. But there is no third party that can impose upon us an interpretation that we do not accept as inherent in a treaty we have signed, or compel us to act contrary to our own interpretation. There is, it is true, an international court that has just been formed. We are not a member of it, but if we were a member no case to which we are a party could be referred to it without our consent.

That is one thing the reservation-mad Senators seem to ignore. Another thing is this. Every treaty our Government makes is made subject to the Federal Constitution. The treaty-making power is lodged in the President and Senate, but the power to alter any provision of the Constitution is lodged in a two-thirds majority of both Houses of Congress and three-fourths of our

state legislatures. Now this apprehension that such provisions as Article II in the Four-Power Treaty or Article X in the League Covenant are going to pledge us to a war whether we will or not has no basis whatever, for any such pledge, even if definitely made, would be null and void, as all the statesmen of the world know, because it would be violative of the Federal Constitution, which expressly provides how war may be declared. The Four-Power Treaty pledges the signatories, in certain events, to "communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken," etc. That is the utmost to which it pledges us. If a conference of the signatories were to hold that that language obligates us to go to war in any particular case, our reply would be direct and simple: "The treaty-making power of our Government has no constitutional power to pledge us to any war, and you know it and we knew it when the treaty was signed; any such interpretation of the treaty destroys the treaty itself, so far as we are concerned." There would be no answer to such a reply. There could be none, for every nation takes the same attitude for itself. "We know, as a matter of fact," says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "that the question of peace and war always rests with the constitutional authorities in any country in the absence of a specific and automatic pledge to the contrary. We know that when the Germans broke into Belgium there was an anxious two days for the world while the British Parliament deliberated, altho Great Britain was virtually bound in an alliance with France. We know, concerning that dangerous Article X, that in the summer of 1920 Great Britain did not in the least consider herself automatically obligated to come to the aid of Poland against the Bolshe-

vists. Repeatedly Lloyd George declared that Great Britain must be the judge of the righteousness of Poland's cause before coming to her aid."

The Senators of the United States know these things as well as we know them. What they are seeking to do, therefore, is not to safeguard the United States so much as to play politics. They know these things, but their constituents do not know them. There is probably another reason, and that is the passion the Senate has always had to assert its power and to magnify the authority to ratify treaties which is assigned to it and not to the lower House. There is, of course, another object in the case of some of the individual Senators—the desire to get into the limelight when all the world is looking on. On the part of the Democratic Senators there is also the natural desire to even up scores with the Republican Senators, especially Lodge.

The American people have always been very indulgent of those who, in or out of office, play the political game and play it to the limit. They are keen partizans, in politics as in baseball or prize fighting, and they



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT?

—Kirby in *New York World*.

love a good fighter. But this game that is going on in the United States Senate is not even a good partizan game. The trouble in the Senate to-day is not an excess of partizanship but a lack of party loyalty and of party leadership. It is a game of Democrat against Democrat and Republican against Republican, with international issues, not party issues, in the balance.

If the press of the country is a fair index, there is a deep and growing disgust over the Senatorial game of Reservations, and a sense of national shame. "Most of our Senators," says one leading Republican journal, the *Chicago Tribune*, "do not think in international terms. What the other signatories feel as to their discourtesy does not worry them. The reservationists want to show President Harding, Secretary Hughes and the people that they are the bosses, even if they have to do it by insisting on a foolish point." And a leading Democratic journal, the *N. Y. World*, speaks in a similar strain. "It is not in the least surprising," it says, "that the French Chamber is reluctant to ratify the Washington treaties until the American Senate has acted. It would be



"EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT—"

—Cassel in *N. Y. Evening World*.

clearly imprudent for any foreign power to ratify any treaty with the United States until American ratification has been secured. . . . And if the Senate is to rewrite all treaties, there is no reason why the French, British, Japanese, Italian, Chinese, Mexican and Guatemalan Parliaments should not do so too."

In other words, our advent into the international game, so far from simplifying the game and making friendly agreements between nations less difficult and involved, is making such cooperation for keeping the peace almost impossible, so far as we are concerned. The Senate is putting Uncle Sam in the position of an inebriated cowboy who comes rushing into every gathering to which he is invited or to which he invites others and begins by shooting out the lights and breaking up the meeting.

Disarmament of opposition to the treaties in the Senate is the next item on the agenda.—*New York Evening Post*.

□ □

Are We Ruled by Morons?

THE word moron is a comparatively new term of science to designate a feeble-minded person who is of a higher grade than idiot—an adult with the mentality of a normally developed child of from seven to twelve years of age.

For the first time we have a scientific means of estimating approximately how many morons there are in our population. The revelation seems at first an appalling one. Carlyle's statement, that England contained twenty million persons, mostly fools, was attributed to a bad liver. There is reason now for considering it an accurate statement of fact. At least there is a statistical basis for the statement that this country contains 110 millions, mostly morons. Those among us who believe in universal suffrage; who be-

lieve in a "pure" democracy, including the initiative and referendum and popular review of judicial decisions; who still cherish the belief that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," have a new occasion for girding up the loins and facing a new frontal attack that sounds very formidable indeed.

Here is the situation. When we proceeded to draft an army of four million men, the new psychologists—the laboratory sort—proceeded to furnish to the army officials mental tests for grading the intelligence of the men presenting themselves. The tests, based upon the work of Binet in France and Cattell in America, were accepted and in the years 1917 and 1918 were applied to 1,726,966 officers and enlisted men. They were not tests of general information, nor primarily tests of memory, nor tests even of rapidity of mental processes, much less of literary proficiency. They were tests of intelligence, the power to reason, to put two and two together, to grasp a situation. They were adapted to the illiterate as well as to the literate, to the non-English-speaking men as well as to the English-speaking. In the hard school of war they proved to be so reliable that the army has continued them in permanent use.

Of the white men tested at the army posts 22 per cent. were rated at a mental age of nine years or less, and 47.3 per cent. were rated at a mental age of 12 years or less—that is, as morons. Of the entire negro draft, 89 per cent. were graded at the mental age of 12 years or less. So that, taking blacks and whites together, it is apparent that a considerable majority are of the moron type.

Would the same proportion apply to our entire population? Cornelia James Cannon, to whose article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February we are indebted for a close analysis of these army tests, thinks it would. Two classes of men were

not subjected to these tests—those found by the examining boards needed in essential industries and those found physically and mentally defective, including, of course, the obvious idiots and feeble-minded. Mrs. Cannon thinks that these two classes that were not sent to the cantonments just about offset each other. If so, then it seems reasonable to assume that the same proportion of morons found in the 1,726,966 drafted men subjected to the tests obtains for our whole male population.

In other words, a clear majority of our adult male population consists of morons—those whose mentality is that of a normal child of 12 years or less. Unless there is some good reason to believe that the female portion of the population would grade higher than the males, it is evident that a majority of our voters are of the moron type. Since the majority rules, one may say that, theoretically, our nation is ruled by morons. Theoretically, but not practically. For if 99 out of 100 were morons they would still be ruled in actual practice by the one per cent. who possessed superior intelligence.

The revelation of the army tests staggers one at first, but there is no need of lying down and despairing of the Republic. In the first place there is no evidence that the proportion of intelligence is less than it has been. We do not know how many morons there were ten years ago, or fifty years or one hundred years ago. In gauging progress we are still as dependent as ever upon other evidence, for the army tests can show nothing in regard to prior conditions. In the second place, there is no adequate reason to assume that we are worse off than other nations. In our white draft, 22 per cent. were rated in classes D and E—of a mental age of nine years or less. But 70 per cent. of those born in Poland were so rated, 63 per cent. of those born in Italy

and 60 per cent. of those born in Russia. Of all the foreign-born, 46 per cent. were so rated. It is evident that the ratio of 22 per cent. would have been much smaller if the foreign-born had not been included, even tho some of the foreign-born—those born in England and Holland, for instance—made a much better showing than 22 per cent.

We may not be worse off than other nations, we may not be worse off than other generations; but in a world being swept by democratic ideas, it becomes evident what the peril of the future is and to what much of the trouble of the present is due. As Mrs. Cannon says, referring to the morons:

“Such individuals form the material of unrest, the stuff of which mobs are made, the tools of demagogues; for they are peculiarly liable to the emotional uncontrol which has been found to characterize so many of the criminals who come before our courts. They are persons who not only do not think, but are unable to think; who cannot help in the solution of our problems, but, instead, become a drag on the progress of civilization. In a crude society they have a place, may even serve a use. In a society so complex as that which we are developing, they are a menace which may compass our destruction.”

We limit suffrage to those who are 21 years of age; but now we find that more than half of us are not older than 12 years mentally and *probably never will be*. What changes in the theory of democracy does that fact entail? It used to be said that the cure for the evils of democracy lies in more democracy. The initiative and referendum was to cure many of those ills. Mr. Roosevelt proposed the popular review of judicial decisions as well. With over half our voters morons, are such measures to be considered as a remedy or an aggravation of the civic diseases? “How,” asks Mrs. Cannon, “can we expect a man

with a mental age of less than ten years to deal intelligently with the complicated questions submitted to the voters in a referendum?"—such questions, for instance, as the League of Nations, free coinage of silver, the sales tax and constitutional amendments? The answer, of course, is, we can't; the most we can hope for is that he will follow the leaders most deserving of confidence.

How about our standardized public schools? What changes are enjoined in our educational systems? What about our melting-pot? Shall we ever again throw down the bars on immigration, relying upon our melting-pot to make everything right? The present 3 per cent. limit on immigration expires June 30 next. What will Congress do about renewing it, and if it does renew it will anything be done to provide a system of selection overseas, or are we to continue to take the 3 per cent. that get here first from every country? Moreover, if we have at last adequate tests to determine whether a man has intelligence enough to serve in the army why can we not apply these tests to determine whether a man or woman has intelligence enough to vote? In other words, instead of a mere age-test for suffrage why not have an intelligence test that determines one's mental age also?

These are some of the questions that come surging up. We don't have to get into a panic and answer them all instantaneously; but they are urgent questions just the same. The world is in a parlous state of mental and moral disorder. Our statesmen are finding it so; our courts are finding it so; our labor-union officials are finding it so; our teachers and parents are finding it so. Well, if 50 per cent. or more of the population of what we fondly believe the most progressive nation in the world consists of men and women with the appetites and pas-

sions and brute strength of adults and the mentality of children, what wonder that the recent world-upheaval has been followed by crime waves, rebellions against all standards, self-indulgence and irresponsible unrestraint?

Upon the 12 per cent. of men and women of superior intelligence a great load of responsibility rests to-day. The salvation of the world is in their hands. If they fail to carry on there is nothing before us but the morass and the slough. Civilization has come a long and arduous way; but it is evident that if, with all the achievements of science and industry, one-half of a people well in the forefront in the march of progress are still morons, there is a long and arduous way yet to be pursued.

A camel could get through the eye of a needle easily and forget about it while a treaty is getting through the Senate.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

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How Dead Is John Barleycorn?

TWO years have passed since the funeral service—in the form of the Eighteenth Amendment—was read over the grave of John Barleycorn, and serious doubts are still entertained as to the success of the funeral. No death of a public institution was, it is safe to say, ever decided upon with greater unanimity than that appearing in the case of John's demise. The legislatures of 45 out of 48 states, with a population of more than 100 millions, decreed his death by thumping majorities. In the upper houses 86 per cent. voted for ratification, and in the lower houses 80 per cent. so voted. The Volstead Act was passed over President Wilson's veto by a vote of 176 to 55 in the House and 65 to 20 in the Senate. Any self-respecting corpse whose funeral was approved so gen-

erally as these figures imply would, one might think, stay buried. But John is still attending tea-parties and slinking around balls and banquets.

When the Eighteenth Amendment went into force, January 1, 1920, there were 69 million gallons of liquor in the bonded warehouses. On July 1 of last year there were 42½ million gallons. At this rate the entire amount will disappear about July, 1923, and drinkers will have to depend thereafter upon home-made liquor and that smuggled in from other countries. There is a lively hope that this will result in a large increase of aridity.

But how does the case stand now, after two years? Casual visitors, such as Lord Northcliffe and Margot Asquith, see little evidence of reduced drinking. In New York City there is better testimony to the same effect. Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Public Welfare, who hailed the advent of the law with loud acclaim, now says that while the alcoholic wards in the city hospitals were practically abandoned in the early part of 1919, their activity now is "greater than it was before the Eighteenth Amendment was passed." He attributes this in large part to the semi-protection by the federal Government, declaring that "at no time has the Government been sincere in regard to the enforcement of the law and in treating spirituous liquors as drugs and medicine."

This is disconcerting; but Mr. Coler's testimony applies to New York City alone, and it is probable that the last place in the country to conform to the law will be New York City. According to the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, Roy A. Haynes, "in the great metropolitan district there is an insidious, clever, unpatriotic, false wet propaganda under way that has as its object the delusion of the American people into the belief that the Pro-



THE BOOTLEGGER

—Ripley in St. Paul Dispatch.

hibition law is a failure, that it was 'slipped over' on them, that it is unpopular, and that it is not enforced and never can be." He professes to know of thirty paid organizations at work in this propaganda. In the country at large, according to the new president of the Anti-Saloon League of America—Bishop Thomas Nicholson—Prohibition is at least 75 per cent. effective, and the vigor with which the law is enforced is increasing. He tells an interesting story about Peoria, Ill., the aforetime headquarters of the distilling interests. According to a signed statement issued by the Chamber of Commerce of that city, which was to have been ruined, bank clearings have grown 15 million dollars each year of the two years under prohibition and more men are employed than ever before, even in the buildings formally consecrated to whiskey.

Several independent investigations have been made lately into the results of Prohibition. One of these is made by Sir Arthur Newsholme, late principal medical officer of the Local Government Board, England. He has lately published his findings



HOW TO PUT THE BOOTLEGGER OUT OF BUSINESS

—Morris in Kansas City Journal.

in a book entitled "Prohibition in America." He reaches several conclusions. One is that the widespread report that the Eighteenth Amendment was passed through coercion of legislators and in opposition to the will of the majority is "not borne out by the facts." Another is that Congress is now dryer than ever before. Still another is that "probably in over something like nine-tenths of the territory of the United States Prohibition is being enforced fairly well." He prints the following table of

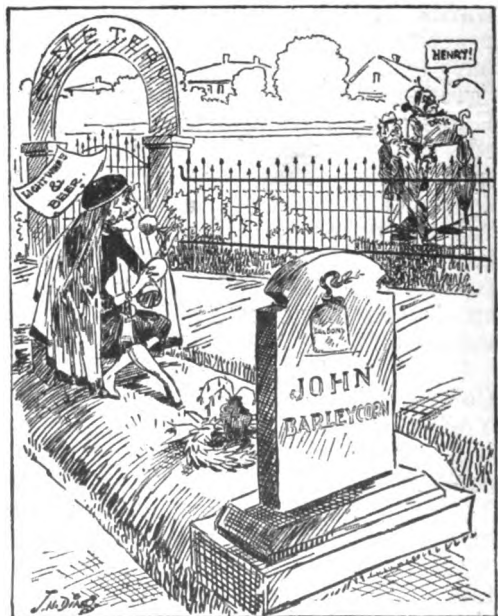
ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS

	1917	1918	1919	1920
Baltimore, Md.....	5,129	7,552	5,096	1,785
Boston, Mass.....	73,393	54,948	35,540	21,800
Louisville, Ky.....	1,865	2,814	2,041	500
Minneapolis, Minn..	7,014	5,084	3,715	2,363
New Orleans, La....	6,080	9,477	5,338	2,399
New York, N. Y.....	16,311	8,795	7,028	7,804
Philadelphia, Pa....	43,040	34,655	23,613	20,410
San Francisco, Cal..	14,725	15,437	11,288	2,257
Waterbury, Conn....	3,132	2,401	1,341	748

Another British investigator, Mr. P. W. Wilson, formerly a member of Parliament, until lately American correspondent of the London *Daily News*, has been reviewing the situa-

tion at some length, reaching about the same conclusions as Sir Arthur Newsholme. He sums up his report to Great Britain to this effect: "that Prohibition has come to stay, that it is a policy particularly approved by women, that it has virtually stopped the consumption of beer and has enormously reduced the consumption of wine and spirits, without stimulating, so far as can be discerned, the taste for drugs." The *N. Y. Herald* has been conducting another investigation and here is one of the general conclusions reached by its investigator:

"In one respect practically all of the reports received in the investigation into the results of two years of Prohibition agree. In nearly every part of the country there has been a marked decrease in crime in the last two years. A decrease in the number of insanity cases in some sections and, judging by court records, an improvement in domestic relations, also is noted. Whether there has been an improvement in the



THAT WIDOW OF THE LATE LAMENTED IS LIABLE TO CAUSE A SCANDAL IN THE VILLAGE YET

—Ding in New York Tribune.

general public health which can be traced to Prohibition the record is not clear."

Two of the leaks in the enforcement of the law have been due to abuse of the sections providing for the issue of permits to medical doctors for medicinal uses and to rabbis for sacramental uses. It is interesting to note that efforts to reinforce the law have recently come from both these classes. One of the long and fierce controversies of the early days of the Prohibition agitation was whether the Old Testament commended the use of fermented wine and the New Testament enjoined its use at the Sacrament. Many books and pamphlets have been published on the subject. The controversy has pivoted on the question whether the Hebrew words yayin and tirosh, in the Old Testament, and the Greek word oinos, in the New, meant unfermented wine or fermented wine or both. A few days ago the Rabbinical Assembly of the Jewish Theological Seminary



BUT THE TAIL DOESN'T SEEM TO STOP
WAGGING

—Ding in New York Tribune.

in New York City met and after an eight-hour discussion reached a unanimous decision that it is proper for Jewish families to use unfermented wine for all religious purposes, and the Assembly took upon itself the task of bringing to the same conclusion all orthodox Jewish rabbis and of making plans whereby kosher grape juice may be made available generally. This action followed the reading of a paper by Prof. Louis Ginzberg, an authority on the Talmud, in which he demonstrated to the satisfaction of his hearers that the centuries-old custom of the Jews of using only fermented wines is due to an error of one of the Jewish codifiers of a Book of Customs, the author of which was Rabbi Abraham Klausner. Either the codifier, says Prof. Ginzberg, did not have the original text before him or he examined it too hastily.

If the Jewish rabbis are coming to the conclusion that fermented wine is not necessary in their re-



HE WHO TREADS UPON THE CONSTITUTION
SHOWS DISRESPECT TO THE AMERICAN FLAG

—Yardley in Stockton (Cal.) Record.

ligious ceremonies, the medical doctors seem to be swinging over rapidly to the view that alcoholic drinks are not necessary in medical practice. About a year ago the American Medical Association passed a resolution that alcohol served no purpose that could not be better served by other agents. Now the *Journal of the American Medical Association* comes forward with the results of a questionnaire to 53,900 physicians of the United States. It took 43,900 of the names from the list of members of the Association (arbitrarily choosing every other name) and 10,000 from names in the medical directory of those not members of the Association (still selecting every other name).

The first question asked was: "Do you regard whiskey as a necessary therapeutic agent in the practice of medicine?" The second and third questions were worded in the same way except that beer and wine were substituted for the word whiskey.

To the first question, 30,843 replies were received. Of these, 15,625 (51 per cent.) said yes; 15,218 said no. To the second question (as to beer), 22,663 (74 per cent.) said no; 7,934 said yes. To the third question (concerning wine), 20,648 (68 per cent.) said no; 9,803 said yes.

Out of the fifty largest cities, only two gave a majority in favor of beer—Jersey City and Scranton; only seven gave a majority in favor of wine; 32 gave a majority for whiskey.

Another question asked was: "How many times have you found it advisable to prescribe these liquors in a month?" In reply, 44 per cent. had prescribed whiskey one or more times, 30 per cent. had prescribed wine, 16 per cent. had prescribed beer. Even in the big beer cities beer received a very light vote: 91 in Chicago prescribing it, 371 not; in St. Louis 34 prescribing it, 142 not; in Milwaukee 22 pre-

scribing it, 58 not; in Cincinnati 9 prescribing it, 99 not.

The replies from the large cities were more favorable to all three drinks than in the less populated districts and more favorable in the eastern States than in the middle and western States. The highest plurality for whiskey as a therapeutic necessity was given in New York State—66 per cent., with the District of Columbia next (64 per cent.), and New Jersey and (strangely enough) New Hampshire in a tie for third place (63 per cent.). The lowest percentage came from Oklahoma (36 per cent.), with Indiana and Alabama next (38 per cent.).

Questions of science are not, of course, to be decided by a count of noses or by legislative enactments, but it is significant and surprizing to find that nearly one-half of the physicians of standing regard whiskey as unnecessary even in medical practice and that more than one-half—56 per cent.—prescribe it less than once a month. It is equally surprizing to find wine in such disfavor that nearly seven out of ten physicians declare it unnecessary.

John Barleycorn has not kicked his last kick, but with the saloons gone and the movies taking their place as the "poor man's club" (and the poor woman's as well), with the bonded warehouses rapidly emptying, with his advertizing gone and with his right to therapeutic standing widely challenged, his fight against ultimate extinction does not seem to be a very hopeful one.

"Observers who try to see the situation as it is," remarks the N. Y. *Times* editorially, "will incline to the belief that Prohibition is not so much of a failure as its enemies insist or so much of a success as its friends claim. That it has made a big change for the better in industrial circles is the verdict of all employers of labor. That much

seems to be a certainty among all the uncertainties, and it is not a little."

In response to the query of who wants the bonus, it is explained that their name is Legion.—*Chattanooga News.*

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The Latest Thing In Revolutions

WE know what our own revolution meant with its minutemen and Valley Forge; what the French Revolution meant with its barricades and the guillotine; what the Bolshevik revolution has meant with its Cheka and summary executions; what the Irish revolution has meant with its forays and hedge-row snipings. All these things we readily understand; but the revolution heretofore conducted in India is of another sort and hard to comprehend. For the keynote of that revolution, as spoken by its leader, Mohandas Gandhi, sounds as if it might have been taken from a new version of the Sermon on the Mount. "We will have to stagger humanity," says Gandhi, "even as South Africa and Ireland did, but with this exception—that *we would rather spill our own blood and not that of our opponents.*" His most terrible threats are those made to his own followers in case they resort to violence. "If it ever comes to pass," he has said, "that they, under cover of non-violence, resort to violence, I hope to find myself the first victim of their violence; but if, by a stroke of ill luck or by my own cowardice, I find myself alive, the snow-white Himalayas will claim me as their own." He has dispersed mobs rioting in Bombay and Ahmedabad, and to punish his followers for such a riot his method is to inflict upon himself a two-day fast!

In this world of to-day, with its dramatic contrasts, no greater contrast exists than that to be drawn between the revolution in Russia

and that proceeding in India. The Bolshevik revolution was against the idea of God and religion as much as against capitalism. Gandhi does not hesitate to call his revolution a religious movement. The heart of the Marxian teachings is economic control by the proletariat, control of the material forces of society. Gandhi calls the passion for material things "the worship of the brute in us"; Bolshevism he calls "self-indulgence"; and he who looks upon material progress as in itself the goal, he holds, "has lost all touch with the final things of life." The Bolshevik revolution began in terrorism and massacre to an unprecedented degree. The revolution in India has been one of "passive resistance," not as an expedient but as a sacred religious principle.

Mr. Charles Merz, a staff correspondent of the *N. Y. World* (and one of the best of his profession), has recently returned from a trip which took him across India from end to end. In a series of ten instalments he has told us in his journal what is happening. The causes of the



LOOKS AS IF MA WERE IN FOR A BIT OF TROUBLE

—Probasco in *Philadelphia Star.*

present upheaval date back to the close of the world war, and three phrases sum them up—the “Black Cobra” bill, the Amritsar Massacre and the Treaty of Sèvres. The first is the name given to the Rowlatt bill by the natives to indicate their idea of its deadly character. There was an anarchistic uprising in Bengal three years ago. Rowlatt, a British jurist, was sent to investigate. He drafted a sweeping measure providing for the suspension of all of the civil rights *in any part of India* at the discretion of the executive authorities. There seem to have been about 1,200 anarchists, but the suspension applied, potentially, to 300 millions of people. The bill was adopted by the British Government, altho it was angrily opposed by the Indians in demonstrations that became riots in several cities. It has, however, never been put into force, as the band of anarchists was suppressed before it was passed. But the bill has never been repealed and still hangs suspended over all India like a sword of Damocles.

The Amritsar massacre followed close on the heels of the Rowlatt bill. Amritsar is a city in the Punjab, in the northwest corner of India, and Jallianwala Bagh is the name of a favorite meeting ground there. There had been trouble in the Punjab. The British had fears of a revolutionary uprising. Bolshevism was rather on the nerves of all of us at that time and we were all seeing things by night. Orders had been issued by General Dyer, two days before the massacre, forbidding meetings, but no notices of the order were posted at Jallianwala Bagh. A crowd of many thousands assembled, apparently to protest against the Rowlatt bill. Thousands of the crowd knew nothing about the orders. General Dyer marched his men in and, without warning, ordered them to open fire. As the crowd began to disperse, his troops

continued to fire until they had exhausted 1,650 rounds of ammunition, and 349 men and women lay dead and a thousand wounded. His own explanation of the reason the firing was continued after the crowd began to disperse was that he wished to produce “a sufficient moral effect from a military point of view.” The British Government “*emphatically repudiated*” his course, and recalled Dyer; but in the meantime martial law was declared in the Punjab, “an excessive number” of floggings were administered, and an order was issued, also by Dyer, forcing the people of Amritsar, in token of their repentance, to crawl through a certain street—an order which, as the British Government later declared, “*offended against every canon of civilized government.*”

These two events—the Rowlatt bill and the Amritsar massacre, with what followed on the heels of it—set India aflame. The Government took a year to repudiate Dyer, and even then the House of Lords came to his defense and by a large majority condemned the Government for retiring him, and a London newspaper raised a fund for him, by popular subscription, of 25,000 pounds!

Next to the Rowlatt bill and the Amritsar massacre as causes of discontent comes the Treaty of Sèvres, between the Allies and Turkey. And of these three causes of trouble it may be said that the Rowlatt bill has never been put into operation, the Amritsar affair has been distinctly repudiated by the British Government, and the Treaty of Sèvres has never been ratified and its abrogation is now called for by the British Government in India.

The Treaty deals with Turkey, not at all with India. But the Sultan of Turkey is the Caliph—the successor of Mohammed—to the 66 millions of Mohammedans in India. He is to them what the Pope is to Roman Catholics—their spiritual

leader. And this spiritual leader has been stripped by the Treaty of most of his European possessions—Constantinople, the holy places (including Jerusalem), Thrace, Adrianople and Smyrna. If Gandhi's revolution is transformed into one of violence—and there is hourly danger of this—it will be the Mohammedans, not the Hindoos, who transform it. For, to the Mohammedan, passive resistance is very far from being either a religious belief or practice. Here is where the real fear of the British originates. The practical results of the passive resistance movement and non-cooperation, which is a part of it, is a subject of dispute even in Parliament. It seeks to take the children out of the schools, the litigants out of the courts; to boycott all official social functions, to boycott the new "Reformed Councils" (designed as a step toward home rule) and, most of all, to boycott British goods, especially British cotton, substituting for it home-spun goods. The flag of Indian Nationalism bears a spinning wheel, emblem of the newest kind of revolution. None of these passive methods has been prosecuted successfully enough to create an acute situation, tho the recent addition to the program of the refusal to pay taxes may create such a situation. But the Mohammedan is a bird of another feather, and the supreme question in India to-day is whether the revolution will continue to be dominated by Gandhi and the Hindoos or whether the Mohammedans will become impatient of its slow progress and will take control and turn it into the kind of revolution the Occident knows so well.

Five years ago an alliance was inaugurated between the Hindoo National Congress (an unofficial but popular body) and the Moslem League. The League has already been urging the adoption of violence but the Congress has resisted. The inner spirit of the two bodies is

radically different, and the difference extends down through the people in their trivial daily customs and their religious beliefs. "Thousands of Hindoos would rather die of thirst than drink water from a Mohammedan household." As long as this unnatural alliance is held together and the Hindoos dominate it, the peril to British rule is not acute. But there are unmistakable indications that the situation is becoming acute. Just prior to the recent trip of the Prince of Wales there were 8,000 arrests or more, most of them in Calcutta. Lord Rawlinson, commander-in-chief of the troops in India, declared the other day that his troops are called out almost daily to preserve peace and to guard against attempts to tamper with the loyalty of native soldiers. Lord Northcliffe has reported that the ugliness of the situation is not understood in England. "I am shocked," he cabled a few weeks ago from Bombay, "at the change of demeanor and acts toward the whites by both Hindoos and Mohammedans, especially those of them who were most friendly." But the most striking indication is the fact that the Government in India has sent a dispatch within the last few days to the Secretary of State for India urging a revision of the Sèvres Treaty in view of the intensity of Mohammedan feeling. Mr. Montagu, the Secretary, in backing up the dispatch in the House of Commons, admitted that the situation in Turkey is "profoundly affecting the peace of India." It was the permission given by Mr. Montagu, to the Government of India, to publish this dispatch that led to Mr. Montagu's resignation the other day.

What is asked by the Government in India in this pressing way is that Constantinople be evacuated, the Sultan's sovereignty be restored to the "holy places"—including Jerusalem with the Zionist colonies—and to Thrace, Adrianople and

Smyrna. This would seem to mean the scrapping not only of the Sèvres Treaty but of the treaties of Trianon, Neuilly and St. Germain, the abolition of the Arab kingdoms of Irak and the Hedjaz, and, of course, the abandonment of the British mandate in Palestine. That the Government in India should make such a demand and send it broadcast to the world, on the eve of the Near East Conference scheduled to begin in Paris March 22, is an indication of apprehensions that cannot be minimized. The *Paris Temps*

predicts the enactment of dreadful scenes in India before the year is over.

The arrest of Gandhi, taken in conjunction with the dispatch noted above, indicates that Lord Reading, the Viceroy, has decided to play the Mohammedans against the Hindoos, fearing the militant revolutionists more than the passivists. The Pan-Islam threat has come to dominate the whole situation in the Near East. The Conference assembling in Paris will have that as its chief problem.

Significant Sayings

"One may well have taken me for an inveterate optimist. Why? Just because I always turn my eyes toward success, not failure. I involuntarily turn my back on disaster and eliminate the hypothesis of failure."—*Marshal Foch*.

"For thirty years I have had association with great crowds of young people, and I am able to testify, on the basis of experience and observation, that I have never come in contact with a brighter, better, more eager, industrious or promising company of young men and women than the 4,000 who to-day compose the student body of the University of the Philippines."—*Dr. Guy Potter Benton, President University of the Philippines (former President University of Vermont)*.

"One of the best places to hold dances is in your churches."—*Mrs. A. H. Hildreth, ex-President N. Y. State Federation of Women's Clubs*.

"A billion dollars spent upon American railways will give more employment to our people, more advance to our industry, more assistance to our farmers than twice that sum expended outside the frontiers of the United States—and there will be greater security for the investor."—*Secretary Hoover*.

"I say plainly that I believe we never will be able to pay a sou to America."—*Louis P. Loucheur, recently member of French Cabinet*.

"I am hard up and confining myself to the necessities of life."—*The ex-Kaiser*.

"No such distinction as that between wines and beer on the one hand and spirituous liquors on the other is practicable as a police measure. Any such loophole as light wines and beer would make an amendment a laughing-stock."—*Chief Justice Taft*.

"The day will come when we can have a grand opera for a dime."—*Edison*.

"I regard the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution of the United States of America as one of the greatest and most far-reaching pieces of legislation ever enacted by any nation of the civilized world."—*President D. M. Hainisch, of the Austrian Republic*.

"The dawn of prosperity is appearing, and it will be the most substantial and biggest of all prosperity this country has ever had."—*Charles M. Schwab*.

"The command of the air means the command of the surface, whether it be sea or land."—*Admiral Sims*.

"If you want a room for the Kentucky Derby, stop at the jail."—*Advertisement in Louisville papers by Jailer Barr, whose jail was nearly emptied by Volstead Act*.

"If there is one trouble with this White House job, it is in being a human being."—*President Harding*.

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

What the Orient Thinks of Us

IT is always an advantage to intelligent and teachable persons to know what others think of them. Perhaps the greatest force of education, and consequently of progress, is the pressure of other people's opinions which constantly operate upon us. This influence may work evil upon the weak and the timid, and upon the masses of them that have no initiative nor strong personality, but the honest and open-minded man can repeat sincerely the wish of Burns:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie
us

To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Most of those who read this article will be Americans or Europeans or belong to some colony of these countries. The Occident is young, the Orient is old. It ought to do good for the young Occident to know what the old Orient thinks of it.

We have plenty of books, articles and speeches written by people telling us what they think of the East; you rarely find anybody trying to find out what the East thinks of us.

This I propose to indicate.

In a recent French volume of the Library of Scientific Philosophy, edited by Dr. Gustave Le Bon, is an interesting volume by Emile Hovelacque, Inspector-General of Public Instruction, which treats of the people of the Extreme Orient, and particularly of China. It is the general conclusions of this volume, as indicated in the latter portion of the book, which I follow.

I have also been guided by what has been said by Okakura, Okuma,

Oyama and other Eastern writers whose works are accessible to those familiar with the languages of Europe.

To sum up the whole matter, the cultivated minds of the Orient have a profound contempt for Western civilization. If you would realize just how they feel, ask yourself how you feel toward the average Chinese laundryman in San Francisco or the Japanese truck gardener in Los Angeles.

The Orient is rapidly accepting our *inventions*; as soon as they see their usefulness they rapidly adopt our railroads, telegraphs, typewriters and fountain pens. They do this because their minds are extremely plastic.

Chinese students in America become strangely American, and those who study in England or France rapidly acquire English and French traits. This is because they excel in the gift of imitation. They are expert copyers. One of the characteristics of their race is its prodigious docility, its swift submission to strange customs, and curiously enough they make this superficial change all the more swiftly because they do not change at all in their profound feelings and point of view.

If anyone thinks that the Orient, because it is adopting our little tricks, such as Prince Albert coats and telephones, is adopting also our vision of life, he is vastly mistaken.

China, and still more Japan, despise the western foreigners because they have received so many humiliating proofs of our immorality and profound hypocrisy.

For instance and first of all, the *religion* of the East appears to them much more rational than ours. But the principal point in regard to re-

ligion—and it may be remembered that in religion is where races most profoundly differ—is the fact that, whatever their religion may be, in the East *they practise it*, while in the West not only do we not practise our religion but we openly make a *boast* of not practising it, and *ridicule* any among us who claims that he does practise it.

The religion of the Orient may be all wrong, but at least Orientals are honest about it, and its precepts are kept by all classes, from the most exalted Mandarin to the lowest Coolie, and are kept quite as much by the courtesan and the thief as by the priest and the college professor.

They look with amazement upon a civilization such as ours which constantly preaches one set of principles, such as brotherly love, non-resistance, honesty, forbearance, charity and helpfulness, and whose whole business life is organized on principles directly contrary to these, and whose every act of politics is a negation of the creed which is preached in the churches.

In the second place, the institutions of the Orient appear to them superior, since they do not produce the exploitations of one class of men by another which are constantly produced among us. The social system of China is based upon agriculture; our civilization is industrial, and is founded on social inequality, upon competition and pitiless struggle. Their civilization automatically produces quietness, peace, contentment and the riches of the thought-life, while ours has a constant product of turmoil and dissatisfaction, for we are so preoccupied in acquiring the *means* to live that we forget *life itself*, the only part of life which counts, which is the inner life. Having learned to control desire, envy and ambition, China can hardly be blamed for thinking herself richer than we are in the things which truly make life worth while.

Economically, China is sufficient unto itself; there is no need for outlet, for external commerce, for expansion and for that militarism which goes with these things in order that they may subsist.

The European States are condemned by the very nature of their ideals to commerce, to expansion, and to those plagues which go with those things, such as mutual jealousy, imperialism, aggression and militarism, under the pain of death or of failure.

Western States do not produce the goods which they need to live on, and they cannot consume the goods which they do produce; they must have at any price outer markets and colonies. They obtain these by means of battleships and troops. Their greedy and brutal policy, from which the Chinaman has suffered so much in the past, seems to him to consummate necessarily in colonial wars, which is a polite name for massacres, or in that "pacific penetration" which, in plain English, is nothing but theft, murder and rape.

War, open or concealed, intestine or foreign, economic or military, seems, then, to the Chinese the inevitable conclusion of our institutions, even as to China the normal condition is social peace.

Western civilization has created vast *legal monsters* without souls, such as Trusts, Stock Companies, and other inhuman combinations of capital, and everywhere substitutes these for the civilizing relations that ought to exist between men. The relations between man and man in the West become less and less fair personally. They are connected only by the irresponsible and powerless State, of which no function can replace the natural charities and humanities that have been sacrificed.

The fictitious and enervating city life separates man more and more from the benevolent influence of nature, devours the agricultural popu-

lation, and multiplies such plagues as tuberculosis, alcoholism, syphilis and the like, and produces a constant crop of revolutions, and a constant army of the angry and envious proletariat.

To compensate the miserable populace for their life of slavery, we would make them believe in electoral representation, and that they are rulers of themselves. They are diddled with democracy, but that democracy is but a settled deception, for it is carefully manipulated by the criminal and ruling class.

The Orient knows that the United States, whose President came to Europe with all manner of big words about the brotherhood of nations and the triumph of democracy, the United States which proposed the League of Nations and induced the world to go into it as the only practical means of stopping war, is the sole criminal *responsible for the failure* of that League. To gain a partizan advantage and to obtain offices for greedy aspirants it repudiated its President, a thing which no other Western nation has ever done and no Eastern nation would ever think of doing.

Thus the whole Occidental life seems to the Chinaman or to the reflective Hindoo to be turned in a direction which is precisely opposed to any true life, and to be doomed to fall into bits. Our politics and our institutions repose upon an unconscious falsehood and are actuated by a fundamental error which renders them inhuman. Between our religion and our practice, between those principles of justice, humanity, equality and humanity which we profess, and those lines of action which we pursue, the discord is absolute. Between the wholly egoistic ends which we seek and the disinterested and worthy needs of any genuine civilization, the opposition is extreme. The natural play of our ideas creates injustice, creates riches and poverty equally excessive, creates the hatreds of class,

creates mutual misunderstanding, and a spirit of caste dominated by riches which is even harder than the caste of India. We have created a learned barbarism, a moral anarchy worse than savagery.

Those things for which we blame Germany the Orient perceives to be but the natural outcome of our barbarous point of view, because that lust for material grandeur which corrupted Germany, that rampant patriotism and excessive national vanity which made the Germans the plague of the world, are now fully as active in France, and are as earnestly cultivated in the United States as they ever were in the Central Empire.

If one reads the pages where Okakura Kakuzo expresses the sadness and disgust which the spectacle of our modern life inspires in him and in every Oriental, he will get some idea of the Eastern point of view. He recognizes in the Occidental the strength of will, the force of effort and the ability to amass material riches; but, he adds:

"For the Occidental all that may be a reason for rejoicing and it may even appear to him inconceivable that others should not think so. Yet China with its gentle irony considers the machine as an instrument, not as an ideal."

The wise Oriental still makes a distinction between means and ends. The Occident is favorable to progress, but progress toward what? When the material organization shall be complete, and the end will be gained, asks Asia, what then?

The individuals who, cooperating in the making of the great machine of the so-called modern civilization, become the slaves of a mechanical habit, are pitilessly dominated by the monster they have created. In spite of the vaunted liberty of the Occident, true individuality is destroyed by the merciless competition for money. Happiness and joy are sacrificed by the scramble to possess

more things. The West glories in being free from many evil superstitions, but what about that cult of wealth which has replaced these superstitions?

The senseless currents of competition engulf all classes. And its manifestation is just as dangerous among the masses who follow the war cry of socialism and bolshevism because they have failed in the struggle, as it is among the successful ones who use their power to buy control of the United States Senate and corrupt all justice.

And this spectacle of anarchy and of ugliness in the West is not merely drawn from the imagination of the Orient. They point to the literature which the West itself produces as a proof of the failure of our civilization.

A profound dissatisfaction stirs Europe. Literature is deeply smitten with pessimism. The most popular writers are cynics. With the growth of our civilization, our irritation against it has grown.

Every art that is superior expresses itself as a protestation against society, as a satire upon the man which modern civilization has made. From Rousseau and Stendhal and Renan to Taine, Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola, Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Chesterton, Sudermann, Ibsen and Gorki, the wave of pessimism grows. More and more the artistic mind turns from the mediocrity of a civilization which is entirely material, without nobleness, without ideal, without beauty, without humanity, either to take refuge in the past or in the utopian future. All that counts in modern literature, from Carlyle and Ruskin in England to Tolstoi and Dostoevski in Russia and to Anatole France in France, is a denunciation of our social life. Our great writers who are read by the scholars of the Orient with avidity are prophets against us as were the seers against Israel.

Bolshevism is nothing but a mani-

festation of that malady which spreads throughout all the West; like all socialism, its spirit is purely material, and to the Oriental the cry of the envious poor is as disgusting as the successful rich. The trouble with both of them is that they have made prosperity their God.

The Oriental asks how you can expect anything else but Bolshevism when the very high priests of literature are constantly protesting against a civilization which offends beauty, against a morality which is but Macchiavellism, against the confusion of a limitless competition, against the moral and economic anarchy which necessarily follows among those who believe in a lie.

Oyama declares that the late war in Europe was but a symptom of that profound disorder of Occidental life which was an inevitable result of the principles which underlie our civilization. Europe goes steadily toward the abyss. Upon the decline where she has started she cannot stop. The fatality of revolutions began in France in 1789 and unfolded itself as an inevitable force.

There shall be revolution upon revolution. The first was only political; it did little but overturn the aristocracy of heredity and substitute a bourgeoisie as egoistic and reactionary as the aristocracy had ever been. It only displaced the pain, it did not remove it. Other revolutions shall follow, they shall be economic and social, they shall aim not only at the overthrow of capitalism and political power, but they shall result in revolt against the entire social order. The Orient looks upon all this without much sympathy. To the Japanese, aristocratic and disciplined, to the Chinese at once idealist and positivist, to the religious Hindoo, it will be but the passing away of a conception of life which was essentially base, it will be the destruction of a civilization formed by those who placed the goals of egotism, the passions of

partizanship, the lusts of power and possession, and the gratification of individual appetites, above the superior aim of devotion to the general good.

After the war was over, and we had gone a little way in our ideal aims toward unifying the world, the reaction set in, and cowardly fears once more gripped the Western world. The nations that gathered at Versailles talked of right, of freedom and of democracy; they said great words of justice, of liberty and of equality; but such things were not to be for Asia nor for Africa. The United States retreated into an isolation and a chauvinism almost as bad as Germany had ever shown. France gave herself up to the pursuit of "glory" and to all manner of political trickery as bad as anything that Germany had ever practised.

The West kept on lynching the black men and rejecting the yellow men, while it spoke of universal brotherhood and humanity. The Orient inquires whether we have two moralities, one for our profession and the other for our deeds; one for the white race and another for other races; right for ourselves and falsehood for other people. The Oriental wonders whether, while the armies of Germany have been defeated, the ideas of Germany have not universally triumphed. The result of the war seems to be that every nation seems to think itself a nation of supermen.

All that came out of the conference at Versailles was to confirm the old order which grows wars as certainly as fertile ground grows weeds. An immense hope stirred in Asia while President Wilson was making his speeches in Europe; that hope has been deceived. The partizan spirit in the United States which assassinated the League of Nations drove also its knife into the heart of the Orient.

In all this, however, the Oriental

mind does not lose its sense of balance in its feeling of contempt. It seems that, after all, there is in the West something which can grow into a better order. It perceives that the West at least recognizes its failures and shortcomings, it sees that the great minds in the Occidental world are as keenly aware of its bottomless hypocrisy as any Oriental could be. From this there is hope.

Perhaps out of this disorder shall come a solution that shall be more satisfactory than the Orient has ever found, for the best that the Oriental could do was to create a static humanity crystallized forever like China in invariable forms. Our civilization is imperfect, but so long as it recognizes its imperfection there is hope. Just now the barking dogs of cynicism are making so much noise that any word of human wisdom can scarcely be heard.

The pure ideal that formed the League of Nations is being torn by every jackal that can mount a platform or rush into print, and yet this very disorder perhaps is a sign of the one thing that is the hope of the world. It is a sign of life. Asia has undoubtedly a civilization whose form is nobler than ours, but it is dead. The dominating religion of the Orient is the cult of the dead. The beauty of the Orient is the beauty of a lifeless statue.

The West is ugly, it is wicked, it is violent. But it has in it the one thing needful, which is life.

The road to the golden era is lined with the crosses of Calvary, mankind struggles up with bleeding feet. Out of all this welter and dust and horror there shall come something fine, for the simple reason that we have the vision. It is only where there is no vision that the people perish.

So the wise Orient, altho it looks at our faults with understanding eyes, and speaks when necessary words that burn, after all sees that

out of the West is coming that energy which, tempered by the experience of the East, shall some day make the world a decenter place to live in.

□ □

A Political Crime

A POLITICAL crime may be defined as any act which interferes with the healthy progress of a nation or of the world.

The moral laws are just as inexorable over nations as they are over individuals. The brutal attack upon civilization by the armies of Central Europe was just as criminal as the attack by any thug upon an innocent passer-by at a dark street corner. And the narrowness, selfishness and vengeance displayed by the leaders of the Senate in strangling the young hope of world unity, which was the first-born heir of the world war, was just as vicious as any private murder.

After the Treaty of Versailles and the confirmation of the League of Nations, America had the opportunity to take her place as the leader in the brotherhood of nations. This opportunity she threw away, sacrificing it to the mean desire for par-tizan advantage.

America to-day is the chief cause of the world's disturbance.

The only reason France keeps up an army of 800,000 soldiers is because, by America's refusal to enter the League of Nations, France has no guarantee of security.

The reason Germany is in chaos is because, by America's repudiation of the League of Nations, Germany has no organization and central party to deal with, but must go on playing one nation against another in the old way.

The reason there is confusion in the Balkan States is that there is weakness in the League of Nations.

The reason that there is a breakdown in the exchanges of the world

is because America selfishly refused to unite with the other nations in consolidated action.

During the war America fought as a comrade at arms with the Allies. At the conclusion of the war, the Republican leaders of the Senate, taking advantage of the moral slump that always follows a war, forced America to desert her Allies in order that they might defeat the Democrats.

Crimes hang together. One brings on another. And the great world crime of the repudiation of the League has a dramatic connection with the debauching of the electorate in Michigan.

Truman H. Newberry, his family and friends, spent more than \$300,000 to secure a seat in the United States Senate. They succeeded.

Mr. Newberry was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary. But the Supreme Court of the United States relieved him of legal punishment upon the technicality that the statute under which he was convicted forbade such expenditures of money only in "an election" for United States Senator; whereas the money was mostly spent to carry on "a primary" for an election.

It made no difference that in Mr. Newberry's case the primary was a necessary part of or an equivalent to the election. He was elected by 7,567 votes in a total vote of 432,541 cast in Michigan for United States Senator.

By the election of this Senator, a necessary majority was obtained in the Senate for organizing the Foreign Relations Committee against the League, and for placing Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in power.

The moral offense in securing by these means the Michigan Senatorship thus had a direct bearing upon the world crime of making the United States a renegade from its international obligations.

The Republican majority of the

Senate confirmed Mr. Newberry in his seat, and thus made that party a sponsor for the debauchery of the ballot. They doubtless did not want the methods of electing any United States Senator looked into closely. They preferred to offend the conscience of the nation, just as they preferred to offend the conscience of the world, in order that they might retain themselves in office and gain a partizan advantage.

The day of reckoning is not far off.

"The Harding Administration," wrote Frank H. Simonds, "is not yet a year old, but there is no mistaking the fact that Republican strength is slipping."

The reason of this is that the Republican Party claims to be the party of prosperity. It represents big business and it has been on the whole pretty generally successful in providing satisfactory conditions. On its record in the past, and on its claims for the future, it came into power a little over a year ago.

"Unfortunately for the party," continues Mr. Simonds, "American prosperity was no longer dependent exclusively upon American conditions. On the contrary, business depression here was the inevitable consequence of conditions in the world, and particularly of conditions in Europe."

Those conditions in Europe are deplorable chiefly because America has petulantly refused to take its part in the League of Nations which stood for the Americanization of the world.

Frantic efforts have been made by these Republican leaders to conciliate the conscience of America by a Disarmament Conference.

Another desperate bid for popularity has been made in proposing the Soldiers' Bonus.

It is written that the prosperity of fools shall slay them. And the

very success of these Republican leaders bids fair to unseat them. There is a very general expectation of a Democratic victory in the fall when a new House of Representatives will be chosen. To be sure, the Democratic Party is without leadership, and is as unprincipled as the Republican Party. But that makes little difference in elections. People vote against things, not for them.

The Republican Party gained its ascendancy in this country through the tremendous moral influence of its stand against negro slavery, and of its insistence upon the integrity of the Union.

A very large portion of the Republican Party is in favor of a similar moral stand in favor of the League of Nations, which is the only rational means of putting an end to war and the old order of rival armaments.

If this portion of the Republican Party, the portion which believes in principles and in progress, can gain the ascendancy, the Party may continue to triumph. But if the reactionary element in the Party continue to dominate the organization, then its doom is sealed.

The American people move slow but exceedingly sure. And they always move eventually in the direction of conscience and common sense. Both conscience and common sense irresistibly indicate that the only way to make sure that the horror of 1914 shall not break loose again in the world, and that the economic collapse of the nations shall be cured, and that the hates, fears and jealousies of States shall be abated by some sort of world unity, is to establish and strengthen the League of Nations or its equivalent.

The League of Nations is not a dead issue. It is the only living thing that stands among the ruins of dead issues.

NEEDED: A FEDERAL BILL OF RIGHTS FOR CAPITAL AND LABOR

By Senator (Now Judge) William S. Kenyon

AFTER the Armistice it was thought and hoped that the spirit of cooperation in industry which had been developed during the war might be carried over into the period of reconstruction. Friction soon developed, however, in the form of the steel and coal strikes of 1919. An ever-widening chasm rose between capital and labor and the hopes were soon dissipated as to the possibility of an agreement grounded on the recognition of certain fundamental principles as a basis of procedure. As the gulf between capital and labor has widened, the need for action by the public, in its own interest, has become apparent. One has only to picture the enormous suffering and loss which would result from a coal strike or the breakdown of our transportation system to realize the necessity for the enactment of legislation which will remove the causes and render impossible such industrial catastrophes.

The proposal of an Industrial Code is based on the same underlying conception of liberty and democracy as is embodied, so far as civil and personal liberties are concerned, in what is termed the Bill of Rights in our State and Federal Constitutions. These rights of personal and civil liberty were slowly crystallized by the usages and practices of centuries, and were given formal sanction and recognition after many generations

SENATOR KENYON, who has resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate to take a seat on the Federal bench, was head of the Commission that has been investigating the industrial disturbances in West Virginia. As a result, he has sponsored the bill for an Industrial Code that is now before the Senate and which he and W. Jett Lauck and others believe will be to industrial rights what the Bill of Rights has been to personal rights—a sort of Federal Constitution for the industrial world.

of struggles with tyrannical and despotic rulers. They constitute a code of individual rights which are mandatory upon our civil courts.

Industrial life, which is an integral part of our civil life, as

we now have it, is of comparatively recent development. It dates back only to the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Its beginning was marked by the use of power-machinery and the change from home to factory methods of production. Out of this century and a half, however, of modern industrialism, a conception of industrial standards, rights and liberties has been gradually evolved as supplementary to our recognition of a bill of individual rights in civil life. As the result of industrial customs, usages and practices, it is clear that there are numerous fundamental rights which the public should guarantee. They are essential to industrial democracy and to the substitution of judicial processes for industrial warfare.

An Industrial Code, or a series of principles for the government of industrial relations and conditions, may, therefore, be said to be the conception of a fundamental bill of industrial rights to those engaged—both capital and labor—in manufacturing and mining. The interest of the public lies in having the question of these rights or principles definitely determined by legislative action so that the public wel-

fare may not be constantly threatened or impaired by conflicts to determine what these rights are.

The code which has been proposed represents the fruition of our best thought and experience during and since the world war. Its application is now sought to the coal industry alone because labor disputes and industrial dislocations in that industry have been the immediate occasion for the recommendation. The code should really be extended to all of our basic industries, and in course of time it undoubtedly will be. The code which has been put forward as a basis for action in connection with the recent disorders in the West Virginia coal fields, and as a basis of adjustment of the pending controversy as to wages and working conditions in the coal mining industry as a whole, is as follows:

1. Coal is a public utility, and in its production and distribution the public interest is predominant.

2. Human standards should be the constraining influence in fixing the wages and working conditions of mine workers.

3. Capital prudently and honestly invested in the coal industry should have an adequate return sufficient to stimulate the production of this essential commodity.

4. The right of operators and miners to organize is recognized and affirmed. This right shall not be denied, abridged or interfered with in any manner whatsoever, nor shall coercive measures of any kind be used by employers or employees, or by their agents or representatives, to compel or to induce employers or employees to exercise or to refrain from exercising this right.

5. The right of operators and of miners to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing is recognized and affirmed.

6. The miners who are not members of a union have the right to work with-

out being harassed by fellow workmen who may belong to unions. The men who belong to a union have the right to work without being harassed by operators who do not believe in unionism. The organizations have a right to go into non-union fields and by peaceable methods try to persuade men to join the unions, but they have no right to try and induce employees to violate contracts which they have entered into with their employers, and the operators on the other hand have the right by peaceable means to try to persuade men to refrain from joining the unions.

7. The right of all unskilled or common laborers to earn an adequate living wage sufficient to maintain the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort, and to afford an opportunity for savings against unemployment, old age and other contingencies is hereby declared and affirmed. Above this basic wage for unskilled workers, differentials in rates of pay for other mine workers shall be established for skill, experience, hazards of employment and productive efficiency.

8. The right of women to enter in industrial occupations is recognized and affirmed; their rates of pay shall be the same as those of male workers for the same or equivalent service performed; they shall be accorded all the rights and guarantees granted to male workers, and the conditions of their employment shall surround them with every safeguard of their health and strength and guarantee them the full measure of protection which is the debt of society to mothers and potential mothers.

9. Children under the age of 16 years shall not be employed in the mines.

10. Six days shall be the standard work week in the industry, with one day's rest in seven. The standard work day shall not exceed 8 hours a day.

11. Punitive overtime shall be paid for hours worked each day in excess of the standard work day.

A bill embodying these principles and making provision for a tripartite board, representing capital, labor and the public, to interpret and apply the proposed code, has been introduced and is now before the Senate.

So far as public opinion is concerned, as well as the practices and usages of industry, there seems to have developed a gradual crystallization in thought and action, since the Armistice, indicating clearly the acceptance of certain fundamental principles as the irreducible minima upon which industry can proceed with peace and continuity. This is strikingly shown by the precedents already established by industrial conferences, both in this country and in Canada and Great Britain, and by the action of arbitration boards and other agencies which have been charged during the past three years with the judicial settlement of labor disputes. The public attitude has been evidenced more by the discussions participated in by representatives of the public at these conferences than by the final action taken. It has also been strikingly shown by the awards of such agencies since the war as the Railroad Labor Board, the Bituminous and Anthracite Coal Commissions, and numerous arbitration boards of smaller scope, as in the street railway industry, in all of which the representatives of the public wielded the predominating influence.

In this connection it may be said that the churches, without any denominational exceptions, have, since the Armistice, injected into the labor problem a force which was almost entirely unknown before the war. Its significance cannot be overestimated and it may truly be said to be one of the miracles of the war. The churches, by their changed attitude, by their programs and their organization and activity, have added an ethical and spiritual

force to the movement for a more sound and liberal democratic industrial order, and it is the verdict of history that the moral and spiritual elements are those which in any movement make for human betterment and permanent progress. Probably one of the most hopeful signs in the United States is to be found in this changed attitude of the church since the war towards industrial problems, and in the fact that all denominations have cast aside their pre-war apathy and indifference towards the industrial world, have officially proclaimed their intense activity in industrial conditions, and have boldly and aggressively organized for the purpose of putting constructive programs into effect. Practically all branches of the church, both Protestant and Catholic, have, in a series of pronouncements on the industrial problems of the reconstruction period, given expression to the need for recognizing and proceeding upon the basis of certain fundamental principles or an industrial code.

The first real precedent we have had in connection with an Industrial Code was the experience with the National War Labor Board. As the industrial pressure grew in acuteness after our entrance into the European conflict it became more and more evident that the government, in order to protect itself and to secure maximum results, must adopt a policy of uniformity in standards of work and compensation of wage-earners. During the early part of 1918, therefore, an industrial conference, or Labor-Planning Board, was convened by Secretary of Labor Wilson. Representatives of labor were selected by the American Federation of Labor, and of employers by the National Industrial Conference Board, a federation of employers' associations. As the outcome of this meeting, an agreement was reached as to a code

or series of fundamental principles which should be mandatory upon industrial relations and conditions throughout the war. President Wilson promulgated these principles and appointed the National War Labor Board to interpret and apply them. Chief Justice William H. Taft and Frank P. Walsh were the joint chairmen of this board. It was the supreme court of industry during the war, and altogether it rendered decisions in 1245 important cases.

Within a few months after the Armistice, or in February, 1919, Premier Lloyd George called together an industrial conference in Great Britain, which, at the request of the Government, proposed a constructive program as to labor policies and permanent measures for the realization of industrial peace and democracy. During the following September the Dominion Government in Canada adopted the precedent set by the mother country. An industrial conference was held in Ottawa under governmental auspices, out of which came valuable proposals for public and private action.

In this country, immediately after the signing of the Armistice and before subsequent events had produced industrial friction and destroyed the spirit of cooperation between capital and labor which had developed during the war, there was a strong movement for the working out of a fundamental Industrial Code for the guidance of industry, during the period of reconstruction at least.

The National War Labor Board, at the request of President Wilson, continued its work until August, 1919. During October of the same year a National Industrial Conference, to which representatives of employers, employees and the public were invited, was convened in Washington under government auspices, for the purpose of reaching an

agreement on fundamental standards of principles and for the establishment of machinery for the settlement of industrial disputes. By that time, however, the steel strike had developed and the conference was disrupted on the question of trades-unionism as the basis of collective bargaining. Prior to the calling of this conference under governmental auspices, the Inter-church World Movement had held an industrial conference in New York and recommended a code or series of principles for the consideration of the unsuccessful meeting called by the President.

Almost immediately after the failure of the first conference, in response to the recommendation of the group representing the public, President Wilson called a second industrial conference. This was small in numbers and composed entirely of representatives of the public. Neither labor nor capital was represented. After several months of hearings and deliberations this conference, in March, 1920, issued its recommendations.

The second Industrial Conference, which was composed of a distinguished and unselfish group of public-spirited citizens, failed in its fundamental purpose because it separated labor adjustment machinery from principles regulatory upon industrial conditions and relations. The Conference proposed mediation and arbitration machinery extending by gradual steps from a local to a district and thence to a national basis. This industrial, judicial system, however, was restricted to a determination of the facts as to wages and working conditions. No general regulatory or mandatory principles were provided for the guidance of the adjustment agencies in making their decisions. Stated in other terms, this practically meant that the fixing of standards of work and compensation was left to community or district determina-

tion. There could not be developed any uniformity in mandatory principles or a national code of industrial rights, so far as employers and the public were concerned. If the system should be practically adopted, its operation would be the same as our courts in civil life would be were there no common or general statutory law or fundamental political constitutions. Legal questions and all litigation would be determined entirely by local customs and principles, and appeals to the supreme court could be made only on the question of concrete facts, and not, as at present, upon the basis of pure law or legal principles and safeguards of general application.

The suggestions of the Second Industrial Conference, therefore, ran counter to all recent industrial experience in the settlement of labor disputes. It provided for decentralization when there should have been centralization as to principles or an Industrial Code. Emphasis should have been placed on a code of principles of nation-wide application for the determination of wage disputes, and less effort devoted to the elaboration of complicated machinery.

As the general outcome of the inability of labor and capital, even under governmental auspices, to reach an agreement as to a basis of procedure, and as a direct result of industrial warfare, the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations has been established, and similar legislation is pending in New York and other States.

The Kansas Industrial Court, aside from any constitutional objections, will not endure without change for three reasons: (1) it is based on a violation of all previous experience both here and abroad arising from legislation prohibiting strikes; (2) it aims to solve a problem in human adjustment with an arbitrary and rigid judicial fiat;

and (3) it affords no safeguards or protection to representatives of capital or labor who may appear before the court. In other words, it does not function upon the basis of a series of principles or bill of elementary industrial rights which may be invoked by any person or corporation which may come under the board's jurisdiction. If the anti-strike prohibitions and penalties were removed from the law, and an Industrial Code, as sanctioned by enlightened public opinion, incorporated, the Kansas Court would perform a useful and permanent public service.

In the adjustment of industrial disputes, the fundamental consideration for the public to bear constantly in mind is that principles are of prime importance and that the machinery for handling adjustments is of relatively small consequence. There must, of course, be acceptable boards or other machinery made up of intelligent and upright men and women, and created for the purpose of judicially weighing facts, and interpreting and applying principles. This machinery can, however, be easily established. The fundamental need at present is for the public to sanction an Industrial Code for the guidance of all such machinery or agencies.

The necessary preliminary to all other considerations in industrial life, and the one which it is the duty of the public to see attained, obviously is the development of a spirit of understanding and cooperation. Labor has come to look upon itself as an exploited class. Capital, on the other hand, even when inclined to be far-seeing and sympathetic, has tended frequently to look upon the aims and leadership of labor with distrust because of the fear of an arbitrary use of power or a misguided restriction upon output or costs of production. The war did a great deal to lessen these feelings on both sides.

The deplorable tendencies in industrial life which followed the war have temporarily checked the beneficial effects of this war experience. It has been superseded by distrust, selfishness, controversy and open industrial warfare. The self-interest of the public, as well as its manifest duty, demands that it act to stop these unnecessary, deplorable and costly tendencies, and to stimulate a return to a basis of confidence and cooperation. It is plain that this can be done now only by the public, through legislative action establishing a code of

principles regulatory of industrial relations and conditions, as capital and labor are so affected by their controversies that they cannot reach an agreement. This code should safeguard the rights and legitimate aspirations of both labor and capital, and should protect the public interest. It would undoubtedly be a great and lasting blessing to all our people. It should not be rigid but should be changed and developed as time goes on in accordance with the practices of industry and the sanctions of enlightened public opinion.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE: IS IT COMING?

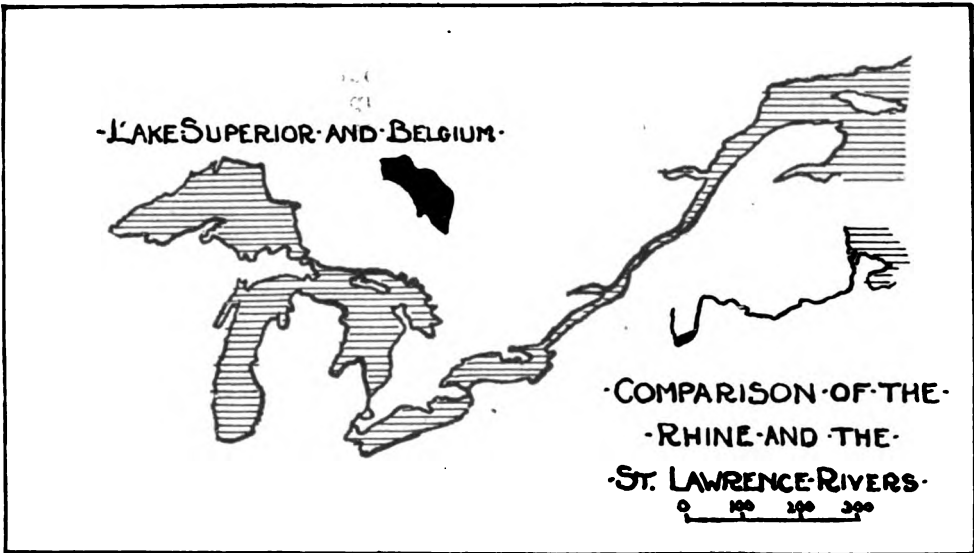
By P. W. Wilson

AMID the confusion of her diplomacy and her many distresses, financial, political and industrial, is there not available for the old world a remedy so simple that all can understand it and so just and right that all must approve? Are not the various conferences at Wiesbaden, at Spa, at Cannes, whatever be their immediate success, leading up to something larger in Europe and more permanent? The slogan that we need was, in fact, uttered years ago by that brilliant editor and idealist, William T. Stead. Before his life closed on the sinking *Titanic*, he coined many phrases, but none was wiser than his favorite—*The United States of Europe*. Had kings and their ministers listened to that word, there would have been no Great War, no millions of young men killed, no billions of good money squandered.

The difficulty in Europe is that few of her public men have kept pace with the ever-expanding geography of mankind. Most of them have yet to cross any ocean. They know that their own countries

are impoverished, divided and distressed. But, like Spain when she lost her Empire, they cling to a former pride, to a prestige that belongs to the past, to a glory that has departed. What ails Europe is not her money, her merchandize and markets, but her mind. As the prophet expressed it, "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." This is the reason why, for millions of Europeans, the only hope seems to be to start life afresh in a new world.

In the schools and universities of Europe, the newspapers, the parliaments and the churches, there is still the fixed idea of the Greeks and Romans that the only world which really matters to the historian is the world washed by the Mediterranean and that, beyond this *orbis terrarum*, the peoples are "barbarian"—speaking languages unknown to accepted civilization. Europe is ruined by her wars but she is not humbler. Tho she is no longer a lender but a borrower, and as a borrower nearly bank-



rupt, she still behaves as if she were the head office of the human race. No diplomacy is to be valid until it has been translated into French. We envy American production but ridicule the peace and the prohibition by which policies American production is fostered. At a solemn conclave held in Rome to elect a Pope, whose high authority is recognized in the Americas, whence the Vatican will derive an increasing proportion of its revenues, no arrangements are made for American Cardinals to attend. Between Anglican Bishops in England and their brethren in the United States there is drawn a subtle, yet sharp distinction. It is a distinction that extends to degrees granted at Oxford or Cambridge and degrees granted at Princeton and Yale. Europe is cherishing illusions. She is not seeing the world as the world is to-day. She is no longer leading the world. On the contrary, the world is leaving her behind. And the reason is that while the world is uniting, Europe is quarreling.

Amid her chaos, the old world is still scarcely conscious that, in physical dimensions and in eco-

nomic importance, she has shrunk in size. Measure a map of Europe and you will find that all her countries put together, excepting Russia, which belongs to Asia, can be included within the area of the United States, Canada, Australia, India or China—any one of them. Indeed Europe without Russia can be conveniently placed inside Russia, as she spreads from Europe across Asia. It means that territory is no longer organized in countries like Spain or Belgium, but in continents. Europe, in her national fragments, is no longer the rule but the exception. It is just as unnatural for Europe to be distracted by diverse sovereignties as it would be for China or India to break up into mutually hostile provinces. Between five million families in Poland and five million families in the Punjab there is no vital distinction. In the words of Shylock, they have the same "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions." They are "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer." If it is

right for the Punjab to trade with Bengal, it cannot be wrong for Germany to trade with Sweden.

With Australia, Canada and to some extent the United States it is, of course, true that as yet the continental area, tho of European magnitude, lacks the European density of population. But the population of each of these continents, with their single sovereignty, is increasing. And in the cases of China and India, population as well as territory is equal roughly to that of Europe. Indeed, for the purpose of this argument, we should include South with North America as one economic unit. Even in Africa, the frontiers are artificial rather than actual. The colonies there are divided by lines drawn in Europe and not by Africans themselves. There are no disputes in Africa which lead the Emperor of Ethiopia to attack the King of Uganda. There are no debts in Africa clamoring for cancellation. There are no armies and navies in Africa awaiting demobilization. Africa is paying her way. In the essentials of credit and commerce, even Africa is to-day gaining ground on Europe.

In the Americas, in India, in Australia, in Africa, in China, therefore, internal peace is no vague aspiration; it is the accepted rule of statesmanship. It is now a matter of routine. We expect Indians and Africans to restrain their passions and to keep their tempers. It is certainly astonishing that in Europe alone do we assume the inevitability of national feuds. And Europe is the Christendom of history.

Frenchmen and Germans and Poles are naturally interested in Alsace-Lorraine, in Silesia, in the Ruhr Valley, which lie at their doors. But to mankind as a whole these are mere geographical details. The Rhine is a charming river. I know it well. But compared with the great waterways of

the world, it is a rivulet. Its total length is 400 miles. But for more than double that distance one steams up the St. Lawrence in an ocean liner. No problem affecting the Rhine approaches either in magnitude or in complexity the problems of water-power, canals, customs, lakes, shipping, which confront the United States and Canada as trustees for their joint frontier. Lake Superior alone would submerge Austria or three times Belgium. The St. Lawrence involves the most delicate rivalries, racial, economic, temperamental, but across Niagara there are now no threats of hostilities. It means that if wars again desolate Europe, they may be no longer world wars. They may be wars localized in Europe, and the rest of the world may go forward on its own appointed path, too busy to be bothered any longer with aimless bloodshed. Europe would be regarded simply as an area incapable of her own orderly administration—a kind of magnified Mexico. It is to this disaster that an exaggerated nationalism is drawing the old world. No civilization can live which refuses to live at peace.

In India it has been, of course, an outside and even an accidental authority, namely, Britain, that has persuaded the peoples to unite. Apparently the Chinese also require some external assistance of this kind. Certainly Russia, whether Czarist or Bolshevik, holds many races together with an iron hand, by no means gloved in velvet. But is it to be said of Europe, with her parent civilization, that she cannot achieve a reasonable unity except with the help and guidance of other continents? There are publicists to-day, men like Wells, who write as if the only hope for Europe lay in America. In other words, Europe is held to be like India and Africa, a community of peoples which need a suzerain. I am European. And to me, this is a

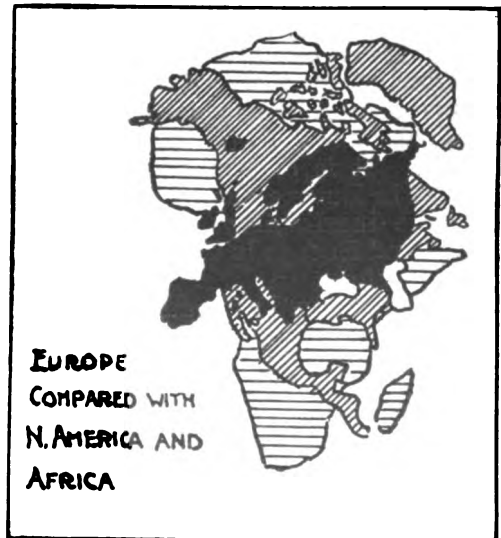
tremendous verdict. If sustained, it would mean that the pillar of fire and cloud had moved from Babylon to Egypt, from Egypt to Greece, to Rome, to France, to England, and so across the Atlantic. I cannot bring myself to believe that, with India and China in resurrection, Europe must be a back-number, her arts buried and her treasures bankrupt. Europe is stricken, but, with wisdom, she can be saved.

Hitherto every endeavor to consolidate Europe has meant the domination of one conquering and despotic power. The Roman Empire brought most of Europe under Italy. Charlemagne and Napoleon, each in his own way, sought to unite Europe under France. The Emperor Charles V. desired that Europe be consolidated under Spain. King Henry IV. of France, tho himself reared as a Huguenot, was ready to work for a Christendom at peace under the Pope. The Kaiser, if victorious, would have made Europe subject to Germany. In all these schemes of imperialism it was recognized that somehow there ought to be one Europe.

If these various schemes and suggestions broke down, it was because the unity of Europe and her peace were to be purchased at the impossible expense of her liberty and conscience. Napoleon promised Europe peace, but the price was his tyranny. Under Prussia, the laws, the religions and even the languages, arts and literature of Europe would have been standardized. It was right to seek an organization for Europe. As it has been said, if Austro-Hungary had not existed, it must have been invented. But the method of organization was indefensible. Poland was ruthlessly partitioned; Bohemia was crushed; Silesia was stolen; Bavaria was absorbed; Schleswig-Holstein was seized; Alsace-Lorraine was annexed; and, as a final infamy, Ser-

bia was invaded. Everywhere, liberal-minded men came to detest the idea of Europe united on these terrible terms. They pointed to a subjugated Finland and to Bosnia and Herzegovina smouldering in discontent. The cry that arose was for self-determination at any cost. Indeed, forty years before President Wilson forged that formidable phrase, Gladstone had deeply offended Vienna by referring to her influence as the negation of God and asking where was the place on this earth of which it could be said that here Austria did good. Austria is now in a sad plight, but it must be remembered that she is being treated by her neighbors precisely as in past years she herself behaved to them, and particularly to Serbia. As she once boycotted Serbian pigs so is she boycotted today. It is poetic justice.

No one can now maintain, however, that self-determination is the last word of political wisdom. Even the self-determined man is not always a good neighbor, much less a self-determined nation. In Italy, each city used to be self-determined. Florence, Venice, Pisa, like Athens and Sparta, were separate republics. Italy, like Greece, was there-



fore constantly invaded and in the end she had to unite. Germany also was divided into self-determined states—indeed, so, in the days of King Alfred, was Britain—but they had to unite. Even Ireland, as self-determined a nation as ever existed, is finding that she must unite her elements and recognize her neighbors. Europe as a whole will be forced to learn the same lesson and practice the same policy. Each nation should be free to fly its own flag, develop its own institutions, speak its own languages, practice its own religions; but when it comes to trade, coinage, postal and telegraph facilities, railways and the use of rivers, there should be the same unimpeded facilities as one finds in North America. It would be impossible for the United States to advance in wealth and comfort if there were different rates of exchange for Pennsylvania and Ohio and a tariff wall between New York and New Jersey.

The good business man is uninfluenced by his likes and dislikes. When Henry Ford buys steel, he does not ask whether the metal came from a Quaker in Michigan or from a Methodist in Connecticut. When he sells a car, he does not stipulate that the purchaser shall be a Catholic in Quebec. As with our captains of commerce, so should it be with our statesmen. It is their task to help trade, not to hinder it; to build up credit and confidence, not to destroy them. If the man who sells steel to Henry Ford and the man who buys Henry Ford's cars are constantly trying to kill one another, there will be neither steel nor cars nor even Henry Ford himself, before many years have passed. Society will be reduced once more to progressing, if at all, on bare feet.

To-day, Europe is more thoroly subdivided than at any previous period in her modern history. Be-

fore the war, there were indeed twenty-two states; but, with all their faults, the dynasties, now shattered, did hold things together. Blue blood was international. Royal families formed a trade-union. Europe was linked at the top. To-day there are thirty or more sovereignties, most of them republican, and several most inconveniently situated. Before the war, Serbia, Luxemburg and Switzerland were alone without access to the sea. To-day, Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, Luxembourg and Czecho-Slovakia are in this position. The landlocked population has been increased from 9 millions to 32 millions; it has more than trebled, and this is not reckoning Poland, dependent as she is on Danzig. Such an arrangement does not matter if there are friendly relations between the "Balkanized" Powers. But if each little country is shut off from its neighbors and in turn shuts them out, the interior of the continent is strangled.

There never was an area on this world's surface better designed by Providence than Europe for human happiness. Much of her coast line may be described as continuous harbor. The Black Sea, the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, the English Channel, the North Sea, the Baltic—where else will you find waters comparable with these for shipping? Europe has no excuse for poverty. Whatever her plight may be, it is wholly the fault of her short-sighted impulses.

The late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman once closed a debate in the House of Commons by saying to Mr. Balfour, who was in a playful and obstructive mood, "Drop your fooling and get to business." That is the word which needs to be said to Europe. The tantrums of this or that country in Europe are not business but fooling, and there can be no commonwealth without common sense.

FRENCH ESTIMATES OF THE MOST CONSPICUOUS MAN IN FRANCE

FOR the happiest living illustration of the philosopher's saying that man is an intellect served by organs one must go, says the *Revue de Paris*, to the present ruler of France, Raymond Poincaré. Intellect is his supreme faculty and all the others are in him so many adjuncts and subsidiaries. No one comprehends so many sides of a question or elucidates it, we are invited to believe, with a more exquisite felicity. Whether he be pleading in a court of law or addressing a learned academy, editing a parliamentary report or preparing a political speech, setting forth a ministerial declaration or delivering a presidential message, nothing of what should be said is overlooked, nothing that could promote his argument is neglected, all the arguments are in dazzling light, made the most of in precise proportion to their importance and each in the most effective place. However brilliant he may be, Raymond Poincaré does not cultivate qualities that flash. His brilliance is spontaneous.

Poincaré again is a felicitous exception to the rule, at least in France, that great orators are mediocre writers. Gambetta and Waldeck-Rousseau edited journals, but rarely did they write the best prose in the Paris of their time. Jaurès was not always happy in his style. Even an article in a review seems to afford too restricted a frame for one accustomed to the redundancies of the spoken word. Now, Raymond Poincaré, because he is an intellectual, because in his head ideas present themselves in ordered ranks, loves to write and knows how to write. A speech of his is invariably prepared by writing. His pen strikes out a path for his discourse. Yet he will not read a speech. For him the whole thing is exercise. He finds a satisfaction in beholding the indwelling thought, at first indistinct and

floating, take form little by little upon the sheets of paper copy. His qualities as a writer are the same as his qualities as an orator—he is sober, precise and, as the French say, full.

Those who make a point of explaining everything through the influence of environment never fail to see in Raymond Poincaré a typical product of the soil of Lorraine. Cold, reflective, poised, calculating, the men of Lorraine, according to Elisée Reclus, writing at a time when no one could have foreseen the great destiny in store for Raymond Poincaré, have no mysticism in their nature. Their religion is patriotism, as is natural in a frontier province which for some half a century has borne in its flank the uncicatrized wound of an amputation. Their horizon is limited but well defined, as is appropriate to minds solidly boxed in short and almost round heads, like the head upon the shoulders of M. Poincaré. In the men of Lorraine generally, as in M. Poincaré, the somewhat tense features and the heavy build impart an effect of health and balance rather than of grace or good cheer. It has been remarked that Bar-le-Duc, the native region of Poincaré, is on the southern bank of the Ornain, that is to say on the shady side, the side of the moving picture operator who takes a film. He needs light but not imagination.

The "film" of M. Poincaré, proceeds the same subtle analyst, is a perfect composition. It runs off without a hitch. There are in it no erasures or repetitions. His is a biography that does not lend itself to anecdote. Plutarch would not have thought his life picturesque. His ascent has steps but no leaping places. Even as a lad in college, Poincaré suffered no check because he did not waste himself in fancies or in study alien to the course in the classroom. The project of a universal language, worked out with his brother Lucien, was somewhat outside the regular

course, but this was an exception. The intellectual discipline of Poincaré was along classical lines, severe, thoro, grounding him well in the fundamentals.

He did not have a very protracted youth, if we are to understand by that period a patient waiting, a groping here and there and a professional preparation in stagnant monotony. He arrived at all his "situations" at the youngest possible age and on every occasion he found himself ready to answer the call of destiny without having done a thing to evoke it. He was head of an official department, councillor, deputy, at a time when even the most ambitious are usually still looking for an opening. Deputy at twenty-six, he was a minister in the cabinet at thirty-two and a senator at forty-six—borne along by events, marked out by his talents far more than by his ambition, for, despite the positive nature of his genius, Poincaré is really timid. In politics he rushes into no adventures. He does not hold himself back exactly, but it would be difficult for one to offer oneself less. If ever the weird sisters in "Macbeth" foretold the honors that awaited him, he did not thank them. "You are going to a mysterious future," said Lavissee to him on the occasion of his welcome into the French Academy, "but as you go you take care where you put your foot." M. Poincaré has never set his foot upon anything that is not solid. Through the grand portal of the budget, which he reported to the chamber when he was thirty, he entered a ministry.

At the head of the educational system, then in control of his country's finances, this youthful successor of Jules Ferry and of Leon Say attracted attention. He knew well his department, whatever it was, and old hands in the parliamentary game compared him with the precocious Pitt and other prodigies of politics. His grasp of things, his power of work, won the applause of the knowing. Called back to the department of education, he elaborated his magnificent plan for the restoration of the universities of France to the intellectual

glories of their finest days, and this but one of the many great successes of a career rich in supreme achievement.

A wide path to the highest honors opened before Poincaré, but he appeared eager to avoid it. Without exactly giving up politics, he seemed to lose sight of it in his daily round. For eleven years he shut his ears to the siren voices that sought to lure him back to the ministerial bench. He preferred the courts of law. He argued, he plead, he thought only of winning renown as an advocate. Men predicted his promotion to the honors of the bench rather than to the palace of the Elysée, and perhaps those were the things for which he sighed. The former cabinet minister became a youthful senator, but the youthful senator gave the impression of an old consul weary of the contests of the forum. Not that this period in his career was sterile. Every plea in court means a profound study of the papers in the case. A lawsuit pits two advocates against each other, but after the judgment is given they become brethren. This affords the key to the parliamentary career of Poincaré. He sees the good side of the worst opponents, including the socialists, whom he has thanked with his perfect parliamentary politeness because they "force us to reflect further upon the origins and the causes of economic facts which unconscious habit has led us to transform into eternal principles."

Returning inevitably to ministerial life, in the eight ensuing years we find him in the forefront of politics, first as president of the council—Prime Minister—and later as President of the Republic. The period witnessed the opening, the development and the close of one of the prodigious chapters of human history—yet it brought no surprize to Raymond Poincaré. To govern, it has been said, is to foresee, and this man saw the tempest coming. Yet the part of President of the Republic, especially in such a crisis, was alien to his genius. Despite all he could do, he remained too much of a figurehead to suit himself. He chafed against the limitations im-

posed by the office upon a nature that longed to be in the actual fray, a nature that could not conceal its chagrin at the adoption of plans he had to execute against his better judgment. He knew that the constitution gave him no power and, while thus reduced to impotence, he had at his side the tigerish Clemenceau, his enemy yet his dictator.

The end of his presidential term was thus a liberation for him and no appeal sufficed to keep him in the dreadful post. The third act in the drama of his political life has now opened. For the first time in the history of the third French Republic, she finds one of her former chief magistrates back in the position of Prime Minister or, as the French say, President of the Council. Poincaré has before him a career that Thiers in 1877 had entirely rounded out. He has the experience of his illustrious predecessor, his vast culture, his authority in the eyes of the foreign world, his clear mind. The part he is called upon to play is in appearance more attractive, for France is on the morrow of a great victory instead of being in the shade of a great defeat. The victory, unfortunately, has not fulfilled its promise to the enthusiasts nor has it brought what was expected of it by the most cautious. No one has criticized this wretched conclusion of a gigantic effort with more persistence or more eloquence than the former president of the republic, but his protests until recently were confined to the columns of reviews and newspapers. So negative an attitude could not long endure.

Raymond Poincaré means to prove that he has not passed off the stage. Decide your preference and localize your effort, he once advised a young friend. In Poincaré's case the variety of his culture enabled him to achieve other triumphs than those of politics. It was the liberty to write that most seduced him. It would be difficult to find among writers in France to-day a style purer than his, informed with more sobriety, arguments so compactly presented. "There is never found in your work a word to laugh at," said Lavissee to him at the Academy years ago.

Poincaré is not anticlerical in the usual French sense, but he must, perhaps, put a restraint upon his impulses in order to avoid becoming one. He springs from the traditional French breed of men of the "robe," of the law, always on their guard against Rome, men who think with Voltaire that the Pope is a sacred personage whose "feet must be kissed and whose hands must be tied." He respects the religious beliefs of all and he understands why many must take refuge in them; but he does not conceal the fact that he feels no need of any such refuge for himself. His own intellectual and spiritual ideal seems best reflected in the words he wrote when popular education was under his special care: "Let us try less to form agreeable and frivolous minds than serious and reflective characters, less memories that are richly furnished than judgments that are clear and firm, less the lively imagination than the direct and energetic will."

SEEING SENATOR BORAH IN HIS TRUE LIGHT

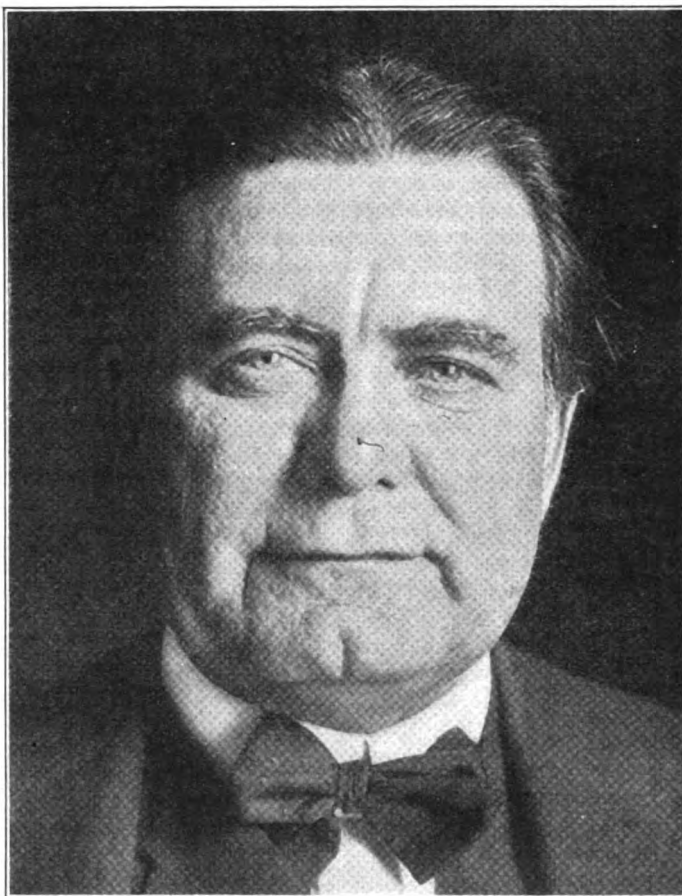
CHALLENGING the wrath of the American Legion by his determined stand against the bonus bill, Senator William Edgar Borah is again reflected in the mirrors of Congress as exhibiting perhaps more courage per conviction than any other statesman at present sojourning in Washington. Moody, emotional and im-

pulsive, as the Senator from Idaho is both declared and denied to be, it is constitutional with him to observe but few bright spots on the horizon. He cannot, as an instance, see anything in an economic conference or any other conference that might be held in Europe because "the European atmosphere is bad, and so long as the signers of the

Versailles Treaty insist on its remaining as it was written, and so long as Europe nurses a suicidal intent with apparent pleasure, she cannot recover and very little can be done to assist her."

Charles H. Grasty, to whom the foregoing observation was made, says, in the *New York Times*, that Senator Borah is in many respects an entirely different personality than the one that exists in the public mind. Disassociating him from his senatorial environment it is much easier to imagine him as a devotee of academic culture, a university professor, a moral crusader, even a poet than as a politician. He has no intimates, we are told, no associates who call him "Bill." He is not a

gregarious being and is rarely seen in society. He neither smokes, drinks nor plays. What relaxation he gets is on the back of a western nag in Rock Creek Park, Washington, where he may be seen any morning cantering along—alone. He does not ride for pleasure, we are assured, but on the order of his physician, and "if he experiences any of the exhilaration that comes to men in the saddle he strives to conceal it." Conversationally he expresses himself with restraint and is extremely considerate to others. An aggressive man is apt to be opinionated and intellectually arrogant, whereas Borah seems to be anxious to draw out the opinions of his visitor. Those close to him assured the *Times* correspondent that he



Photograph by Paul Thompson

HE HAS MANY ADMIRERS, BUT FEW INTIMATES

Senator Borah also has preeminently the courage of his convictions as was shown in his opposition to the bonus bill.

was in a constant state of receptivity to new impressions. Once he makes up his mind he is adamant, but he is slow to reach that stage and his methods are plodding rather than brilliant. As to the value he sets on courage, Borah is fond of repeating a story told of the late Senator Daniels, one of whose Virginia friends was tempted to pray that God might give him wisdom. "Don't pray for wisdom for me, but for courage," Daniels declared. "We usually know what is right, but it is often we are afraid to do it."

It is surprising to learn that there are many points of likeness between Senator Borah and Woodrow Wilson,

both having, according to the *Times* biographer, single-track minds and both being able to do only one thing at a time. During his fifteen years in Washington the Senator from Idaho has never taken a law case, altho he left behind in Boisé a large and lucrative practice. As time has gone on the instinct of independence with which he entered public life has developed into a definite program of conduct. Borah finds, it is explained, that personal friendship often cuts across public duty. He can be genial on occasion but resolutely maintains a position where nobody can stay his hand if he wants to strike, and nobody can have a right to a grievance because of the striking. In a body like the Senate, where courtesy is so potent, Senator Borah maintains his detachment from parties and persons and finds himself very much at home in the rôle of the bull in the china shop. It is a matter of record that altho he was the head and front of opposition to the League of Nations no word offensive to President Wilson passed his lips. His opposition was all the more effective because of the knowledge that it was inspired by a sincere conviction. Speaking at a Gridiron Club dinner, Lord Grey, himself a model of dignity and reserve, declared that he had never known a debate conducted on a higher plane than Borah's part of the Senate discussion.

Altho a man of strong emotions, Senator Borah has trained himself to wait until they cool off. He is somewhat quick to anger but, it is chronicled, his action is never dictated in a spirit of passion. He is said to approach every subject carefully and prayerfully, and when he has adopted a course his mind is serene and he goes straight ahead without anxiety or nervousness. As a civic preacher his zeal is tremendous. He has a well-organized office and every detail for which his personal attention isn't necessary is taken care of by one of his clerks. He keeps himself clear for the big things. Like most men who are deeply orderly his desk is in hopeless confusion, but when he wants some-

thing he burrows in and pulls it out. When he trusts anyone at all he trusts him all the way. He is neither avaricious nor skillful in money matters, and whatever worldly possessions he has come down to him from his earnings as a lawyer before he came to Washington at the age of 42.

Senator Borah devotes painstaking care to the preparation of his speeches. He can speak extemporaneously, but on an important occasion he knows in advance exactly what he is going to say and actually memorizes the vital parts. For the rest of the speech he has notes written in large letters so that he can read them without distracting attention from the thread of his argument.

The author of "The Mirrors of Washington" (Putnam) is surprized at the way this Republican Senator manages to be a power in a party which has no love for him. He is virtually a party to himself. He cannot be controlled by the ordinary political methods. His constituency is small and evidently devoted to him and his State is remote; he is not compelled to do the irksome political chores that cost Senators their political independence. However doubtful he might be as a positive asset his dexterity and power of expression are such that he would be very dangerous as a liability. A report that Borah is on the rampage affects Republican leaders very much as a run on a bank affects financial leaders. They are not quite sure when either is going to stop. Borah knows that most of the men with whom he is dealing are clay and estimates with uncanny accuracy the degree to which he can compel them to meet his demands.

It is difficult to label Senator Borah from a political standpoint. His most striking characteristic is his inconsistency. The violence of his likes and dislikes is shown in his attitude toward the British and his espousal of the Irish cause. At the time of the visit of the British mission to Washington, Vice-President Marshall designated Senator Borah a member of the committee appointed to escort the British visitors

into the Senate chamber. This Borah resented as a personal affront. "Marshall has a distorted sense of humor," he said. "He knows I dislike the British and that I despise the hypocrite Balfour." This feeling probably was due in large measure to the Irish lineage which Borah can trace in his ancestry as well as a temperamental dislike of the British methods of maintaining control over subject peoples.

Mr. Grasty draws an interesting comparison between the Senator from Idaho and the leading statesmen of Europe with whom he has been in contact as a foreign newspaper correspondent for the past eight years. It is only in America, he asserts, that such a type could be produced.

"Lloyd George, who, by and large, must be accounted the greatest Euro-

pean, is more resourceful than any man in our public life, but he seems always to be playing a huge game. Such a man as Borah in the House of Commons, with his earnestness, energy, and debating ability, would have made Lloyd George tread more warily. If Briand had had Borah's courage he would have put his sane and moderate convictions to the test instead of flinching from a break with his friends and associates. A man like Borah in the Reichstag could make the German democracy conscious and make other countries understand German conditions. But Borah need not emigrate to Europe to find a field of usefulness. One may regret that his convictions took him into the fight against the League of Nations, but his ability and patriotism are beyond question."

BENES: THE HEROIC FIGURE IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE

HIS devotion to Plato, his passion for football and his display of wide cuffs and white collars are made much of by the critics of Edward Benes, hero of the Little Entente, head of the ministry in Czechoslovakia, pupil and follower of Masaryk. Between Edward Benes, the Czech who is Prime Minister at Prague, and Thomas Garrigues Masaryk, the illustrious Slovak in the presidential apartments of the castle overlooking the capital, there now exists a relationship more like father and son than that of preceptor and pupil. Benes, approaching the age of forty, is, intellectually, as the Berlin *Vossische* puts the case, the offspring of Masaryk, now past seventy. Those who dislike the younger man insist that he is a stuffed figure for the elder one, but this, as a writer in the Rome *Tribuna* observes, is to ignore the greatness of one of the most arresting personalities in Europe. Benes is without vanity. Despite the smile on his lips as he receives a visitor in the famous palace on the Hradchin cliffs, where he commands all Prague with a look, Benes

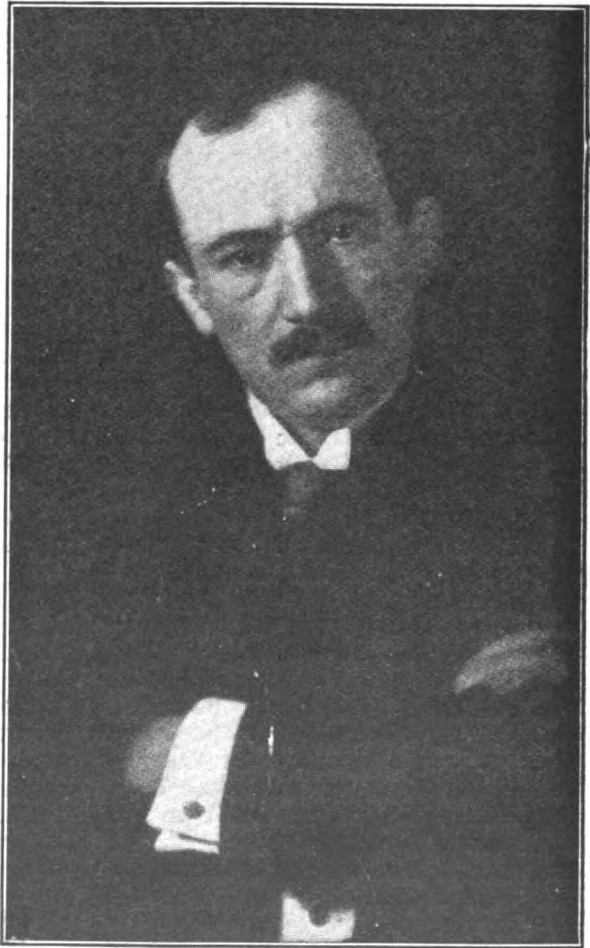
is melancholy by nature, reserved in disposition and distrustful of himself. Masaryk, who discovered him, had to bring him out of himself, to rescue him from a gloomy destiny at the University of Prague, where otherwise he must have been lost in a chair of philosophy or sociology or history.

Benes has carried out into the wider world of international affairs, laments the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, that touch of pedagogical pomposity with which he overawed his classes before the world crisis made him an international figure. Precisely as Napoleon, because he was young and little when he took over the command in Italy, gazed grimly at his general staff lest its members tap him on the shoulder, Benes, being also young and little when he ruled at the academy in Prague, assumed a sternness of facial expression and a pontificality of deportment which he has never quite abandoned. With a perfection of manner which may be ascribed to long habit, he never crosses the line that would carry him from an impressive dignity of facial expression

to an extreme of absurd solemnity. Shakespeare, it seems, discovered that a mortal can speak daggers and look them; but Benes alone in European diplomacy can look daggers, according to our contemporary, and look them at just the right moment and in precisely the required style. It is all comprized in one swift, unmistakable glance out of that pair of steely eyes overhung by heavy brows, accompanied by a quick bite of the nether lip. A whole class in insurrection at the University of Prague has been known to surrender at once before that look, and we are even asked to believe that Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando quailed in Paris, more or less, when Benes gave his awful glance in the Quai d'Orsay. Only the Queen of Roumania is impervious to it, having, in fact, on one occasion, lifted a finger playfully at the irresistible Czechoslovakian and remarked, "Oh, you terrible man!"

The woman's intuition had divined what her bright wit prompted her to dissemble. In the depths of the soul of Edward Benes slumbers the lion, tamed by Masaryk. The idea finds favor even in French eulogies, which dwell upon the contrast between Benes, the eager, fretful, impatient youth who would be up and at the foe, and the philosophical, lambent, theoretical Masaryk, who is forever imploring his right-hand man to keep out of a scene. Benes has the explosive nature; Masaryk is serene, sweet, even-tempered. The pupil eyes the international prospect gloomily; Masaryk sees peace and plenty just ahead. Benes longs to hurl defiance; Masaryk keeps him polite. All goes well just now. Masaryk has aged since first these natures began their work together. He lies ill in

his state apartments, tended by a devoted American wife. There is ever the possibility that Benes, unrestrained, will permit the fires of his nature to flame through the curtain drawn by Masaryk over a temperamental conflagration that cannot much longer be subdued and then Europe will sit up, shocked, to find Benes roaring. He is meek to-day, dominated by an old man on a sick-bed who will not live forever. Such is the secret—an open one to the Austrians. To them he is the plotter of their downfall.



"OH, YOU TERRIBLE MAN!"

Thus was Edward Benes, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, admonished by a beautiful woman, who raised her pretty forefinger playfully as she said it, whereupon, it seems, the stern statesman relaxed and revealed an unexpected delightfulness of disposition.

Benes is the son of a peasant and his impressionable years were passed in Bohemia, not far from Kozlany. His father went about at that time in the tight-embroidered trousers of his class and he was rarely seen out of his high boots. There is an idea that the elder Benes read with difficulty. He made up his mind to educate his various sons, of whom little Edward—somewhat red-headed then—was the genius. Contrary to precedent, the child insisted upon taking his clothes off when he went to bed and he rebelled also against the foulness of the schoolroom. His development physically was impeded by the total lack of any kind of sanitation in the land. He had a mania for opening windows at school and at home, a practice causing his sanity to come under suspicion. His teacher ascribed the child's peculiarity to his dislike of axle grease, which he refused to swallow, altho he was told that it would make him intelligent. Thus he grew into young manhood, stunted in growth, misunderstood and, in view of his scrapes at school, set down by his aunts and uncles as the black sheep of the family. Only his peasant father, says the Vienna daily, persisted in predicting a great future for the boy. "My son," he would tell the village school teacher, "is no simpleton. I will educate him." The peasant could well afford the experiment, for in that part of the world a man who can neither read nor write may own considerable herds and whole farms.

Now began the long martyrdom of Edward Benes, his years of rebellion against an academic tyranny which, as he has said himself, blighted more minds than ever it formed. His embarrassments were increased by the loss of his father's small estate. Edward had to do a little teaching, a little writing, a little borrowing, until at last he found himself a student at the famous university in Prague. Here began his long friendship with Masaryk, who immediately understood him. For the first time in his career, Edward Benes had a sympathetic listener, one who

agreed with him that the educated Czechs might just as well be illiterate Slovaks because they all learned by rote, mechanically, for the sake of getting on in the world and not from love of knowledge. The young man would harang the elder, pacing the professor's study, for Masaryk, the son of a stable hand, had made himself a scholar and been put at the head of the department of philosophy in the university, and when at last Benes began to perspire, to gesticulate too wildly, the preceptor invited him to stay to tea, fearing, as he confessed later, that his pupil might involve himself with the Hapsburg police, who kept a careful watch upon the students of Prague. Masaryk in the end got his young friend off to Paris just in time to avert a descent upon the miserable room in which Benes slept and studied and wrote seditious pieces for the papers published by rebellious spirits in Berne and Switzerland.

The wanderings of Benes from Paris to London and from London to Berlin, in the course of which he supported himself by taking pupils, by writing, by acting as interpreter, confirmed his well-known belief that Europe is the victim of her education. He was to return in due time to the university of his people in Prague, there to develop ideas on the subject which to many seemed subversion. He would assure the students that the instructed classes suffered from overeducation. "There is always hope for the uneducated man," to quote one of his discourses from the Austrian daily, "but the mind that is overeducated is doomed." He warned his pupils against charging their heads with many languages, various arts, innumerable philosophies. The superiority of an intellect was shown by its contributions to knowledge and not by what it absorbed from the accumulated books in the libraries. He manifested scanty respect for the laboratories, saying that the great discoveries in chemistry and physics had been made by the solitary workers with few resources. Finally he ridiculed degrees as the flappings of an academic mediocrity.



"HE SET A SWIFT PACE, CROSSING BOGGY, TREACHEROUS SWAMPS, FORDING SWOLLEN STREAMS, THROUGH DRIPPING THICKETS AND OVER ROCKY HOG-BACKS."

THE STORY OF OLLIE STEEVER, THE LAST OF A BAD LOT

By Leland W. Peck

DOCTOR CHANDON stirred, lay heavy-eyed in the dark, vaguely wondering what had awakened him. To his half-roused consciousness came the beat and lull of the storm as gusty crashes of rain volleyed against the low roof. How good the bed felt! He blinked drowsily, filled with a warm comfort, and relaxed with a contented sigh.

The knock sounded again.

Now fully awake, the doctor, schooled by countless nocturnal summons, flung back the blankets, felt about with his feet for his moccasins while he thrust his arms into a thick blanket robe. The square of the window was a murky blur

WHO shot Milt Steever? That was what Ollie Steever wanted to find out. He found out; but what ensued then was far different from what he had intended. The feud—well, it came to an end. This story, from the "Sunset Magazine," ranks as one of the best of the year so far, according to the O. Henry Memorial Committee.

in the dead black of the room. On the bedside table coldly glowed the little luminous numerals of the clock—five-fifteen. A damp chill pervaded the dark. Chandon belted the robe close and snapped on a shaded lamp, characteristically thinking how much better off

he was than the person outside his door. Intermittently the gale drove through the firs; the gutters splashed with musical monotony.

"Coming," he called as the knock was repeated, louder now.

A blast of rain-laden air swirled into the room; a dark figure crossed the threshold, leaned against the closed door. His sodden clothing clung to his big frame, mud streaked his legs, his coat dripped,

his hat let a runnel of water on to the floor. The doctor peered into the wet, unshaven, haggard, boyish face whose wide gray eyes looked with uneasy defiance into his.

"Doc," said the visitor uncertainly, "will you come to the Swamp? Sophy—my wife—she needs a doctor pretty bad."

Chandon smiled a little wryly.

"You're one of the Steever boys, aren't you?"

The other nodded and lowered his eyes. "I'm Ollie, the youngest." He studied the floor. "Oh, I know, doc, you wouldn't have any use for any of us—but Sophy's bad off and I—I figured maybe you'd come—this time—just once."

"Amos said he'd shoot me if I ever set foot in Desolate, didn't he?"

"Yes, he said that, but he ain't—"

"What's the matter with your wife?"

"She's got an awful bad cough and she's so hot—it scares me." The boyish gray eyes rolled back to the doctor's face. Appeal was in them now. "I wasn't going to have a doctor. I thought she'd get better—but she's worse. She kind of goes out of her head like, and—and—"

"Anybody with her now?"

"Indian Angie—the only woman in ten miles. But she can't do nothing for Sophy. She's taking care of the baby."

"Yours?"

"Yes, little Ollie's seven months old now." Pride crept into his voice, showed in his grim young face. "Angie was there when he was born."

Chandon led the way to the kitchen. "Get a fire going," he said briefly, and left the boy alone.

AS the doctor drew on his clothes, fumbled with chilled fingers at boot laces, he frowned, recalling that other time. It must be more than three years since Amos Steever rode down from Desolate Swamp to summon him. "Milt's shot," were his two words of greeting. And, answering a question, he added: "Through the ribs, but he won't die." The doctor knew the Steever family's evil record—the two oldest sons in prison, the father lately killed in a drunken brawl—and he was not surprised. It was summer then, but it had taken four hours on horseback to reach the isolated home of the most lawless and dissipated family in all the Twin Hills country.

Amos Steever, oldest of the three remaining boys, had volunteered no further

information as they rode through the fir thickets, rocky creek bottoms and alder bogs over a road that belied the name, to the old log house squatted in the marshy, forbidding flat known as Desolate Swamp, and Doctor Chandon had asked no questions. The room and what took place there was vivid yet in the doctor's mind.

Milt, the middle boy, lay among the soiled quilts, a bullet hole in his side. His drawn face was filled with bitterness and hate. At the foot of the bed stood Ollie, sixteen, silent, his burning eyes darting from one to another of the room's occupants. The mother, a gaunt, bent and pitiful old creature, dropped in a chair, her gnarled fingers twisted together in her lap, her unseeing gaze directed at the floor.

"You fix me up, doc," Milt said in a hard, implacable tone. "I got to get on my feet soon."

The others said nothing, watching the doctor dress the wound: Amos, crouched beside the bed, bearded, heavy-browed, his bloodshot gaze on the doctor's hands; Ollie, by the footboard, tight-lipped, watchful; the old mother, too steeped in sorrow to raise her eyes.

"It is not a dangerous wound," Chandon stated after an intensive, silent interval, "if you do not try to move too soon."

Milt's sullen gaze had never left the doctor's impassive face; now through half-closed lids he seemed to be trying to determine if the physician's verdict was the true one. The stark hatred that smoldered in his eyes did not lessen, but his lips twisted into a cruel sneer. Chandon knew that the pain was intense, but that his patient's creed would not allow him to admit it.

"He won't say who done it." Amos' words fell suddenly into the silence. "But if he croaks he'll tell me before he goes."

The look of ferocity on his hairy face almost made the doctor shudder. The hard eyes of the wounded man shifted to meet his brother's. In that exchange the doctor read, as clearly as if it had been written, that Milt was keeping his assailant's name to himself so that he could take personal revenge; that he dared not speak the name or Amos might cheat him of this vengeance. But he would not die and take the secret with him. Blinking lashless eyelids and nodding dumbly, the old woman listened while Chandon gave instructions about the dressing of the wound later on, the medicine to be given, the time necessary for Milt to remain in bed.

"I'll come back in a week," he told Milt. "If you try to walk you'll probably start a hemorrhage and nothing will save you. That bullet cut dangerously close to the lungs."

Milt merely nodded sullenly. The others said nothing. Milt and Amos had been the only ones to speak while the doctor was in the room.

As Chandon pulled at the cinches of his saddle, Ollie spoke behind him.

"We ain't got any money."

"All right," replied the doctor sharply, "some day you will have." He faced the thin, big-framed youth. "Your brother is going to try to get up. If he does, he'll die. I'm telling you so you'll use sense and keep him where he is."

"He'll get up if he's a mind to—I know him," retorted the boy with a distinct note of admiration in his tone. "He's got something to get up for." His gray eyes were steady under the doctor's sharp look. "But if Milt don't get him Amos will—and if he don't, I will."

A surge of nauseous repugnance for Desolate Swamp and its venomous clan swept over Chandon, hastened his swing into the saddle, put unwonted force into his heels against the horse's ribs. A hateful effluvium seemed to hang over the dismal hollow; he was glad to get into the clean fir woods.

Three days later Tom Yount, coming through Bellows Pass, crossed Desolate on his way to Outlook. He told Chandon the news.

"The damn fool got up the second day, doc, and started across the swamp. Amos and Ollie were away and the old woman couldn't make Milt lay still. Later Amos found his body about a mile from the cabin. They just about got him home when Rolly Benson, the sheriff, and Ed Gulliver, his deputy, came looking for Amos—some dirty work over across the mountain—and Amos began shooting. Hit Gulliver, killed him dead. Sheriff plugged Amos through the shoulder, piled him on to a horse and took him back to Cochise. I met 'em on the trail! and Amos, bad hurt as he is and wobbling in the saddle, tells me to tell you, doc, that he'll shoot you if ever you set foot in Desolate Swamp. Thinks you didn't fix Milt up right. But you don't need to worry, doc; Amos Steever won't ever show up again in these parts. If he don't die of the bullet he'll visit his two brothers in the pen a while and then he'll climb the scaffold. You

better watch Ollie, tho; he's the only one left, and it's his turn next. He's prob'ly as ornery as the others; he'll be killing somebody soon—runs in the family. And, as rotten as they are, the Steever tribe stick together like pitch."

AND now this drawn-faced youth come to fetch the doctor again to Desolate Swamp was Ollie, the youngest, the last of the Steever men. He had grown to quite a man-sized individual, the doctor acknowledged to himself. But there was something else, some inward difference, that set him apart from his brothers as Chandon remembered them. Sullen hatred had given place to a desperate anxiety—at least temporarily. Well, the boy was married. The fact that his wife was sick probably accounted for the change. Where had this uncouth boy found a wife; what girl had he brought to that forsaken back-eddy spot, avoided by even the meanest homesteader? And a child! This gaunt youth—he must be nineteen now—with his new beard scarcely stiff yet, his tangled shock of sun-bleached hair, his huge, rough hands, his tall, awkward figure, his tattered clothing, was the father of a new generation of Steevers. The doctor finished lacing his boots and drew on a heavy sweater.

Ollie stood uneasily over the stove, his big hands outstretched. The crackling of the fire sounded now above the clatter and sweep of the storm. The room was warming a little.

Chandon filled the coffee pot, put it over the flame, and began to slice some bacon. A dull, leaden gray appeared at the window. Wind in furious gusts still dashed the rain against the shingles, tossed the fir boughs wildly. Ollie Steever eyed the sizzling bacon hungrily, silently watched the doctor pour batter into an iron skillet.

"Where did you leave your horse?" Chandon asked finally.

"Got no horse," answered the boy.

"You mean you walked from Desolate Swamp in the dark?"

The other nodded. "Sold my horse—a while back."

"Sit down and eat," Chandon ordered briskly, sliding a thick pancake on to a plate. He poured a cup of black coffee, forked out several strips of bacon, brought bread, a dish of butter and a pitcher of syrup. The boy hesitated, cast a quick look at the older man, but the latter was busy at the stove. Ollie sank into a chair

and began eating. A little later the doctor joined him.

"Lookit here, doc," said the youth suddenly, "are you coming or not? I got to know."

"Of course," replied the doctor. "You wouldn't want me to start without eating, would you? That's a hard trip."

"Sure not, doc; I didn't mean that," Ollie answered hastily. "I—I know you ain't got any call to be decent to any of us. You never been paid for that other time, and—" he hesitated, then went on—"right now I can't say when you'll get paid for this trip either."

"All right, all right," said the doctor gruffly as he got up to turn another pan-sized cake. "You know, Ollie," he continued in a changed tone, "a man can travel pretty far on a brace of good fat pancakes. They're heavy enough to digest slowly—stick to the ribs, as the saying is—and a cup of coffee warms up the stomach and sets it going about its business. The old-timers in these hills know that better than anybody. Why, you know, Ollie, I used to know an old codger about seventy-eleven years old who almost lived on slapjacks. Two things he had to have, jacks and tobacco. He used to sleep with a plug under his pillow. The first thing when he woke up was to bite off a chew, set the coffee on to boil, and start stirring up his cake batter. By the time he got his pants and boots on the coffee would be boiled bitter. He'd fry his cakes in too much grease and swallow 'em without half chewing, and wind up with another bite from his plug. Then he'd go out and swing a pick for four or five hours like a man of your age. He's probably doing it yet, and that was years ago. Some day some smart newspaper man will ask him how he came to be a hundred and three, and he'll say: 'Slapjacks and chewing tobacco.'"

Ollie Steever eyed the doctor uncertainly as he talked, but a ghost of a smile moved his set lips at the last, and he felt more at ease. The doctor's thoughts were again turned inward. He smiled grimly to himself, almost chuckled aloud. He had been promised a bullet as his fee by Amos, who had hanged. What would this last of the dissolute Steever name give him?

They went out into the storm after Ollie had refused a proffered raincoat. Nor would he listen to the doctor's suggestion that a horse be found for him. "I can travel as fast as you can," he insisted.

"I don't want to waste any more time."

Chandon passed his mud-spattered little car with a momentary feeling of regret and entered the box stall beyond. The way to Desolate could not be made by gasoline, even in fair weather. The horse nickered softly in the gloom. Beyond a window a faint grayness hung over the wet world. About the silent buildings the fitful wind sucked noisily; every eave dripped.

AS Chandon led the saddled horse into the open, a globe of yellow light moved toward them among the weeping trees, long, grotesque shadows leaping and receding as the lantern bearer's legs crossed and recrossed the low-hung flame.

"That you, doctor?" the newcomer asked from a little distance.

"Yes, John."

"You're up, then. Joe Brail's hurt. Unconscious. I found him in the gulch, front of my cabin. He'd been drinking earlier in the night; saw his light and heard him talking to himself. Later I woke up and heard somebody groaning. I went out and it was Brail. I carried him into his house. Seems to be hurt in the head."

"We'll look at him, John," said the doctor. "Must have had a hard fall to knock him out."

"Well," admitted the man with the lantern, "I guess there won't be many mourners if Black Joe never comes out of it."

"Oh, I wouldn't let anybody hear me say that, John," advised Chandon. "I know what you mean, but it doesn't sound pretty."

"Plenty others'll say it," John defended. "Nobody's going to think I had anything to do with the—you don't mean that, doc?"

"Certainly not, John. We'll go right along now and see what we can do for him."

The three men crossed the little bridge at the edge of the settlement and entered Joe Brill's cabin. A kerosene lamp was burning, and the doctor moved it to the side of the unconscious man's bunk. John sat down across the room while Ollie stood near the door, tight-lipped, hard-eyed, frowning and rubbing his wet hands together.

"Evidently struck on his head with his full weight back of it," the doctor said as he opened his bag. "A bad fall—looks very much like a fracture of the skull."

John said nothing. Ollie asked: "Will he die?"

Chandon bent over the unkempt, unshaved head of Black Joe Brail. A trickle of red ran out of the matted hair, crossed the cheek and disappeared in the thicket of beard. His flaccid mouth hung loosely; mud streaked the still face. An odor of synthetic whisky hung about him.

The doctor straightened up. "He's a pretty tough customer," he answered Ollie then. "Another man would be dead, but he'll probably surprize us and pull through." Turning to the other man he went on: "Somebody will have to watch him. Better try to get Mrs. Meecher to look in on him now and then. I'll leave some medicine and written instructions. Be back to-morrow afternoon sometime."

There was no hint in his words or his tone of the preceding day's exhaustive call upon his energies, of sick-room demands that had kept him from his bed until after midnight. He did not even think of it.

FIVE hours later Doctor Chandon and Ollie Steever emerged from a tangled clump of alder and brake and saw across the low swale the old Steever homestead. It had been a journey filled with discomfort, traversing a badly-made road now a morass of mud, crossing boggy treacherous swampy lands, fording brawling, swollen streams, through dripping thickets and over rocky hogbacks, with a cold, slashing rain beating down steadily. Few words were spoken. Young Steever had said: "I'm not tired. I can keep up with your horse." He did keep up; he set a pace swifter than the horse would have chosen. But he was tired—Chandon could see it in his walk, his sagging shoulders, the droop of his head. And the doctor's expression was one of kindling admiration.

Halfway across the flat Ollie hurried ahead. When he faced the doctor a few minutes later his hollow eyes burned.

"Doc," he breathed, "if you ever done anything for anybody, for God's sake go in there and do it now!"

A low, exhausted cough sounded from the doorway leading into a second room. Chandon crossed to it, stepped to the big low bedstead, peeling his dripping slicker as he walked. A girl lay among the twisted blankets, her great dark eyes peering too brightly out of a delicate face that was afire with fever. Her bare forearm lay listlessly on her breast; a mass of almost black hair swirled about her head on the coarse pillow. A swart, wizened hag of a woman in a shapeless mother-hubbard

crouched wearily on a stool, her little red eyes staring at the girl whom she was powerless to help. Across the old woman's knees lay a baby, waving its chubby arms happily.

Doctor Chandon saw Sophy Steever's eyes dart past him to her husband; read in the glowing look, in the soft, faint smile, a true record of her affection for the hulking, hollow-cheeked youth.

"I got the doc for you, Sophy," Ollie half whispered. "He got right up and come. He's going to fix you up—ain't you, doc?" He patted her hot little hand gently, looking down at her with adoring eyes.

Chandon put a finger to her wrist, held his stethoscope to her chest. Then he took Ollie by the arm. "Take your son into the other room," he said kindly. "Build up a good fire and get dry. Rustle yourself some food; I'll eat a bite, too, a little later." He placed the baby in Ollie's arms and pushed him toward the door.

"SHE is resting easy—sleeping just now."

Doctor Chandon's answer to the dumb pleading in Ollie Steever's eyes softened the lines in the boy's set, haggard face. The doctor had been behind that closed door an interminable time. In reality it had been about twenty minutes.

"Did you eat something?" the doctor asked.

"A little. You said you'd eat, too."

Chandon sat down, tipped a syrup can and broke open a hard cornmeal biscuit.

From across the table, in a voice that he could not hold steady, Ollie asked: "Has—has she been out of her h-head—talked?"

"She muttered a little."

"What did she say?" demanded the boy anxiously.

"Nothing anybody could understand."

Acute relief showed in Ollie's drawn face. He said nothing, but stood gnawing his lips. The doctor reached for another hoe-cake, waiting for the words that were so painfully being formed.

"Oh, doc, if she'll only get well!" The sentence tumbled out suddenly, seemed to burst through the boy's restraint, and Chandon recognized and understood the embarrassment he saw flood the speaker's face the moment the words were spoken. To a man of Ollie Steever's breeding, to reveal such depths of emotion savored of unmanliness.

"Sophy's going to get well," said the doctor. "Be patient and don't worry."

"I can't help worrying; I—I've never wanted anything—so much in my life," Ollie stumbled on, his face half averted. "Just when everything was going so well—when we was all ready to leave this damn place—and—and then everything goes wrong."

"You are going away?" Chandon leaned back in his chair. "I'm glad to hear it. It's too damp here; always the chance that Sophy might have pneumonia again. Where are you going, Ollie?"

The youth thrust his hands into his pockets, pulled them out, put them in again. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, studying the floor. Quietly the doctor waited.

"Doc," he blurted out at last, "I want to—to tell you about us." He paused, searching for words. "I don't know why I should. You're the last man I ought to be telling it to—anyway, I thought so until—until now. Now you're the only man I want to tell, seems if."

"All right, Ollie; it will be confidential, just between us two."

"That's—that's what I wanted to ask," said the boy eagerly. "I got so I wouldn't trust nobody, doc; I guess I ain't got one friend in this country except Indian Angie and—and Sophy, of course, and maybe you. It ain't easy being a Steever, doc."

He swallowed dryly, scrutinizing his broken black nails. "You want to hear—you don't mind listening, doc?"

"Talk ahead, son," said Chandon. "Sophy doesn't need me for a while. That is, if you really want to tell me."

"I do, doc. I couldn't tell anybody else. But you been different like. You know how things been with us Steevers. Art and Wendell in the pen, pa killed over at Cochon in a saloon, Milt shot by somebody, and Amos—Amos hung for killing Ed Gulliver, the deputy sheriff. That ain't much of a record for a family, is it? Well, that day Milt died out on the swamp he was on his way to kill the—the one that shot him. Amos was crazy mad; Milt died without telling who it was. You know about our family, how we always stuck together. Nobody could touch one of us without the others taking a hand. That's the way it's always been, doc. I got the same feeling—can't seem to help it. So when they come for Amos for a shooting he was mixed up in, and he shot Ed Gulliver, and they took him away, I swore to ma I'd attend to—to squaring up with whoever shot Milt if I ever found

out. But I guess ma couldn't stand any more, all but one of her men folks dead or in jail, and she died."

Ollie slid into a chair and hunched forward over the table. Chandon noticed how the hard muscles bunched along his jaw.

"I was sixteen when ma died," he went on, his voice little above a whisper. "Nobody left but me. Ollie Steever, the last of a bad lot. That's what I said to myself, doc. I was alone here and I thought about it a good deal. Being the kid of the family I never had a hand in the things my brothers done. There wasn't no sheriff looking for me, or anybody else, and when I thought about that I felt pretty good inside. I said: 'All the Steevers ain't going to come to a bad end.' And I meant it, too."

"I didn't forget about Milt and my promise. Whoever shot him, if I found out, I would kill him. But I said something else—later, when I seen things different like. I said I wouldn't be like the rest of the family in other ways. But I found out, like I tell you, it wasn't easy, me a Steever. I hadn't never worked out, and when I tried to get a job in Cochon nobody would hire me. They didn't say so, but they didn't want a Steever on the payroll."

His calloused hands knotted into huge fists at the memory. He lowered his eyes, gazed at the rough puncheon floor.

"But I got a job after a while, washing dishes for the Pilot Peak Lumber Company's boarding house. It was the best I could get, and I needed money. It was in Cochon I met Sophy. She—she liked me, and I—well, I was plumb crazy about her. But I couldn't believe she would want anything to do with a Steever, because she was a good girl. Her folks was all dead, too, and she lived with a deaf old aunt and clerked in the lumber company's store. She wasn't happy, I could see that—thin and peaked like and nervous."

"When I couldn't stand it any longer I had a talk with her, and she said she didn't care who I was, she loved me. So we was married right off and I brought her here. I wasn't going to have her have a dish-washing husband. In the year and a half I was trying to get up spunk enough to say something to her I saved two hundred dollars. But after we got here I couldn't stomach the idea of settling down in this house for keeps. It didn't seem good enough for her. I guess I was changed;

anyway, I was ashamed of what the Steever family stood for. So I went up in the hills about three miles from here and took up a homestead. I bought a horse and every day I cleared the land. By getting out shingle bolts and snaking 'em down to the Red Cedar skid road I made enough to keep us going all right.

"Then the baby come and I had to stay close at home. We was mighty happy, Sophy and me, even when we didn't have much. I guess no family anywheres was happier'n us, except for one thing. Sophy knew about us Steevers, what they done and everything, and she knew about my swearing to kill whoever shot Milt. I always felt she was scared I'd find out who done it and spoil everything—long as I didn't know, we was all right, and she figured to keep me from ever finding out. It worried her a lot; it was the only thing that might bust things up for us. And now—

"Say, listen, doc, you ain't lying to me about her? You ain't saying she'll be all right when she won't?"

"I'll never lie to you, Ollie," said the doctor quietly. "She is past the delirium stage; I honestly think we'll have her back to normal soon. Now you sit back in that chair and rest while I take a peek at her."

A few minutes later he closed the bedroom door quietly behind him and nodded assuringly in answer to Ollie's unspoken question.

"Tell me the rest of it, Ollie," he said. "About your claim up in the hills. Did you finish clearing it?"

"Yes, enough for a starter. You see, after little Ollie was born I—I sold my horse—the baby needed plenty of canned milk. When I got back to clearing the land and cutting shingle bolts I had to drag 'em to the road myself. It was hard, but it kept a little money coming in, and I built a cabin on the place up there and made some furniture and got a garden laid out. If—I mean when Sophy's strong enough we're going to leave here—for good. And the day we go I'll touch a match to this house! I won't be sorry to see it burn. That little skeezix, doc, he's going to have a chance. He's a Steever, but by God he ain't going to be a Steever—the kind his relations was!"

After a short silence the boy raised his eyes timidly. Embarrassment over his vehemence possessed him.

"I wanted to tell somebody, doc," he said half apologetically. "You sort of

made me feel that you might be interested. I—I want you to remember, doc, no matter what happens—no matter what you hear—that the last of the old Steevers is starting over. Beginning with me, the Steevers are going to build up a new kind of record."

A friendly smile moved the doctor's lips. "I'm glad you told me, Ollie," he said. "You are putting up a good fight, and you'll win it. Take Sophy up to your new home as soon as you can, and if you ever need me, sickness or anything else, let me know."

"Thanks, doc; that's fine of you," the boy murmured as the other slipped silently to the bedroom door. Chandon's last sight of Ollie was as he stood over the makeshift cradle, gazing down at his sleeping son.

THE log building seemed to shudder in the blasts of the wind. Slants of rain fell across the window where the doctor stood looking out over the dreary stretch of swamp. The old half-breed woman slept in a corner.

A pad of footfalls came to his ears from beyond the split cedar partition, a sound he had been hearing intermittently for almost two hours. Why didn't the boy sit down, rest? Already he had walked nearly thirty wet miles; he should be asleep.

The doctor turned from the window, paced silently about the room, watching the flushed face of the sleeping girl. The crisis should come any time now. She had been through long severe paroxysms and for a time, shortly after his arrival, her recovery had been in doubt. Lack of medical attention in the earlier stages of her attack had made the issue uncertain. It was a matter of waiting now. If only—

Quickly the doctor stepped to her side, studied her intently while the minutes passed slowly. Her respiration was slower, easier; the vivid color was receding from her face. He bent closer, nodding his satisfaction. Tiny beads of saving moisture were forming on her brow. The fight was over.

Softly opening the door into the outer room, Chandon stood a moment watching Ollie. The boy held his son close in his great arms, his head bowed, murmuring in the intensity of his feeling. He raised his face at the doctor's approach. Carefully putting the child into its bed, he hastened after the physician, looked into the calm damp face of his sleeping wife.

"It's all right, son," said the doctor.

Sinking suddenly to his knees Ollie took the girl's hand in both of his, bent his lips to it. "It's all right, Sophy, it's all right," he muttered brokenly, "the doc says it's all right." His head dropped. Still clasping his wife's hand, he slept.

DAWN crept slowly over the swamp. A hermit thrush broke the brooding silence with his plaintive sadly-sweet song. The sun climbing up behind the Twin Hills sent a bar of golden light through the cabin window, a bar that slipped from the wall until it fell on a huddled form in a big chair before the burned-out fire. Doctor Chandon opened his eyes. For a moment he looked with mild interest at the crazy-quilt over his shoulders and across his knees. Then, realizing where he was, he ran his fingers through his thick gray hair, slowly stretched his arms and got up.

The storm was over. Through the streaked window he saw the clear blue of the sky, the fresh green of the swamp cedars, the sparkle of the little green aspen trees ashake in the sweet morning breeze. He felt refreshed. He had slept without moving for eight hours.

At the bedroom door he paused. On the bed beside his wife lay Ollie, his position unchanged since Chandon had so placed him and thrown a blanket over him. Lying there, unshaven, unwashed, his mop of light hair in a shock over his eyes, his great hands awkwardly sprawled on the blanket, he was not prepossessing, yet the boyish face, in repose, shone with a rugged wholesomeness that made it almost handsome. In it Chandon saw the real Ollie Steever that Sophy had seen and appreciated. He knew that Steever loved this slip of a girl beside him with all the intensity of his being, and he realized fully now what power had lifted this backwoods boy out of himself, given him an indefinable something the other Steevers had not possessed.

And Sophy—with new eyes he studied her. She could be scarcely more than eighteen. A fresh beauty had come with normal sleep. Her cheeks were a little thin but there was a hint of good color there. Her brow was serene; her red mouth, slightly relaxed, fell into pleasing lines; her black lashes, long and curving, lay softly on her cheeks.

On tiptoes Chandon left them. As silently old Indian Angie joined him, her short hair in stringy wisps about her deep-lined face, the stem of her pipe peering out between the buttons of her dress.

Chuckling softly between her gums she built a fire and started the preparation of breakfast. It pleased her to think of how she had stirred about in the night, giving the baby a bottle of cold condensed milk, raising the sleeping man's feet to a chair, blocking the old Boston rocker with sticks of stovewood, tucking the crazy-quilt about him, and all without this great doctor knowing it.

As Chandon returned from feeding his horse a sudden wail rose from the child's bed near the fireplace. Old Angie snatched him up, but too late. Disheveled Ollie appeared in the doorway, blinking and scratching his head. He frowned sheepishly at the signs of activity in which he had no part and insisted on holding his son while the latter sucked noisily at the bottle the old woman brought.

"We'll let Sophy sleep," said Chandon as the three sat down to the meal. The boy was moody, distraught as he consumed his food, drinking his coffee from the saucer with great noisy breaths. Angie ate with her fingers and mumbled the crisp bacon strips between her toothless jaws. Without words they finished; with few words the old woman left for her shack across the swamp. The doctor took his bag.

"I'll be getting back to town, Ollie."

The boy eyed him uncertainly. "You done a lot for Sophy—and for me, too. Her and I won't forget. Ah—before you go, doc—will—do you think Black Joe will die?"

The same question he had asked in Brail's cabin. Chandon flashed a quick look to the boy's tense face. Was it imagination or did he really see there the hope that the injured man would die?

"It is a serious wound," he answered gravely; "I can't tell yet."

Ollie made two ineffectual beginnings, and finally said: "Doc, I wanted you to know about me, what I was trying to do. Four years now nobody can say a thing against the Steever name. But—but Black Joe Brail—if he gets well—he'll say something. And I'd rather die than have him say it."

"Listen, doc; set down, will you? I better tell you the rest of it. If he—well, you'll prob'ly hear it anyway." He fumbled at his shirt, bared his broad chest, revealing a great blue-black bruise.

"Black Joe done that. But I didn't do anything—I didn't have time. That is, maybe I might of, but even when I was

maddest I was thinking of Sophy and little Ollie and the new place, and it kept me back. It was a hell of a fix for me, doc. If I killed him, like I wanted to, it would be the end of everything. If I didn't—well, anyway, I didn't. And then it was too late.

"Yesterday about noon Black Joe come to the door. Sophy was blazing with fever, getting worse and worse. Joe went in by the bed and looked at her. You know, doc, the kind of mean look he's got. A kind of a sneer and a slanting look. Well, he stood there, never saying anything, like he enjoyed it.

"Sophy tossed and turned. It scared me the way she acted. And pretty soon she—she begun to talk. You know how folks talk when they're out of their head, doc; you're a doctor. I didn't know much about it and it made me feel cold all over. I took hold of Joe's coat and started to pull him out of the room, but he held back and stood there. I could of took him out, I'm stronger than him, but I didn't want to scuffle in there. Then Sophy—Sophy said something—about Milt and the shooting—she—she knew who done it—and she told who it was. I sunk down on my knees and tried to talk to her, but she didn't know me. I tell you, doc, that was the worst minute I ever spent. My head was buzzing—and I thought she was going to die right there. But she calmed down after a bit and seemed to be regular sleeping, but just the same I knew then I'd been a fool not to have a doctor.

"Joe's face was pretty white, and his sneery look was gone. He stepped back, watching me to see what I was going to do. I looked at him, kind of shivering, and licked my lips. Then I turned to Sophy and smoothed her hair. I heard Black Joe's spurs dragging across the floor—and I thought about his horse. Right off I figured what I'd do. I couldn't leave Sophy, but I could use Joe to get the doctor.

"I went outside. Joe was getting on his horse.

" 'Joe,' I said, 'Sophy's awful sick. Maybe she's a little bit queer with the fever and all. People like that don't say things that mean sense. I wouldn't want it to get out that Sophy's crazy, would I? You and me will just forget what she said, Joe, and we won't say nothing about anything. You just go as fast as you can and tell the doctor she's awful sick, and make him promise to come.'

"At the first I'd figured I wouldn't ask you to come here, doc. I didn't think you would, what with the things Amos said about you and you never getting paid and everything. But with Joe here and the horse waiting, I made up my mind. I couldn't think about anything but her own good, and I asked Joe to try get you to come.

"Joe sat on his horse and didn't say a word for a while. That sneaky squint come back in his face and his mouth begun twisting into that old sneering grin. I knew he thought I was yellow. It was all I could do to keep from pulling him off the saddle. I was shaking all over, doc. I guess I never was so upset in my life, and I didn't think what I was saying. I went up close to him. 'Joe,' I said, 'you know the kind of men the Steevers are. They don't stand for—' but I stopped right there. I'd said too much. He knew what I was thinking, and he grinned that nasty grin. Then he said: 'Don't worry, Ollie, I'll tell the doctor.' And he dug in his spurs and rode off.

"I was burning hot and cold at the same time—not with fever but with my feelings. I took down my rifle and pulled a bead on his back, but I didn't shoot. Where would I be if I did? And where would I be if I didn't? And he rode out of sight.

"Doc, I walked the floor all afternoon, doing what I could for Sophy, and thinking. But I couldn't think very straight. And when it come dark and the storm begun, I had a feeling you wouldn't come, and it near drove me crazy. Sophy was easier, but I was afraid she would get worse again, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran two miles across the swamp and dragged old Indian Angie over. She'd been good to Sophy, and she come. Then I started down the road, hoping I'd meet you. It shows how bad off my mind was—I forgot that you couldn't of come so soon. I kept agoing further and further, faster and faster. By the time I got near to Outlook I knew Black Joe hadn't told you or you wouldn't come—it had to be one or the other—but I kept saying, 'when I tell him he'll come, when I tell him he'll come,' keeping time to my feet in the dark.

"By the bridge I saw a light in a cabin. I looked in the window. There was Brail, sitting up with a bottle. I opened the door. When he saw me he jumped up, scared as a rabbit, and stumbled back in a corner, and I saw he was half drunk. I didn't move, and pretty soon he straight-

ened up and wiped his forehead and picked up his hat and staggered to the door.

"I forgot about the doctor, Ollie," he said, and he showed his teeth like it was a good joke. "Too bad. Come in, have a drink. What d'you know about that, forgetting to tell the doctor about your little wife. But I'll tell him, Ollie, right now; I remember what I was going to do. You wait here, Ollie, I got something to tell the doctor, all right."

"I stopped him. 'Joe, you go to bed. I'll get the doctor.' He shoved past me. I grabbed at him, but he got away in the dark. I heard him sloshing through the mud. I took a couple of steps after him, and I guess what I said scared him. He stubbed against something and I heard him fall. When he got up he had a rock—he hit me in the chest. I was in the light from the open door and he was in the dark or I would of dodged it. It kind of set me back, but I was hot after him then—if I hadn't thought about the baby and Sophy I'd of had him and maybe killed him.

"I stopped, and heard him running towards the bridge. He must of thought I was close behind, 'cause when he come to that big log across the gulch near the bridge—he started across. Then he fell.

"You know what I thought, standing there in the rain in the dark, doc? I thought, 'I hope to God he's dead.' He didn't make a sound, and I went on to town and woke up a man and found out where you lived."

His big form remained slumped in the chair; chin on breast, he sat staring at his worn boots. His thick awkward hands hung listlessly between his knees. To Chandon's brain flashed the picture of those clumsy paws hungrily, tenderly holding little Ollie Steever; of that gaunt body driven thirty desperate miles by the thought of Sophy's need.

The doctor rose and put a hand on Ollie Steever's shoulder. Neither spoke. But there was something more than a mere physical contact in that touch. The boy raised his head, looked for a long moment into the doctor's kindly face. He could not speak for the tightness in his throat, but he summoned a faint smile.

"He is worse," Mrs. Meecham whispered. Doctor Chandon looked past her through Brail's doorway to the built-in bunk and its motionless figure.

"Is he conscious?" he asked.

"Yes. He came to last night, and seemed to be getting along all right, tho he had

a fever. I followed your orders and did what I could for him, and he went to sleep. The fever went up and until a little while ago he tossed and mumbled and wouldn't be still. He's quieter now, but I'm glad you've come."

When the woman had gone Doctor Chandon stood over the wounded man, peering into the old-young face, lined with its record of hard years. Hot fever burned his skin; his breath came noisily from between twisted lips; a sluggish pulse beat noticeably in the rosy neck.

Joe Brail opened his eyes, let their gaze rest blankly on the doctor's face. Then recognition came, and memory. Into the sinister face crept a vindictive expression.

"That damn log," he said abruptly. "Too much hootch or I'd never ha' slipped offen it. The young fool tried to head me, doc, but he couldn't. He'll pay for this. Trying to tell me what I can't do—"

"Never mind, Brail, you're in no condition—"

"Who's he to talk to me?" demanded Brail harshly. "The last of a nest of crooks and jailbirds. Only he ain't got the guts the others had—they were a bad lot, but he's yellow—yellow, I say! Him saying he'd get the one that shot Milt. Huh! He had the chance, didn't he? You bet! Don't I know—"

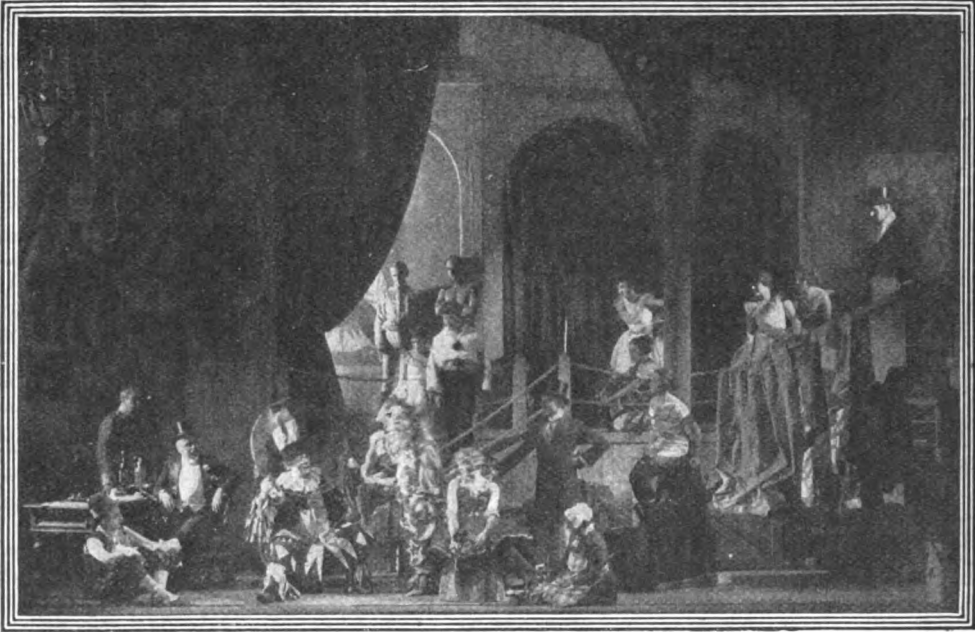
"Keep quiet!" The doctor's voice was edged.

"I won't keep quiet! When I get up I'll show how yellow he is. That black-haired girl, his wife—she was too good for me. Stuck up! Wouldn't let me come round. I knew her before he did, damn her! Well, wait, that's all. I heard what she said. She don't know she spilled everything in her fever. 'Milt Steever,' she says, 'don't you come closer . . . you get back out of that window . . . I got a gun . . . I'm a good girl and you know it . . . I tell you I'll shoot . . .' And she did shoot! She killed Milt Steever. We both heard her say it. And Ollie never done nothing but kiss her hand. I ain't told anybody, but wait till I—get up—"

The doctor glanced quickly over his shoulder. His eyes were hard as they returned to Brail's twisted face, from which the blood seemed suddenly to drain away. The bandaged head rolled limply to one side on a neck that had gone slack.

The living man automatically put his hand to the other's wrist, then drew the blanket up over the face.

"Thank God!" said Doctor Chandon.



Photos by Francis Brugulere

THEY ARE ALL LOOKING AT HE-WHO-GETS-SLAPPED

"He" (Richard Bennett) is seated, the fourth person from the left in the picture, which shows all the members of the circus and most of the cast in the extraordinary play by Leonid Andreyev produced the Theatre Guild of New York.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

A Satire on the Vanity of Superhuman Wishes

By LEONID ANDREYEV

L EONID ANDREYEV, the Russian writer, may have had a great idea in mind when he wrote this symbolic and romantic play and called it "He, the One Who Gets Slapped"; but he did not succeed in expressing it with that clarity born of the vision which distinguishes high dramatic art. In this play, produced by the Theatre Guild, effectively directed by Robert Milton, mounted by Lee Simonson and interpreted by such capable actors as Richard Bennett, Margalo Gillmore, Louis Calvert, Frank Reicher, Helen Westley and Ernest Cossart, among some two dozen others, we see a man of high education, of great intellectual achievement, who, with apparent willingness but actually through force of

circumstances, abandons his ordinary mode of life and becomes a circus clown. The relations of man to man, of group to group, according to Andreyev, are such that the Man is forced to efface himself. Even Thought, or the Book, could not help the Man to become a God. He becomes a clown; performs antics; gets slapped repeatedly; the public laughs, being unaware that this laughter is a mockery itself, of its culture, of its thought, of its achievement.

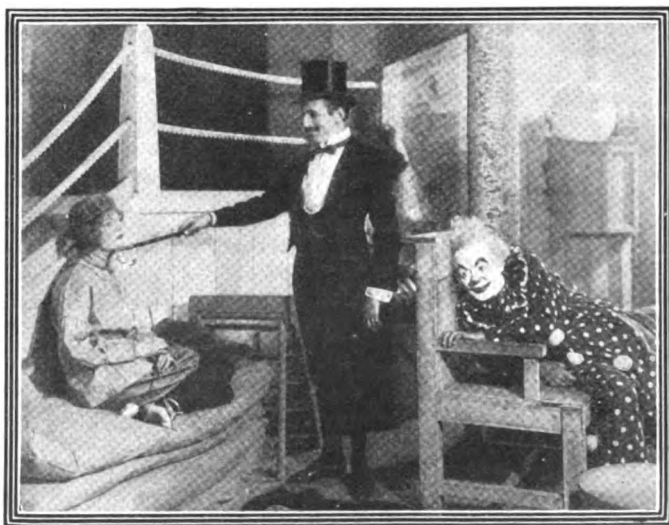
The characters of the play, as Gregory Zilboorg, its translator, points out and as the reader will see, are depicted with a bitter sarcasm and unfriendliness, for Andreyev seems to have lost what remnants of faith he ever had in the Man.

The scene throughout the four acts of the play is the greenroom, or whatever they call it, of a French circus, whose tent is pitched in such a city as Lyons or Marseilles. Besides the anonymous "He," such characters as Consuelo, the equestrienne; Zinida, a lion-tamer; Bezano, a bareback rider, are described as stray rays of light out of place in the world and even in the world-circus, which is full of spiders, champagne and human outcasts. With its circus background this Franco-Russian satire is even more picturesque than "Liliom," tho it is less interesting and not nearly so human in its appeal. Altho "He" (Richard Bennett) takes every precaution to conceal his troubles as well as his identity, it develops that not only his wife but his ideas have been stolen by a man who wins a cheap celebrity through a book into which he has put the ideas, even tho he never succeeds in being anything but a charlatan to the wife. There is a touch of Hamlet about the strange fellow, "He," who pulls down the tent of disaster upon the heads of the circus folk. Tho "He" seems half mad at times, we dare say the author intended him to be quite as sane as Hamlet. Possibly the fatality of his course comes of running away to a circus too late in life.

The play has been received by the critics with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Applauding the Theatre Guild for having "taken this baffling, tantalizing elliptical tragedy out of the Russian and brought it to life on their 'stage,'" Alexander Wollcott, in the *New York Times*, admits that to the average American playgoer "much of it lies just out of reach, like a line of verse half remembered, like a piece of

half familiar music coming a little muffled through a wall." Charles Darnton, in the *Evening World*, finds it "alive with color and action, a production that at least fills the eye," while Percy Hammond opines, in the *Tribune*, that "it will be regarded by the more devout of the Theatre Guild's following as a masterpiece; and to others as at least an engaging affectation." Kenneth MacGowan, of the *Globe*, describes it as "one of the two most interesting plays in town. A brilliant, picturesque and difficult drama, well staged."

The curtain rises on a morning rehearsal of the circus ensemble, including the chief clown, Jackson (Henry Travers), and the manager, Briquet (Ernest Cossart). A fortune-hunting scoundrel, Count Mancini (Frank Reicher), puts in an appearance for the purpose of collecting the wages due his supposed daughter, Consuelo (Margalo Gillmore). A strange gentleman is ushered in. He is not young and he is ugly. He wears an expensive overcoat with a fur collar and holds his hat and gloves in his hand as he addresses Briquet, applying for a clownship in the circus. He recommends himself as



COUNT MANCINI (FRANK REICHER) REMINDS CONSUELO (MARGALO GILLMORE) THAT HE IS HER FATHER

"He" (Richard Bennett) is playing eavesdropper and forming his own conclusions.

being qualified to play the part of one who gets slapped.

JACKSON. "He Who Gets Slapped," that's not bad.

GENTLEMAN. It's not, is it? I rather like it myself. It suits my talent. And, comrades, I have even found a name. You'll call me "He." Is that all right?

JACKSON. (*Thinking.*) "He"—not bad.

CONSUELO. (*In a singing, melodic voice.*) "He" is so funny—"He"—like a dog. Daddy, are there such dogs?

(*Jackson suddenly gives a circus slap to the gentleman. "He" steps back and grows pale.*)

GENTLEMAN. What! (*General laughter covers his exclamation.*)

JACKSON. He Who Gets Slapped! Or didn't you get it?

POLLY. (*Comically.*) He says he wants more. (*The gentleman smiles, rubbing his cheek.*)

GENTLEMAN. So sudden! Without waiting! How funny! You didn't hurt me, and yet my cheek burns. (*Again there is loud laughter. The clowns cackle like ducks, hens, cocks; they bark. Zinida says something to Briquet, casts a glance toward Bezano, and goes out. Mancini assumes a bored air and looks at his watch.*)

JACKSON. Take him, Papa Briquet; he will push us.

MANCINI. (*Again looking at his watch.*) But bear in mind that Papa Briquet is as close as Harpagon. If you expect to get good money here you are mistaken. "He" laughs.) A slap? What's a slap? Worth only small change, a franc and a half a dozen. Better go back to society; you will make more money there. Why, for one slap, just a light tap, you might say, my friend, Marquis Justi, was paid fifty thousand lire!

BRIQUET. Shut up, Mancini. Will you take care of him, Jackson?

JACKSON. I can.

POLLY. Do you like music? A Beethoven sonata played on a broom, for instance, or Mozart on a bottle?

HE. Alas! No. But I will be exceedingly grateful if you will teach me. A clown! My childhood's dream. When all my school friends were thrilled by Plutarch's heroes or the light of science I dreamed of clowns. Beethoven on a broom, Mozart on bottles! Just what I have sought all my life. Friends, I must have a costume.

JACKSON. I see you don't know much. A costume (*putting his finger on his forehead*) is a thing which calls for long, deep thought. Have you seen my Sun here? (*Strikes his back.*) I looked for it two years.

The question of wages arises and to the general astonishment the newcomer is indifferent about pay. Briquet is pleased and asks the stranger for his name or his card.

HE. (*Rubs his head, thinking.*) What shall I do? I have my card, but (*smiles*) you understand that I don't want my name to be known.

BRIQUET. Some story, hey?

HE. Yes, something like that. Why can't you imagine that I have no name? Can't I lose it as I might lose my hat? Or let some one else take it by mistake? When a stray dog comes to you, you don't ask his name, you simply give him another. Let me be that dog. (*Laughing.*) He—the Dog!

ZINIDA. Why don't you tell us your name, just the two of us? Nobody else need know it. Unless you should break your neck—

HE. (*Hesitates.*) Honestly? (*Zinida shrugs her shoulders.*)

BRIQUET. Where people are honest, their word is good. One sees that you come from out there.

HE. All right. But, please, don't be surprized. (*Gives Zinida his card. She looks at it, then hands it to Briquet, then both look at "He."*)

BRIQUET. If it is true, sir, that you are what is written here—

HE. For heaven's sake—for heaven's sake—this does not exist, but was lost long ago; it is just a check for an old hat. I pray you to forget it, as I have. I am He Who Gets Slapped—nothing else. (*Silence.*)

BRIQUET. I beg your pardon, sir; but I must ask you again, I must humbly ask you, are you not drunk, sir? There is something in your eye—something.

And so on to the end of the introductory act. The second act occurs during the evening performance. Consuelo and a Baron Regnard (Louis Calvert), who is infatuated with the girl, occupy the stage. He is disgusting but shrewd and reputed to be enormously rich.

Consuelo spurns his suit. They are interrupted by Jackson, Briquet and other circus people entering; with them Count Mancini, who drops into intimate conversation with "He." Champagne is served. Mancini hints darkly at his past life. "He" inquires whether the Count has ever been in prison.

MANCINI. (*Laughing.*) Prison! Musn't I uphold the glory of my name now, eh? He, I'm joking—but there is hell in my heart. You're the only one who understands me. But tell me how to explain this passion? It will turn my hair gray, it'll bring me to prison, to the grave. I am a tragic man. He—(*wipes his eyes with a dirty handkerchief*), why don't I like things which are not forbidden? Why, at all moments, even at the very moment of ecstasy, must I be reminded of some law—it is stupid. He, I am becoming an anarchist. Good God! Count Mancini, an anarchist! That's the only thing I've missed.

HE. Isn't there a way of settling it somehow?

MANCINI. Is there a way of getting money, somehow?

HE. And the Baron?

MANCINI. Oh, yes, he's just waiting for it, the blood-sucker. He'll get what he's after. Some day you'll see me give him Consuelo for ten thousand francs, perhaps for five.

HE. Cheap.

MANCINI. Did I say it was anything else? Do I want to do it? But these bourgeois are strangling me, they've got me by the throat. He, one can easily see that you're a gentleman, and of good society, you understand me. I showed you the jewels which I sent back to him. Damn honesty! I didn't even dare change the stones, put false ones—

HE. Why?

MANCINI. It would have queered the game. Do you think he didn't weigh the



THE CLOWNS SERENADE CONSUELO

While Zinida (Helen Westley) appears to be pronouncing a benediction over the little equestrian tango queen, whose days are numbered.

diamonds when he got them back?

HE. He will not marry her.

MANCINI. Yes, he will. You don't understand. (*Laughs.*) The first half of his life this man had only appetites, now love's got him. If he does not get Consuelo, he is lost, he is—like a withered narcissus. Plague take him with his automobiles. Did you see his car?

HE. I did. Give Consuelo to the Jockey.

MANCINI. To Bezano? (*Laughs.*) What nonsense you do talk! Oh, I know, it's your joke about Adam and Eve. But please stop it. It's clever but it compromises the child. She told me about it.

HE. Or give her to me.

MANCINI. Have you a billion? (*Laughs.*) Ah, He, I'm not in the proper mood to listen to your clownish jokes. They say there are terrible jails in this country, and no discriminations are being made between people of my kind and plain scoundrels. Why do you look at me like that? You're making fun of me?

HE. No.

MANCINI. I'll never get accustomed to those faces. You're so disgustingly made up.

HE. He will not marry her. You can be as proud as you please, Mancini, but he'll not marry her. What is Consuelo? She is not educated. When she is off her horse, any good housemaid from a decent house has nicer manners, and speaks bet-

ter. (*Nonchalantly.*) Don't you think she's stupid?

MANCINI. No, she's not stupid. And you, He, are a fool. What need has a woman of intelligence? Why, He, you astonish me. Consuelo is an unpolished jewel, and only a real donkey does not notice her sparkle. Do you know what happened? I tried to begin to polish her—

HE. Yes, you took a teacher. And what happened?

MANCINI. (*Nodding his head.*) I was frightened—it went too fast—I had to dismiss him. Another month or two and she would have kicked me out. (*Laughs.*) The clever old diamond merchants of Amsterdam keep their precious stone unpolished and fool the thieves. My father taught me that.

HE. The sleep of a diamond. It is only sleeping, then. You are wise, Mancini.

MANCINI. Do you know what blood flows in the veins of an Italian woman? The blood of Hannibal and Corsini, of a Borgia, and of a dirty Lombardi peasant and of a Moor. Oh! an Italian woman is not of a lower race, with only peasants and gypsies behind her. All possibilities, all forms, are included in her, as in our marvelous sculpture. Do you understand that, you fool? Strike here and out springs a washerwoman or a cheap street girl whom you want to throw out because she is sloppy and has a screechy voice. Strike there, but carefully and gently, for there stands a queen, a goddess, the Venus of the Capitol, who sings like a Stradivarius and makes you cry, idiot. An Italian woman—

HE. You're quite a poet, Mancini. But what will the Baron make of her?

MANCINI. What? What? Make of her? A baroness, you fool! What are you laughing at? I don't get you. But I am happy that this lovesick beast is neither a duke nor a prince, or she would be a princess and I—what would become of me? A year after the wedding they would not let me even into the kitchen (*laughing*), not even into the kitchen. I, Count Mancini, and she a—a simple—

HE. (*Jumping up.*) What did you say? You are not her father, Mancini?

MANCINI. Tss—the devil—I am so nervous to-day! Heavens, who do you think I am? "Her father?" Of course (*tries to laugh*); how silly you are; haven't you noticed the family resemblance? Just look, the nose, the eyes. (*Suddenly sighs deeply.*) Ah, He, how unhappy I am! Think of it. Here I am, a gentleman, nearly beaten in my struggle to keep up the honor of my name, of an old house, while there in the parquet, there sits that beast, an elephant with the eyes of a spider . . . and he looks at Consuelo . . . and—

HE. Yes, yes, he has the motionless stare of a spider, you're right!

MANCINI. Just what I say—spider! But I must, I shall, compel him to marry her. You'll see. (*Walking excitedly up and down, playing with his cane.*) You'll see. All my life I've been getting ready for this battle. (*He continues to walk up and down. Silence. Outside, great stillness.*)

HE. (*Listening.*) Why is it so quiet out there? What a strange silence.

MANCINI. (*Disgusted.*) I don't know. Out there it is quiet, but here (*touching his forehead with his cane*), here is storm, whirlwind. (*Bends over the clown.*) He,



THE BARON IS TEMPTING HER WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE

Consuelo can scarcely credit her ears when the rich Baron Regnard (Louis Calvert) lays his fortune and name at her feet.

shall I tell you a strange thing, an unusual trick of nature? (*Laughs, and looks very important.*) For three centuries the Counts Mancini have had no children! (*Laughs.*)

HE. Then how were you born?

MANCINI. Sh! Silence!

The circus folk troop in headed by Zinida, who, in explanation of the silence in the big tent, has been particularly foolhardy with her lions. Eventually "He" and Consuelo are left alone.

CONSUELO. Dear He, what does "love" mean? Everybody speaks of love, love—Zinida, too. Poor Zinida! What a boring evening this has been! He, did you paint the laughter on your face yourself?

HE. My own self, dear little Consuelo.

CONSUELO. How do you do it, all of you? I tried once, but couldn't do a thing. Why are there no women clowns? Why are you so silent, He? You, too, are sad to-night.

HE. No, I am happy to-night. Give me your hand, Consuelo, I want to see what it says.

CONSUELO. Do you know how? What a talented man you are! Read it, but don't lie, like a gypsy. (*"He" goes down on one knee and takes her hand. Both bend over it.*) Am I lucky?

HE. Yes, lucky. But wait a minute; this line here—funny! Ah, Consuelo, what does it say here? (*Acting.*) I tremble, my eyes do not care to read the strange, fatal signs. Consuelo—

CONSUELO. The stars are talking.

HE. Yes, the stars are talking. Their voices are distant and terrible; their rays are pale, and their shadows slip by like

the ghosts of dead virgins; their spell is upon thee, Consuelo, beautiful Consuelo. Thou standest at the door of Eternity.

CONSUELO. I don't understand. Does it mean that I will live long?

HE. This line—how far it goes! Strange! Thou wilt live eternally, Consuelo.

CONSUELO. You see, He, you did tell a lie, just like a gypsy.

HE. But it is written here, silly, and here. Now think of what the stars are saying. Here you have eternal life, love and glory; and here, listen to what Jupiter says. He says: "Goddess, thou must not

belong to anyone born on earth," and if you marry the Baron you'll perish, you'll die, Consuelo. (*Consuelo laughs.*)

CONSUELO. Will he eat me?

HE. No. But you will die before he has time to eat you.

CONSUELO. And what will become of father? Is there nothing about him here? (*Laughing, she softly sings the melody of a waltz which is playing in the distance.*)

HE. Don't laugh, Consuelo, at the voice of the stars. They are far away, their rays are light and pale, and we can barely see their sleeping shadows; but their sorcery is stern and dark. You stand at the gates of eternity. Your die is cast; you are doomed, and your Alfred, whom you love in your heart, even tho' your mind is not aware of it, your Alfred cannot save you. He, too, is a stranger on this earth. He is submerged in a deep sleep. He, too, is a little god who has lost himself, and, Consuelo, never, never will he find his way to Heaven again. Forget Bezano—

CONSUELO. I don't understand a word. Do the gods really exist? My teacher told me about them. But I thought it was all



"HE" (RICHARD BENNETT) DISCOVERS THAT CONSUELO (MARGALO GILLMORE) IS IN LOVE WITH BEZANO (JOHN RUTHERFORD), A BAREBACK RIDER IN THE CIRCUS

Also that "He" himself is under her spell of innocence and beauty and would make himself her lord protector, as it were

tales. (*Laughs.*) And my Bezano is a god?

HE. Forget Bezano! Consuelo, do you know what can save you?—I.

CONSUELO. (*Laughing.*) You, He?

HE. Yes, but don't laugh. Look! Here is the letter H. It is I, He.

CONSUELO. He Who Gets Slapped? Is that written here, too?

HE. That, too. The stars know everything. But look here what more is written about him. Consuelo, welcome him. He is an old god in disguise, who came down to earth only to love you, foolish little Consuelo.

CONSUELO. (*Laughing and singing.*) Some god!

HE. Don't mock! The gods don't like such empty laughter from beautiful lips. The gods grow lonely and die when they are not recognized. Oh, Consuelo! Oh, great joy and love! Do recognize this god,

and accept him. Think a moment! One day a god suddenly went crazy.

CONSUELO. Gods go crazy, too?

HE. Yes, when they are half man, then they often go mad. Suddenly he saw his own sublimity and shuddered with horror, with infinite solitude, with superhuman anguish. It is terrible, when anguish touches the divine soul.

Of course the girl is bewildered at such rhapsodical language, but suddenly she appears to be mesmerized and then as suddenly she recovers to find "He" kneeling at her feet.

HE. I love you, Consuelo, revelation of my heart, light of my nights. I love you, Consuelo. (*Looks at her in ecstasy and tears—and gets a slap; starting back.*) What's this?

CONSUELO. A slap! You forget who you are. (*Stands up, with anger in her eyes.*) You are He Who Gets Slapped. Did you forget it? Some god! With such a face—slapped face! Was it with slaps they threw you down from heaven, god?

HE. Wait! Don't stand up! I did not finish the play.

CONSUELO. (*Sits.*) Then you were playing?

HE. Wait! One minute.

CONSUELO. You lied to me. Why did you play so that I believed in you?

HE. I am He Who Gets Slapped.

CONSUELO. You are not angry because I struck you? I did not want to really, but you were so—disgusting. And now you are so funny again. You have great talent, He, or are you drunk?

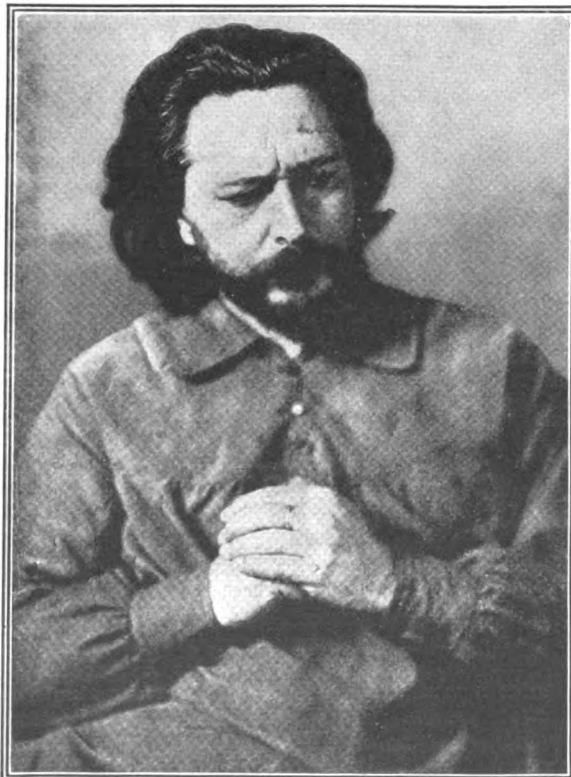
HE. Strike me again.

CONSUELO. No.

HE. I need it for my play. Strike!

CONSUELO. (*Laughs, and touches his cheek with her fingertips.*) Here, then.

HE. Didn't you understand that you are a queen, and I a fool who is in love with his queen? Don't you know, Consuelo, that every queen has a fool and he is always in love with her, and they always beat him for it—He Who Gets Slapped.



IN "HE WHO GETS SLAPPED," THIS RUSSIAN DRAMATIST HAS WRITTEN A PUZZLING ALLEGORY.

Its successful production by the New York Theatre Guild is introducing Leonid Andreyev to a posthumous fame in the America theater.

CONSUELO. No, I didn't know.

HE. Yes, every queen. Beauty has her fool. Wisdom, too. Oh, how many fools she has! Her court is overcrowded with enamored fools, and the sound of slaps does not cease, even through the night. But I never received such a sweet slap as the one given by my little queen. (*Someone appears at the door. He notices it and continues to play, making many faces.*) Clown He can have no rival! Who is there who could stand such a deluge of slaps, such a hail-storm of slaps, and not get soaked? (*Feigns to cry aloud.*) "Have pity on me. I am but a poor fool!"

The third act transpires in the morning of the next day. He is discovered alone in his clownish dress. A gentleman comes in, dressed in black and of waxen-yellow face. "He" recognizes him. They talk. The gentleman hesitates to call "He" by name.

HE. You have forgotten my name again? My name is He.

GENTLEMAN. You are determined to continue talking to me like this?

HE. Decidedly. But you are squandering your time like a millionaire. Hurry up!

GENTLEMAN. I really don't know. . . . Everything here strikes me so. . . . These posters, horses, animals, which I passed when I was looking for you. . . . And, finally, you, a clown in a circus! (*With a slight, deprecating smile.*) Could I expect it? It is true, when everybody there decided that you were dead, I was the only man who did not agree with them. I felt that you were still alive. But to find you among such surroundings, I can't understand it.

HE. You said you have a son now. Doesn't he look like me?

GENTLEMAN. I don't understand?

HE. Don't you know that widows or divorced women often have children by the new husband which resemble the old one? This misfortune did not befall you? (*Laughs.*) And your book, too, is a big success, I hear.

GENTLEMAN. You want to insult me again?

HE. (*Laughing.*) What a restless, touchy faker you are! Please sit still; be quiet. It is the custom here to speak this way. Why were you trying to find me?

GENTLEMAN. My conscience. . . .

HE. You have no conscience. Or were

you afraid that you hadn't robbed me of everything I possessed, and you came for the rest? But what more could you take from me now? My fool's cap with its bells? You wouldn't take it. It's too big for your bald head. Crawl back, you book-worm!

GENTLEMAN. You cannot forgive the fact that your wife. . . .

HE. To the devil with my wife! (*The gentleman is startled and raises his eyebrows. HE laughs.*)

GENTLEMAN. I don't know. . . . But such language! I confess I find difficulty in expressing my thoughts in such an atmosphere, but if you are so. . . indifferent to your wife, who, I shall allow myself to emphasize the fact, loved you and thought you were a saint— (*HE laughs.*) Then what brought you to such a. . . step? Or is it that you cannot forgive me my success? A success, it is true, not entirely deserved. And now you want to take vengeance, with your humbleness, on those who misunderstood you. But you always were so indifferent to glory. Or your indifference was only hypocrisy. And when I, a more lucky rival. . . .

HE. (*With a burst of laughter.*) Rival! You—a rival!

GENTLEMAN. (*Growing pale.*) But my book!

HE. You are talking to me about your book? To me? (*The gentleman is very pale. He looks at him with curiosity and mockery.*)

GENTLEMAN. (*Raising his eyes.*) I am a very unhappy man.

HE. Why?

GENTLEMAN. I am a very unhappy man. You must forgive me. I am deeply, irreparably and infinitely unhappy.

HE. But why? Explain it to me. (*Starts walking up and down.*) You say yourself that your book is a tremendous success, you are famous, you have glory; there is not a yellow newspaper in which you and your thoughts are not mentioned. Who knows me? Who cares about my heavy abstractions, from which it was difficult for them to derive a single thought? You—you are the great vulgarizer. You have made my thoughts comprehensible even to horses. With the art of a great vulgarizer, a tailor of ideas, you dressed my Apollo in a barber's jacket, you handed my Venus a yellow ticket, and to my bright hero you gave the ears of an ass. And then your career is made, as Jackson says. And wherever I go, the whole street

looks at me with thousands of faces in which—what mockery!—I recognize the traits of my own children. Oh, how ugly your son must be, if he resembles me! Why then are you unhappy, you poor devil? (*The gentleman bows his head, plucking at his gloves.*) The police haven't caught you, as yet. What am I talking about? Is it possible to catch you? You always keep within the limits of the law. You have been torturing yourself up to now because you are not married to my wife. A notary public is always present at your thefts. What is the use of this self-torture, my friend? Get married. I died. You are not satisfied with having taken only my wife? Let my glory remain in your possession. It is yours. Accept my ideas. Assume all the rights, my most lawful heir. I died! And when I was dying (*making a stupidly pious face*) I forgave thee. (*Bursts out laughing. The gentleman raises his head and bending forward looks straight into He's eyes.*)

GENTLEMAN. And my pride?

HE. Have you any pride? (*The gentleman straightens up and nods his head silently.*) Yes! But please stand off a little. I don't like to look at you. Think of it! There was a time when I loved you a little, even thought you a little gifted! You—my empty shadow.

GENTLEMAN. (*Nodding his head.*) I am your shadow. (*HE keeps on walking and looks over his shoulder at the gentleman, with a smile.*)

HE. Oh, you are marvelous. What a comedy! What a touching comedy! Listen! Tell me frankly, if you can, do you hate me very much?

GENTLEMAN. Yes, with all the hate there is in the world. Sit down here.

HE. You order me?

GENTLEMAN. Sit down here. Thank you! (*Bows.*) I am respected and I am famous, yes. I have a wife and a son, yes. (*Laughs slowly.*) My wife still loves you: our favorite discussion is about your genius. She supposes you are a genius. We, I and she, love you even when we are in bed. Tss! It is I who must make faces. My son, yes, he'll resemble you. And when, in order to have a little rest, I go to my desk, to my ink-pot, my books, there, too, I find you. Always you! Everywhere you! And I am never alone, never myself and alone. And when at night—you, sir, should understand this—when at night I go to my lonely thoughts, to my sleepless contemplations, even then I find your image in my head, in my unfortunate brain,

your damned and hateful image. (*Silence. The gentleman's eyes twitch.*)

HE. (*Speaking slowly.*) What a comedy! How marvelously everything is turned about in this world! The robbed proves to be a robber, and the robber is complaining of theft and cursing. (*Laughs.*) Listen, I was mistaken. You are not my shadow. You are the crowd. If you live by my creations, you hate me. If you breathe my breath, you are choking with anger. And, choking with anger, hating me, you still walk slowly on the trail of my ideas. But you are advancing backward, advancing backward, comrade. Oh, what a marvelous comedy!

They are interrupted and the gentleman presently departs in the belief that "He" is as mad as a hatter. Consuelo comes in.

CONSUELO. Hello, He. Come and lie down at my feet and tell me something cheerful. . . . You know, when you paint the laughter on your face, you are very good looking; but now, too, you are very, very nice. Come on, He, why don't you lie down?

HE. Consuelo! Are you going to marry the Baron?

CONSUELO. (*Indifferently.*) It seems so. The Baron is hanging by a thread. He, there is one little sandwich left. Eat it.

HE. Thank you, my queen. (*Eats.*) And do you remember my prediction?

CONSUELO. What prediction? How quickly you swallow! Does it taste good?

HE. Very good. That if you marry the Baron, you . . .

CONSUELO. Oh, that's what you're talking about. . . . But you were making fun.

HE. Nobody can tell, my Queen. Sometimes one makes fun and suddenly it turns out to be true; the stars never talk in vain. If sometimes it is difficult for a human being to open his mouth and to say a word, how difficult it must be for a star. Think of it.

CONSUELO. (*Laughing.*) I should say. Such a mouth! (*Makes a tiny mouth.*)

HE. No, my dear little girl, were I in your place, I would think it over. And suppose suddenly you should die? Don't marry the Baron, Consuelo.

CONSUELO. (*Thinking.*) And what is—death?

HE: I do not know, my Queen. Nobody knows. Like love, nobody knows.

But your little hands will become cold, and your dear little eyes will be closed. You will be away from here. And the music will play without you, and without you the crazy Benzano will be galloping, and Tilly and Polly will be playing on their pipes without you; tilly-polly, tilly-polly . . . tilly-tilly, polly-polly. . . .

CONSUELO. Please don't. He darling, I am so sad anyway . . . tilly-tilly, polly-polly . . . (*Silence. He looks at Consuelo.*)

HE. You were crying, my little Consuelo?

CONSUELO. Yes, a little. Alfred made me nervous. But tell me, is it my fault that I can't do anything to-day? I tried to, but I couldn't.

HE. Why?

CONSUELO. Ah, I don't know. There is something here. (*Presses her hand against her heart.*) I don't know. He, I must be sick. What is sickness? Does it hurt very much?

HE. It is not sickness. It is the charm of the far-off star, Consuelo. It is the voice of your fate, my little Queen.

CONSUELO. Don't talk nonsense, please. What should the stars care about me? I am so small! Nonsense! He, tell me, rather, another tale which you know—about the blue sea and those gods, you know . . . who are so beautiful. Did they all die?

HE. They are all alive, but they hide themselves, my goddess.

He goes on talking enigmatically. Bezano enters and "He" catechizes him about his sentiments toward Consuelo.

BEZANO. I shall allow nobody to interfere with my affairs. You allow yourself too many liberties, He. I don't know you. You came from the street, and why should I trust you?

HE. But you know the Baron? Listen. It is painful for me to pronounce these words: she loves you. Save her from the spider! Or are you blind, and don't see the web which is woven in every dark corner? Get out of the vicious circle in which you are turning around, like a blind man. Take her away, steal her, do what you want . . . kill her even, and take her to the heavens or to the devil. But don't give her to this man. He is a defiler of love. And if you are timid, if you are afraid to lift your hand against her—kill the Baron. Kill.

BEZANO. (*With a smile.*) And who will kill the others, to come?

HE. She loves you.

BEZANO. Did she tell you that herself?

HE. What a petty, what a stupid, what a human pride! But *you* are a little god. A god, youth! Why don't you want to believe? Or does the street, from which I have come, bother you? But look, look yourself. Look in my eyes; do such eyes lie? Yes, my face is ugly, I make faces and grimaces, I am surrounded by laughter, but don't you see the god behind all this, a god, like you? Look, look at me! (*Bezano bursts out laughing.*) What are you laughing at, youth?

BEZANO. You look now as you did that evening in the ring. You remember? When you were a great man, and they sent for you from the Academy, and suddenly—Hup! He Who Gets Slapped!

In the fourth and final act Zinida and "He" are fencing conversationally.

ZINIDA. You are malicious to-day, He. You are morose.

HE. I laugh.

ZINIDA. You do, but without joy. Why are you without make-up?

HE. I am in the third act. I have time. And how does Bezano feel about this evening. Is he glad?

ZINIDA. I didn't talk to Bezano. You know what I think, my friend? You, too, are superfluous here.

HE. How do you want me to take that, Zinida?

ZINIDA. Just as I said. In fact, Consuelo sold herself for nothing. What is the Baron worth, with his poor millions? People say that you are clever, too clever perhaps; tell me, then, for how much could one buy me?

HE. (*Looking as if he were pricing her.*) Only for a crown.

ZINIDA. A baron's crown?

HE. No, a royal one.

ZINIDA. You are far from being stupid. And you guessed that Consuelo is not Mancini's daughter?

HE. (*Startled.*) What! And she knows it?

ZINIDA. Hardly. And why should she know it? Yes, she is a girl from Corsica whose parents are unknown. He preferred to use her for business rather than . . . But according to the law, she is his daughter, Countess Veronica Mancini.

HE. It is nice to have everything done

according to law, isn't it, Zinida? But it is curious there is more blue blood in her than in this Mancini. One would say that it was she who found him on the street, and made him a count and her father. Count Mancini! (*Laughs.*)

ZINIDA. Yes, you are gloomy, He. I've changed my mind, you'd better stay.

HE. Will I not be superfluous?

ZINIDA. When she is gone, you will not. Oh! You don't know yet how nice it is to be with us. What a rest for the body and mind. I understand you. I am clever, too. Like you, I brought with me from out there my inclination for chains and for a long time I chained myself to whatever I could in order to feel firm.

HE. Bezano?

ZINIDA. Bezano and others; there were many, there will be many more. My red lion, with whom I am desperately in love, is still more terrible than Bezano. But it is all nonsense; old habits, which we are sorry to let go, like old servants who steal things. Leave Consuelo alone. She has her own way.

HE. Automobiles and diamonds?

ZINIDA. When did you see a beauty clad in simple cotton? If this one does not buy her, another will. They buy off everything that is beautiful. Yes, I know. For the first ten years she will be a sad beauty, who will attract the eyes of the poor man on the sidewalk; afterward she will begin to paint a little around the eyes and smile, and then will take—

HE. Her chauffeur or butler as a lover? You're not guessing badly, Zinida!

ZINIDA. Am I not right? I don't want to intrude on your confidence, but to-day I

am sorry for you, He. What can you do against Fate? Don't be offended, my friend, by the words of a woman. I like you; you are not beautiful, nor young, nor rich, and your place is—

HE. On the sidewalk from which one looks at the beauties. (*Laughs.*) And if I don't want to?

ZINIDA. What does it matter, your "want" or "don't want"? I am sorry for you, my poor friend, but if you are a strong man, and I think you are, then there is only way for you. To forget.

HE. You think that that's being strong? And you are saying this, you, Queen Zinida, who want to awaken the feeling of love even in the heart of a lion? For one second of an illusory possession you are ready to pay with your life, and still you advise me to forget! Give me your strong hand, my beautiful lady; see how much strength there is in this pressure, and don't pity me.

In the end, with the entire company on the stage, Mancini proposes a health to Consuelo, to whom, he announces, Baron Regnard is to be married. Congratulations are in the air. Suddenly Consuelo expresses violent antipathy to her paunch of a suitor. The Baron presently exits, as do most of the others. Consuelo falls into a strange trance and "He" pronounces her to be dying, boasting that he has killed her to save her from the Baron. A shot is heard outside. The Baron has committed suicide. "He" laughs, totters across the stage and falls unconscious.

A NEW PIANO THAT ROBS MUSIC OF TECHNIC TERRORS

WHAT would be the result of a piano on which all the most difficult passages of our present music would be simple? An enormous gain in musical playing surely. No more terrors of technic. Years which the pianist now spends in the effort to do things with his hands would be spent in learning to do things with his mind—to giving himself completely to the joy of interpretation. Well, the instrument—a double-

keyboard piano—has been invented by the composer, Emmanuel Moor, and is creating a sensation in Europe. Ernest Newman, the well-known critic, calls it "one of the epoch-making inventions of music" and says that his first hearing of it was one of the most astonishing experiences of his musical life. In *Pearson's Magazine* are enumerated some of the difficulties which the new instrument overcomes:

(1) Big spreading chords that had

to be "arpeggioid," and then involved an effort, now lie right under the hand; (2) Octaves in either hand can be played as easily as single notes, and you can play scales in double octaves perfectly *legato*.

(3) Big jumps, such as those of the left hand when it sounds a bass note with the little finger and then immediately plays a fistful of a chord higher up the keyboard, either become no jumps at all or very small ones indeed. (4) Crossing-hand passages cease to cross (to the great gain of Scarlatti, for one). And there are other difficulties that vanish; there will still be room for virtuoso technic in one thing (rapidity of finger movements), but almost every other form of technical virtuosity vanishes. Instead of training as technicians, pianists will train as artists.

It is in favor of the Moor instrument that a pianist trained on the ordinary keyboard is not obliged to acquire a new technic. At this point, as the *Musical Quarterly* observes, a number of meritorious inventions, including the celebrated Janko keyboard, have come to grief; after spending years in learning an instrument performers cannot easily be persuaded to try to learn new fingering. It is said that the Moor instrument can be played like an ordinary piano. The upper, or second, keyboard sounds the octave of the corresponding key on the lower board and by an octave coupler octaves can be played as on the organ like single notes, while tenths are reduced to thirds with an immense gain in facility. Between the keyboards is a row of little "steps" on which chromatic passages can be played glissando with prodigious effect.

The ease of all this is evident



A PIANO UPON WHICH A CHILD CAN PLAY BEETHOVEN
Emmanuel Moor, its inventor, is shown playing the new double-keyboard instrument that is creating a sensation in European musical circles.

when it is realized that the white notes of the nearer keyboard are in their back-most inch raised to the same level as the black notes, and that these, in their turn, are on the same level as the white notes of the farther keyboard; thus, at their junction the two keyboards are on one level, and if your hand wishes to play on both at once it naturally uses the junction area of the two keyboards. To adapt oneself to this is said to be perfectly easy.

But how are those *legato* one-hand octaves to be got? By playing them as single notes on the nearer keyboard, coupled to the farther (the coupling is done and undone instantaneously by means of a pedal). Meantime the other hand, if it is called on to play unoctaved notes, has quietly transferred to the farther keyboard (playing an octave lower). This coupling device and the presence of the two keyboards offers some opportunities of wonderful new effects.

Emmanuel Moor lives on the slopes of Mount Pelerin above Vevey. Casals, we are reminded, has played his cello concertos all over the world, and Ysaye has played his violin concerto in many capitals.



HUNG IN THE PLACE RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE "BLUE BOY"

Van Dyck's portrait of "George and Francis Villiers" has been bought by the National Gallery in London, and hangs in the place temporarily occupied by Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" prior to the removal of the latter painting to America. The National Gallery's new acquisition has long been known by the incorrect title of "Lords John and Bernard Stuart." It formerly belonged to the family of Earl Cowper.



THE MOST VALUABLE PAINTING IN THE WORLD

Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," the pride of the Duke of Westminster's collection at Grosvenor House for a hundred years, is now the possession of Henry E. Huntington, of San Gabriel, California. The price of the picture is said to have been £170,000 (at normal rates \$850,000), and the sale is described as the most sensational transaction recorded in the annals of British painting.

THE DYNAMIC POETRY OF BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA

IF official Bolshevism has failed to create any remarkable imaginative literature, there has, nevertheless, sprung up about it a dynamic and philosophical poetry which, according to Prince D. S. Mirski (the Russian correspondent of the London *Mercury*), permits us to consider these tragic and chaotic years as a time of "exceptional flourishing." Prince Mirski's letters, appearing for the past two years, are our best source of information concerning contemporary Russian literature. Russian fiction, he now admits (in a stirring article on "The Literature of Bolshevik Russia"), has sunk, after its glorious past, into comparative insignificance. Its time has not yet come. But poetry flourishes, and Soviet Russia has been productive of at least two works of the highest literary art—Vyacheslav Ivanov's "Winter Sonnets" and the "Petersburg Diary" of Zenaide Hippus (Mrs. Merejkovsky). The latter, which is "a sort of poetical diary of the years of war and revolution," is destined, in Prince Mirski's opinion, to become a classic.

The Russian writers connected with Bolshevism can be regarded as representative Bolsheviks "only with the greatest limitations." Even Gorki, who has probably the best right to be so regarded, never wholly identifies himself with the Soviet Government. ("He is no more a communist than I am," says H. G. Wells, in "Russia in the Shadow.") Gorki, moreover, has been occupied with the work of salvage and apparently has almost ceased to create.

The only "ex-officio literary man" of the Bolsheviks, according to Prince Mirski, is Lunacharsky, who has served as a powerful instrument in bringing together political extremists and the extremists in art and literature. For Russia has escaped neither "Futurists" nor "Imaginists." The Soviet politicians look with distrust on their fantastic supporters and

sometimes imprison them. Mayakowski, the Futurist leader, is a poetical satirist. But there is no wit, as Prince Mirski observes, in the following description of ex-President Wilson, which, however, is not without humor for American readers:

"He spits out dynamite and belches out fire, all red, and he hoots like a hooligan. If you look at his breadth he is quite a Yorkshire pig. . . . His cheeks are so supernaturally soft—they seem to ask you: Come, lie on us. . . . His hall is full of all sorts of Lincolns, Whitmans and Edisons."

The "Imaginist" disciples of Mayakowski "exaggerate their teacher's love for measureless hyperbole and far-fetched metaphor . . . for everything which will *épater le bourgeois*." They delight in blasphemy, and glory in "every form of nastiness." And it is reported that a charge has been brought against them by the Soviet Government of consciously ridiculing the cause they profess to support.

Bolshevist suspicion of its unruly allies has taken the form not only of repeated imprisonment but of a deliberately fostered reaction against them. A school of Proletarian Poets was brought into existence, and Valeri Bryusov, one of the very few poets of mark who joined the Communist Party, became their guardian and impresario. The poets are genuine workingmen and they are carefully instructed in their art by the scholarly Bryusov; but their poetry is too much influenced by Bolshevik rhetoric and it has not risen above mediocrity.

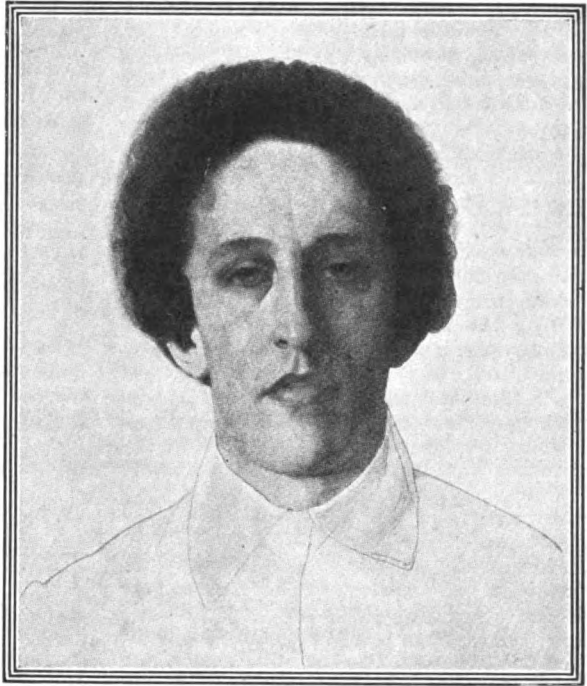
The Russian poets nearest to Bolshevism, according to Prince Mirski, are the Scythians, or Left Social Revolutionaries. Alexander Blok (whose recent death, it is said, was hastened by privation) and Andrey Bély (now reported dying), after their teacher, Ivanov-Razumnik, are the two great leaders of this revolutionary group.

What these writers all seem to have in common is "a vague and practically irreligious mysticism; the thirst for martyrdom; the belief in the cosmical character of their country's mission; the powerful attraction exercised by the Images of the Passion, and a tendency to identify the nation's agony with the agony of the Lord, a tendency often verging on blasphemy rather than on piety." They profess to love not only Russia's political but her moral degradation—her Karamazov-like character. It is "the manure from which must flower the immaculate lily of Mystical Socialism."

The Scythians, moreover, have "no illusions as to the high moral character of their friends, the Bolsheviks." In "Christ Is Risen," Bély says: "We are robbers and bullies." And the following is his description of the Bolshevik victory:

"A Browning explodes in the air with red laughter. The body of a blood-be-smear'd railway-man falls under the rolling thunder. He is carried by two miscreants. Somebody is being killed. But the engines answer to the cries and tears and sing in chorus about the fraternity of peoples."

Russian mystic philosophy, orthodox and scholarly, inspires the most remarkable poetical work which has been produced during these years, aside from the Scythian group—Maximilian Voloshin's "Holy Russia." A man of wide but essentially cabinet culture, he has suddenly caught hold of the very nerve of Russian history and of Russian mystery. Quite unexpectedly he has become a great poet. "The great figures of Russian history have become in his hands eternal and undying symbols of the elemental forces which rule Russia." Four years ago Voloshin, in disgust, wrote



THE FIRST OF CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN POETS
Alexander Blok is one of the two great leaders of the most important group of Russian poets nearest to Bolshevism. His recent death, it is said, was hastened by privation.

a terrible prayer that Russia should suffer for her crimes: "Send us the German from the West, the Mongol from the East." But "Holy Russia" ends in a very different spirit:

"Shall I dare throw a stone at thee, shall I not understand thy passionate and delirious fire? Shall I not go on my knees before thee, my face in the mire, blessing the print of thy bare foot—thou—homeless and drunken Russia, thou fool in Christ?"

The life of the intellectual classes in Soviet Russia cannot, of course, be productive of much disinterested literature. But two works stand out—two high works of poetic art, directly inspired by "Sovdepia"; the "Winter Sonnets" of Vyacheslav Ivanov and Mrs. Merejkovsky's "Petersburg Diary." Of the sonnets, Prince Mirski writes:

"Their style is sober, austere, nearly ascetic. He [Ivanov] does not seem to be

speaking of any time in particular. There is not a single date or place-name. The subject is man and the hostile forces of winter—cold, darkness and hunger. The pathos of the sequence is precisely in this juxtaposition of the extreme culture of the poet with the extreme primitivity of his cares and preoccupations, a man from the end of history thrown back into its beginning, a man of the age of relativity in the surroundings of the age of Stone. Bryusov in one of his recent poems upbraids the readers of Jack London and Wells, who used to gasp for some cosmic catastrophe and now when it has really come pine away for the past. But Ivanov's 'Sonnets' show that even a modern poet can meet misery, distress, and the

ruin of all around him with dignity and simplicity."

The "Diary" of Zenaide Hippus is, on the contrary, the work of a fighter and a politician. Prince Mirski writes in complete admiration of the book's power. "It is full of wrath and indignation. It is written with the blood of the heart and with no literary pretensions. . . . It is a book which will probably never be read by the foreigner. But for us Russians it has made Mrs. Merejkovsky, from the exclusive and subjective poet she has always been, the spokesman of our most secret and intimate feelings."

A JEWISH EXPLANATION OF JEW-HATRED

A STRIKING and original contribution to the discussion of the Jewish question is made by Rabbi Joel Blau, of New York, in an article, "The Modern Pharisee," which is given the leading place in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is Rabbi Blau's contention that the troubles of the Jews are mainly due to "wrong contacts." He sees a "progressive deterioration of the Jewish type" caused by constant and age-long association with stronger races. This deterioration, while it does not justify anti-Semitism, explains it, and suggests that the Jew's salvation depends on his rediscovery of his native integrity. Rabbi Blau looks for a "gradual repatriation of the Jew in Palestine." Incidentally, he gives us a new definition of Pharisaism.

The problem of the Jew, he tells us, is twofold: from without and from within; and the two methods of approaching the problem correspond with two eternal types of Jewry. These two types are "the introverted Jew" and "the extraverted Jew," and the ancient prototypes of the introverted and extraverted Jew are found, respectively, in the Pharisee and the

Sadducee. The Pharisee has ever been intent on the spiritual problem of the Jew. The Sadducee has been less spiritual, more worldly, more yielding to the lure of environment.

In the eyes of the extraverted modern Sadducee, the Jewish problem is social, philanthropic, economic and political. To the introverted modern Pharisee the Jewish problem is chiefly spiritual. His solution is internal. "He would cry out, not so much against the world that wrongs the Jew, as against the Jew who wrongs himself. He would save the Jew; and, in saving the Jew, he would save the world from the nightmare of anti-Semitism." For "anti-Semitism endangers not so much the Semite as the anti-Semite; and the modern Pharisee would redeem the world from the age-long curse of a hatred which has brutalized the hater more than the hated."

The modern Pharisee, with whom Rabbi Blau identifies himself, scorns the apologetic methods usually adopted by the Jew. He refuses to boast of his patriotism and to harp on Jewish achievement. These methods, he holds, are vulgar, if not bankrupt, and they fail of their intended effect. Nay,

"they act boomerang-fashion: they serve as a handle to the anti-Semite." Rabbi Blau goes on to argue:

"Of old the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; but to-day the foe of Israel would fight the very stars for yielding the secret of their courses to a Jewish scientist. The earth is too small a battleground for anti-Semitism; the battle-lines must be flung far into space. Such is the venom of *cultural* anti-Semitism, deadlier than the economic, social or political species. In Hungary, where Jews assisted in creating the national Magyar literature, Jews have been driven from the universities and learned professions. It has come to such a pass that Jewish litigants do not retain Jewish lawyers, for fear of prejudicing their case.

"In Germany, conditions are no better. The presence of the Jew in the literary and scientific world is regarded an intrusion,—worse than his presence in a high-class American hotel or fashionable residential section,—and, by that token, the greater his achievement the greater the offense. The soul even more than the body of the Semite is the objective of the attacks of the anti-Semite. The latter cries out in alarm—often honest enough—at the infiltration of the ubiquitous Semitic spirit into the national art and culture, arguing that it mongrelizes the national spirit."

The best way for a Jew to counter the criticism of his people, Rabbi Blau contends, is by himself engaging in it. He will probably start with the word "prejudice," but the word in itself explains nothing. "By some inner or outer fatality, the Jew was never beloved of mankind. Jew-hatred harks back to the beginnings of the Jewish people—it is as old as the Jew. It necessitated the first Ghetto in Goshen; but traces thereof are found as early as Abraham's time. The Jewish Bible is the oldest record of anti-Semitism as of Semitism. In the face of the curious fact that we have through timeless time been a target for the hatred of a world, to say that all this was caused by 'prejudice,' unfounded, unreasoned, blind, is to beg the whole question. The charges leveled against us by Pharaoh or Ford (the first fa-

mous for his chariots, the second for his automobiles) are indeed false; but what is back of them—the relentless hatred—remains with all its dark flowering of passion. Why? Surely, the time is ripe for the searchings of the Jewish heart."

Rabbi Blau answers his own question by declaring that while the Jewish nature is strong on the intellectual and moral side, it is weak on the esthetic side. "The Jew lacks form. And form is, if not everything, a great deal." He continues:

"It is the graceful touch that lessens the natural human impact of personality upon personality; that makes a man acceptable to his fellows in spite of his defects, nay, in spite of his virtues. Superiority is a cardinal sin; to atone for it one must possess this grace. Even morals are made tolerable only by manners. Lacking this grace, one becomes a source of vague but persistent irritation. The Jew seems to be a cause of irritation and unease everywhere. It is the mark of the gentleman, not only that he possesses ease, but, chiefly, that he knows how to put others at ease. This is an inimitable faculty; and to its absence must be attributed most of the social discrimination the Jew complains of.

"The Jew is, himself, not at ease. Even the most emancipated Jew has something in his eye, something the Ghetto eye is never without—the look of a deer at bay. In no costly bronze or marble was written the grim story of the Jew, but in the cheaper yet more enduring material of Jewish flesh and blood (is there anything cheaper?); in nerve-fiber and brain-cell; in the dumb unvoiced dreams that live below the threshold of consciousness; in gestures and glances—in all the instinctive mimicry of a past that refuses to die. Hence this atmosphere of unease which the Jew carries about him, and which he communicates unwittingly to his surroundings. The loudness and vulgarity he is often charged with are but extreme manifestations of this unease: the Jew's way of 'whistling to keep up his courage.'"

Passing on to consider what he calls "the heart of the entire problem," Rabbi Blau makes the statement that Jewish individuality, in contact with other national individualities in every

land on the face of the globe, has been warped and distorted. He instances Russia, where Jews are regarded as rabid enemies of wealth, and America, where they are blamed for being plutocratic. Then he asks: "Is Jewish Bolshevism in Russia other than Jewish intensity in contact with and perverted by Slav morbidity and mysticism? And what is the crass Jewish materialism in America, if not Jewish intensity in contact with and perverted by Yankee business acumen?"

Rabbi Blau does not try to conceal from himself or from others that Jewish decadence, especially on the spiritual side, is "appalling." He thinks that, so far as the Jew is concerned, political emancipation has failed and failed miserably. He is equally emphatic in asserting that the synagogues are beyond resuscitation, that the old ceremonial law is more honored in the breach than in the observance, and that "the Saturday Sabbath is all but gone." Philanthropic Judaism, too, is pronounced all but dead.

If we ask, What remains? the only reply that Rabbi Blau vouchsafes is this: "The Jew must be led back to the discovery of the Jewish soul":

"One is bound to observe that, great as is the tragedy of the Jew, greater still is the tragedy of Judaism. What greater tragedy than the life of a people that has lost its God? The greater tragedy is the fate of a religion that has been the suffering mother of religions, pierced by more than seven wounds, forsaken by her own.

"But when we search for the cause of this tragedy, this martyrdom of a living spirit, we find it to be the same that underlies other phenomena of Jewish maladjustment already referred to—hybridization through wrong contacts. The Jewish spirit, as history attests, is deeply religious. Tolstoy exclaims somewhere in his writings: 'I have never seen a non-believing Jew.' Tolstoy should have been in New York or Chicago. However, it cannot be that, in the short space of a generation or two, Jewry should lose all religious instinct, except in consequence of a temporary aberration that is but a passing incident in a long and perilous history.

The task, as the modern Pharisee sees it, is to bring the Jew back to himself; to aid him in self-recovery; and self-recovery is conditioned upon self-discovery. The Jew must be led back to the discovery of the Jewish soul.

"The modern Pharisee's argument, then, is simple. If, looking both within and without—but particularly within—we find this unnatural perversion of Jewish individuality through promiscuous contact with diverse civilizations, then the best solution for the Jewish problem is to separate the Jewish type from 'entangling alliances,' restore it to its pristine character, and give it full play to develop in keeping with its own inner law. And this means the gradual repatriation of the Jew in Palestine. The cure for all Jewish ills lies in geography."

Rabbi Blau's article is the subject of comment by several writers in the Jewish press. They praise his style but dispute his conclusions. Dr. Isaac Landman, editor of the *American Hebrew* (New York), tries to show that the contact of Jew and non-Jew, so far from being an element of weakness in Judaism, has contributed to all that is best in the Jewish genius; while the Chicago *Israelite* says that Rabbi Blau takes too much for granted:

"The substance of the argument is along familiar lines, but there is one statement so obviously fallacious that it can not be allowed to pass unnoticed. This statement is that the Jews have deteriorated spiritually and ethically by living among Christian peoples. He puts it baldly that, like the negroes of Africa or the Kanakas of the South Sea Islands, the contact has led them to acquire the vices of Christendom, and not its virtues. Like all Zionist propagandists, Rabbi Blau takes for granted very much that remains to be proved. His assumption that the establishment in Palestine of a Jewish State and form of government very similar to those of Rome prior to the unification of Italy and the loss of temporal power by the popes, would improve that status of Jews the world over, is only an assumption. The article, however, repeats, tho, in bolder and braver tones, the cry of the Jew for justice at the hands of the Christian world. And in this lies its value."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC NOVEL THAT HAS CHARMED TWO CONTINENTS

A NEW note in the fiction of our day is struck by Louis Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine." It is a story of Old Quebec, and it comes not only as a reaction from the neurotic life of city-dwellers, but also as an evidence of the continuing power of the religious spirit. We find this novel—the work of a young man of thirty-three who was killed in a railway accident—hailed with equal enthusiasm by the critics of France, Canada and the United States. It appeals as strongly to radicals as to conservatives. In France it is now in its 106th edition, and in English-speaking countries the original French version competes with two English translations made by Canadians.* Some admirers of "Maria Chapdelaine," so John Murray Gibbon records in the *New York Freeman*, have lately freighted a huge stone monument to Péribonka, the scene of the novel, and set it up there to commemorate Hémon's work; and the Canadian sculptor Laliberté, himself the son of a Quebec peasant, has just finished an ideal figure of Maria Chapdelaine, in marble, which is soon to be unveiled.

The charm of "Maria Chapdelaine," which Edith O'Shaughnessy, wife of the former American *chargé d'affaires* in Mexico City, describes as "the great French-Canadian idyl, Catholic, long-expected, imminent, inevitable," is found in its sincerity and crystalline simplicity. It was written before the War and has nothing to do with the War. It is a love-story, but the love of which it tells is at the opposite extreme from that exploited in many French novels. No illicit passion nor "triangular" complications spice its pages. "One reads it from cover to cover," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy says in

Columbia, the organ of the Knights of Columbus, "with an increasing emotion, a cumulative interest. One lays it down in a strange somewhat awed serenity."

The primitive facts of life, the march of the seasons, underlie the events which Hémon narrates. He shows us Maria, the daughter of a man possessed by the instinct of the pioneer. He shows us a family pushing on and on into virgin forests. In the old French provinces, events are dated according to the Church Calendar, the feasts of Saints and Martyrs. François Paradis, a young trapper and guide, who loves and is loved by Maria, comes but twice to her father's house, the last time at the feast of Saint Anne, when they go to pick blueberries with her parents and young brothers in the sun-dried fields of the short summer, to the buzzing myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, and the hot scent of pine and maple. Here they exchange their simple vows.

The next vivid scene is on Christmas Eve when we see Maria reciting a thousand Aves for the unnamed François, in the intervals of making porridge, washing the dishes, sweeping the house, knitting, 'preparing supper. Toward midnight the family gather about a great iron stove, and Chapdelaine, taking his little daughter Alma Rose on his knees, begins to sing old couplets telling of the Christ child in the stable, and simple ballads of love and loss.

"Maria does not sing with the others, but she listens and the chants of melancholy love are sweet and pleasant to her heart, a little worn by her many prayers. . . . Religious fervor, the rising tide of her young love, the sound of familiar voices, everything was gathered up in her heart into a single emotion. The world was indeed full of love that night, of sacred love and also of the love known in this world; both seemed equally strong, equally simple, natural, necessary things.

* MARIA CHAPDELAINE. By Louis Hémon. Tr. by W. H. Blake. New York: Macmillan.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE. By Louis Hémon. Tr. by Sir Andrew Macphail. Montreal: A. C. Chapman.

All was commingled so that the prayers which rose continually to her lips calling down the heavenly mercy on those dear to her were but a way of manifesting human love, and the naive love complaints were sung with the grave and solemn voice and the look of ecstasy of superhuman invocations."

Then tragedy, black and stark, invades the tale. We learn that François with a lover's impatience has tried too soon to traverse the winter woods, and has perished. A friend of Maria's and of the family, Eutrope Gagnon, breaks the news.

After awhile Maria is left alone. Her rosary is on the table, and as she takes it the words "Hail, Mary, full of grace," rise to her lips.

"Did you for an instant doubt her, Mother of the Galilean? Because but one short week before she had implored your help up to a thousand times and your only answer was to wrap yourself in a divine immobility while fate fulfilled itself, did you think that she would in turn doubt your power or great goodness? . . . As she had begged your protection for a mortal man, now she asks your intercession for a soul, with the same words, the same humility, the same faith without limit. . . . Only she huddles near the huge iron stove, and tho its warmth penetrates her, she shivers, thinking of the great frozen land that surrounds her, of the deep, dark forests, of François Paradis that she cannot yet conceive of as without life and who must be so cold, so cold in his white bed."

But Maria is young and even her priest tells her that she must not grieve over-much for Paradis: her duty is to the living. Moreover, Gagnon is soon avowing his love for her, and another suitor, Lorenzo Surprenant, who has tasted the joys of city life in the United States, invites her into distant paths that he describes in alluring language.

The girl, tormented by the loss of François and a little later bereaved of her mother, hears the call of conflicting voices. On the one hand, a voice warns her against the temptation to leave the land of her birth and join a strange people with strange ways. On

the other hand, she listens to the voice of Quebec.

"It was half a woman's song, half the sermon of a priest. . . . It said: we came three hundred years ago and we have remained. Those that led us here could return among us without bitterness or sorrow, for if it be true that we have learned little, we have forgotten nothing. We brought from beyond the seas our prayers and our songs. They are the same. We brought within our breasts the heart of the men of our native land valiant and vital, quick to pity and to laugh; the most human of all human hearts. It has not changed. . . . Nothing will change because we are here to give witness. . . . This is why you must remain in the province where were our fathers obeying the unwritten commandment which was in their hearts, which has passed into ours and which in turn we must transmit to many children."

This is also why she marries, not Lorenzo Surprenant, with his love of brightly lighted cities and physical ease, but Eutrope Gagnon, who labors as her fathers labored on the majestic, inexorable soil of Quebec. Not "this spring," she tells him, as the story closes, "but the spring after this spring, when the men come back from the woods to sow the fields."

The author of "Maria Chapdelaine," we learn from Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's article in *Columbia*, was the son of a university professor long living in Paris. He went to England before he went to Canada, and wrote sketches and stories laid in England and peopled by English characters. These early stories, while distinguished by a purity of style and mystical tendencies, were not remarkable.

He spent nearly two years in Canada, working for the greater part of this time on a farm at Péribonka belonging to a man whom he called, in his letters, "the excellent Mr. Bédard." His life was the life of any "hired man." He rose at four o'clock, slept in his clothes, ate pancakes, bacon, pea soup and blueberry pies.

"It was at the house of Bédard that he wrote 'Maria Chapdelaine,' working now

on the kitchen table, now with pen and pad on his knees sitting outside in the midst of the manifold calls and distractions of farm life.

"He met his death in a tragic, stupid way. In that thirty-third summer of his life he left Montreal on the feast of St. John to press into the depths of Ontario. His book was finished. His passion for

vast, new spaces gripped him once more. He was walking with a friend along the roadbed of the Pacific Railway one day of high wind and rain. In the noise of the storm they were overtaken by a train and both of the young men were crushed beneath it.

"It was as if, the masterpiece completed, nature hastily broke the mold."

MOVING-PICTURE MORALS ATTACKED AND DEFENDED

FOR several months the moving-picture industry in America has been under fire. There has been, so to speak, a triple indictment of Hollywood, California, as the center of the industry, of prominent men and women associated with the pictures, and of the nature of the entertainment provided in motion-picture theaters; and the mood of the attack has been stiffened and given a certain venom by recent developments of the kind suggested by the Arbuckle scandal and the murder of William Desmond Taylor. Serious criticism of the moving picture may be said to have started, or at least to have found its most intelligent expression, among the "movie" magnates themselves, and it led to a conference at which the "fourteen points" of Jesse L. Lasky (promising the abandonment of the "suggestive" and the "improper") were adopted. It has also led, much to the disgust of these same magnates, to a new law for the censorship of moving pictures in New York State. There are now five States with such laws. At the present time, when Will H. Hays is entering on his duties as head of the National Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, at a salary reputed to be \$150,000 a year, with the promise that he will "develop to the highest possible degree the spiritual, moral and educational value of the industry," the moving picture seems to be going forward into a new era. The intensity of the public interest involved in the entire question of movie morals may be judged from

the fact that at a recent debate in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, in which the pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, discussed the ethics of the spoken and silent drama with the well-known theatrical producer, William A. Brady, the excitement is said to have been unparalleled in the memory of New York churchgoers.

From the evangelical and Roman Catholic points of view, the existing moving-picture situation is so bad that it could hardly be worse. We find, for instance, *America* declaring that only jail sentences will bring theatrical producers to a sense of their responsibility, while the Methodist organ of Kansas City, the *Central Christian Advocate*, goes so far as to say: "The reputation of Sodom and Gomorrah is not lower than that of Hollywood."

The opposition of the New York *Tribune* to many of the pictures now being shown is based not so much on their immorality as on their untruth. It says:

"Millions of young people get their idea of life from the 'movies,' and get a very wrong idea.

"The movie scenario, as a rule, reflects life as it is seen by the 'movie' writer and the 'movie' director, neither of whom is an accurate reporter. In quest of the dramatic and the thrilling they invent life rather than reflect it. And they invent a life that has never been and cannot possibly be.

"What Sadie Smith in Walla Walla learns about the life of the Newport 'flap-

per' isn't the life of the Newport 'flapper' at all. It is the life that two or three people in Hollywood think the Newport 'flapper' probably leads. What Henry Jones in Tucson is led to think is the way Wall Street magnates conduct themselves in private is just as wrong as the impression gained by Sadie Smith about the Newport girl.

"The trouble with the 'movies' is not that they are bad. Many of them are terrifically and impossibly moral. It is that they are not true. They present life in a distorted light and purvey bogus information on manners and customs. . . .

"Loading young minds with misinformation may not lead their owners astray, but it is going to subject them to stern disillusionment by and by and make their character-forming fight with the wolf much harder to win."



THE FRIEND OF THE STAGE

William A. Brady, theatrical producer, in a recent debate on stage morals with the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, declared that more clergymen than actors go to jail, and that good plays outnumber bad ones ten to one.

In similar spirit, Bruce Bliven, of the New York *Globe*, makes the statement that "the standards set up in ninety per cent. of the commercial motion pictures exhibited in the average theaters are thoroly meretricious, tawdry and vulgar." In time, he says, this may no longer be true. Some day pictures may be made by intelligent people with a sound philosophy, a real sense of humor and the mental background of educated men and women. But "that day has not yet dawned."

In support of his position, Mr. Bliven appeals to Dr. Samuel B. Heckman, child psychologist of the College of the City of New York and head of a famous children's psychological clinic. It is Dr. Heckman's conviction that even pictures with "a good moral" and "a happy ending" may have a bad effect on the growing mind. He is quoted:

"Take, for example, a motion picture in which a man commits a murder and is subsequently caught and sentenced to prison for life. A board of censorship would probably call that a moral story, because the transgressor is caught and punished. To the child seeing that film there is often no moral connotation whatever.

"He sees the murder committed and retains that scene in his mind as a unit. He sees the man sent to prison, but he does not make the deduction, unless perhaps it is forced upon him by an adult companion, that justice is being done.

"Scenes of violence make a profound impression on the child. If vividly portrayed they will color all his thinking for days and weeks afterward. Indeed, we can only speculate as to the permanent and serious harm which may be done by such an episode in a motion picture—an episode which may have been given the complacent approval of a board of censorship because the moral values are 'correct' and evil is punished."

To grant the substantial truth of the indictment is to raise the question, What should be done? It may be, as Bruce Bliven suggests, that the first thing to do is to make the public realize that the problem exists, is serious and is too complicated to admit of any easy cocksure solution. Canon William Sheafe

Chase, of Brooklyn, is leading a movement which demands an investigation of the moving-picture industry by Federal authorities. A bill which provides for the appointment of a Federal Moving-Picture Commission has already been introduced into the Senate of the United States by Senator Myer, of Montana. Miss Lillian Gish, the moving-picture actress, would like to see courses in screen work introduced into colleges. "The industry," as she puts it, "needs the development that people of the church and the educators can give it. We players are doing our very best, through the Actors' Equity Association, to get rid of all objectionable elements, but we want outside help."

In the long run, the motion picture, like every other form of entertainment, rises or falls with the men and women who patronize it. The ultimate problem is one of raising the public taste. A curious fact noted by Mary Austin in the *Bookman* is that women are easily imposed upon, and applaud or countenance indecencies that would never be tolerated by men. Mrs. Austin attributes this attitude not to depravity but to inexperience in group criticism, and she leads us to deduct that things will be better when women conquer this inexperience.

The outlook may be difficult, but it is far from hopeless, and many commentators lay stress on what they regard as the bright side of the moving-picture situation. There are evidences, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* thinks, that moving-picture producers are themselves trying to improve the quality of their output. It instances "Tol'able David" as a type of the better sort of film now being shown, and makes the assertion that "the motion-picture industry is not going down; it is coming up." The *New York American* quotes a recent protest of the Mayor of Los Angeles against the identification of "a few of the members of the Hollywood motion-picture colony" with the "hundreds of clean, law-abiding men and women engaged in the making of moving pictures." It goes on to comment:



THE FOE OF THE STAGE AS IT IS

The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, has lately attacked the stage as the most demoralizing influence in American life. He asserts that the playgoing public has been "drugged with indecency," and that actresses gain promotion at the price of their honor.

"Intelligent and informed people realize full well what an important and commendable part the film industry plays in the life of this nation.

"It is the fourth industry in extent of operations.

"It provides employment for approximately a million people directly and indirectly.

"Its product reaches the enormous sum of a thousand million dollars a year.

"It is among the most educational and uplifting of influences and ranks in those respects with literature and journalism.

"It teaches art, architecture, decoration, history, science, world news, and instills the culture of poetry and romance.

"It provides the chief entertainment of millions, and brings joy to the hearts of young and old.

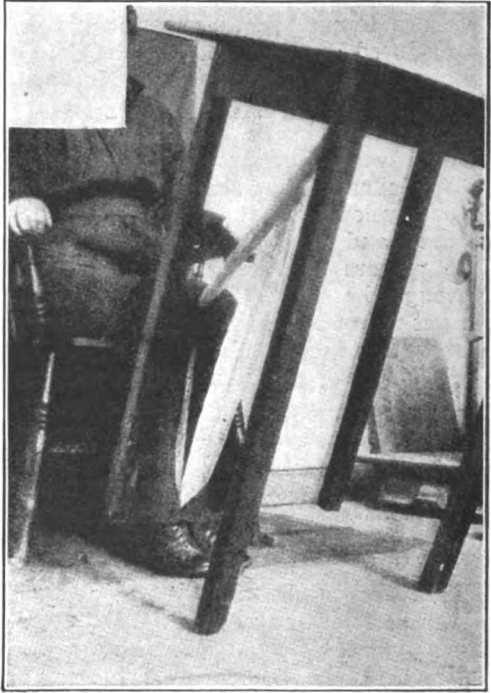
"It invades the most distant and desert districts and links them in knowledge and understanding with the most favored metropolises.

"Its hard-working men and women are in fact public benefactors earnestly endeavoring to bring enlightenment and enjoyment into weary and dreary lives, laboring loyally to contribute their share to human progress and human happiness.

"Why disparage and defame them?"

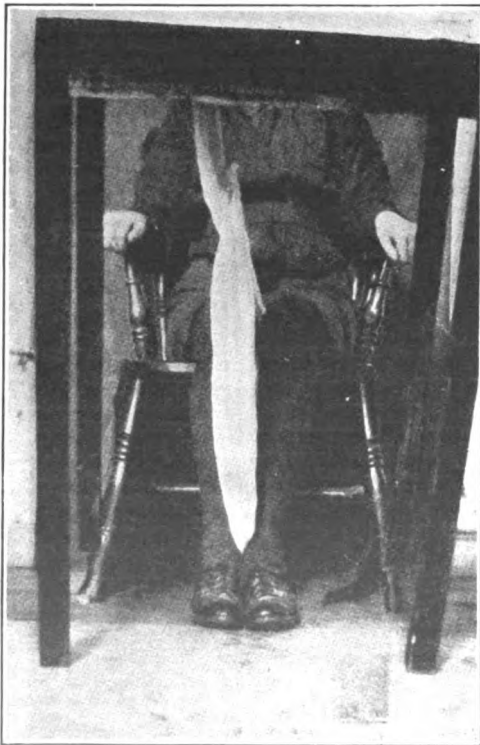
PHOTOGRAPHING "PSYCHIC" STRUCTURES

THAT new and mysterious form of matter which is said to emanate from the body of a medium has now been photographed. This "matter" is called by its discoverer, the late Doctor W. J. Crawford, an eminent Belfast engineer, "psychic structures." He detected it first as an emanation from the body of Miss Kathleen Goligher in the course of her séances. He has given reasons for supposing that the psychic structures possess various shapes and dimensions. If a light table was to be levitated, the psychic structure was a cantilever fixed to the medium's body at one end and gripping the under sur-



SIDE VIEW OF THE PREVIOUS EFFECT

The rule with these structures seems to be that they are as simple as possible consistent with the execution of their function. They can be caught by the camera only under special circumstances, but when studied by experts they seem genuine enough.



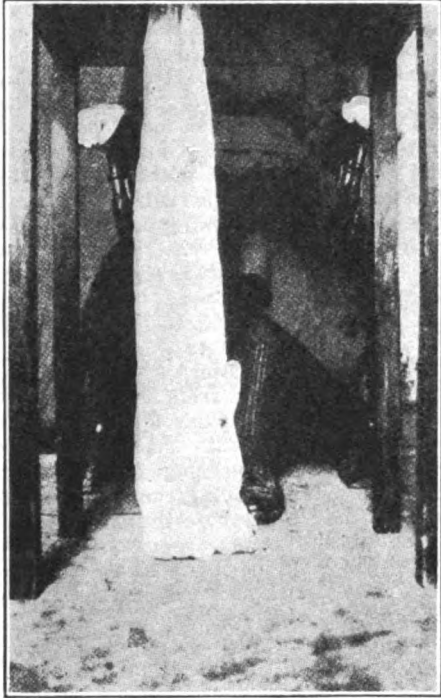
THE MYSTERIOUS MATTER

It looks here like a cloth twisted about the legs of the medium or held by her lower limbs, but it is in reality a "psychic" structure which has caused the table to tilt and to be held in position by a braced cantilever constructed of plasma.

face or legs of the table with the free or working end. If the levitated body is a heavy one, the psychic structure employed is not a simple cantilever but is so modified that the reaction, instead of being thrown upon the medium, is applied to the floor.

The rule with regard to these structures is that they are as simple as possible consistent with the carrying out of the phenomena. There are psychic structures which do not touch the floor of the séance room and there are structures which touch the floor somewhere. The touching of a material body by these psychic structures is a most important point in connection with them. Certain dispositions and operations seem to be required for

the part of a structure which is intended to touch or adhere to a floor or table. Only that portion of the psychic structure which has undergone such



THIS MATTER EMERGES FROM THE YOUNG GIRL'S INTERIOR

There seems little reason to doubt that here is a form of matter which has escaped the classification of the physicists. It manifests itself to the vision indirectly by tilting a table. It cannot be seen as a rule with the naked eye unless the conditions are unusual.

special preparation can grip a material body.

There are occasions when these structures become visible, especially if there be a considerable number of spectators in the séance room. A photograph was obtained by flashlight at an early stage of the investigations in the Goligher circle. Something of definiteness is lost in the reproduction. The negative was accidentally dropped and cracked, but little of the actual picture was lost or injured.

Only within the past year has it been possible to photograph the "stuff" issuing from the medium's body. The chief difficulty seemed to be in preventing

injury to the medium. It seemed necessary to work her up gradually to withstand the shock of the flashlight upon the plasma. The plasma, it is held, is part of the medium's body exteriorized in space. After many attempts, very small patches of plasma were obtained in full view between the medium's ankles. As time went on, these increased in size and variety until great quantities of this psychic stuff could be photographed. The medium and the members of the circle are said to be open to any tests. Doctor Crawford himself, whose good faith is not questioned, took the most elaborate precautions to make sure the results were genuine. He summoned medical men and experts in photography to his aid. In order to prevent subconscious action moulding the plasma, he withheld the photographs from the medium until the



MISS GOLIGHER'S PLASMA

It is an energetic plasma and there is some reason to believe that it is seen and utilized by beings who turn tables and rap upon doors—at least Doctor Crawford thought so. We are indebted to Messrs. Dutton of New York for these remarkable pictures, taken by a camera and subjected to expert judgment as to their genuineness.

series had been completed. When at length he showed them to her, she was shocked and very diffident about their publication.

The evolution of the plasma or material out of which the psychic structure is shaped must not be considered as light and easy. In the words of the late Doctor Crawford:*

"Many persons interested in psychic matters have written to me proposing various test arrangements for the medium's feet. Most of these correspondents have assumed—I do not understand for what reason—that the evolution of the plasma is a quiet and tranquil process causing no disturbance to the medium, and being imperceptible to everybody concerned in the circle. These armchair critics imagine, for some unexplained reason, that the great and powerful structures which produce the phenomena at the Goligher circle appear magically from nowhere, and that their advent is unheralded by anything in the nature of labor. But experiment shows that nothing could be wider of the mark. As I have already explained in my earlier books, the muscles of the medium's feet and ankles are, during the occurrence of phenomena, in a state of much stress: they seem to be

squirming. There is no bodily movement of the foot, but there is a whirlpool of internal muscular movement round foot and ankle and lower part of the calf.

"If the reader thinks for a moment, he will see that the evolution of the plasma in the way I have described must be accompanied by much friction between stocking and leather of shoe or boot. As a matter of fact, *at nearly all séances* the noise accompanying the birth pangs of the plasma is distinctly audible. Even when the medium sits without shoes, in her stocking soles, the rubbing of the plasma along the stocking fabric is distinctly heard. With thin silk stockings this sound is accentuated; the friction of plasma on the threads as it disengages itself is unmistakable. If the medium's feet are encased in shoes the preliminary noise is usually greater, as the plasma finds a path for itself from the sole of the foot to the open air; while if her legs are laced up in tight boots the preliminary noises may be quite prolonged, as is easily understandable. Nothing can be wider of the mark than to suppose that this initial process at the commencement of every séance—the bringing away of the plasma—is a silent, unforceful operation, analogous, say, to steam rising from the surface of boiling water. It is, on the contrary, as a little consideration will show, of necessity a most energetic process, and great forces are involved."

* THE PSYCHIC STRUCTURES AT THE GOLIGHER CIRCLE. By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc. New York: Dutton.

A NEW FACTOR IN THE INEFFICIENCY OF COLLEGE GRADUATES

IF it be true, as it seems, that the American college is turning out inefficient graduates, the explanation can only be that the American college has become too big. There has developed among American youths a craze for the "big college." The results, as set forth by Doctor Charles S. Howe, of the Case School of Applied Science, in *School and Science*, are appalling. He agrees with a professor in one of our prominent universities who traces all the trouble to the fact that the size of the student body has outgrown the size of the colleges. "The slovenly spelling, the slovenly handwriting, the

slovenly expression, the slovenly besmudged page, the evidences of no capacity, no interest and no industry that a large minority (I am not saying majority) of the students will unblushingly hand in would be a disgrace to the meanest institution. This the sort of rottenness that exists beneath the goodly outside of 'the most perfect educational system the world has ever seen.' The toleration of it is an offense that is rank." Bad as the situation is for the large minority, the large majority of the students are the victims of yet another growing evil. The effect of large numbers upon the faculties seems

to be as bad as upon the students. The professors find they cannot keep the students up to the same standards which were formerly required.

Forty years ago a college with three hundred students was considered large. To-day such an institution is almost too small to be mentioned.

The increase in the number of students in the last 28 years, for the whole country, is 139 per cent., while population increased only 68 per cent. The figures for individual institutions are still more startling. Thus, for the college year 1920 the University of California had in residence over 16,000 students, while Columbia had nearly 24,000 students. In 1905 Columbia University had 4,755 students; during the next five years the number increased 56 per cent.; during the next five years 60 per cent.; and during the next five years it increased a trifle over 100 per cent. One might suppose that we had reached the limit in numbers last year, but the figures so far available show that in many institutions there are more students to-day than ever before. Out of 42 institutions, enrollments in which are available, 35 show increases this year ranging from 2 to 2,417 students, while only three show decreases.

What are we to do with all the young men and young women who insist upon a higher education? We must either take all or refuse to take some of them. If, Dr. Howe says, we refuse to take all who apply, many highly intelligent, keen, bright young people will be denied an opportunity which they ought to have. If we do take them, we may do them more harm than good, for the endowments, buildings and equipments of our colleges have not kept pace with the increases in the numbers of students.

Every college administrator knows that there is a certain ratio between the number of teachers and the number of students who can be well taught, and every laboratory head fully realizes that there is a similar ratio between space and amount of apparatus and the num-

ber of students who can be trained in the laboratory. In most institutions this ratio was at its normal before the war. No professor had so many students in his classes that he could not easily and thoroly instruct them, and no laboratory, with possibly very few exceptions, were so crowded but that sound principles could be installed through the medium of experimental work. We have long since passed that stage.

"In a lecture-room a professor may lecture to as many students as can hear his voice, unless it is a lecture illustrated with apparatus, and then the limit is the number who can hear the professor talk and can clearly see the experiments which are being performed. In a recitation section the case is entirely different. In a recitation a professor does not lecture—or at least he should not. He should endeavor to find out what the student has succeeded in doing for himself, and he should direct the student's efforts along the right lines of study. It is generally conceded that the undergraduate student should receive a large portion of his training through the recitation room. It is also generally conceded that the number of students in a recitation room should not average more than twenty or thirty. If, then, it has been necessary, through the large increase of students, to make recitation sections of forty or eighty or more, it is evident that the quality of the instruction must have greatly deteriorated. This is especially true in those subjects in which the student is obliged to prepare some definite task in his study and present accurate results when he goes to the classroom. Mathematics and some sciences are good examples of this class of subjects. It is a farce to attempt to teach forty or fifty students in mathematics at one time—that is, if the instructor expects to find out anything about what they have accomplished."

The effect in large recitation sections can readily be seen in the students. Finding that they are not required to recite every day, many of them make little or no preparation, hoping to get by on review questions or lucky questions. The evils of the system are illustrated in a college in one department

of which any student who announces to the instructor that he is not prepared may go to the board, copy from the text-book any lesson assigned to him, and receive a passing grade. Thus he may pass in the entire subject without having ever looked into the text-book except in the classroom. It may be wondered whether administrative officers and heads of departments really know what takes place in some of the classrooms of their institutions. The student who finds that he can get along in his college work by performing a minimum of labor or no labor at all acquires a very low opinion of scholarship and of the methods in his own college and he learns little if anything of the subject he is supposed to be studying. He also fails to develop a sense of responsibility, and this is one of the greatest defects, according to the business men who employ him after his graduation.

The trouble is not, as some think, that the students are not teachable but that they are not taught. Here are statements of fact, not criticisms, which Professor Howe thinks explain the bad quality of the teaching:

"First—Many of our college and university presidents are not trained educators, or, if they are, they are not allowed to use much of their ability as educators

but must give their whole time to executive work, at least when it is not taken up with raising money to meet the college bills. They know little or nothing at first-hand about the kind of teaching that is being done in any department of the institutions over which they preside, and they would never think of visiting a classroom or lecture room for fear of offending the professor in charge.

"Second—Deans are also admirable executives; but they have not time for or spend very little time in the discussion of education and its principles as applied to the college in which they are serving.

"Third—Heads of departments, most of whom are ripe scholars with high ideals of teaching and of attainment, do not consider it their duty to train the young instructors under them, nor do they know in any detail what those instructors do in the classrooms.

"Fourth—Quite a large part of the teaching in our colleges is done by young instructors, many of them the finest product of our universities; but most of them have had no experience in teaching previous to their college appointments or training in pedagogical methods. It is safe to say that most of them have not the slightest idea that there is such a thing as a theory of teaching and they know nothing about the modern methods which must be studied by nearly every common-school teacher before he or she can obtain an appointment."

WOULD WE ALL BE HEALTHIER IF WE SCRUBBED THE FLOOR?

ATTENTION has been drawn in the London *Lancet* to the superior physique of the woman who scrubs floors, and Doctor Harry Campbell asserts in the columns of the great medical organ that a protecting instinct seems to attract even well-to-do women to this lowly occupation. Young girls of the best families, when sent to cooking school, find the scrubbing of the floor peculiarly delightful. These girls have been known deliberately to scatter water over the floor in order that they might have an excuse for going upon their hands and knees to wipe it up.

The exhilaration of the experience is extreme and its effects in toning up the organs all over the body seem to be permanent. It is an instinct that should be revived in men. The position of the woman who is scrubbing the floor, when considered from the physical point of view, is anatomically correct. That of the woman who stands is not. In setting forth the reasons for this, Doctor J. Knox Thompson writes in *The Lancet* that man is not really a biped. He is really a quadruped who has acquired the habit of going about on his hind limbs. If we overlook this truth we are unable

to trace the origin of important diseases from which the quadruped in its normal position is free. Contrast, he urges, the conditions in man with the corresponding conditions in the quadruped:

"In the latter the lungs, instead of being, as it were, set up on end, with their whole weight supported on the small diaphragmatic surface—so that the lower lobes are constantly in a more or less compressed and sodden condition, and their apices almost strangled by the weight of the upper two ribs pressing upon them like a collar—recline upon the full extent of their ventro-lateral surfaces; the ribs, instead of pressing upon them, support them, and the heart, instead of having the hard central tendon and backbone to rest upon, reclines upon the ventral extremities of the lungs. The soft low-pressure auricles are in a position of freedom to expand and contract, the veins at the back of the thorax are not congested; the stomach, colon, etc., do not hang suspended by ligaments, but rest throughout their whole extent on the broad surface of the anterior abdominal wall. The kidneys also rest instead of being suspended, and the pelvis and its contents, being on a level with or usually above that of the abdominal contents, are not pressed upon by them, so that the pelvic floor has practically no stress to bear. The lower abdominal wall, internal abdominal rings, and crural canals have very little pressure to support, and there is no tendency to hernia as that is the highest part of the abdomen. The thighs are usually flexed on the abdomen, lending additional support."

The disadvantages to man from his abandonment of the quadrupedal position are accentuated by the eagerness of mothers to make the baby walk. The erect position should not be too early adopted for children, and, after learning it, they should be encouraged to go back to the all-fours position for a while each day. The advice is applicable to adults, altho it would be unwise to base too sweeping a generalization upon the practice of going about on all fours until a considerable experience has been acquired in this form of therapy. It is an unchallenged fact that the occupation of the scrub woman is one of the healthiest forms of manual labor under

proper conditions, and it seems no less true that we should all be healthier if we scrubbed our own floors instead of having them scrubbed for us by others. If we scrubbed the floors there would be less to dread in the shape of catarrhs and derangements of the respiratory and gastro-intestinal tract. When we are scrubbing a floor the whole pelvis is relieved of its state of chronic congestion. It is not the scrubbing of the floor that gives the scrub woman her advantages over the rest of us, but the quadrupedal position to which she accustoms herself and which is both tonic and integrating. The anatomical explanation is simple:

"The muscles upon which most of the work of maintaining the erect posture is thrown are the erector spinæ and its accessory groups. It is plain that this great group of muscles, especially in the lumbo-sacral region, is subjected to very much greater stress in the human being than in the quadruped; the mechanism has not yet become properly adapted to the new stress, and lumbago and rheumatism in the back are common, in spite of the fact that the back is less exposed to the weather in man than in quadrupeds. The defective adaptation of these muscles to the stress of erect posture is also shown in the gait of the old and feeble. . . .

"The effects of the ravages of Pott's disease are greatly aggravated by the erect posture; in quadrupeds the maintenance of the spinal continuity and curve is due to interlocking of articular processes, and disease of the vertebral bodies need not lead to any displacement except perhaps slight lordosis, but in man collapse and fusion of diseased vertebral bodies is the rule, in some cases causing actual dislocation of the spine and lesions of the cord and its nerves, and in nearly all cases severe deformity, such as marked kyphosis and a hunch-back condition, with consequent serious interference with the visceral functions. In man the weight of the abdominal contents has twisted the innominate bones so that the iliac bones form saucers or fossæ to support them, instead of being merely part of the attachments of the lower limbs to the trunk.

"Owing to the fact that the whole weight of the body is continually thrown on to the lower limbs in man, injuries and

affections are more varied and frequent in the latter than in the hind limbs of quadrupeds. Contracted and deformed pelvis, a serious condition in women on account

of parturition, is largely due to the erect posture, even tho the tendency to its development is due to rickets, osteomalacia, and so on."

IMPENDING DEVELOPMENT OF A RACE OF SUPERMEN THROUGH THE GLANDS

THE superman, altho held by many to be a mere fallacy of Nietzsche's, has all but arrived. His coming cannot be much longer delayed, because the new knowledge of the glands regulating personality will enable him to break the bonds that have held him in subjection. The day is not distant when we shall all be supermen. The chemical conditions of man's being, to use the language of Doctor Louis Berman,* the brilliant biological chemist of Columbia University (and these chemical conditions include the internal secretions), are the steps of the ladder by which man will climb to "those dizzy heights where he will stretch out his hands and find himself a god." The thyroid gland, the pituitary gland, the adrenal glands, the thymus, the pineal, the sex glands, have yielded this secret and other secrets of even more immediate importance. The life of every individual, normal or abnormal, his physical appearance, his psychic traits, are dominated largely by his internal secretions. There are certain terms for the glands of internal secretion which are used interchangeably. They are spoken of often as the endocrine glands and as the hormone-producing glands. Endocrine stands for both the gland and its secretion. Hormone applies specifically to the secretion. Dr. Berman gives us this general description of the glands:

"Originally, a gland meant something in the body which was seen to make something else, generally a juice or a liquid mixture of some sort. A classical example is the salivary glands elaborating saliva.

The microscope has shown us that every gland is a chemical factory in which the cells are the workers. The product of the gland work is its secretion. Thus the sweat glands of the skin secrete the perspiration as their secretion, the lachrymal glands of the eyes the tears as theirs. The collectivism of management and control is the only essential difference between them and the modern soap factory or T.N.T. plant. . . .

"It was soon found that the cells of the more familiar glands, like the sweat or tear glands, resembled the cells of the more mysterious structures, named the thyroid in the neck or adrenal in the abdomen, of which the function was unknown. What had hitherto prevented classification of the latter as glands was the fact that they possessed no visible pathways for the removal of their secretion. So now they were set apart as the *ductless* glands, the glands without ducts, as contrasted with the glands normally equipped with ducts. Since, too, they were observed to have an exceedingly rich supply of blood, the blood presented itself as the only conceivable mode of egress for the secretions packed within the cells. So they were also called the blood or vascular glands."

The glands of internal secretion have an evolutionary history that would take us back to the primitive forms of fish life. Thus the thyroid gland was originally a sex gland, pure and simple. It played a great part in the transformation of sea creatures into land animals, just as it is destined to play its tremendous part in our transformation into a race of supermen. The thyroid secretion is the controller of the speed of living. The pressure of energy in the cells is controlled by the thyroid. The mobility of that energy is also controlled by the thyroid. Without it, rapid fluctuations of energy and flexibility of

* THE GLANDS REGULATING PERSONALITY. By Louis Berman, M.D. New York: Macmillan.

energy mobilization for any sudden act become impossible.

Consider, again, the pituitary, a lump of tissue about the size of a pea, lying at the base of the brain a short distance behind the root of the nose. While the thyroid makes available a greater supply of crude energy, by speeding up cellular processes, the pituitary assists in energy transformation, in energy expenditure and conversion, especially of the brain, and of the sexual system. "In short, the thyroid facilitates energy production, the pituitary its consumption. The pituitary appears therefore as the gland of continued effort. Hence fatigability, an inability to maintain effort, is one of the prominent complaints when there is destruction or an insufficiency of it for one reason or another."

The glands of combat, the glands of emergency energy, the glands of preparedness, such are the adrenals. In like manner one might go through the whole list of glands regulating personality and find each performing a function in urging man along the path that leads from the savage to the superman. Until quite recently, the glands were treated from the standpoint of therapy. If they manifested a deficiency, they were to be "trated" as one might deal with a sore finger or a boil on the neck. Little was it suspected that they were so many laboratories in which proceeded the chemistry of the soul.

The new attitude to these glands does not mean merely the raising of the general level of intelligence by the use of endocrine extracts in making bad boys good and stupid men clever. We shall all go forward. Nor will endocrine control necessarily interfere with the life of the individual. "There will be breeding of the best mixtures of glands of internal secretion possible. And there will be treatment for those born with a handicap, or who have become handicapped in the life struggle. There will be a stimulation of capacity to the limit."

The internal secretions are, in Professor Berman's judgment, the most

hopeful and promising of the reagents for control yet come upon the human mind. They open up limitless prospects for the improvement of the race. Even if we are only upon the first rung of the ladder, we are upon the ladder. If a single gland can dominate the life history of an individual, it becomes possible, by studying endocrine traits of physique, life reactions, disease tendencies, hereditary history and blood chemistry, to gain an insight into the constitution of any individual. Doctor Berman illustrates this point by means of an endocrine explanation of Oscar Wilde! His personality must be classed as thymocentric—a persistent thymus superiority with an instability of the other two main glands involved. The thymus is the gland of childhood, the gland which keeps children childish and sometimes makes children out of grown-ups. The points of immediate interest in Oscar Wilde's case are the height, the complexion and the beardlessness. Another sign was his voice.

"As happens in a number of thymocentrics, his pituitary must have attempted to compensate for the endocrine deficiencies always present in them. The exceptional size of his head was a pituitary trait. Finding, possibly making, plenty of room for itself to grow, for some unknown reason, in an extraordinary fashion, it reinforced the love of the beautiful that is part of the feminine post-pituitary nature, with an intellectual ability and maturity that was at first all-conquering. In the face of a society organized for pure masculine and pure feminine types, disgrace and disaster at last overtook him, with almost the ruthlessness of natural selection wiping out an unadapted sport suddenly cropping up in an environment. In prison he suffered from severe splitting headaches, which were probably due to changes in his pituitary. Described as being directly over the eyes, they haunted him until his death, and may have had a good deal to do with the absinthe addiction he acquired."

Modern diagnosis and modern therapy might have done a great deal for Oscar Wilde, for Napoleon, Julius Caesar and others of their respective

endocrine types. Were they alive to-day and willing to submit themselves to scientific scrutiny, the X-ray would tell us of the state of the pituitary and thymus in them, chemical examinations of the blood the condition of the thyroid and adrenals, shedding a flood of light upon their maladies as well as their personalities. Therapy might have relieved Napoleon of his attacks, and so, halting the creeping degeneration of his pituitary, made Waterloo impossible. Consider Julius Caesar:

"The compound of intellectual and practical ability he realized was of the rarest. It meant a most delicate balance between his ante-pituitary, post-pituitary, adrenals and thyroid. He was an orator, politician, historian, conqueror and statesman. That his thyroid functioned well can be deduced from a career which involved more than three hundred personal triumphs as recognition from his native city. On horseback, riding without using his hands, he would often dictate to two or three secretaries at once. The masculine love of glory and ambition, expression of a well-working ante-pituitary, was combined with the effeminate echoes of an equally well-evolved post-pituitary. No prima donna was more concerned with the care of her skin, complexion and hair than he. The analogy extends even to superfluous hair which he had removed, not by the modern electrolysis, but by depilation with forceps and main force. The attendants at his bath would polish his epidermis, for his satisfaction, until it resembled alabaster or marble."

The accessibility of the thyroid gland in the neck, the ease of surgical approach, the definite effects following its removal, and the marvels of the feeding of the thyroid have rendered it the center of attack by the larger army of endocrine investigators. Seeming miracles in the transformation of personality have been effected. The internal secretions, indeed, appear to be the key to the soul of man, the chemistry of his deportment, the basis of the great destiny in store for him. It has been argued that the process of evolution has ceased. In truth, we are on the threshold of a fresh stage of evolution much

more tremendous in what it signifies than we have been permitted to know in the past. Crime, disease, old age, will vanish, and who shall say that Utopia itself is unattainable, the end of poverty, of inefficiency, of doubt and despair? These will be the effects of the cooperation of the glands:

"What transfigures the individual as the years go by is no simple wear and tear of the tissues, nor the replacement of old cells by new. It is the rearrangement of relationships among the ductless glands, the shifting of influences from the predominant to the subordinate, and, vice versa, in the constellation of the internal secretions, that determines the unfolding of the personality. The transformations raise doubt sometimes as to the reality of personal identity. What actually happens in the changes from childhood to adolescence, from adolescence to maturity, and so on, is the sloughing of one internal glandular dominance for another. . . .

"It becomes permissible to speak of the five Endocrine Epochs. Similarities and resemblances of mind and body between people at a given period of life, childhood, youth, maturity must be put down to their common government by the salient endocrine of the epoch. So one may list:

Infancy as the epoch of the thymus;
 Childhood as the epoch of the pineal;
 Adolescence as the epoch of whatever gland is left in control as the result of the life struggle;
 Senility as the epoch of general endocrine deficiency."

There is a fear among some students of psychology that the science of the internal secretions in its maturity will signify the abolition of the marvelous differences between human beings that are really responsible for the existence of the unique personalities of history, the Hannibals, the Euripides, the Joans of Arc. It is beyond dispute, says Doctor Berman, that a derangement of the endocrines has been responsible for masterpieces of the human species in the past and will be responsible for them in the future. The equality of Utopia, he says, can be the equality of the highest and fullest development possible for each of its inhabitants.

WHEREIN THE PROBLEM OF THE EARTH-WORM IS THE PROBLEM OF THE CHILD

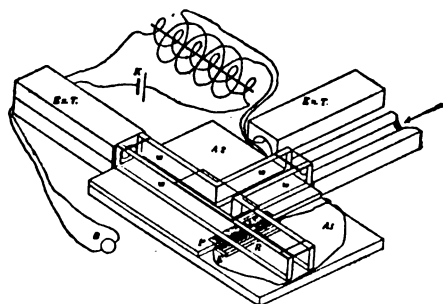
WITHIN recent years the distinguished authority on animal behavior, Professor Yerkes, devised a simple apparatus by means of which he was able to test the ability of earthworms to learn to follow a path and to avoid an injurious chemical or electrical stimulus. He had in mind the question whether the earthworm can profit from experience and whether it can associate the tactual stimulus with the chemical and acquire the habit of regularly responding to sandpaper as tho it anticipated the unpleasant feeling of it. The animal was usually given five trials on a single day. One earthworm in the course of several months was given 850 lessons or trials in passing through the labyrinth. In the latter part of the experiments the worm was seldom directly stimulated and usually took the right turn with a fair degree of accuracy.

These results proved positive, and Yerkes next tried an unusual experiment. He cut off that part of the animal's body containing the "brain," for the earthworm has what may be called a brain. These animals are able to regenerate such lost parts. The idea was to determine whether the previously acquired habits were located in the brain or generally distributed in the nervous system. Forty hours after the operation the lessons were begun again. The worm moved forward more slowly and continually than before the operation, into the middle of the labyrinth. Having reached the common wall of the arms it turned to the left and five times pushed forward to the sandpaper, each time withdrawing upon contact. As it searched with the cut end for a way of escape, the tail became active and moved about as if feeling for a path. Shortly a turn toward the right was made and, with repeated attempts to crawl up the glass wall, the worm approached the exit tube. The instant the "head" end came in contact with the

moist lining of the tube the worm pushed forward as if in recognition of the retreat.

Professor Yerkes concludes that the correct performance of a thoro ingrained habitual act of the kind studied in this investigation was not dependent upon the "brain"—portions of the nervous system carried by the five anterior segments—since the worm reacted appropriately within a few hours after its removal. As the brain was regenerated, the worm exhibited increased initiative. Two months after the removal of the brain, during the last four weeks of which period no training was given, the acquired habits had completely disappeared. The removal and the regeneration of the first five segments resulted in the development of a worm strikingly different in behavior from the original worm.

Professor W. M. Smallwood, of Syra-



AN EARTHWORM'S TRAINING SCHOOL

Perspective of T apparatus for study of habit formation in the earthworm; A1, plate-glass base for parts of apparatus; A2, layers of white blotting paper covering approximately two-thirds of A1; w, w, w, w, plate-glass walls of T-shaped passage-way; En. T., wooden entrance tube, lined with moistened blotting paper, from which worm enters passage-way, as indicated by arrow (the cover of the tube is shown removed); Ex. T., wooden exit tube in position for reception of worm as it emerges from open arm of glass T (in this case, the cover is in position); P, strip of sandpaper resting on A2 and extending across passage-way; E, pieces of copper wire serving as electrodes, insulated and kept at fixed distances from one another by the corrugations of the strip of rubber; R; I, inductorium, wires from the secondary coil of which terminate in the electrodes at E; K, key in primary circuit of inductorium; B, dry cell. From Yerkes, *Intelligence of Earthworms*.

cuse University, has made a study of these experiments as they pertain to man.* The same combination of reactions, he notes, had to be gone over and over again. When the earthworm grew a new brain, this in turn had to be trained. In mammals there is, in addition to the so-called regular brain, the so-called new brain, which receives impulses from all over the body. This is the first thing in the history of animals to become a single region forming a regulating center for all activities. Still, nothing new is introduced as to method and no new kind of reflex action or new type of nerve impulse is evident in any of the reactions that are regulated by the "new brain." We must formulate our procedure with the same tools that nature has dealt with in teaching animals. All of a child's information, for example, enters through his receptor. This will vary with his heredity as will all other parts of his body and in no other way. There is a given range of vision, audition, sense of taste or smell. His place in this range, poor, medium or good, is fixed before birth. The deaf-mute cannot be made to hear nor the near-sighted given normal eyes.

Because of a man's biological origin, he is governed by the same laws as are all other animals. No new methods of procedure that are essentially fundamental have ever been discovered by man or for man. New devices will be employed from time to time, but in the training of the mind in all of its early stages there will be the simple reward and punishment suggestion during which time definite structures are becoming accustomed to a given reaction in the brain. These things—we call them synapses—once established, the training of a new set can be begun. Thoroness takes on a new meaning. It grows out of the biological necessity of training "synapses" to respond similarly each time, and no one can yet predict in advance how many times the

process must be gone through within a given individual nor how flexible and adjustable an individual will become.

Before a habit is fixed, the group of reactions which result in a specific response have to be repeated many times. There does not appear to be anything distinctively different between the methods of teaching the child or the animal.

The word synopsis gives us the point of contact between the training of the earthworm and the training of the child. It involves the passing of a stimulus from one neuron to the next. Each neuron is an independent unit and its connection with other neurons is by contact only. This means that there is a break in the continuity of the nerve pathway. Such a structural break is called the synapse. Little is scientifically known about what happens in synapsis. The more synapses in a given route, the longer it takes for a stimulus to reach its destination. Science is just beginning to realize the nature of these different connections, and it is in this highly technical field that we may expect future revelations. "All attempts to discover what happens to a stimulus after it enters the brain have thus far been a complete failure. How a heat stimulus can be translated into a specific command to the muscles to contract in a definite manner is unknown."

Here it may be noted that many readers do not seem to understand what is meant by a habit. For the present purpose it may be enough to state that a habit is made up of many reflexes or rather reflex actions in which one combination finally dominates over all of the other possible reactions. In this as in the simple nervous process, it is the training of the synapses that must take place. The formation of habits is well illustrated in the method employed in the training of animals, where an almost endless series of repetitions is used in fixing a habit. Habits of cleanliness are instilled into a child, for instance, only by constantly requiring that he wash his hands before coming to the table.

* MAN—THE ANIMAL. By W. M. Smallwood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

SUPERIORITY OF PREHISTORIC MAN TO MODERN MAN

CURRENT scientific thought is misled by a conviction that prehistoric man was intellectually below the level of man in our age. The exact reverse is the case, according to Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. Prehistoric man displayed not merely mental power of the highest grade, but actual genius so brilliant that nothing in the annals of historic man can compare with it for a moment. He was, on the whole, a greater genius than modern man, bolder in the exercise of the inventive faculty.

If the inventive faculty were not so much misunderstood, Admiral Fiske goes on to declare in his recent work,* then anthropology and the evolutionary sciences in general would be less misleading as guides to what kind of a world prehistoric man managed to fashion for himself. The invention of the bow and arrow was one of the first order of brilliancy. A mind that could conceive to-day such a device—make it as an original invention, that is—would exemplify a creative faculty of the supreme type. It is not easy to think of any simple accident as accounting for the invention of the bow and arrow. It consists of three entirely independent parts—the straight bar of wood, the string and the arrow. When one realizes the countless centuries during which the bow and arrow held sway, the millions of men who have used it and the important effect it has had in the conquest of wild beasts and in the deciding of many battles critically important in the history of the world, he can hardly escape the conclusion that the invention was one of the most important occurrences in the career of man.

The word inventor is used so loosely nowadays that most of us, the Admiral thinks, fail altogether to realize that

a real inventor is as unusual as a real poet or a real musician. There are poets and musicians who follow the beaten path brilliantly and there are inventors who do the same. But the man who strikes out into the unknown as a pioneer and makes an invention of such absolute novelty that whole centuries are spent in its mere development is incomparably brilliant, one might say inspired. Now, prehistoric man had to strike out into the unexplored immensity of an intellectual void, and, if we compare his original inventions with the mere "developments" and "improvements" of the historical period, we gain some idea of how superior to us intellectually must have been the antediluvians whom archeology despises.

"To us who have been carefully taught the facts known at the present day, and whose minds have been trained by logic and mathematics to reason from effect to cause, and to construct frameworks of cause wherefrom to gain effects, it seems that anyone who noted that the hard substance which we call iron came from heating certain stones would immediately invent a process for caking iron in quantities. But prehistoric man had no knowledge whatever save that coming from his own observation and the oral teachings of the wise men; mathematics and logic did not exist; and the only training given him was in those simple arts of hunting, fishing, field tilling, etc., by which he earned his livelihood. For a mind so untrained and ignorant to leap from the simple noting of the accidental production of the metal to a realization of its value, then to a correct inference as to the possibility of producing it at will, then to a correct inference as to the method of producing it, and then to devising the method and actually producing iron at will, suggests a reasoning intelligence of an order exceedingly high. . . .

"Nothing resembling writing is to be found in nature; *nowhere do we see in nature any effort to preserve any records of any kind.* How man, or a man, was led to invent writing we can only imagine."

* Invention: the Master Key to Progress. By Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, LL.D., U.S.N. New York: Dutton.

WHISTLER'S ENDURING APPEAL AS MAN AND AS ARTIST

JOHNSON had his Boswell, Whistman had his Traubel, and Whistler had the Pennells. When they tell us in their new "Whistler Journal"* that "his fame endures, increases; none shall prevail against it," we are compelled to recognize not only the truth of their statement but also the substantial part that they have played in this endurance and in this increase. Mr. Pennell is himself a gifted artist; his wife was for years one of the busiest, most popular and most accomplished women in London; and yet these two have felt that they honored themselves in honoring Whistler. They fell in love with him, so to speak, when they first knew him, and they are still under his spell. The present "Journal," a substantial volume with scores of illustrations, is composed, in the main, of the notes and records out of which they constructed the authorized "Life

of Whistler," published in 1909. It throws a flood of light on the collection of Whistleriana that they have lately presented to the Library of Congress, and appears on the eve of the opening, in the National Museum at Washington, of another important Whistler collection, bequeathed by Charles L. Freer. Incidents briefly described in the "Life" are treated with detail in the "Whistler Journal." In general spirit it falls easily, with the books of Lytton Strachey and of Mrs. Asquith, into

what may be called the literature of the Victorian revival. For Royal Cortissoz, art critic of the *New York Tribune*, it represents "a triumph of that kind of portraiture which literally places a man before us in his habit as he lived"; while Maurice Francis Egan, in the *New York Times*, goes so far as to say: "Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have created a new form of literature . . . a contribution to our knowledge of a great man which will one day be as much of a classic as the 'Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini' or the self-revelations of Michelangelo."

If we look for the secret of Whistler's enduring appeal, we may find it in the fact that he was a man who defied the world and yet made good. There are not many of that kind. His attitude toward others was almost inhuman in the sense that he looked upon them only as fuel for the sacred fire he was kindling. One cannot help feeling, a critic says, that he would have had less affection even for his mother if she had not been a perfect model for what he wanted to express. For his two illegitimate children he seems to have had little affection.

His artistic independence, expressed not only in his work but in his criticisms of others, was marked. The "Why drag in Velasquez" story, which has gone through amazing variations, strikes the Pennells as funny rather than as anything else. They admit, however, that it had a basis in reality, and they quote many other of Whistler's.

He habitually depreciated J. M. W. Turner, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema and Sargent, and he was not afraid to criticize even greater men. After visiting Rome in 1899, he told the Pennells: "I found St. Peter's fine, with its great yellow walls, the interior too big; perhaps, but you had only to go inside to



Pen-and-ink Sketch of Whistler by Harper Pennington.

* THE WHISTLER JOURNAL. By E. R. & J. Pennell. Lippincott.



SWINBURNE

The early friendship of Swinburne and Whistler was broken by a quarrel. Whistler tried to heal the breach by paying a public tribute to the poet. Swinburne refused to forgive, and described the artist as "clever, certainly very clever, but a little viper."



MALLARMÉ

This drawing marked a departure from the usual methods of lithography. Instead of using a transfer, Whistler laid thin Japanese tracing-paper on a rough book-cover, and drew on it, shifting the paper as he drew to get a varying grain.



HENLEY

Whistler sent to the funeral of Henley a spray of purple iris, and often spoke of his admiration of the man who had not only written great poetry himself but had been among the first to discover the literary gift in others.



LORD WOLSELEY

This is interesting because it is one of the few portraits that Whistler made of military men. He seemed, in his way, to admire the military life, and looked back with special pride to the years that he spent at West Point.

FOUR PORTRAITS REPRODUCED FROM THE "WHISTLER JOURNAL"



Portrait Made by Paul Helleu While Whistler
Posed to Boldini.

know where Wren got his ideas—how he, well, you know, robbed Peter's to pay Paul's! And I liked the Vatican, the Swiss Guards, great big fellows, lolling about as in Dumas; they made you think of D'Artagan, Aramis and the others. And Michael Angelo? A tremendous fellow, yes; the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, interesting as pic-



The "Ape" Portrait
by Pellegrini.

tures, but with all the legs and arms of the figures sprawling everywhere I could not see the decorations. There can be no decoration without repose; a tremendous fellow, but not so much in the 'David' and other things I was shown in Rome and Florence as in that one unfinished picture at the National Gallery. There is often elegance in the *Loggie* of Raphael,

but the big frescoes of the *Stanze* did not interest me."

It may be that Whistler's hypersensitive nerves were due to his lack of physical vitality. George Moore once said that Whistler, if he had been fifty pounds heavier, might have painted as well as Velasquez. Be that as it may, Whistler's attitude was often not only uncompromizing, but provocative.

He prided himself on being a master in the gentle art of making enemies. His best-known quarrel was with John Ruskin, who had denounced one of his nocturnes as "a pot of paint flung in the public's face," but he was always quarreling with some one, and he almost quarreled with Mr. Pennell, as the "Journal" narrates. In the matter of the breach with Frederick R. Leyland, the wealthy ship-owner for whom Whistler made the famous "Peacock Room," we get the impression that Whistler distinctly abused the Leyland hospitality and was in the wrong unless judged by standards made for a superman.

And yet, through all the series of quarrels, Whistler has an endearing quality. He was childlike, and he loved both to entertain and to be entertained. His Sunday breakfasts at which he served American buckwheat cakes and displayed his matchless blue-and-white china, will not be forgotten by any who participated in them. It was his pleasure to entertain Americans; to refer to himself as a West Point man; and to denounce the British War in South Africa. He was one of the liveliest and wittiest of hosts.

Dozens of his sayings are quoted by the Pennells. For instance: A lady asked him why he troubled to attack



A Sketch by Phil
May.



Whistler as Walter Greaves Saw Him.

an old man who already had one foot in the grave. He replied: "Ah, but it's the other foot I'm after." On another occasion, he said of an art critic who had been talking about his pictures: "Well! You know he knows a great deal more about my things than I do; but then he doesn't know enough to know that everything

he does know is wrong."

Degas, the French artist, who was also a famous wit, is said to have prepared clever talk in advance of the occasion on which it was to be used. With Whistler it was spontaneous, the wit of the moment. To quote further examples:

"Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff was composing the music for some verses of Owen Meredith's. Whistler said he would like to illustrate them. She told him they were about the lark. 'Charming,' Whistler said, 'but, dear me, what can I do when the only larks I know anything about are larks on toast?' This immediately suggests his telegram to Madame Marchesi. She bought from him a small marine and no sooner did she get it than she wired, '*Whistler, vous êtes le plus grand maistre au monde.*' As promptly he wired back, 'Madame, you are the greatest lark in the world!' in which she saw only the compliment and showed it with pride to her friends, and the story got so contorted that 'Madame, you are the greatest nightingale in the world,' was a version of his telegram more usually quoted. Wit of another kind was in his advice to a man who couldn't sleep but walked up and down all night thinking of his creditors. 'Well, you know,' said Whistler, 'better do as I do—let your creditors do the walking up and down!' As characteristic of a still different mood and manner was a story John Alexander used to tell. He was dining at the Walter Gays and Whistler was there, tho at the other end of the

table. Alexander was recalling another dinner some years before where he met Oscar Wilde. As usual, Wilde's talk was designed to lead up to carefully prepared witticisms. In the midst of it the lady he had taken in to dinner asked, 'And how did you leave the weather in London, Mr. Wilde?' and that was the end of the talk and the witticisms. Alexander had no idea that Whistler was listening, or even

could hear, but, at this point, he heard the familiar 'Ha! Ha!' and Whistler leaning over said to him, 'Truly a most valuable lady!' Another of Alexander's stories should have a place. He was in Whistler's studio when Lady Eden was sitting for her portrait and was very full of a Turner some Lord Somebody wanted her to buy and she was not sure if it was a real Turner or a sham Turner, and wouldn't Whistler come and look at it and give her his opinion. 'Quite impossible, my dear Lady Eden,' Whistler regretted, 'but, after all, isn't the distinction a very subtle one?'"

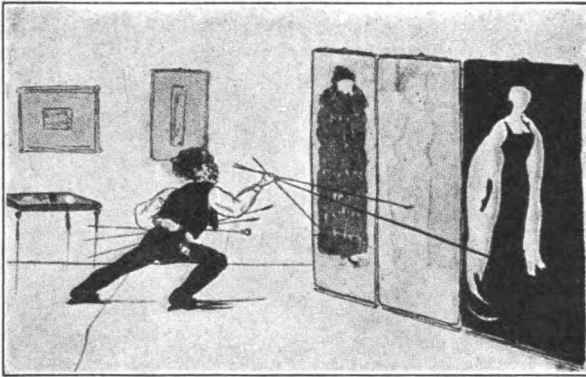
Richard Canfield, whose gambling



Spy's Caricature of Whistler.



Whistler Making a Lithograph at Way's.



Caricature of Whistler Painting Three Portraits of Lady Meux at Once.

house in New York was being raided by the police at the time that he was having his portrait painted by Whistler in London, figures prominently in the narrative, and a chapter is devoted to the Greaves brothers and to their sister Tinnie. Walter Greaves seems to have tried to get himself up like Whistler and painted many pictures in the Whistler style; but it is a great mistake, Mr. Pennell asserts, to suppose that Whistler derived anything, in an artistic sense, from Greaves. The relation between the two was that of master and pupil. From first to last, we are assured, Whistler was *himself*, original and unique.

It is worth noting that Whistler disliked "nature" and was bored in the country. "Nature," he was fond of saying, "is very rarely right, to such an extent even that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong." He avowed an aristocratic creed, and, in a sense, was an artist of the rich. But, at the same time, as Mr. Pennell points out, "it was from the houses of the people rather than the palaces of the few that he derived the idea of walls washed simply with simple tones, of dark-stained floors, of light or dark dadoes and doorways contrasting with the walls. His simple washes of distemper were the outgrowth of white-wash that the people have always used, a development of the beauty he had seen in the quiet old houses of New

England, that we have seen in the houses of Friends in Philadelphia."

Whistler's friend E. G. Kennedy once said something to him about an alleged deterioration in the work of the French painter Millet after the latter had married and increased his household expenses. Whistler was indignant. "The artist's work," he said, "is never better, never worse, it must always be good, in the end as in the beginning, if it is in him to do anything at all, and he would not be in-

fluenced by the chance of a wife or anything of that kind." On this we get the comment:

"Nothing could be more characteristic than Whistler's answer to Mr. Kennedy about Millet. His theory, his belief, his ardent conviction, was that the quality of an artist's work could not change. There might be degrees in this quality, but the quality itself must be always there from his first painting or print to his last. He was quick to pounce upon friend or enemy who ventured to hold or suggest the opposite opinion, and the subject roused him often to eloquence, often to wrath. We have not forgotten his indignation when he asked J. [Joseph Pennell] to go and look at his 'Carmen' at the exhibition of the Portrait Painters' Society in 1895, and J., in his enthusiasm, declared he had never seen anything like it. What did he mean? Whistler wanted to know. The 'Miss Alexander' was like it, so was the 'Nocturne' J. was reproducing for 'A London Garland,' so was the 'Mother' at the Luxembourg. People might be a long time finding it out, but all his paintings were alike—only, the 'Carmen' was finer. This was one of the times when he said he was 'mortally offended,' but was as prompt to make his peace with J. as to take offence. Lavery [Sir John Lavery, the painter] offended no less once when, talking of *L'Art Nouveau*, the precursor of the Isms and Ists, he ventured to define it. Whistler would hear of no definition—"There is—there can be—no *Art Nouveau*—there is only Art!"

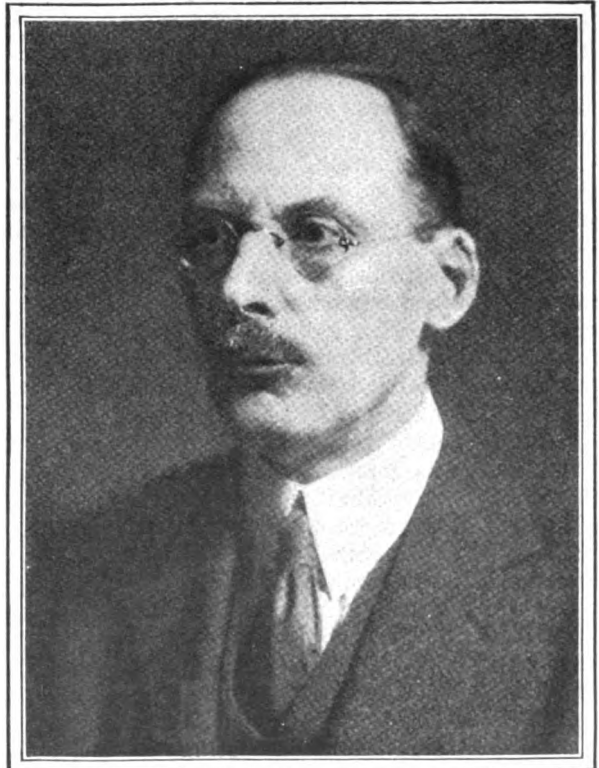
ROBINSON AS A POET BORN AHEAD OF HIS TIME

IF the verse of Edwin Arlington Robinson is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of melancholy, we must look for an explanation in the fact that he was born "twenty years ahead of his time." So Amy Lowell, the distinguished poet, declares in an article in the *Dial* reviewing the "Collected Poems"* which the Authors' Club of New York has just proclaimed the worthiest book of the past year. Miss Lowell regards Robinson as the most finished and settled of the poets alive in America at the present time. "If a contemporary dare to say," she continues, "that any living writer is sure to rank among the most important poets of his nation, I dare to say this of Mr. Robinson." He is great now, but he might have been greater if those fatal twenty years had not "wound him in inhibitions which he has not been able to shake off."

Miss Lowell is more specific in a passage which begins with the statement: "Mr. Robinson is a sort of temporal Colossus of Rhodes; he straddles a period." She tells us further:

"It seems to me almost impossible to understand Mr. Robinson without some knowledge of the society into which he was born. Recollect what Puritanism has meant to America, the good and the bad. Remember how long it held sway, and realize that this sway persisted much longer in the small towns and country districts than it did in the large cities. Mr. Robinson grew up in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and if any reader can recall from personal experience country New England in the 'seventies and 'eighties no

more need be said. This growing up of Mr. Robinson's took place in Gardiner, a most charming little town on the Kennebec River in Maine. I love Gardiner myself, but I can imagine what it must have been like in the 'seventies and 'eighties. How Mr. Robinson could have started, as he did, in the heart of Gardiner, we cannot even conceive until we know more of him and his antecedents than we know now. From Gardiner he went to Harvard, and Harvard in the early 'nineties I do remember. Need I say that no one would have picked it for a forcing bed for Mr. Robinson's genius, but still it must have been an improvement on Gardiner.



Photograph by H. H. Moore.

"ONE OF THE SIX GREATEST POETS WRITING TO-DAY" It was John Drinkwater, in a lecture before the Royal Society of Literature in England, who used the words quoted above in relation to Edwin Arlington Robinson. Mr. Robinson's "Collected Poems" appeals to the Authors' Club, of New York, as the worthiest book of the past year.

* COLLECTED POEMS. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.

"Now Mr. Robinson is a dyed-in-the-wool New Englander, and that must never be forgotten. His tenacity of purpose is thoroly New England, so is his austerity and his horror of exuberance of expression. His insight into people is pure Yankee shrewdness, as is also his violent and controlled passion. He is absolutely a native of his place; the trouble was that he was not a native of his time."

The stamp of Robinson's spiritual loneliness is set on a poem, "The Children of the Night," which Miss Lowell cites as one of the early and significant expressions of his genius. It shows him avowing "a creedless religion." Miss Lowell uses the words advisedly, for she does not imagine Robinson to be either an agnostic or an atheist. But a creedless religion in Gardiner, she observes, "must have made the holder of it feel as tho branded with the mark of Cain." Now "evolution, in religion as in other things, is a sane and salutary process which leads to no bitterness and is merely the door to freedom." Revolution, on the other hand, is "the bread of sorrow and the wine of despair. To be called upon to do in oneself in a few years what nations take centuries in bringing about, means a severe wrenching of intellect and emotion." If one doubts the truth of this saying, Miss Lowell advises a reading of Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," or, indeed, of "The Children of the Night." One may realize then what it means to a man brought up to a formal order to admit a creedless religion. "There is gain, of course, but that is dim; there is loss, and that is present and overwhelming."

Mr. Robinson, as Amy Lowell sees him, could by no means be Gardiner, he could by no means be America at that moment.

"He began to see life with a touch of irony because it was not his life. His life was nowhere, he withdrew mentally within himself; he withdrew more and more, but he would not compromise. He would be himself regardless of consequences, but that self was an outsider. And, all the

time, the old order was holding him, shackling him; again and again he escaped, but it was one continuous fight between himself and himself, between the old Puritan atavism and the new, free spirit. Every poem that Mr. Robinson writes is his dual self personified. If he thought his own thoughts, he could in no wise control the form in which he set them; if he spoke of his own direct speech, he could put it to no unrestrained or novel music. The luxuriance he innately feared, he drove away from him; to him it was an intellectual scarlet woman. He could not be happy, but he could be strong. He could mutter 'Courage!' and nerve himself to endurance. He looked to no future, he had no time to build a new order and never guessed that he was building it, he strove to keep himself, his point of view, above water, and he strove magnificently. This is what we read in 'The Children of the Night,' 'Captain Craig' and 'The Town Down the River.' He raised to himself an altar—the success of failure—and at this he warmed his heart. It is a meager flame, but it has sufficed him, and we must not quarrel that the pedestal is gaunt and severe."

Then, suddenly, in 1912 a new interest in poetry began to manifest itself. Mr. Robinson very likely did not think of himself as part of it, at first, and Miss Lowell is sure that with much that has come to pass since then he has been heartily out of sympathy. But "whatever he may have thought," she declares, "he was its forerunner; he was even more than that, he was its oldest and most respected exemplar." And whatever the effect that the new poetry had on Robinson, it brought his audience in its train and inspired the creation of better work. "The Man Against the Sky," published in 1916, six years after its predecessor, "The Town Down the River," shows "a heightening of power in every direction."

Miss Lowell proceeds, with a fellow-craftsman's perception and appreciation, to point out the elements of strength in Robinson's poetry. She speaks of the excellence of his early vignets, John Everedown, Cliff Klinglehagen, Richard Cory, and of his

later unique creations in "Captain Craig," Isaac and Archibald and Aunt Imogen. She thinks that Robinson is always at his best in contemporary scenes and among contemporary people, "with the brilliant exception of 'Ben Jonson.'" Two people and an atmosphere are Robinson's forte. He is "too selective and secret to find inspiration in a mob. We cannot imagine his poems becoming the marching cry of a multitude."

As an illustration of Robinson's feeling for atmosphere, Miss Lowell quotes:

The cottage of old Archibald appeared.
Little and white and high on a smooth
round hill
It stood, with hackmatacks and apple-
trees

Before it, and a big barn-roof beyond;
And over the place—trees, house, fields
and all—

Hovered an air of still simplicity
And a fragrance of old summers.

and this from "Fragment":

Faint white pillars that seem to fade
As you look from here are the first one
sees

Of his house where it hides and dies in a
shade

Of beeches and oaks and hickory trees.

His people are sketched as briefly and inevitably as his places. He has the gift of epigrammatic expression. Flammonde comes from

. . . God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air,
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk.

Richard Cory "glittered when he walked." Anton Stark's

. . . thin, pinched mouth was
nothing but a mark;
And when he spoke there came
like sullen blows

Through scattered fangs a few
snarled words and close,

As if a cur were chary of its bark.

All this leads on to the "cryptic" quality of Robinson's verse and to a reconsideration of his curious alienation from the spirit of contemporary

life. He owes much, it seems, to the eighteenth-century English poet, George Crabbe. He "is a far better poet than ever Crabbe was," according to Amy Lowell, "because Crabbe saw only what is, while Mr. Robinson has deep insight into why it is." In this, he is more akin to Thomas Hardy, whom he celebrates in one of his poems; but he has not yet attained to the reach of Thomas Hardy. "Hardy is no such poetical technician as Mr. Robinson, but he has a more probing understanding. Hardy touches his characters reverently, even as he dissects them; Mr. Robinson is not reverent, his nearest approach to it is a dry-eyed pity. Mr. Robinson has resisted life; Hardy has submitted to life as to a beloved master. Hardy is a great architect of tales and poems, 'The Dynasts' is monumental in conception and arrangement, but the details are inadequate; Mr. Robinson is a rare craftsman of detail, but his vision is pointilistic." In one sentence: "Hardy is a product of evolution, Mr. Robinson of revolution."

Some critics have professed to find in Mr. Robinson's work the beating of the knell of doom. Miss Lowell disagrees:

"I think that is to mistake his attitude and the subtlety of his thought. Doom there may be, but it is an adjunct, not a preoccupation. His preoccupation is with the unanswered question: Is the Light real or imagined, is man dupe or prophet, is faith unbolstered by logic an act of cowardice or an expression of unconscious, pondering intellectuality? There are poems of his to illustrate all these angles of vision. He doubts himself into cynicism, and rises from it through the conception of unexplained beauty. He seeks below life for the undercurrents by which he may discover its meaning. Sometimes he finds one thing, sometimes another; but, whatever he finds, the innate Puritan fortitude and spirituality keep him to his quest. He has not reached his goal nor found his Grail, but he never turns aside from the search, continuing it always with a wistful nobility of purpose which our literature has not seen before."

BERNARD SHAW REBUKES A HEDONIST

EVER since the day of Isaiah—and long before—men have been saying: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die." One of the latest thus to express himself, Clive Bell, the London art-critic, has aroused the wrath and even the invective of Bernard Shaw. Mr. Bell is incapable of the simplicity of the ancient Hebrews. What he writes is written with the utmost sophistication. But he makes it clear that his heart is set on roses, cheroots, beautiful books and pictures, the Russian Ballet, gay suppers and gay company, and that he cares not one jot whether these things endure or not. "The advantage of being an esthete," he declares, "is that one is able to appreciate the significance of all that comes to one through the senses: one feels things as ends instead of worrying about them as means. . . . Whatever is precious and beautiful in life is precious and beautiful irrespective of beginning and end."

On all of which Bernard Shaw, writing in the *New Republic*, makes the rather brutal comment: "My friend Clive Bell is a fathead and a voluptuary." If he asks, Shaw continues, "Why not live in the present?" the answer obviously is: "Because we don't, and won't, and can't. Because there is no such thing as the present: there is only the gate that we are always reaching and never passing through: the gate that leads from the past into the future." The argument proceeds:

"Clive, meaning to insist on static sensation, slips inevitably into talking of 'the significance of all that comes to one through the senses.' What then becomes of his figment of sense without significance? 'Whatever is precious and beautiful in life,' he says, 'is precious and beautiful irrespective of beginning and end.' Bosh! The only sensations intense enough to be called precious or beautiful are the sensations of irresistible movement to an all-important end: the only

perceptions that deserve such epithets are perceptions of some artistic expression of such sensation or pre-figured ideal of its possibilities. The pain with which a child cuts its teeth, tho felt, is not suffered because the child feels it as Clive pretends to feel his pleasures: that is, it cannot anticipate the next moment of it nor remember the last; and so, fretful as it may seem, it does not suffer at all. If Clive ever gets his pleasures down to the point at which he also does not anticipate the future or remember the past, he will not enjoy it in the least. In short, his imaginary present and its all-sufficing delight is unconsidered tosh.

"The reason Clive enjoys his suppers is that he first works hard enough to need relaxation—at least I presume and hope he does. If he did not he would be miserable, and would probably have to take to drugs to enable him to bear his pleasant evenings at the Russian Ballet. Even now he cannot get through them without the aid of cheroots. I never eat supper; I never smoke; I drink water; and I can sit out Petrouchka and enjoy the starlight in Piccadilly all the same."

It is in vain, Shaw concludes, that Clive Bell sings

Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon,
And thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.

They will not stop for him.

"Lopokova will dance, as you say; but when you stretch your arms to her and cry

Verweile doch, du bist so schön
[Then stay awhile, thou art so beautiful]

you cannot stop, either of you, any more than Paolo and Francesca could stop in the whirlwind. You delight in the music of Mozart; but does it ever stop? It ends; but your delight ends with it. You are a destinate creature, and must hurry along helter skelter; so what is the use of waving your cheroots at us and assuring us that you are motionless and meaningless? There is nothing in the world more ridiculous than a man running at full speed, and shouting to everyone that he is in no hurry and does not care two straws where he is going to."

AL JENNINGS TELLS OF HIS PRISON LIFE WITH O. HENRY

IN the life of America's short-story writer, William Sydney Porter, generally known as O. Henry, there were "shadowed years" spent in the Ohio Penitentiary. These years were the subject of a chapter in C. Alphonso Smith's "O. Henry Biography" and are further described in a new book* by Al Jennings. Of all men living, Jennings is the one best fitted to give us the true account of O. Henry's prison experience. The two were in prison together. They had been on intimate terms for years before, and in later years, after Jennings had been pardoned by President McKinley, they lived as intimately in New York City. It is no exaggeration to say, as one critic does, that Jennings was O. Henry's closest friend, and that no other book has succeeded as well as Jennings' in delineating the personal O. Henry.

The first meeting of Jennings and of O. Henry was in Trujillo, Honduras, some twenty-five years ago. Both were fugitives from justice. Jennings had been a notorious bank- and train-robber in Texas and Oklahoma. O. Henry had been charged with misappropriating about \$1,100 from the First National Bank of Austin. "We sat under mangrove trees," Jennings has written in a letter to Prof. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, "in the heat of the sun, looking far out across the billowy sea, trying to fathom what might be doing in the old United States. He talked of North Carolina and childhood, I of my native State, Virginia, but neither asked the other why he was in Central America."

Jennings was accompanied by his brother and companion-in-crime, Frank, and Porter made the party a trio. At this time the man who was later to become so famous as a writer was penniless. The Jennings brothers still had

\$30,000 of the money they had stolen. The three decided to travel together. As things turned out, they traveled from Honduras quicker than they expected, owing to a riotous Fourth of July celebration in which they unwittingly became involved in a sort of comic opera revolution. The episode is celebrated in O. Henry's story, "The Fourth in Salvador."

The three embarked on a tramp steamer that they had chartered, and skirted the entire coast of South America. A little later we hear of the party in Mexico City, where Porter's harmless gallantry to a señorita was misinterpreted, and Jennings shot her fiancé, as he claimed, to save Porter. There was another rapid escape by water, and the trio finally arrived at San Antonio, by way of California.

The \$30,000 had now dwindled to \$417. The situation, as Jennings puts it, was a peculiar one. Frank and he had both decided to quit the outlaw life. They even talked of buying a ranch in Texas. But they had nothing beyond the remnant of their loot, and the only way they could conceive of raising more money was the old way. They wanted Porter to participate this time, and suggested a bank-robbery to him. He politely asked to be excused. They said: "You needn't take the gun. You just stay outside and hold the horses. We really need you for that." Porter, according to Jennings, hesitated a moment, and then replied: "I don't believe I could even hold the horses."

The Jennings brothers carried through the bank-robbery without Porter's assistance, and were later arrested. Al was sent to the Ohio Penitentiary. Porter, in the meanwhile, had returned to his wife and daughter and had delivered himself into the hands of the authorities. He, too, was sent to the Ohio Penitentiary.

That was in 1898, and his sentence

* THROUGH THE SHADOWS WITH O. HENRY. By Al Jennings. H. K. Fly Company, New York.



Photograph by Van der Weyde.

"HIS MEMORY HAS BEEN AND IS AN INSPIRATION"
So Al Jennings, former bank- and train-robber, writes of O. Henry in a new book. The experiences through which this couple passed are as strange as anything that O. Henry ever wrote.

was five years. To the end of his life, his friends, including Jennings, always believed him guiltless of anything except carelessness in the handling of money. He hoped for a pardon which never came. He actually served three years and three months. Twenty-one months were deducted for good behavior.

Before entering the bank at Austin, Porter had been a pharmacist in Greensboro, N. C. This experience won him the envied position of drug clerk in the prison hospital. His duties were mostly at night, and he had the time to write as much as he wanted. He began to develop his latent literary gift. He chose the name O. Henry to conceal his identity.

Al Jennings gives us the following

vivid picture of the nightly scene in which Porter played his part:

"A desk and a chair inside the railing of the prison drug store—the five wards of the hospital grouped around that store and in those wards from 50 to 200 patients racked with all manner of disease. The quiet of the night disturbed with the groans of broken men, the coughs of the wasted, the frightened gasp of the dying. The night nurse padding from ward to ward and every once in a while returning to the drug store with the crude information that—another 'con' has croaked. Then, down the corridors the rattle of the wheelbarrow and the negro life termmer bumping the 'stiff' to the dead house. A desk and a chair settled in the raw heart of chill depression!

"There at that desk, night after night, sat Bill Porter. And in the grisly atmosphere of prison death and prison brutality there bubbled up the mellow smile of his genius—the smile of humiliation—the smile that has sent its ripple of faith and understanding to the hearts of men and women everywhere."

Porter called to his side one afternoon Al Jennings and another former train-robber, Billy Raidler, and read them his story, "The Christmas Chaparral." It made an instant hit. "Both Billy and I," says Jennings, "could understand the feelings of the cowpuncher who had lost out in the wooing of the girl. We could feel his hot jealousy toward the peeler who won the bride."

Another story suggested at this time, but not written until much later, was "A Retrieved Reformation," from which was made the most successful of all the dramatizations of O. Henry's stories, "Alias Jimmy Valentine." The original of Jimmy Valentine was Dick Price. He had been committed to the Ohio Penitentiary at

the age of twenty as a third offender, but he was promised a pardon when he showed his skill as an expert cracksmen and opened a safe for the authorities in a famous case. In actual life, Dick Price filed his nails to the quick to give them the excessive sensitiveness necessary to "work the combination" of the safe, and was *not* given the pardon he had every right to expect. What O. Henry did with the story is thus indicated:

"O. Henry takes the one great episode in that futile life and with it he wins the tears and the grateful smiles of the nation. In that throbbing silence, when the ex-con opens the safe and the little sister of the girl he loves is saved from suffocation, Jimmy as he might have been, not Jimmy as he was, is before us. Few who have breathed hard in that gripping moment would have denied Dick Price his chance, would have refused him the pardon he earned, would have doomed him to his forlorn and lonely death in the prison hospital.

"Bill Porter was not the grim artist to paint that harsh picture for the world. He loved a happy ending. He could not even give the exact details of the safe-opening. It was too cruel for his light and winsome fancy.

"That was ever Bill's way. He took the facts, but he twisted them as he would. I asked him about it later. In the story he gives the hero a costly set of tools wherewith to open the vault. He does not have him file his nails.

"Colonel, it chills my teeth to think of that gritting operation," he said. "I prefer the set of tools. I don't like to make my victims suffer. And then, you see, the tools enable Jimmy to make a present to a friend. That gift illustrates the toleration of the man who has been in prison.

"Jimmy decided to quit the game himself, but he does not expect the whole world to share his fervor of reform. Instead of burying the instruments of

his former profession, as your reformed citizen would have done, he straightway sends them to a former pal. I like that spirit in my character."

Years later, when Jennings and Porter were both released, they tramped the streets of New York; sampled its liquor; and sat talking for hours together on docks and in other odd places. The former outlaw could now more than ever appreciate in his writer-friend the adventurer and the champion of the underdog—the man who even in prison had said that he proposed to "make the American Four Hundred step into the shoes of the Four Million," and who was now making good his promise. "I haven't changed, Colonel," he said to Jennings one day; "but I see more. Life seems to me like a rich, vast diamond that is forever flashing new facets before us."



O. HENRY'S CARICATURE OF AL JENNINGS

This picture was made as the sequel to a New Year's Eve carousal in New York, and shows, in the original, an effect of red hair achieved by the application of sealing-wax.



ANGRY young poets, led by T. S. Eliot, have been protesting, in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, against the whole practice of anthologizing as it affects themselves. Mr. Eliot has found his work in various collections during the past several years, and in but few instances has his permission been given or even asked. When honored again in a new anthology of American verse he lost his patience. As the *New York Evening Post Literary Review* observes, the grounds for protest are artistic rather than commercial. It is true that the possibility of getting the cream of twenty poets in one volume may seem commercially injurious to any individual poet or his publisher. Why spend \$50 buying the books of a score of poets when one can get their best poetry for \$2.50? But the main objection advanced is the more dignified one that extracts do not always justly represent a poet's work. No one can question the validity of this objection. It is impossible to do justice to such a poet as Milton, for instance, without giving him scope for his organ voice. The greater the personality and versatility of the poet the greater the injustice done him by fragmentary quotation. On the other hand, such a poet as Gray or Bourdillon or Kirk White or, in America, possibly Joaquin Miller or Aldrich or Holmes or Bryant fits admirably into an anthology, while to Whitman "it is a Procrustean bed."

It is probable, ventures the *Literary Review*, that the anthology is being overdone. Half a dozen are now forthcoming, but few of them bear the promise of being justified. But since anthologies are one evidence of popular interest in poetry it must be agreed that too many are preferable to too

few, and it is clear that, so far as the publisher is concerned, they do more good than harm. They perform a valuable service in introducing readers to writers of merit, the sale of whose books is thereby stimulated.

A somewhat similar service is rendered by the recurrent prize poetry contests, such as the annual one conducted by the *New York Nation*. While great poetry rarely comes to light in these contests they undoubtedly do much to stimulate popular interest in the art. Nearly 2,500 poems were recently submitted in the *Nation* contest by nearly 1,000 candidates. It is significant that a decidedly larger proportion of rhymed verse was proffered than appeared in the contest of a year ago. Pure lyrics in the recent contest were not numerous, the tendency of the briefer pieces being toward satire or miniature drama. The prize was divided between Gwendolen Haste and Martin Feinstein. Miss Haste is a native of Illinois. She worked in a munition plant at Amatol, New Jersey, during the war and now lives in Billings, Montana. Mr. Feinstein was born in Brooklyn, served in France during the war and is now on the staff of the *Menorah Journal*. His poem, *In Memoriam*, is too long for quotation here. Instead we reprint

THE RANCH IN THE COULEE

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

HE built the ranch house down a little draw,
So that he should have wood and water near.
The bluffs rose all around. She never saw
The arching sky, the mountains rising clear;
But to the west the close hills fell away

And she could glimpse a few feet of the road.

The stage to Roundup went by every day,
Sometimes a rancher town-bound with his load,

An auto swirling dusty through the heat,
Or children trudging home on tired feet.

At first she watched it as she did her work;

A horseman pounding by gave her a thrill;

But then within her brain began to lurk
The fear that if she lingered from the sill
Someone might pass unseen. So she began

To keep the highroad always within sight,
And when she found it empty long she ran
And beat upon the pane and cried with fright.

The winter was the worst. When snow would fall

He found it hard to quiet her at all.

In what is known as the Laura Blackburn Lyric Poetry Contest, conducted annually by the Bookfellows, of Chicago, the following poems were recently awarded first and second prizes respectively:

THE TREES THAT LEAN OVER WATER

By MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

THE trees that lean over water,
Living enchanted days,
I have known them on quiet farmlands,
I have seen them on golden bays;
Dreaming in calm, cold twilights,
Musing in noonday suns,—
There are trees that lean over water
Wherever the water runs.

There is nothing in days or seasons
These rapt trees ever know;
The only world for their dwelling
Is the crystal world below.
They are deaf to the wind's alluring,
They are dumb through its stormy song;
They answer only the water
That whispers and glides along.

The trees that lean over water,
They miss the untroubled sky;
They lose its fathomless splendor
As the starry march goes by;
In their own boughs entangled

They view the eternal suns.
—There are trees that lean over water
Wherever the water runs.

WALKERS AT DUSK

By HAZEL HALL

THE street fills slowly with the thin
Night light, and fluid shadows pass
Over the roofs as dark pours in
Like dusky wine into a glass.

Out of the gloom I watch them come—
Linked by an invisible chain,
Reconciled to the yoke and dumb
After the heat of pride or pain.

Nothing of the concerns of noon
Remains for them, or serves for me,
But portent, like the unrisen moon,
Begins to weigh unbearably.

It is perhaps extravagant to say, with Edna St. Vincent Millay, that "the publication recently of Elinor Wylie's "Nets In the Wind" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) is an event in the life of every poet and every lover of poetry," but we heartily agree that for "a maiden effort"—if one can so characterize a book by a matron—it contains poetry quite beyond the ordinary. Several of the best poems in her volume we have already reprinted. Here are two more, the first of which Mrs. Wylie herself does not like but which we do like:

MADMAN'S SONG

By ELINOR WYLIE

BETTER to see your cheek grown hollow,
Better to see your temple worn,
Than to forget to follow, follow,
After the sound of a silver horn.

Better to bind your brow with willow
And follow, follow until you die,
Than to sleep with your head on a golden pillow,
Nor lift it up when the hunt goes by.

Better to see your cheek grown gallow
And your hair grown gray, so soon, so soon,
Than to forget to hallo, hallo,
After the milk-white hounds of the moon.

BELLS IN THE RAIN

By ELINOR WYLIE

SLEEP falls, with limpid drops of rain,
Upon the steep cliffs of the town.
Sleep falls; men are at peace again
While the small drops fall softly down.

The bright drops ring like bells of glass
Thinned by the wind, and lightly blown;
Sleep cannot fall on peaceful grass
So softly as it falls on stone.

Peace falls unheeded on the dead
Asleep; they have had deep peace to
drink;
Upon a live man's bloody head
It falls most tenderly, I think.

There is a sort of pixie quality in Mr. Griffith's new book, "Candles In the Sun" ("The Bookfellows," Chicago), such as is found here and there in other modern poets but never in such abundance. His meanings are elusive; they tease you and play hide-and-seek with you. His rhymes just seem to happen, without being designed or premeditated. His very rhymes have a loafing quality, rebuking your haste and eagerness. We have reprinted some of the best poems in this book—"At the Door," "Origins," "Spring Blew Open the Door," "Apocalypse," "View-Halloo," and others. Here are two that are not quite the best but are terse and have beauty and distinction:

REVERIE

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

To Cecilia

IN a world that has no end,
Fancy free us, little friend.

Let us idle to and fro
In the Land of Thus-and-So.

Others on a rock may build
Castles for the sun to gild.

Ours are more or less than grand,
Being built on dreams and sand.

Others having scope and range,
Singing the ringing round of change.

Lost in wonder, it may thrill
Time to find us standing still.

What have we to do or say
To an old world turning gray!

Simple bodies, you and I
Wonder what supports the sky.—

Wonder why no splashing sound
Follows when the earth turns round.—

Wonder what is overheard
By the trout and bee and bird.—

Or what forces, tame or wild,
Draw the lion to the child.—

Wonder at most everything
Taking root or on the wing.

Of a truth and strange to tell,
Wonder is a waking spell

Cast on those who feel and find
Beauty much as do the blind;

Groping here and searching there,
Tracing beauty everywhere—

Beauty that would never hide,
Were it never crucified.

Fancy any evil worse
Than a ghoulish universe!

Or a more praiseworthy sight
Than the Milky Way at night!

Than the ages hour by hour
Shaping petals in a flower!

In a world that has no end,
Cherish beauty, little friend.

TRAIN LOST

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

"Too late,"
The Train Master said,
"Gates closed for the Six-thirteen."
So I wait for the Six-thirty-six.
And my heart that was ticking too slow
For the Six-thirteen,
Ticks on for the Six-thirty-six;
Ticks on,
Ticks on,
Behind time . . . perhaps . . . slowing
down.
Tick, tick.

Hush!

*Friend,
Into the night
Ahead,
Who knows
When the Last Train goes?*

In Japan the fashion for people of leisure and education, including members of the royal family, is to devote a certain amount of time to poetry. Following is a poem the author of which is the grandmother of the Japanese Crown Prince Hirohito, who recently visited England and France. It is said to be highly thought of in Japan and is engraved on the gates of all Japanese high schools for girls. The name of the translator is not stated, but it is called

THE EMPRESS'S POEM

THE diamond's best rays
Flash from the carved stone;
So genius wins praise
By labor alone.
The hand on the dial
Goes ceaselessly round,
And the ultimate goal
By the worker is found.

A fluid takes shape
Of the vessel that holds it;
A soul, too, is formed
Of all that enfolds it.
Choose therefore thy friends
'Mid the learned and wise,
That straining to them
Thyself thou mayst rise.

The father of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, died in New York the other day, deeply lamented by the many who knew and appreciated him as an artist, essayist and as a converser of such powers as amounted to genius. Among the tributes paid to his memory we select the following elegiac verses from the *New York Times*:

JOHN BUTLER YEATS

By JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

WE shall remember him
As a man who had a little in him
of the men of all time.
We shall remember him—
This tall, lean-shouldered, witty Irish-
man,

Master of the art of conversation,
Jesting with us in his high-pitched Irish
voice,
That, lilted to a delicate string
Beyond our hearing.

"Shakespeare was a kindly man," he often
said.

John Yeats was a kindly man
Who gave lavishly of himself
As if life had no end.
Around him gathered
The tangible aroma of life
Full-flavored with intense living.

"Ireland is kind," he said.
"She has many faults, but I feel about
her
As I do about Heaven.
If Heaven were a perfect place it would
bore me.
I like to think of Heaven as a place with
discords;
As a beautiful orchestration with Love
as master of the music."

"Montaigne said"—that phrase was often
on his lips.
Stories of wits and poets and artists,
Memories of Morris and Samuel Butler
and Dowden,
Brilliant débris of irrecoverable person-
ality.

"The artist is the only happy man," he
told us.
"Art springs from a mood of divine un-
reason.
Unreason is when a man cannot be at
peace with external conditions."

We shall remember him intimately
As we knew him—his room, his pipes, his
drawings.
We shall remember him sitting at his
easel,
Keen-eyed, young, eager to live a thou-
sand years,
Unwearied by life,
Sheltered beneath the green tree of his
own thoughts.
We shall remember him
Ripening like an apple in quiet sunshine,
Responsive to human affection,
And—patient of our human limitations—
Writing under his own portrait
(Painted from his reflection in a mirror),
"Myself seen through a glass darkly."

Knife-throwing in the circus is provocative of so many thrills that its neglect by the poets is a curious phenomenon. However, the author of these verses, replete with overtones, seems to us to handle a neglected theme with something more than skill. They are from the *New York Times*:

THE KNIFE-THROWER

BY VIOLET McDOUGAL

THE crowd is here, night after night,
Beyond the hard white glare of light,
Expectant faces, row on row,
To watch me while I poise and throw
The gleaming knives that cut the air
And, hissing, strike the rough boards,
where
She stands with outstretched arms. The
crowd
Sits rustling, murmuring aloud;
They watch the wicked knives that hiss
Like hooded cobras—If I miss!
The long knives leap out, serpentwise,
Thin evil darts. Her laughing eyes
Are unafraid. I hem her in
With whizzing blades. A sudden din
Of swift applause goes sweeping by!
And every night I wonder why
My hand held steady. Will it be
The next night, with them watching me—
The next night, when my sure hand slips
And laughter leaves her painted lips?
A knife that, like a thrown thin flame,
Licks out and sears, may end the game!

The lean knives pin her to the boards,
And satisfy the eager hordes
That watch their vicious whizzing flight.
I wonder—will it be to-night?

Despite its grandiloquence, its obscurity and consequent strain on our imagination, if not credulity, we find ourself applauding this brief burst of song which Mr. Colum utters in the *New Republic*:

THE HUMMING BIRD

BY PADRAIC COLUM

UP from the navel of the world,
Where Cuzco has her founts of fire,
The passer of the Gulf he comes.

He lives in air, a bird of fire,
Charted by flowers still he comes
Through spaces that are half the world.

With glows of suns and seas he comes;
A life within our shadowed world
That's bloom, and gem, and kiss of fire!

Mr. Rice, turning anthologist, confines himself to his own work in assembling what he regards as his best lyrics dealing with marine, submarine and ultra-marine subjects under the title "Sea Poems" (Century Co.). The first of the following poems is a high-water-mark in the book, and the second is taken from the *Double Dealer* (New Orleans):

ATAVISM

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

I LEANT out over a ledging cliff and
looked down into the sea,
Where weed and kelp and dulse swayed,
in green translucency;
Where the abalone clung to the rock and
the star-fish lay about,
Purpling the sands that slid away under
the silver trout.

And the sea-urchin too was there, and the
sea-anemone.
It was a world of watery shapes and hues
and wizardry.
And I felt old stirrings wake in me, under
the tides of time,
Sea-hauntings I had brought with me out
of the ancient slime.

And now, as I muse, I cannot rid my
senses of the spell
That in a tidal trance all things around
me drift and swell
Under the sea of the Universe, down into
which strange eyes
Keep peering at me, as I peered, with
wonder and surmise.

COLD

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

WINTER . . . and still winter!
Down hill stagger the corn-stooks,
heavy with ice.
Sheep in the bottom shiver.

The abandoned barn crumbles with wind
and cold.
An elm darns like a crone above it,
With needle limbs that creak and clash
In and out endlessly.
But the rent of the sky still lets the snow
in.

And my heart lets in the chill of the
years . . .
Of the years!

A NEEDED REMEDY FOR THE SICK BUSINESS WORLD

By Perley Morse

FROM the view-point of an accountant, compelled to form conclusions upon facts and figures, I am apprehensive of some of the statements of our loose-talking leaders of industry, coupled with the timidity of Congress. American business is in the throes of a titanic struggle, and the glowing rainbow painted in optimistic after-dinner speeches and "statements," while picturesque and excellent aids to the digestion, are misleading and palliative, but not in keeping with the facts. What is the cold truth that American business is facing? The American business people are intelligent enough and resourceful enough to face real facts and understand them. They want facts and not words; action in Congress, not dodging of issues.

Fact one: Official figures show the greatest percentage of trade reduction of any single year in the history of this country — from thirteen and one-half billions of dollars (1920) to less than seven billions of dollars (1921). Prices slumped (deflated) and volume (production) decreased.

Second: The farmers of the West have gone through an orgy of borrowing money from banks. Money came easy during the war period, profits were large, but the money didn't go back into the farm. It went to cars, clothes, improvements, "good times," almost anything but debts. Result: To-day the mortgage is there, the market is cut in two and the credit lines of banks are overstretched. Nearly ninety billions of dollars in inflated values vanished in

MR. MORSE'S extended experience as an accountant for great banking, industrial and Government agencies has given him a special opportunity to study the present ills of currency fluctuations and their effect on trade and finance. He is the author of the "A B C of Government," "Cost Plus" and numerous business and economic papers; was accountant for the Federal Trade Commission and for the Shipping Board.

deflation. This is a severe loss for the farmer to take and it leaves his wallet so thin that he will not let his wife go to the movies.

Third: Passing of dividends. Large numbers of our key industries have cut or passed

dividends upon their common stock.

Fourth: Unemployment has not decreased. It is on the increase at this writing, with lowering wage scales and strikes cropping up in vain efforts to cling to war wages.

Fifth: Inability of railways to take care of their increased costs and restoration to moral equipment, at a profit, on their present rates and volume of traffic and interest commitments.

Sixth: Decrease in demand of one of our greatest key industries, iron and steel; the collapse of cotton and sugar.

Seventh: Forced liquidation in the business world. Falling prices make our merchants hesitate in filling up stock even at lowering prices.

Eighth: The practical standstill in industrial construction, with only moderate activity in housing properties.

Ninth: Increase of indebtedness to banks, withdrawal of savings to meet pressing overhead of living and business.

Tenth: The "break" in the moving-picture industry. The falling off of patronage and the cessation of production. The movie industry is the barometer of the spending power of the masses.

On top of the peans of hope sung in public by optimists, we find an urge for an increase in the American merchant marine, increasing Federal expendi-

tures for "efficiency" and foreign relief, for soldiers' bonuses, and what not.

Also theorists are advocating fallacious ideas for "increasing national wealth." We should issue fiat money for public improvement, we should go down in the treasury further to put vast war-built enterprizes, now dormant, into action, to produce nitrates and what not for fertilizers which the farmeres can't buy. We should "print money" to pay labor for these nationalized industries, based upon "a unit of energy," instead of gold; gold is the small change of small people.

Russia is a shining example of issuing money on "a unit of energy," the unit of energy being largely the printing press, which increased its rubles from over one and one-half billions in 1914 to the almost incalculable sum of 48,500,000,000,000 rubles, the process of basing credit upon the "unit of energy," increasing the cost of things about nearly 50,000 times. The process may be compared to that of a man continuing to issue checks against "no funds" in the bank.

But to return to the question that is paramount in the nation and throughout the world. What is the matter with business, and how can the consumer be stimulated?

One of the matters with business is the professional optimist, usually a man who "has got his," or a paid publicist of finance and industry, who issues reams of "better-conditions" talk and propaganda, while at the same time, back in the yards, men are being laid off and wages are in the throes of the contending forces of capital and labor. The trouble with business is not local or superficial. It cannot be treated with a panacea, remedied by the "thrift doctor," nor effected by merely rich men's preachments. Their doctrine of "steady, boys," work harder, longer hours, be more efficient, only smoke-screens the issue and enables the more fortunate to convert their stocks and bonds into non-taxable securities, until the real crisis shakes the American people to drastic

action. While Europe is floundering in debt as she floundered in war, we are not "going in," not carrying on, as we should. We are dodging the economic chaos in Europe. Economically we are hesitating as we did when the *Lusitania* was sunk. We fiddled, like Nero, until the whole world was afire and now, as then, we are Hooverizing the world instead of getting under the situation with our gold surplus, our existing solid banking institutions and legislative tax revision.

How can we do this? How can we throw ourselves into the economic breach and break the trade blockade of the world? How can we help set up business in Europe, help stabilize exchange and put ourselves to work at home, our labor, our capital, our brains, our gold? These are not questions for theorists and professional optimists but for the consideration of the most practical business men and the wisest economists and ablest statesmen of the world, at a conference, where a disarmament of currency production and a means of carrying on, in commerce and finance, can be discussed and arrived at in a scientific way, based upon actual conditions and in a manner that is world-wide in the application. Canceling the debts of the Allies, putting Germany's reparations in a moratorium, or simply padlocking the money-printing presses abroad, or starting them here, will not restore or produce a medium of stable value to trade. We must go farther than that. We must now set up a sound currency in Europe.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip has offered a plan that has attracted the attention of financiers and economists, but it lacks the fundamental essentials of an American control. There is only one sound basis of value for a world currency and that is gold. The history of currency has given the truth to this statement, beyond the quibble of argument. Gold is of actual and known value from the Esquimaux to the South Sea Islanders, and from Thibet to Iceland, and around the world wherever civilization has penetrated.

This is axiomatic. How to put gold to work is the great international economic question. The United States has too much gold. All the world is our debtor and we can't collect interest in paper money. Forty per cent. of the world's gold bullion and currency is in our vaults or in circulation here. It has poured into our coffers from war-stricken nations; it has paid American industry and recalled American investment securities from abroad. It is here and frozen up or in unproductive security, and Europe is wallowing in paper. There is only one way to put it to work abroad and that is to lend it, or its credit, abroad. There are ways to do this in limited areas, but there is one big way to do this, if the cooperation and consent of foreign nations in debt can be secured.

We have in this country a Federal Reserve System which has gone a long way toward solving our own problems of credit. From an agricultural nation we have emerged, in the past half century, to the greatest manufacturing and exporting nation in the world. We cannot consume our own raw basic or manufactured products. We are also still a great importing nation. We are dependent upon foreign nations for certain raw materials and many products and articles of certain superior excellence. In the present conditions of exchange and credits we can neither buy nor sell, in a normal and secure manner. Europe and the world need our sound dollar and we need their purchasing and productive power.

This can be accomplished by setting up, superimposing, if you wish, an American banking system throughout the world, an extension of the Federal Reserve banking system, not as a competitor but as "big brother," or emergency discount and exchange agency for international trade. Our Federal Reserve system embodies all the fundamental requirements for putting the dollar to work, whether at home or abroad, and stemming the violent fluctuations of exchange. In other words, while not interfering with local cur-

rency, the pound sterling, the mark, the franc, the rupee or other existing paper suitable for local use, it gives an international dollar of known and non-fluctuating value the world over in the service of trade and trade credit.

Our Federal Reserve Act could be amended so as to include a foreign division, including Reserve banks in the principal capitals of Europe and the world, if desired. Each bank could have its own capitalization, in accordance with its local needs, and the capital could and should be entirely subscribed for by citizens of the United States, the stock bearing, say, 6 per cent. interest, and guaranteed by the United States Government. All profits above 6 per cent. could be turned into the United States Government against the indebtedness of the nation where the bank was located. The directors should be three Americans, appointed by the President, three elected by the stockholders (Americans) and three (foreigners) appointed by the government where the bank is located. These banks should function generally as do the American Federal Reserve banks, when not inconsistent with the laws of the country where operating.

Thus a manufacturer or merchant could take his paper to his own local bank or banker with the statement that he wanted his paper discounted for the purpose of using the proceeds in foreign trade. Whereupon his bank or banker would indorse the paper and apply to the Federal Reserve bank in his district or locality to rediscount said paper and issue against it Federal Reserve notes. Whereupon the maker of the paper could proceed to trade and be assured that the currency which he had received would be worth one hundred cents on the dollar in the foreign country with which he wanted to trade, provided there were a Federal Reserve bank there. He could use either the actual currency in making this transaction, or the Federal Reserve bank in his own district could cable a credit to any other country where there was a Federal Reserve bank, against which credit he could trade.

The establishment of foreign Federal Reserve banks in each of the principal foreign countries would do away with exchange, for the purpose of trading, and make it easy for those foreign countries to trade with us and with each other. In no sense would this plan effect adversely the present currency of foreign countries, as they would trade among themselves with their existing government money.

A "superimposed" sound currency is not a new idea; it has been shown to be a good and valuable trade currency in countries having a local currency of questionable foreign value. The Mexican dollar for half a century was the "foreign dollar" of the Far East; the British sovereign has long served India, South African colonies and the Near East. The Spanish peso gave South America a "dollar." There naturally would be an established relative value between Federal Reserve currency and local foreign currency, as in the case of the Mexican dollar in China; but this need not be considered except in changing from the one currency to the other within their own country. It would not be difficult to work out a plan of this

kind and enact it into law, letting it be understood that the United States would be willing to establish a Federal Reserve bank in any foreign country upon making suitable concessions as to tax, protection, etc., provided that such foreign country should request this Government to establish such a bank.

The successful working out of a foreign Federal Reserve system would not only give a monetary basis upon which the trade of the world could be restored, it would provide a system to aid the nations in debt, to help work out their indebtedness, but it would be an inestimable boost to American trade and American prestige throughout the world.

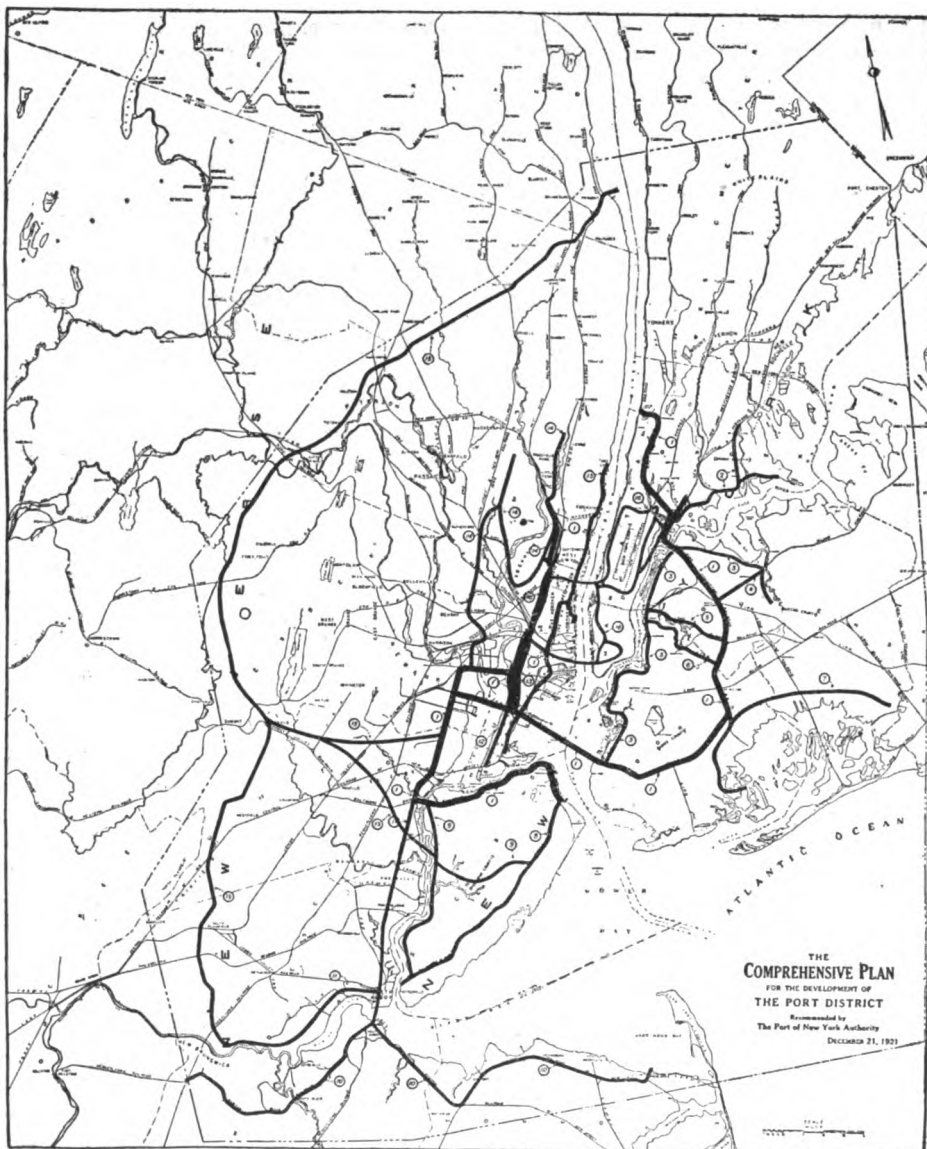
The peace of the world of to-morrow rests upon its economic stability, its recovery to a state of normal and workable trade methods, and international friendship and good feeling. I know of no better way to bring about these vastly desired conditions than to put our dollar to work abroad in our mutual interests, safeguarded by the United States Government and bodied by the good will and approval of foreign powers.

PLANNING THE GREATEST SEAPORT DEVELOPMENT IN THE WORLD

WHAT is described as the most important engineering undertaking ever contemplated in behalf of an American municipality is authorized in the Port Authority bill, which has been reported favorably in both branches of the New York State Legislature and which comprehends the expenditure of upward of \$100,000,000 in constructing a marvelous network of tunnels and belt-lines to revolutionize the port facilities of Greater New York. Joint action is being taken by the New Jersey State Legislature and the great work will begin immediately.

In a report recently made public by the New York and New Jersey Port and Harbor Development Commission, com-

posed of Chairman E. H. Outerbridge, Alfred E. Smith and Lewis H. Pounds for New York, and J. Spencer Smith, De Witt van Buskirk and Frank H. Ford for New Jersey, we are informed that of the 103 municipalities concerned in this undertaking only the City of New York, through its Board of Estimate and Apportionment and its Mayor, has proved recalcitrant. A rival plan prepared by the New York City engineers calls for the construction of a tunnel from a point in Staten Island, under the Narrows and terminating at Bay Ridge, to cost \$93,000,000, as compared with the Inter-State Port Authority plan for what is known as the Greenville tunnel and connecting railroads,



HOW THE TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES AROUND, ACROSS AND UNDER GREATER NEW YORK ARE TO BE DEVELOPED

Known as the Port Authority Plan, the heavy line shows inner or waterfront belt lines and middle belt lines; the thin line extending from the top downward on the left shows the outer belt system; and in addition will be tunnels and an automatic electric system netting Manhattan to Long Island and New Jersey.

which is placed at \$65,000,000. The city engineers are criticized by the *New York Times* for planning without reference to the inter-state aspects of the situation.

Commenting on the city, or Hylan, plan, the Port Authority report recites that it provides for a belt line which does not coordinate with the railroad terminal facilities of the port. The

middle belt-line of the Port Authority plan, as shown on the accompanying map, is 17.1 miles long, while the city's belt-line is 67.5 miles in length. The tunnel of the Port Authority is 24,290 feet, while the Narrows tunnel proposed by the city is 22,750 feet, or 1,540 feet shorter. In this connection it should also be remembered that the ruling grade of the Port Authority's tunnel is 1.6 per cent., while that of the tunnel under the Narrows would be 2 per cent. The Port Authority tunnel is planned as a little longer for the sake of having an easier grade.

The Port Authority estimates that the operating cost a car, under its plan, will be \$11.34, as compared with an operating cost of \$15.17 a car under the other project. On an estimated traffic movement of 1,340,000 cars annually this would represent a saving of about five million dollars a year.

The Port Authority plan also, according to its sponsors, provides for a thoro classification of freight at junction points, which would do much toward preventing the congestion of the millions of tons of freight which are moving in and out of the port each year.

Under the treaty between the New York and New Jersey authorities, there has been created a Port of New York district, which extends northward 25 miles from City Hall, 16 miles east and 25 miles to the south and 20 miles to the west. That is to say, it reaches the long-forgotten port of Piermont-on-the-Hudson, in Rockland County, at the north, Port Chester on the east, a point on the ocean ten miles east of Sandy Hook, and toward the west embraces Newark, Jersey City, Rahway, Perth Amboy, Passaic and Paterson and numerous other New Jersey cities and towns.

In order to develop this entire district and to insure the distribution of products throughout, the Port Authority proposes two main projects.

The first is the making of a tunnel between New Jersey and Brooklyn, which will be used by railroads, so

that they can send loaded cars right through instead of having the contents transferred to lighters. This so-called Greenville tunnel, as it is already being called, will be a double bore extending between Greenville, in New Jersey, to Bay Ridge, on the Long Island shore, a distance of about four miles. One of the tubes will carry east-bound, the other west-bound traffic. It is estimated that such a tunnel will cost \$40,000,000.

It is also proposed to have a general terminal for freight near Greenville, with sidings and switch accommodations for from 6,000 to 10,00 cars. These cars could be sent under the bay, without disturbing their contents, and many could be sent to New England points, according to their destination. One of the elements of congestion in New York is that much of the freight is merely passing through, and gets in the way of food supplies which are intended for consumption within the city.

One of the chief merits of the plan is in the proposed series of belt railroads which will be looped about the central point and thus provide communication equally in all directions. There are about 130 miles of trackage which can be included as part of the 301 miles intended for the use of this new system. The delivery of a barrel of cabbages at any given point in the present system would require considerable routing, while under the new plan it would go easily to its destination. If there were ten barrels of cabbages, all for different parts of the city, they could be swung around the circle to their various consignees.

There is a middle belt line, called the keystone of the coordination, planned to connect New Jersey and Staten Island and the railroads on the westerly side of the port with Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx. Thus, with the aid of the tunnels, this web of railroads ought to provide for a thoro and speedy distribution of freight and do away with much of the congestion and wasteful rehandling which now ob-

tains. For Manhattan Island an automatic electric conveyor is suggested.

There are many points at which the City of New York cannot act for the development of the port as a whole on

account of the State lines, which will appear to any one studying the plan as presented. The nation and the two commonwealths must be parties to all the arrangements suggested

WHY IRELAND IS ENJOYING UNPRECEDENTED PROSPERITY

THE Great War, in reducing the major portion of Europe to a state of ruin, is declared to have been the industrial salvation of Ireland. E. J. Riordan, Secretary of the Irish Industrial Development Association, admits as much in his recently published book, "Modern Irish Trade and Industry." Compulsory military service, the rigid rationing of food, etc., were enforced in England, Scotland and Wales but not in Ireland, whose exports increased from approximately 50,000,000 pounds sterling in 1904 to 176,000,000 in 1919. The war led also to the rapid expansion of Irish agriculture and industry in general. Evidence of this is further shown in the fact that bank deposits have grown fivefold in Ireland, as compared with threefold in Scotland and less than twofold in England and Wales. These increases are particularly noteworthy if we bear in mind that the Irish farmers put their savings into land and improvements, while many of the people of small means place money in cooperative societies or hoard it.

The fact that Ireland has enjoyed unprecedented prosperity and that the country has progressed more rapidly than England and Scotland is confirmed by other statistics which show that poverty and crime have diminished far more rapidly in Ireland than in the other two countries.

Suffering as it is and has been from inadequate communications, the island is on the mend in this direction, in so far as new roads and railroads are being constructed, canals and rivers are being deepened, harbor works have been undertaken all around the coast,

schemes for deriving electrical power from waterfalls are being studied. The aspect of the country is reported by J. Ellis Barker, in *Current History*, to resemble that of Denmark, Holland and Belgium, where production per acre is greater than anywhere else in the world. Irish experts are studying the progress of these countries and are endeavoring to apply similar methods in their own land. Rural Ireland "should be able to support in time a population twice as great as the present number." Unfortunately, however, "Ireland has poor industrial resources. Practically all the coal used in the country comes from England. The mineral resources of the Irish are trifling. The only resource available for fuel is peat, of which there is an abundance. Hitherto it has not been possible to exploit it commercially. If some suitable method should be discovered, it would be of the greatest value to the country."

Before the war Ireland ranked immediately after the United States as a supplier of foodstuffs to Great Britain, and in this respect is obviously far more dependent upon England than England is upon Ireland. A stoppage of the Anglo-Irish trade, we are assured, would inconvenience England only slightly, but it would ruin Ireland speedily. The Irish farmers would not be able to sell their produce elsewhere, except at a very great disadvantage, and the Irish industries could not survive were they deprived of English coal and iron. In fact, all the important Irish industries depend upon England for their raw materials, their finance and the sale of their goods.

According to the writer in *Current History*, there is every indication that Ireland is entering upon a new era in her history. By way of prophecy he asserts that "self-government will give to the Irish that sense of responsibility

which they have lacked hitherto. It should be a steadying and a sobering influence, and independence will show them that their economic dependence upon England is greater than they have ever realized in the past."

A BARGE LINE ON THE MISSISSIPPI THAT IS MAKING MONEY

TRAFFIC has revived on the Mississippi River and that great waterway is again proving its value not only to the cities on its banks, but to points far inland. Wheat in the Mississippi Valley has been worth 3 cents a bushel more to farmers the past few months than it would have been except for the operation of the Federal barge line between St. Louis and New Orleans, which has carried more freight to and from the Missouri metropolis during the past year than was handled at that point in 1852.

In the *Manufacturers Record of Baltimore*, Clark McAdams tells us that almost surreptitiously, during the Great War, when the railroads were groaning under the strain put upon them, the Government spent some \$8,000,000 for equipment in restoring the Mississippi to the status of a great freight-carrying waterway. The barge line on the lower Mississippi, operating through the first years with inadequate equipment, lost money, but the railroads in the same period lost \$600,000,000. The barge line in its first year, with a small temporary fleet, supplied 75,000,000 ton-miles of transportation service and, this historian assures us, when its fleet is complete it will furnish 1,000,000,000 ton-miles of service annually.

Following the war the Government continued to develop its barge line. In the five months, beginning with last May, it earned \$257,000 more than its operating expenses and is declared to be the only business enterprise in which the Government engaged during the war which made money.

Tow-boats have pulled and are pull-

ing five barges each, with a capacity of 2,000 tons to a barge, from St. Louis to New Orleans in six days, making the return trip in twelve days.

It was estimated that traffic up stream would be 60 per cent. of the traffic down stream. Experience has proved that the traffic is about equal, that the molasses, sugar, oil and sisal going north has the same tonnage as the grain going south.

As a result of this revival of traffic New Orleans, St. Louis and other cities on the Mississippi have begun constructing modern terminals equipped with machinery for quickly and economically loading and unloading freight. The Government barge line enjoys a differential of 20 per cent. under rail rates and has joint rail and water rates to and from interior points. When lower rates are quoted and service is assured, shippers are easily found. While making a profit of \$257,000 the Government barge line saved shippers \$175,000 in five months, and with increased facilities the saving should be very materially greater this year because more freight will be carried.

Illinois is spending \$30,000,000 to connect the Mississippi and Chicago rivers so that the barges loaded in New Orleans can be unloaded on Lake Michigan.

The musical roustabouts, the hand-tailored pilots and the gamblers with shiny silk hats are missing, but the traffic is there in increasing volume and the Mississippi is again on the commercial map.

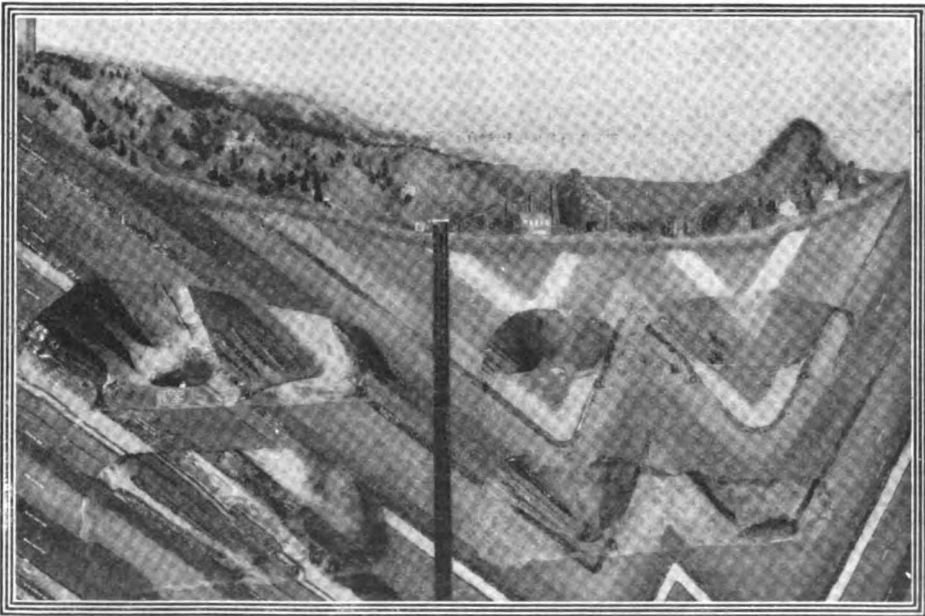
STRANGLING COAL MINE FIRES WITH MONOXIDE

THE problem of extinguishing fires inside of mines has played a tremendous part in the high price of coal. With a dozen fires raging in as many of the great Pennsylvania coal mines, science is responding to the call of industry to solve this anthracite coal problem that has taxed the skill and resources of practical men for half a century. One baffling fire has been burning for fifty years on a vein sixty feet thick. Another, the most recently started, has seemingly violated all the laws of physics as applied to the air supply of mines. Millions of dollars have been lost in direct expenditure for schemes to check the fires and indirectly through inability to operate the mines.

It is common knowledge that a fire deprived of oxygen cannot continue to burn and coal miners have always proceeded on that knowledge. But now,

says W. A. McGarry, in the *Boston Transcript*, they are going a step beyond. Nearly all the great fires are burning despite seals at every known entrance. The new plan is to utilize the carbon monoxide thrown off by the burning anthracite to strangle the fire. Gases are drawn from one opening and pumped back under tremendous pressure in the hope that the air leaks may thus be stopped up and the fire extinguished.

The story of how this exceedingly simple idea came to its practical application is on a par with the famous yarn of the silver mine uncovered by the scrape of a burro's hoof. Last October, it is reported, fire was discovered in the downcast of the old Murray Colliery, now known as the Hollenbach Mine of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Company, near Wilkesbarre, Pa. This is the latest of the great fires.



Courtesy Philadelphia Commercial Museum.

CROSS SECTION VIEW OF A COAL MINE

Actual reproduction, topographically and geologically correct, showing how undulations of a coal seam might create air pockets in event of a fire

It is said to be the only one of its anthracite mines there are at least two main openings. One is the downcast, the other the upcast. As the names imply, the downcast is the shaft through which fresh air flows to the underground workings. This flow is regulated through the upcast, at the top of which is a huge fan. In this particular instance the fan is twenty-four feet in diameter, and it was standard practice to operate it at from twenty-five hundred to three thousand revolutions per minute. The suction of foul air through this shaft cleared the mine tunnels of gas and created the pull on the fresh air shaft. But in spite of the fact that the fan was kept operating while miners fought to extinguish the fire before it got out of the shaft timbers and into the tunnels, the blaze gained such headway that in two days its draft overcame the suction of the twenty-four-foot fan. Miners stood about in amazement at the spectacle of fire shooting 150 feet into the air from the downcast.

A State mine inspector who reached the spot shortly after the fire started conceived the idea of utilizing this great output of gas and smoke to extinguish the flames. The entire success of the plan is only forecasted as yet, because fighting a mine fire takes time and is like nothing else known to

industry. No one can explain, for instance, how the fires burn when the openings are sealed, the assumption being that air gets in somehow.

A glance at a mining map will make this possibility clear. Such a map looks like a cross section of cheese. Every little circle of the hundreds shown represents an opening to a coal face. The big operating companies now maintain these maps as accurately as any card index system. But in the early days of the industry little attention was paid to these records. As a result, no mine owner can tell definitely that he knows all the entrances to his coal treasures buried in the earth. Frequently the territory up in the hills is rough and covered with brush and boulders. Any little clump may conceal an abandoned shaft. Through these the air makes its way. When an attempt is made to flood a mine in which the vein undulates the water drives the air over a hump and into a pocket. There the supply may be sufficient to keep the blaze going for years. In the case of the oldest fire, that in the Old Summit Hill Colliery in Carbon County, which has been burning for fifty years in one of the richest veins known, the supply of air is still a mystery, altho it is estimated that more than a million dollars has been spent in trying to check this fire.

WEALTH IN AMERICA IS UNDERGOING A WIDE DISTRIBUTION

SOMETHING very like a redistribution of wealth is taking place in the United States. Millions of persons of moderate means are becoming wealthier and the so-called rich are becoming poorer. Official studies of the Income Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau show that nearly 2,000,000 men and women have, since 1917, boosted their earnings and annual incomes up within the limits of the Federal income tax requirements,

and that 5,000,000 persons are now paying the Federal tax on incomes ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year, this latter group having increased its numbers 54 per cent. in three years. During the same period a subtraction of 73 per cent. has occurred in that group of taxpayers reporting incomes of a million and upward. Corresponding reductions have occurred in the number of individuals paying taxes on incomes scaling down to \$100,000 a year.

Being a millionaire is observed by Ralph F. Couch, in the *New York Herald*, to be a more and more difficult job. War fortunes are vanishing. But the millions of persons of moderate means are finding their purses easier to fill and "the change that is taking place is raising the standard of welfare of the entire nation." In 1917 a total of 141 individuals paid taxes on a million or more a year incomes. The following year the group numbered 67, two of which handed in their resignations in 1919. The world-famous species of American millionaire would seem, to this observer, to be traveling the path toward extinction.

The identity of these millionaire taxpayers is not disclosed officially by the Income Tax Unit, such disclosure being prohibited by law. Many attempts to guess the names on the million-dollar income roster have been made, but there is no official confirmation obtainable. However, reports the *New York Times*, of the five net incomes in excess of \$5,000,000 reported for taxation for the calendar year 1919 three were reported by persons living in New York State and two by persons living in Michigan. One of the returns from New York was made by a single man — undoubtedly John D. Rockefeller, who is a widower. The four others were joint returns of husbands and wives. One is believed to represent the income of Henry Ford.

The three incomes of more than \$5,000,000 from New York, when combined, totaled \$28,130,942. The normal tax on the three was \$108,337 and the surtax \$18,085,642, giving a total of \$18,193,979.

Data in connection with the two incomes of more than \$5,000,000 reported from Michigan are less exact. In order to hide the identity of the person making the return the report groups the incomes of twelve persons making returns of \$400,000 or more from Michigan, giving the total as \$41,793,310. These twelve paid a normal tax of \$1,825,985 and a surtax of \$26,379,944, giving a total tax of \$28,205,929.

A good part of the reduction in large

income-tax returns is attributed to investment in tax-exempt securities like Liberty Bonds and the bonds of States, cities and school districts. Approximately \$10,000,000,000 now is invested in this class of securities, according to one estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury. But the extent to which this means of escape from Federal taxation can be sought is limited for the recipient of the very large income.

The epoch of the war profiteer seems to have passed and even the hoarding of his war-gained millions is proving a desperate struggle. This may seem of small moment to the average taxpayer, but the situation of the man higher up is not without interest. We are reminded that in the war years, when millions were rolling in, most persons of large incomes contracted obligations to charitable and philanthropic institutions on that basis. Gifts of large sums were promised for the succeeding years. Came the economic depression. The million-dollar incomes began to shrink. But the obligations to charitable and philanthropic institutions remained just as large as ever. In one sense the million-dollar taxpayer became "poor." He still is "poor" and getting poorer. But his millions of dollars are passing into the hands of millions of persons, to some of whom the increase in income thereby is very material.

The million-dollar taxpayer did not, however, pay the largest proportion of taxes under the revenue law of 1917, which has just been replaced. Despite the fact that more than 60 per cent. of the total received by such persons was taken by the Government under the surtax clauses, the group of persons receiving incomes of \$1,000,000 and over in 1918 paid only 7.89 per cent. of the grand total of taxes collected. Persons receiving between \$10,000 and \$100,000 a year paid the largest proportion of the taxes, the official reports show.

We are told that ten million families should come within the operations of the Internal Revenue Bureau, but that deductions must be made for a large

number of farm laborers and farm managers and proprietors whose incomes are a matter of doubt, because few farmers keep careful books on their receipts and disbursements. In the *Country Gentleman* we read there are 6,000,000 farm managers and owners in the United States and that only 6 per cent. of them filed income-tax returns. In the matter of miscellaneous taxes, however, the farmers paid their share, especially of the automobile and the freight taxes, which hit everybody.

It is observed that an increasing number of women are coming into the records of the Income Tax limit as taxpayers. In 1919, the last year for which

records are available, more than half a million women paid taxes on incomes. A largely increased number is thought to have made returns last year, as nearly 12,000,000 women are regularly employed throughout the United States, according to reports to the Department of Labor. In some cases families find it advisable for the wife to file a return separate from that of the husband because this reduces the surtax. That would account in part for the large number of women taxpayers. But in the main the returns show that many women are earning salaries in the industrial and business worlds that are very large.

MAKING SUGAR FROM DAHLIA ROOTS

THE dahlia, a plant whose beautiful flower has earned for it the appellation of "flower of the autumn," is to serve a useful as well as ornamental purpose. Science has discovered that the sweetening quality of dahlia roots is sixty per cent. greater than in sugar cane, and a chemical process has been developed by Dr. W. E. Safford, of the Federal Bureau of Plant Industry, and Dr. R. F. Jackson, of the Bureau of Standards, for converting the roots into sugar.

In the *Illustrated World* we read that the fleshy underground growth of the dahlia is not starchy like potatoes but has a rich saccharine quality which has been given the chemical name of *inulin*. The sugar as extracted is known as *levulose* and will be used in the form of syrup to sweeten fountain drinks, preserves and desserts. The process for manufacturing dahlia-root syrup in quantity is being evolved in a laboratory of the Bureau of Standards devoted to the development of rare sugars, and experiments at present are confined to simple methods of robbing the roots of this autumn flower of their sugary substance. Crystallization is said to be an expensive process now, owing to the fact that alcohol in quantity is required to eliminate water from

the syrup. Chemists are confident, however, of solving this problem and overcoming the objectionable cost.

Richard Vincent, of White Marsh, Maryland, president of the American Dahlia Society, is supplying the tubers for chemical experiments to determine the commercial possibilities of the dahlia-root sugar, and a company has been organized for the purpose of cultivating thousands of acres of the plant. Dahlias grow wild in Mexico and Guatemala, the lands of their nativity, but their cultivation is said to be possible in all parts of the United States.

There are many varieties of the plant ranging from a simple eight-rayed head to a flaring flower that rivals the chrysanthemum in form and beauty. It is a very wise dahlia that knows its own father, says Dr. Safford, who has tried to trace its origin. "Very few dahlias indeed even know their own mothers, for the species which have occurred in nature, after having fallen into the hands of horticulturists and plant breeders, have been crossed and recrossed to such an extent that it is almost impossible to trace their ancestry. The first species to be described and figured, dahlia pinnata, was propagated in the Royal Garden at Madrid from roots of Mexican origin."



BOOKS IN BRIEF



America and the Balance Sheet of Europe, by John F. Bass and Harold G. Moulton (Ronald Press, New York), is hailed in the *New York Tribune* as "a masterpiece of economic observation and analysis . . . one of the most important books of the year." A copy of this book, the *Tribune* declares, should somehow be placed in the hands of every Congressman and Cabinet officer, of every merchant, manufacturer and banker. One of the authors of the book, Professor Moulton (of the University of Chicago), is an authority on economics; the other is an international journalist of long experience in European affairs; and both warn against a complacent attitude toward the existing European situation as it affects America. They lay special emphasis on currency depreciation, unbalanced national budgets and general trade depression. In the author's opinion, no genuine reconstruction is possible until the Allied war debt to America is canceled and the German indemnity is considerably reduced. They also recommend that we lower our tariff duties and contribute a portion of our huge gold reserve to restore the gold standard in Europe.

New Masters of the Baltic, by Arthur Ruhl (Dutton), is a competent and very interesting account of the four new independent Baltic States—Finland, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Mr. Ruhl was for years a correspondent for *Collier's Weekly*. He has traveled through revolutionary Russia, as well as through the four little new nations, and his easy insight into both sides of any situation he confronts gives his reporting a value far transcending that of most other newspaper men. He sympathizes with "Reds" and with "Whites," and exposes each point of view with engaging candor. He tells us, too, of the really important work that is now being done in the border States by former Americans, and he calls attention to fine opportunities for American trade. The book has a poetic, as well as a realistic, side. "Spring in the Baltic," Mr. Ruhl says, "is an enchantment even more com-

elling than in our own latitude." He speaks of the "magical northern summer, so incredibly bright and soft and beautiful," and of "the amber radiance of the white nights" that throws "over the whole daytime world its strange enchantment."

Modern Men and Mummies, By Hesketh Pearson (Harcourt), is best described as a counterpart for men of letters and art to "Mirrors of Downing Street." Its author is an actor who, on his own confession, was born with a faculty for friendship which transcends his other feelings. Among the men he describes are Bernard Shaw, Frank Harris, Lytton Strachey, H. G. Wells, Edmund Gosse, Joseph Conrad, Dean Inge and Lloyd George. He speaks of Harris' biography of Wilde as "the first great biographical work of art in the English language," and of Strachey's "Queen Victoria" as "incomparably the greatest piece of historical biography in the English language." Mr. Pearson does not think much of Wells. He calls him "the literary weather-cock of the age," and adds: "There never was a more heroic fighter—on the winning side." Conrad's success is explained as follows: "His popularity has been gained by his style. It is a style that hints at immensities, at vastnesses, at expanses, at illimitables—at anything, in fact, that a walled-in, boxed-down, mentally-cramped, urban population knows nothing about and therefore dotes upon."

Adventures in the Arts, by Marsden Hartley (Boni and Liveright), is dedicated to Alfred Stieglitz and consists of informal papers on painters, vaudeville and poets. Mr. Hartley is himself a painter. His book is that of a creator turned critic, and his subjects include Whitman and Cézanne, Ryder, Winslow Homer, Odilon Redon, John Barrymore, Emily Dickinson and Ernest Dowson. "I know of no American book like this one by Marsden Hartley," writes Waldo Frank in an introduction. "Hartley has adventured not alone deep but wide. He steps from New Mexico to Berlin, from the salons of the

Paris of Marie Laurencin to the dust and tang of the American circus. He is eclectic. But wherever he goes he chronicles not so much these actual worlds as his own pleasure of them. They are but mirrors, many-shaped and lighted, for his own delicate, incisive humor."

Memoirs of a Midget, by Walter de la Mare (Knopf), is something so original as to be almost indescribable. We need to go back to such a work as "Gulliver's Travels" to recover something of its spirit. "Miss M.," whose memoirs these 400 pages purport to be, is a microscopic woman—thing whose height must be named in inches rather than in feet. The total effect of her revelation, paradoxically enough, is to convey a sense of the insignificance of ordinary mortals. For being so close to the earth, which is from us so far, she sees the importance of leaves, of roots and of butterflies' faces; while she makes us morbidly conscious, at the same time, of the sprawling, undisciplined grossness of our bodies and of their movements and appetites. It is difficult to say, Wilson Follett remarks, in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, whether she minifies us more when she is utterly like us or when she is unlike. There is, however, he continues, one utterly simple and satisfying explanation of Miss M.'s sheer grandeur. "She is great, is tremendous, is completely overpowering as an invention—as a product of the creative imagination, sustained at an almost prohibitive elevation over a long sequence of recorded events, and working throughout that sequence without lapse or misstep."

You, by Magdeleine Marx (Seltzer), prints on its paper cover the question, Can woman live by love alone? and seems to give a negative answer. There is much of the spirit of "Woman," the author's previous story, in "You"; it is laid in France and vividly exposes the emotions of a young girl as she passes from love affair to love affair. One note, however, is struck in "You" that was not struck in its predecessor, and it has to do with the blending of emotional egotism and devotion to a cause. The cause is Socialism. Anne Breven, the heroine of the tale, feels the need of humanitarian activity and craves the sensation that follows a super-human expenditure of self. The story has power of a kind, and appeals to Marya Zaturensky in the *New York Herald* as an expression of the inarticulate beauty in

every woman's heart. For H. W. Boynton, in the *Independent*, "You" carries a message with which we are all-too-familiar, "the feminine confession, the temperamental disrobing of woman by herself . . . a novelty as 'new' as Rousseau."

Simon Called Peter, by Robert Keable (Dutton), has created something of a scandal in England by reason of the fact that its author is a priest. He shows in this story how a young curate goes to the War and instead of rising to the occasion is corrupted by it. To the clean woman whom he leaves behind he writes of eating and drinking with publicans and sinners. "Maybe," he says, "I shall find my Master still there." What he actually finds is a drunkenness and lust in which he participates. His priestly office is eclipsed by his attachments to various women, but the "Julie" with whom he returns to London is revealed as a strange combination of good and evil, and we leave him at the end in a glow of spiritual fervor. The book is well written and gives what Burns Mantle, in the *N. Y. Evening Mail*, calls "an entirely new, almost flippant, view of life back of the lines during the most serious days of the war."

Cytherea, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf), is also a study in moral dissolution. His characters are wealthy Americans. The "Eastlake" in which the story passes might be any American suburb with its country club. The time is the 1920's, following the War. A spirit of reckless enjoyment prevails, and the moral crisis comes when the central figure of the tale deserts his wife and children for a woman whose appeal is purely sensual. Religious and old-fashioned moral codes mean nothing to him, and the circle in which he moves is as flabby as he is. The story is skilfully handled and ends with a scene in which the man is trying to explain to his brother, at tedious length, why he acted as he did. He does not believe, he says, in the destruction of responsibility. He has never been in favor of "chaos, mentally and sensually." He admits, however, regarding himself as "an object of tender, universal consideration" and had thought that some "celestial chorus girl" was being reserved for him. When he looks to his brother, to see if he is following the argument, "Daniel Randon was asleep." These are the last words of the story.



Quite So

"Daddy! Do you love me still?"
 "Yes, dear, but you never are."—*Eve.*

Discontented

"Are you really content to spend your life walking round the country begging?"
 "No, lady," answered Weary Willie.
 "Many's the time I've wished I had an auto."—*American Legion Weekly.*

On the Wing

Sportsman (shooting partridges) — I think I hit it, eh, what?

Cautious Countryman—Wy, zur, after you fired, 'ee certainly flew faster.—*Town Topics.*

Dreaming

At a certain Cabinet meeting in the autumn, M. Briand noticed that his colleague, M. Loucheur, was fast asleep, and, as usual, smiling. "Don't wake him," said the Prime Minister, "he is dreaming that the Germans will pay."

The Changed World

"You never hear of anyone 'painting the town red' now."

"No; but we hear of the reformers painting the town blue."—*Boston Transcript.*

The New Wife's Complaint

She sipped the amber fluid
 And then her head did shake.
 "This home-brew, honey, is not as good
 As father used to make."

—*New York American.*

Taking No Chances

"Why do you insist on shaking hands with me before every drink?" asked Mr. Jagsby.

"A man never knows what's going to happen to him nowadays," replied Mr. Bibbles, solemnly, "and if I drop in my tracks I want you to know that we part friends."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Loud Socks

Shopper (looking at socks)—Aren't they rather loud?

Shop Assistant—Yes, sir. They are especially made for people whose feet are in the habit of going asleep.—*Judge.*

Still Danger

The Rector—"And now, I suppose, you are out of danger?"

Parishioner—"Well, zur, not exactly; the doctor says he be acomin' one or two more times."—*London Opinion.*

Going One Better

The meeting of the town council had been stormy, and tempers were waxing hot.

"You sir," shouted one member at another, "are about the most pig-headed fool I have ever met!"

"Order, order!" interrupted the chairman. "You gentlemen seem to forget that I am in the room."—*Pearson's Magazine.*



"Are you sure your father didn't help you do this sum?"

"Oh no, str. He did it all himself."

—*Paris Matin.*



Photographs by Van der Weyde

"What did you say when the minister asked you if you jumped rope on Sunday?"

"I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and walked off and left him."

How to Make Opera Pay

Hock the Jewels of the Madonna.

Confiscate the tips of the Barber of Seville.

Reduce Carmen's wages.

Melt Le Coq d'Or.

Make the Juggler of Notre Dame do two shows a day.—*Life*.

Negro Visions

Two South Carolina negroes, serving with the American Expeditionary Forces in the south of France, were much impressed by the liberality of the ideas which obtained there in respect of the color line. One of them, a redoubtable optimist, hailed with delight what he chose to regard as a world-wide conversion of white prejudices.

"Jim," he said, "when I goes back I aims to buy me white clothes—white f'um haid to foot—and go walking wid a white pusson down de street to de soda-fountain. What you aims to do?"

"Joe," returned his less visionary friend, "I aims to buy me black clothes—black f'm haid to foot—an' follow behime you to de cemetery."

Mitigating Circumstances

A darcy and his brown sweet-heart, followed by three pickaninnies, applied to the clerk of a Southern courthouse for a license to wed.

The clerk eyed the assemblage doubtfully. "Whose children are these?" he asked.

"Dey our'n," was the ready response from the man.

The clerk was scandalized, being new at his post. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, waiting to get married till you have a family half grown—"

"Jedge, you'll have to excuse dat," interrupted the "bride" sweetly. "De roads out our way is so bad!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Making It Easy for the Barber

A Chicago barber indulged in a propensity for relating weird stories while serving his customers.

"Why," some one asked him, "do you persist in telling these blood-curdling yarns while you cut a man's hair?"

"Well," explained the barber, "you see, when I tell scary stories to my customers their hair stands on end, and it makes it very much easier for me to cut it."—*Harper's Magazine*.



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Advertising identifies goods of unquestioned value. When a manufacturer puts his name on a product and tells you about it, you may rest assured that it is worth while. It does not pay to advertise merchandise that is not sound. The comebacks are too costly.

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Sometimes, they keep you from making an unwise purchase by pointing out just why one article suits your needs better than another. *A step toward real economy!*

Often, they help you live better and dress better and make more of your income in every way. *Also, real economy.*

And you will find that they frequently save you money.

Economy, certainly

An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the Decorative Arts League committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores.

Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because—of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.



"AURORA"
\$3.50

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from \$15 to \$25—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

\$3.50—Think of it!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this

beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligation of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as Artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10¾ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, all finished in rich statuary bronze; brass-bound "parchment" shade of a neutral brown tone outside and an old rose colored reflecting surface; shade holder permitting adjustment to any angle; push-button socket; six feet of silk insulated cord; 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again.

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Weight of lamp shipped is only five pounds, so postage even to furthest points is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Decorative Arts League (175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations. (C.O. 1.)

Signed

Address

City..... State.....



FINANCE & INVESTMENT

IN inaugurating a department on Finance and Investment, the Financial Editor of *CURRENT OPINION* wishes to state, at the outset, the general purpose of the Department. It will address itself primarily to that great and constantly growing class of small investors who, from time to time, have surplus savings to dispose of and who are not in constant close touch with investment opportunities. Their number is said to reach, at the present time, upwards of four million, and it was greatly augmented by the lessons of thrift and savings inculcated during the war, and by the introduction within the past few years of "Baby Bonds." Many of these thrifty capitalists have little time to study the different opportunities offered and to weigh their relative merits as to safety and yield. The department is designed to help them.

In these columns two classes of opportunities for the disposition of surplus funds will be recognized and sharply separated into investment and speculation.

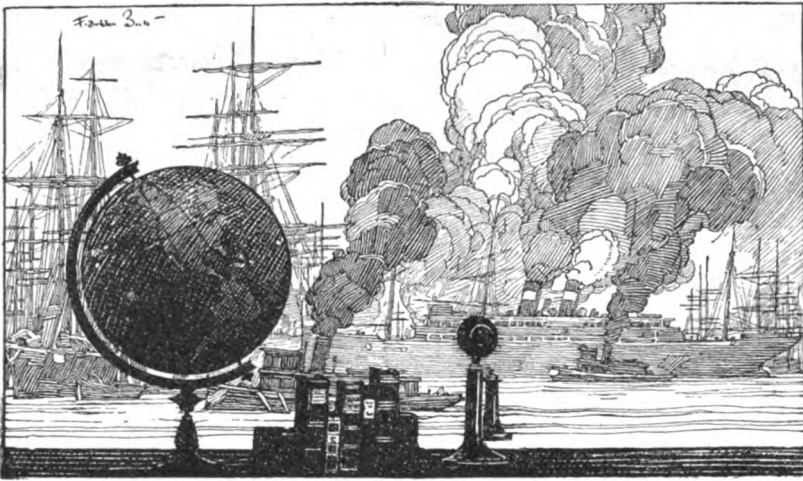
There are two classes of men and women who are interested in such opportunities. These may be designated as the Men of Millions, and the Millions of Men. Our uppermost thought will be to drive home to the members of the latter class the principle that speculation is to be indulged in only by members of the former class, and to point out to the Millions of Men that their legitimate field is in investments only. It will be our endeavor to show that a speculation is a different thing from an investment, and that it is not only unwise but reprehensible for men of small means and limited savings to enter the speculative field; to point out wherein lies

the difference between speculation and investment and how to separate them one from another.

On the other hand, it will be our endeavor to emphasize to the Men of Millions the importance and necessity of speculation in the economic development of the country. We shall hold that speculation is not only the province and privilege of the rich, but a duty it owes to society; that, having safely invested a sufficient amount of money to place themselves on "Easy Street," it is an obligation with them to foster and encourage new enterprises, inventions and projects with funds which they can afford to lose, it may be, without serious consequences. Without the support of speculation there can be little progress, little industrial development, and this country would soon drop back into the ranks of lesser nations.

All so-called investment offerings holding out prospective yields beyond certain well-recognized limits and that cannot show a clean slate of dividend or interest disbursements over a period of years are speculations, and are not for the Millions of Men. We shall discuss, from time to time, specific cases in which the difference between speculation and investment is brought out. We shall specifically point out sound investments and discuss them, showing why they are sound and reliable. We shall also point out speculative opportunities, showing why they are in that class and should not be entertained by the Millions of Men.

These columns will contain, in addition to discussions of specific cases of both investments and speculations, an analysis of conditions existing with respect to the fundamentals which un-



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derlie business and investments of all kinds. Business moves in well-recognized cycles and a study of these and a knowledge of some of the principles which govern their movements or "swings" will be most helpful both to investor and speculator.

The endeavor will be to assist the investor in "taking the guess out of business," as it is sometimes put, and this means that to every transaction there should be applied an analysis of the economic principles upon which it rests and a knowledge of the fundamental conditions actually existing at the time. Such a knowledge cannot fail to make for a better and more accurate forecast of the future.

We shall not attempt to forecast futures and we decline to put ourselves in the "tipster" class. We shall, however, endeavor to place before the reader the fundamental facts regarding investment and business conditions so that he may, in their light, be better able to reach satisfactory conclusions.

Many of the financial journals and statistical bureaus publish regularly elaborate charts—"Business Barometers" they are called—from which the observer may read the trend of the markets in the past and thus be able, partly by analogous reasoning, to better judge the possibilities of the future. Many of the banks and banking houses in New York and other large centers and each of the twelve Federal Reserve banks publish monthly financial reviews of business conditions at home and abroad. These reviews are usually the safest of guides. The practice is a comparatively new one, inaugurated but a few years ago, but the educational effect of their circulation has been productive of most satisfying results. It is only within a short time—practically since the beginning of the war—that the average man has paid any attention to economics, particularly as applied in a practical way to his own business, to his own investments. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that he is now applying economic tests to supplement his own judgment in order that

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he may "take the guess out of business." In former years the ordinary man was inclined to scoff at the economist as being a theorist pure and simple; an academician, from whom he could hope to learn little of value.

The modern writers on economics, those responsible for the monthly periodicals on finance now so much in evidence, have cleared the atmosphere to a great extent of the abstractness of the theories they teach. They are written straight at, and not over, the head of the every-day business man and he is profiting thereby. From time to time we shall refer to these publications, for, in a measure, these columns will be eclectic. We shall analyze their premises and conclusions, and shall have much to say concerning the constructive value of "Business Barometers."

Since these columns will go to press every month a number of days in advance of their presentation to the reader, no endeavor can or will be made to take a "close-up" view of market operations of bonds, stocks or commodities. Of necessity we must confine ourselves to broad views based on fundamentals.

These columns will always be open to readers to ask questions concerning investment and speculation in a broad sense—how to separate and classify them, and why. We will also undertake to answer questions concerning the value of specific securities which have a recognized market on the standard exchanges.

In presenting this, the first installment of our Investment and Finance page which we purpose to carry permanently, the desire is to make it of general interest and instructive and profitable to its readers. The United States has a most stupendous undertaking on its hands in shaping its course to avoid the rocks and shoals that beset the path of the financial master of the world, and CURRENT OPINION hopes to be in a small way helpful in leading its citizens into right methods of economic thought and safe practices in investing surplus funds.



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MAJESTIC

The World's Largest Ship



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The 56,000-ton *Majestic*, the new 34,000-ton *Homeric*, the world's largest twin-screw liner, and the magnificent *Olympic* whose fame is already world-wide, form a mighty trio to maintain regular weekly sailings from New York.

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Early bookings are suggested to secure most desirable accommodations.

WHITE STAR LINE
AMERICAN LINE  **RED STAR LINE**
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A Man

THE late Ernest Shackleton, from all accounts, had every right and title to be called A Man.

That is to say, he was the sort of man we mean when we write the word with a capital "M," or when we pronounce the word with a certain emphasis and significance.

Out West they say, "He Man."

Just the day before he died, he wrote the following sentence in his diary:

"Thankful that I can be crossed and thwarted as a man."

The little ship upon which he was sailing on his last adventure had been having all sorts of hard times. It had just passed through a tremendous storm. On New Year's Day he had entered in his diary:

"Anxiety has been probing very deeply into me, for until the very end of the year things have gone awry. Engines were unreliable; water was short; there were heavy gales—all that physically can go wrong has done so, but the spirit of all on board is sound and good."

How many of us who read this have steel enough in our backbone when we are undergoing all sorts of troubles, to jot down in the day's log the sentiment that everything is going wrong except the inner spirit?

We are not explorers to the Antarctic, but all of us are adventurers faring forth into To-morrow. And to all men everywhere a radiogram of hope and cheer has come from that little boat in the South Seas, and from its dauntless master on the threshold of death.

Not the least of his honors is the privilege of having toned us all up a bit by his last words.

And, come to think of it, is there anything in the world that a man should be more thankful for than the compliment of having fate and the universe treat him like a Man?

That is a rare attitude of mind, and how fine it is! To consider the buffetings of time and the bludgeonings of chance as a recognition of our manhood.

How far removed it is from that whining spirit of self-pity that complains of the world's injustice like a petulant child!

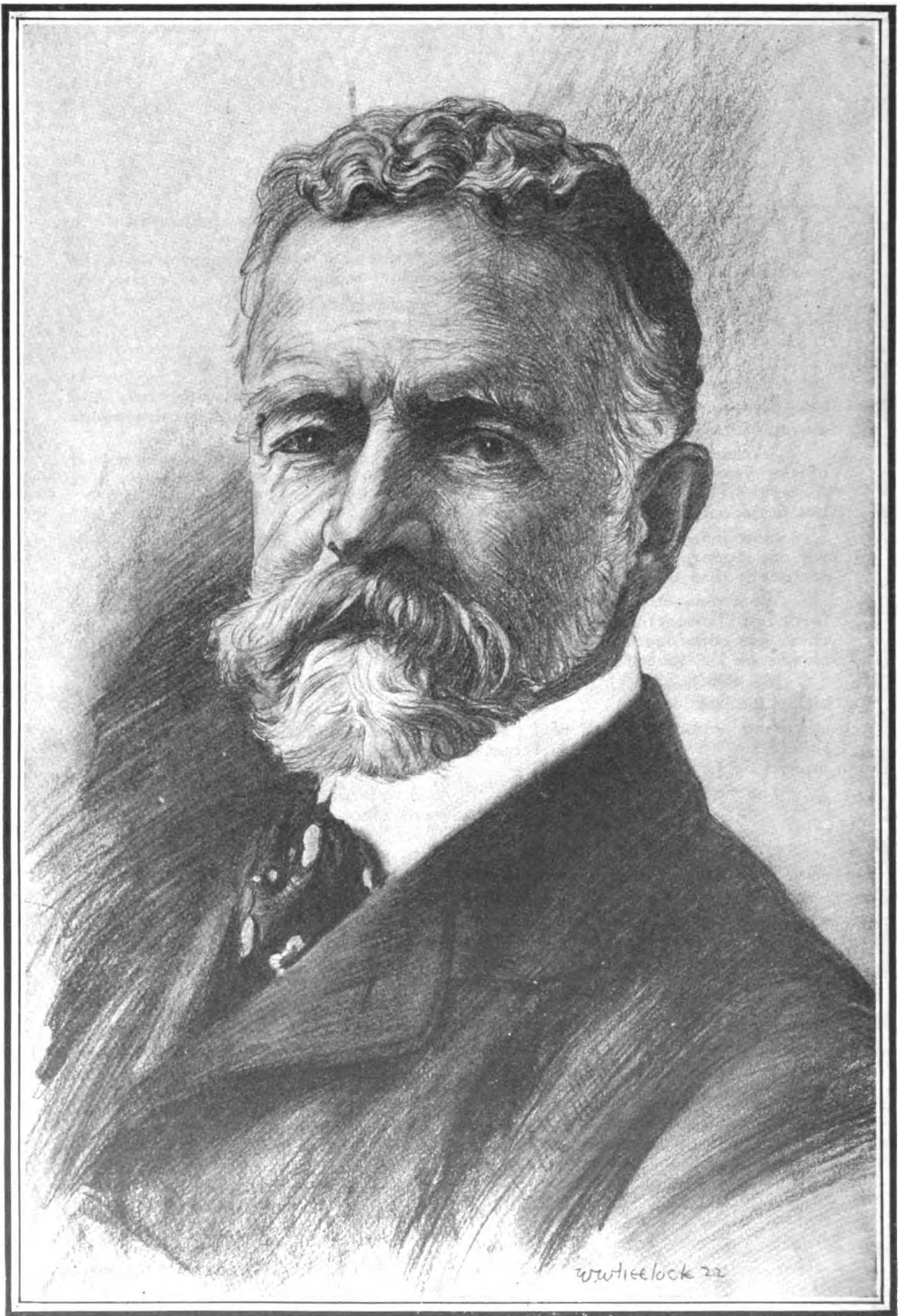
"To the hero there is no tragedy," wrote Maeterlinck. And, indeed, the only real tragedy is the collapse of the soul.

So long as we stand up and bravely front the hail and sleet of life's inclemency, ours is the joy of the high gods, the inner peace of the unconquered.

Read in the light of Shackleton's diary, the soliloquy of Hamlet, tho made magnificent by Shakespeare, is magnificent sniveling. For it is only imaginative cowardice; it is only the eloquence of childish weakness, that exclaims:

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of love despised, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"

Frank Crane



HAS HE WON AN ABIDING PLACE IN HISTORY?

Opinion as to the statesmanly qualities of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is divided. His ability and versatility are unquestioned, but the remarkable statement is made that the Republican floor leader of the Senate has no personal followers.

CURRENT OPINION

Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane



Associate Editors
Alexander Harvey
William Griffith

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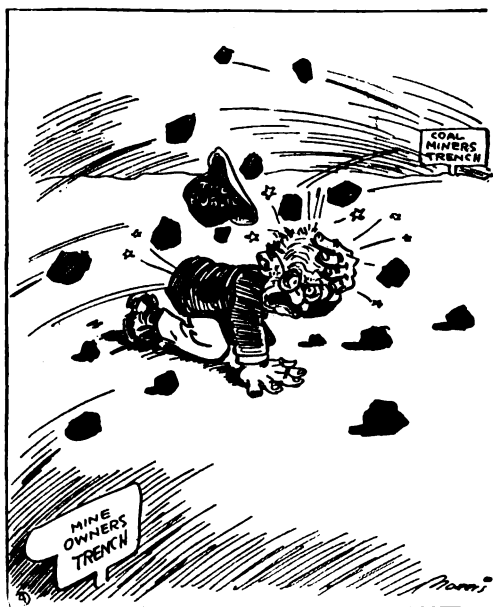
SINISTER ISSUES INVOLVED IN THE COAL STRIKE

IN what is described as the biggest gamble for the biggest stakes ever staged by the coal barons of high and low degree and the overlords of labor who have been whipped into it by their rank and file, the Federal Government has struck an attitude of watchful waiting that daily has been becoming more enigmatical to the press and public at large. On one side is the confident and mighty effort of a key industry to shake off what it regards as a national and throttling unionism. On the labor side it represents the attempt of the United Mine Workers of America to conserve for the future the vast gains made under wartime conditions.

Six hundred thousand bituminous and anthracite coal mine workers are involved. The bituminous coal miners demand the maintenance of the present scale, made in 1920, for which the basic wage is \$7.50 a day for common labor. They demand a five-day week with a basic six-hour day and punitive overtime

pay. Bituminous coal operators seek to have wages reduced in order to decrease the cost of production and bring down the mine price of coal. They reject the five-day week and six-hour day and seek to retain the present eight-hour day. They desire the abolition of the check-off by which they are compelled to collect union dues and assessments. Anthracite miners demand an increase of 20 per cent. in the contract rate and \$1 a day in the rate for day labor and urge other changes in rates and working rules which would result in increasing the cost of production. Anthracite operators insist wages must come down in conformity with wages in other industries.

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, states the case of the miners succinctly in saying that "they want steady employment under proper working conditions and at a decent rate of wages, so they may earn enough to maintain their families



IN NO MAN'S LAND

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

on a real American standard of living." On account of the irregularity of employment of what is charged to be mismanagement of the mines, of overcapitalization and of the unnecessary profits taken by middlemen, it is submitted that the miners are not responsible for the high price of coal to the consumer insofar as "they only receive \$1.972 as their pay for producing a ton of coal that retails for \$10.41."

Meanwhile the operators, on whom Attorney-General Daugherty and Secretary of Labor Davis place the blame for having precipitated the strike on April 1, have "turned their backs on a chance to lay bare, not only to the miners but to the public, their fundamental reasons for declining a new wage agreement." What the operators declined to do the *Coal Age* does for them, in saying:

"These operators are unwilling to surrender the natural advantages of their districts which are in the interest of the public, the miners and the operators, and are unwilling to fly in the face

of a Federal grand jury which has already declared such an agreement to be in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. . . . More than 200 operators and miners' union officials were indicted a year ago by the Federal grand jury at Indianapolis. It was charged that the joint four-state wage conferences in which these people engaged and the wage contract negotiated at these conferences constituted a conspiracy under the Sherman law. These indictments are still in effect, altho the cases have not yet been tried."

Public opinion has been curiously lethargic to the situation. At this writing no violence has marked the progress of the strike. Warmer weather has arrived and next winter is far away. Approximately 60,000,000 tons of coal are said to be in stock and the non-union mines have promised 6 million tons weekly. Delivery of 4 to 4½ million tons will meet half the present soft coal requirements of between 8,600,000 and 9,000,000 tons a week. Pending a resumption of operations some weeks will pass before the pinch comes. Advices to the National Coal Association from the bituminous fields at the end of the first fortnight of the strike indicate a weekly production of approximately 4 million tons. While this is below the capacity of the non-union fields, the chief reason for the restricted production is said to be the inability of the operators to find a market for their coal.

As to the prospect of a settlement, Louis Bloch, in an exhaustive statement issued by the Sage Foundation, declares no permanently satisfactory agreement on wage rates can be reached between miners and operators in the soft coal industry so long as the overdevelopment of many more mines than the needs of the country require provides an average of only 214 days of employment to the 600,000 men in the industry, thus nulli-

fying the advantage of increased rates of pay. This has been the average working time over a period of 32 years from 1890 through 1921. If 304 days be regarded as a full working year the lost days of employment and of mine operation have averaged 90 in a year. Only twice, during the war, did the miner have as few as 61 idle days in a year, and in 11 of the 32 years the loss of working time—and wages—has averaged 100 days or more for the soft coal miner.

This, according to the United States Geological Survey, is due to the overdevelopment of the mines. Properties now in operation could produce from 700 to 900 million tons a year, we are assured, while the country can use approximately 500 million tons. Seasonal variations in demand, according to the Geological Survey, account for 47 per cent. of the lost days in bituminous mining, such fluctuations keeping more men and more capital in the industry to be equipped for the annual peak of demand than would be needed if work were more evenly distributed throughout the year.

In 1920 the United Mine Workers reported to the Bituminous Coal Commission that in the year of the greatest regularity of employment, 1918, the average annual earnings of their members in the Central Competitive Field varied from \$1,364 in Ohio to a maximum of \$1,583 in western Pennsylvania. Had they been able to work 304 days a year their earnings might have reached a maximum of \$1,850. Estimates of the cost of living prepared by Professor W. F. Ogburn, of Columbia University, to be presented by the United Mine Workers to the Bituminous Coal Commission, are that in 1920 \$1,603 was required to provide a "minimum of subsistence" for a family of five. To provide a "minimum of health and comfort" for families living in mining communities re-

quired, on the same authority, \$2,244. Prices have decreased since these estimates, but even in the prosperous year of 1918 the average annual earnings were below the estimated "minimum of subsistence," except for a comparatively small group of machine miners employed every day the mines were open and their earnings were nearly \$500 less than the "minimum of health and comfort" budget even in a year with as many as 249 days of employment.

The strike itself, which the N. Y. *Evening Mail* declares "a scandal" and which the Hearst papers characterize as "a lockout," provokes the N. Y. *Tribune* to inquire: "Is the union deliberately trying to force the employment of more men than are warranted in the industry? Are the operators' profits exorbitant? Is overproduction excessive and, if so, what is the remedy?" The newspaper press is unanimous in de-



ALL RIGHT. SINCE WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A STRIKE, LET'S ALL GET INTO IT

—Ding in Springfield Republican.

claring that the coal trade is in a chaotic state that demands a thorough housecleaning. "It is a mad and senseless industry organized with about the same efficiency that actuates a mob escaping from a burning building," says the *N. Y. American*, while the *N. Y. Commercial*, which recently had President Harding as guest of honor at an anniversary dinner, warns us that "if the lid were taken off so that the public could have a good look at internal politics of the United Mine Workers of America it would realize that a real menace faces the country. The union leaders have but little concern for the 'downtrodden' miner who has been making good money these last few years. They are reaching out for more power or at least to maintain the power they already possess, which is tremendous. The handling of \$25,000,000 a year in union dues collected by the check-off system is too great a prize to be allowed to slip through their fingers." Propagandists on both sides, as the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* observes, have together succeeded in creating nationwide distrust of each other's claims, allegations and arguments, while "what the country wants is the

plain truth and the whole truth regarding the conditions of its coal industry." Not only are there 40 per cent. too many mines, observes the *N. Y. Times*, but they are overmanned in about the same proportion, each being prepared to work to capacity in the rush season. "The crying need of the industry, from the point of view of both labor and capital, is that there shall be fewer mines continuously worked." To which the weekly *Independent* adds, as one of the chief evils of the industry, "an excess of workers much inclined to erratic working habits. Like the longshore industry, too many men are trying to live upon it."

This strike will have been a service, however costly, says the *St. Louis Star*, in summing up the situation, if it really results in a code of law for the coal industry—one which will prevent strikes, give the miner a fair wage based on work six days a week, fifty weeks in the year, stop the poverty which comes from a surplus of mine labor facing a deficit of work, cut down the overhead at the mine and in the retail yard, equalize the carrying burden upon the railroads and reduce the price of coal to a figure based on scientific production and handling of the product. The *Chicago Tribune* sees no hope in the direction of a government subsidy such as the British miners sought, to keep the poorer mines open and the miners employed at the expense of the better mines, nor in the direction of one to keep them open at the expense of the consumers. The British failed because, the *Tribune* is convinced, such a basic industry cannot be permanently subsidized. "The solution lies in reorganization and improved management, which will close the uneconomic mines and allow the better mines to operate more days a year. It may require Federal authorization; by that we do not mean either government



UNLOCKING THE SHACKLES

—Cassel in *N. Y. Evening World*.

ownership or operation, but permission to organize on the most efficient basis. The objective is high production at low cost. Operators and miners should work it out together."

Old King Coal is a merry old soul, but his subjects don't see the joke.—*Wall Street Journal*.

□ □

An "Entangling Alliance" and What It May Lead To

IF one idea can be said to inspire the comment of the American press on the ratification of the Washington Conference Treaties, it is that America is now definitely committed to internationalism. We may call this internationalism anything we choose. We may refuse to join the League of Nations or to participate in the Genoa Conference. But the fact of our internationalism remains, and nothing illustrates it better than the Four-Power Treaty.

This treaty not only creates a defensive and entangling alliance in which we join with Great Britain, France and Japan to safeguard the peace of the Pacific. It is the very sort of alliance against which George Washington warned. That the Senate passed it after fierce opposition and by a margin of four over the necessary two-thirds vote, is one indication of the great change in national sentiment that has taken place as a result of the War. That the bitter protests of the Hearst papers against the treaty have been submerged in the general acclaim, is another indication of the same thing.

The Four-Power Treaty applies only to the Pacific and nominally affects only four nations. But already it is taking on a wider significance. M. Briand has suggested the possibility of a similar agreement covering European disputes. There



LET'S SEE, "NO FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS" AND "AMERICA FIRST" — WHAT COMES AFTER THAT?

—Ding in *Chicago Post*.

is little doubt that sooner or later such an agreement will come.

In fact, the beginnings of such an agreement may already be found in the covenant of the League of Nations. Since the "Association of Nations," on which President Harding laid so much stress prior to his election, has failed to appear, we are bound to relate the new treaty to the League of Nations. It actually has to be registered at the office of the secretariat of the League before it can become valid. Only one thing prevents it operating as a part of the machinery of the League, and that is the failure of the United States to join the League.

The price we pay for our failure to join is made evident in the diplomatic discussion following the American demand for \$241,000,000 to pay for its Rhine army. We cannot collect the money due us because we are not represented on the Reparations Commission. There is no doubt that the President and Sec-

retary Hughes have realized for a long time that the United States ought to be represented on that commission, and the President has intimated, through the press, that it would be a gracious act if the Senate of its own motion gave him authority to appoint an American reparation commissioner. The trouble is that, by a reservation attached to our separate treaty with Germany, the President is enjoined from appointing such a commissioner.

This absurd situation shows, as nothing else could, the weakness of America's present attitude and the necessity of continued participation in European affairs. It is a matter both of self-interest and of moral responsibility. We helped to win the War and we cannot evade the situation created by that victory. Adverse economic conditions on both sides of the Atlantic were linked by Senator Hitchcock, in a speech in the Senate the other day, with the

crushing burden of militarism in Europe and with excessive reparation demands upon Germany. Much more important, he argued, than our alliance for the control of the regions of the Pacific, is the performance of our plain duty in helping to bring about the real peace of true justice in Europe, thus reestablishing our best customers on their feet and restoring our own lost prosperity.

In similar spirit, Bernard Baruch, one of the American members of the commission at Versailles which helped to draft the reparation and economic sections of the Peace Treaty, has declared, in an interview in the *New York World*, that "reparations have from the start been a political football. They have never been considered from the standpoint of economics and reason. It is up to America to put them on that basis." He continues: "America can bring about a productive, instead of destructive, settlement of the reparations question. Once that settlement is reached, and half the world knows where it stands, industry and finance will come back to normal."

Another American representative at Versailles, Charles Seymour, Professor of History in Yale University, is equally convinced of the necessity of American activity in Europe. "Without the United States," he says, in the *Yale Review*, "no adequate solution can be found." He adds:

"It may be because the Washington Conference has not led the nation to take a broader outlook on world affairs, that many Americans are not yet willing to discard their blue spectacles. Mr. Hughes showed great courage in his demand for a naval holiday. If he would only show equal courage in facing the problems of Europe! If he would only not say, 'We cannot come in because you have not disarmed or balanced your budget,' but instead would declare: 'We are ready to come in.



FARM LIFE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE. GRANDPA LISTENS IN ON THE WIRELESS TO "OLD DAN TUCKER" AND "TURKEY IN THE STRAW"

—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

You must disarm and balance your budgets, but we are prepared to help you.' There are many indications that Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding appreciate the vital quality of our interest in European affairs, but they fear the same parochial spirit that destroyed the policy of Woodrow Wilson. They need the support of courageous public opinion which shall hold up their arms in a policy that is at once bold and sane."

The logic of the situation demands the entry of the United States into the League of Nations, and we find this demand vehemently voiced by John Sharp Williams in a recent debate in the Senate. "The man who takes to his soul," he said, "the unctious that the League of Nations, so far as the United States are concerned, is dead is playing the part of the ostrich, with his head in the sand. It will never be dead. The United States will come into it, whether as a member or an outside auxiliary, and she is beginning the auxiliary work now through the Four-Power Treaty and denying it while she is doing it."

Even more impressive is an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Samuel W. McCall, three times Governor of Massachusetts, who sat steadily in the press gallery of the Washington Conference throughout its entire proceedings. He writes:

"Fifty nations have already banded together. Undoubtedly those provisions in their covenant which were obnoxious to us would be obliterated. The essential thing is to present a united front against war. This country is the only obstacle to world union. If we shall take our place by the side of Europe and Asia and Africa, then the prophecy of the Latin poet may be at last fulfilled; the rough ages will become gentle and the gates of war be closed.

"The conference habit is a good one to cultivate. It will promote understanding and relieve the strain upon a single world union. But America's

place is beside the other nations joining to outlaw war and to put a restraining hand upon that power which would resort to methods of violence and break the peace of the world."

There can't be any concert of nations while each one of them wants to be a soloist.—*Newark Advocate*.

□ □

Genoa in the World's Eye

IS Russia to be recognized? If so, how and to what extent? These, to sum up Italian press opinion, comprize the real problems of Genoa.

No international conference since the armistice, not even that of Washington, has aroused the press of Europe as does that which thus makes Genoa a theme of speculation to all mankind. Men of moderate views, of sound judgment, the foreign newspapers tell us, taught by past disillusionings, dared not hope for too much to come out of Genoa. There have been now no less than ten of these "conferences"—San Remo, Hythe, Boulogne, Brussels, London, Spa, Paris, Cannes and so forth—and now at Genoa, to use the hackneyed phrase of the *London Mail*, the civilized world is "shaking hands with murder." The words are a standpoint in themselves, for the elements in England which, led by the *London Post*, deem the participation of their country in this gathering a crime lack neither vocabulary nor skill in the use of it.

In France this sentiment might be described as infuriated among an irreconcilable minority to which Premier Poincaré is rather partial. Indeed, from the first moment of Mr. Lloyd George's determination to go to Genoa the conservative section of the French press professed itself disedified. As the matter now stands, to quote the *Paris Temps*, it looks as if the Genoa conference "no

longer bears any pacific aspect," but is likely to degenerate into a political battle in which the nations participating will have much ado to protect their freedom and that of their allies. The *Temps* has been critical of the projected plan of central European reconstruction. This aims, it fears, at nothing short of the creation in Europe among the Allies of a series of financially-controlled states, which are to be refused all financial help unless they submit to financial control—a control which, adds the *Temps*, more than three years after the war the Allies have not been able to impose on Germany, "their debtor and the aggressor."

Genoa, then, has what the Europeans call a bad press. The only people who have been eager for it, apart from Mr. Lloyd George, says the hostile *London Mail*, are the Bolsheviks. "They saw in it a means of bolstering up their power in Russia and of securing recognition from civilized nations." So long as the autocracy of the Bolsheviks stands, adds this disgruntled com-

mentator, there can be no trade with Russia and no real recovery of eastern Europe. Lenin and Trotzky have nothing to export but propaganda, we are told further, and what bolshevik propaganda means is sufficiently revealed by the outbreak in South Africa. The *London Post*, organ of the conservative "die-hards" and champion of things traditional and conventional, regards the conference with alternate sensations of horror and merriment—horror at the spectacle of English officials "shaking hands with murder" and merriment at the grotesqueness of it all. It asks:

"Yet why should we not be gay? Mr. Lloyd George is always giving our weary old continent his conferences, and if Genoa may not enliven us with exhibitions of golf—the statesmen of Europe, since the fall of M. Briand, do not seem particularly anxious to play the royal and ancient game with our wizard—it will doubtless impress us with the spectacle of the horny-handed, simple-living sons of the Moscow proletariat, all clad in immaculate evening dress at a cost of 150,000,000 rubles per head. It will be noticed from the information which we publish elsewhere that the primitives of Moscow took this startling advice on a hint from abroad. From whom did it come? Not, we are sure, from Signor Schanzer, who is, so to speak, only lending his house for the occasion. Nor from M. Poincaré, nor Mr. Hughes, who are unavoidably prevented from being present! No, we are sure that the hint came from distant Brynamelon. This may be the last of Mr. Lloyd George's conferences, and, like Cleopatra on an historic occasion, he is determined that the poignancy of the occasion will not suffer by a display of unbecoming ordinary attire. Hence, no doubt, the magnificent decision of Moscow to substitute for the honorable but somewhat threadbare garments hitherto affected by the disciples of the immortal Marx, the classic evening raiment of the gilded sons of capital."



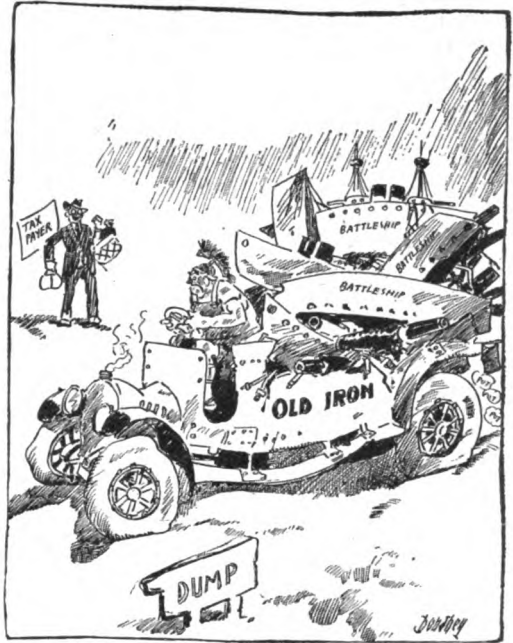
TOO BUSY: CRYING NEEDS AT HOME
United States will not officially participate in the
Genoa Conference.

—Yardley in Stockton (Cal.) *Record*.

All this levity—and there is a disposition on the continent of Europe to imitate it—strikes the personal organ of Mr. Lloyd George, the *London Chronicle*, as in very bad taste. The Genoa conference, it explains, will mark the end of a period in which, whenever Allies and their ex-enemies have met, they have sat in opposite ranks with the sword laid across the table. “For the first time since 1914 all the nations of Europe, Allied, ex-enemy and neutral, now assemble on equal terms for a common purpose.” Nor, predicts the organ of the optimistic Lloyd George, will it be the last time. Genoa stands for the restoration of the European comity of the nations of Europe. “Its root idea is recognition of the solidarity of Europe.”

Private talks between envoys from the Quai d’Orsay and envoys from the London foreign office had previously ruled out the question of reparations at Genoa, but that of land armaments will not down, to say nothing of revision of the peace treaties. It seems clear to the *London News*, a liberal organ, that the representatives of both France and England think they are officiating at a sort of super-supreme council:

“The Little Entente, however, may have something to say to this preconceived theory of superior rights, privileges and powers; and the Russian representatives may be relied upon to assert themselves in the same sense. It is quite certain that the Russian problems will occupy a very prominent place in the discussions, and that they will give rise to acute controversy. If the Conference does no more than admit Russia once more into the comity of nations and pave the way to her national recovery, by helping to renew her shattered transport system and to restore the economic life, it will have been well worth while. Much, if not most, will depend on the attitude of France, and particularly on M. Poincaré’s readiness to compromise on the question of Russian debts, as to whether the Con-



HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!
—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

ference will issue in a reality or a sham. We do not pretend at present to know what are M. Poincaré’s intentions. But, in spite of the present confusions and uncertainties, it is good news that in all probability the meeting at Genoa will not, as was at one time feared, be adjourned sine die either through the resignation of Mr. Lloyd George or for any other reason.”

The Soviet envoys show up at Genoa with a picture of the Russian prospect that does not correspond to the snapshots of western Europe. The idea they disseminate is that of a transformation of communism so complete that, as the *London Telegraph* says, it looks like bourgeois capitalism. They say there is liberty of work and of movement in Russia. Secrecy of correspondence is assured. Crimes and offenses are judged by the ordinary tribunals. Rights of foreigners are guaranteed. All this and much more are set forth on the authority of the Soviet foreign minister, Tchicherin, who, it

is observed, is silent on the subject of Russian debts and the famine.

What particularly annoys the Russian foreign minister is the harmony between the two "ententes," that of England and France under Lloyd George and Poincaré, and that of Czechoslovakia and its neighbors under Benes. The big entente and the little entente, Tchicherin says, think that they can impose conditions upon Russia at Genoa, "cut and dried decisions," he calls them, inconsistent with the self-respect of an independent people. If it be true that there is any combination of this sort, the conference at Genoa will end in failure. To this Lenin adds that for business reasons Russia agreed to take part in the Genoa conference in order to negotiate with capitalistic countries as to "the political conditions for the reestablishment of trade conditions with the West." Lenin assures Mr. Lloyd George that Russia has had enough of threats. If the conference at

Genoa thinks it has met to impose conditions upon a vanquished or even a prostrate country there will be an awakening among the dreamers. Here at any rate Lenin has Trotzky with him. Trotzky does not seem, from all accounts, to like the Genoa idea at all and, as usual, he says things about it that flatly contradict the utterances of Tchicherin. Before the conference is over, says Trotzky, for instance, there will be "ultimatums" to Moscow but the disappointment of those powers which indulge them will be great—"for," concludes this great Bolshevik, "we do not intend for the sake of our pockets to become white and abandon our communism."

Lenin may not be as red as he was, but he is still far from being the pink of perfection.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

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London Gets a Washington "Bombshell"

NEITHER Downing street nor the Quai d'Orsay has recovered from the shock of our claim for the costs of keeping so many American soldiers on the Rhine. The presentation of Washington's claim was a shock for which, according to the *London Times*, nobody at the time was prepared, and notwithstanding the weeks that have elapsed, the anguish is still keen. The Allied finance ministers, observes the great London daily, had just been settling for the appropriation of the huge German payments when "this unexpected demand" took their breath away. Nor does the *London Times* like the manner in which this claim was put forward by Washington. The shock was great enough, but to have waited so long before administering it!

There had been some squabbling between London and Paris over the distribution of the recent German



ROCKING THE CRADLE
—Gale in *Los Angeles Times*.

payment, but it was all settled when the American bombshell exploded. Not that the right of this country to be paid these costs can be disputed. Whether it is a right against any cash that may have come into the hands of the Allies or which may come into their hands under the Treaty of Versailles is another matter. America, observes the important London daily, refused to ratify the treaty. She refused to take part officially in the several conferences and meetings held for the purpose of securing execution of its provisions. She was invited. She declined. Washington did not sign the Spa agreement or the Pact of London. She preferred to make a separate treaty with Germany. To quote next from a newspaper which is supposed to reflect very directly the views of Prime Minister David Lloyd George himself, the *London Chronicle*:

"Two things may be urged on the other side. First, that since the United States is no party to the Versailles Treaty, she has no claim on moneys collected by the Reparations Commission under that treaty. If she wants money from Germany her correcter course might be to claim it direct from Berlin under her separate treaty. As against this, however, her occupation of a Rhine sector is a task undertaken jointly with the Allies, and does give her some moral ground for a claim to joint reimbursement. Secondly, the more valid objection is that if she wanted the money she should have asked for it before, and not waited till the European Powers had elaborated their plans on the assumption that she did not. The course followed was not only somewhat brusque, but it tends to throw back into a tangle the financial problems which struggling Europe had just been at work to straighten out. The point is one to which the American Government may be asked to give friendly consideration in the discussions which will arise. What its motives have been, we do not know. It

may have been impelled here, as in the scheme for funding the Allies' American debts, by that current of popular American opinion which regards Europeans as defaulting debtors, and wants them to be dunned to the utmost, in order to bring down the level of American taxation. Or it may be that the aim was rather to stimulate a fundamental revision of the reparations terms by impeding their immediate working."

Washington has not dissembled the surprise, mingled with irritation, that fills its official mind, and Europe has been informed through diplomatic channels that no question should rise regarding our claim for all these dollars. Our government does not think it was inconsiderate in pressing its claim just when it did. Our Department of State believes its attitude in this whole business has been most considerate. We think we have deliberately waited a



AND THEY SAY THERE IS HEATED COMPETITION FOR HIS JOB

—Ding in New York Tribune.

long time in order not to embarrass the Allies. The time has now come when the claim of America must be recognized. We could not risk our claim being ignored. The Allies were receiving payments from Germany. They assumed that we would not. Our course enlightens them, it is hoped. The very well-informed diplomatic correspondent of the London *Telegraph* declares that our demand may be regarded as "complementary to Washington's refusal to attend the Genoa conference." That refusal was based, on the one hand, upon objections to any premature official relations with Bolshevik Russia, but even more so on the exclusion from the proposed agenda of the subjects of reparation and land disarmament, which in American opinion cannot be dissociated from reconstruction. The Manchester *Guardian* says, from another point of view altogether:

"The United States have gone out of their way to make it clear that they did not, by refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, intend to abate their financial claim against Germany. Under the separate treaty between the United States and Germany all American rights under the Treaty of Versailles are expressly retained. American claims for reparation, therefore, appear to be on an equality with those of the other Allies, except that they are enforceable under a different instrument—the German-American Treaty and not the Treaty of Versailles. It is not clear, therefore, that in strict law the Allies are compelled, when making claims under the Treaty of Versailles, to share the proceeds with the United States. Legally it would appear to be for the United States to enforce their own claims against Germany by whatever means they thought proper. But the other Allies could hardly in any case take advantage of what would at best be a legal subterfuge. And since they asked America, independently of the treaty, to share in the costs of military occupation, and since the re-

imbursement of those costs is all that America has yet asked for, the moral obligation upon them to admit the validity of the American claim is overwhelming. This claim amounts to a little over £50 million, which, as it happens, is just about the amount that Germany has paid the other Allies in reparations proper over and above their expenses of occupation. To recover this money from the Allies and hand it over to the United States would in the present state of public finance be a delicate and probably impossible operation. But it is equally impossible to ignore the American claim."

French opinion may be summed up as a state of amazement blended with chagrin. Paris papers return to them again and again, their impressions being but echoes of the *Intransigeant*, which says that America can make fine phrases on the subject of ideals, but when the time comes for action it collects cash. "America is leaving us in the lurch," it adds, "for the second time since the treaty of peace was signed—it is time for us to see things as they really are." The paper is filled with horror and dismay at the way we have acted since the peace treaty was signed. It now candidly confesses that among themselves the French have hitherto confined their emotion to mere expressions of what they feel at the strange things we do to them. It mentions as an instance the constitutional system that "enabled President Wilson to act as almighty sovereign here and to pledge his word and that of his country, whereas a few months later America could tell us: 'No, we promised nothing.'" Further:

"What is more disconcerting still is that the United States, which has been present at all negotiations in the person of an 'observer,' but has refused to sign a treaty or accord, which has refused to go to Genoa, and refused to help us make Germany pay, now demands payment of our debts and of a

milliard representing the cost of her Army of Occupation.

"France no longer understands her. We have been living on the dogma of unshakable American friendship, but we are now obliged to recognize that the latest decision of Washington has not been inspired by a particularly friendly spirit. . . . America aspires more and more every day to hold the greater part of the world's gold. She thinks that by holding it she will be able to direct Europe as she likes without giving it anything in exchange. The calculation is not correct. . . . There is the old story of the poor fellow who thought he was rich because he lived shut up with his bags of gold, but who was found one fine morning lying dead on his money bags."

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The Rising Power of Islam

FOLLOWING the Great War has come something almost as great, tho few realize it. That thing is what Lothrop Stoddard calls "the new world of Islam." Mr. Stoddard has written a book on the subject which is attracting international attention. It appears at a time when the Near East Conference of Allied Foreign Ministers in Paris has virtually rewritten the Treaty of Sèvres to the advantage of Turkey, and when riots in India and Egypt, guerilla warfare in northern Africa and outbreaks in Syria are all being traced to Mohammedan influence. The recent appeal of the Government of India to London in behalf of Turkey was also, of course, inspired by Islam, and, taken together, these signs would seem to justify Mr. Stoddard's statement: "The entire world of Islam is to-day in profound ferment. From Morocco to China and from Turkestan to the Congo, the 250,000,000 followers of the Prophet Mohammed are stirring to new

ideas, new impulses, new aspirations. A gigantic transformation is taking place whose results must affect all mankind."

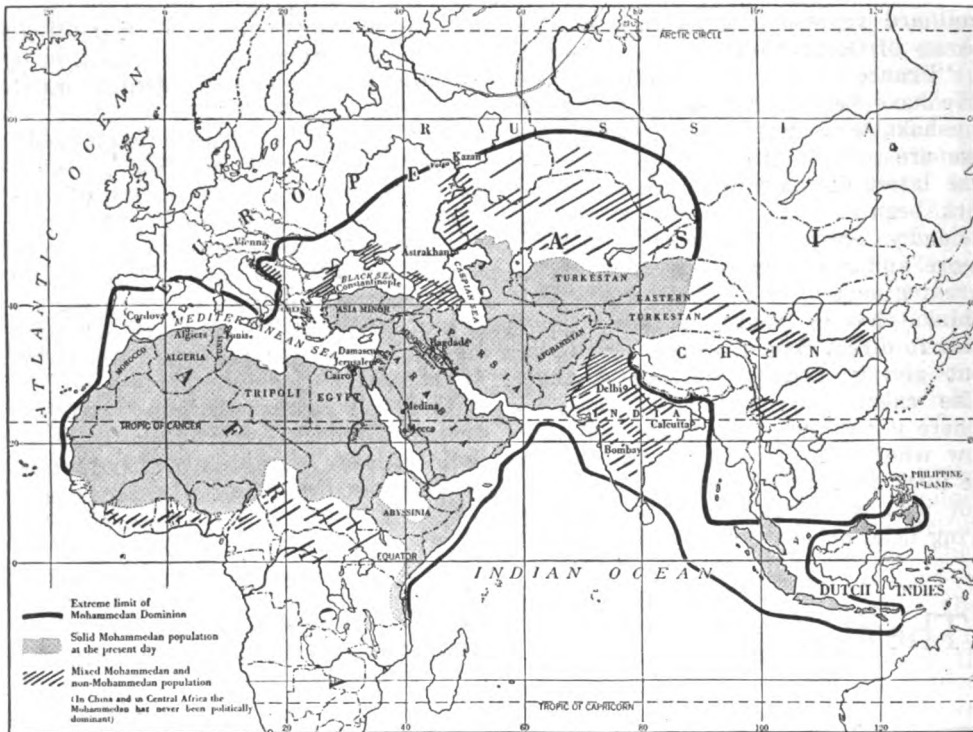
Mr. Stoddard, in an earlier book, "The Rising Tide of Color," tried to show that the ascendancy of the white race is threatened by the colored races. He is concerned, now, with the ascendancy of a religion that imposes on its devotees a governmental and social code. It may be that he is an alarmist when he speaks of a possible "crisis which within ten years will bring war between Christian Europe and Moslem nations," but his writings are quoted by President Harding and by Lord Northcliffe, and the latter, after a trip round the world, is at pains to make clear that Islam is a core of unrest in three of the five "trouble centers of the world"—Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine.

Mohammedanism is younger by 600 years than any of the great religions of the world. Its dawn was bright, and it flowered in a Saracenic civilization in which the ancient cultures of Greece, Rome and Persia were revitalized by Arab



"LET ME IN THERE AGAIN, OR—!"

—Pease in Newark News.



THE NEW WORLD OF ISLAM

This map, from Lothrop Stoddard's new book, gives some idea of the present strength of Mohammedanism. By the decision of the Near East Conference of Allied Foreign Ministers recently held in Paris, Constantinople again becomes the Turkish capital and the civil and religious power of the Sultan is restored. Clear across Asia, Moslem power, united with Turkey-in-Europe and stirred by Bolshevism, might easily become the greatest menace that the Western world has ever known.

vigor. This period gave way to one in which the Turk introduced a hard, narrow, ferocious spirit into the center of Islam, and was followed by a Reformation which Mr. Stoddard likens to the Protestant Reformation. Abd-el-Wahab was the Martin Luther of this Reformation. His movement was crushed, but his spirit lived on and helped to inspire the Bab movement in Persia and that veiled but very powerful Senussi fraternity in the North of Africa which has been called the spiritual heart of Islam to-day.

The new Islam—in India, Egypt, Persia, the former Ottoman Empire—is a strangely contradictory faith. It mingles autocracy with democracy, and oscillates between proposals to restore the ancient faith

and to incorporate the latest results of Occidental civilization. It is still, however, a missionary religion, and it fully appreciates the post-office, the railroad and other modern methods of rapidly interchanging ideas. It is also, to an extent which the average Christian hardly appreciates, unified. A Moslem can feel himself a "national" citizen of any Islamic country, and cherishes a fraternal feeling for all who share his faith.

The victors in the Great War who imagined that they were solving the Moslem problem by driving the Turk out of Europe were only aggravating that problem, as Mr. Stoddard sees it. They failed to take into account the unity of Mohammedans. As a result, the Moslem world was rewelded and

revitalized as it had not been in centuries, and the ears of every Mohammedan were opened to propaganda for the freeing of every Moslem country now in tutelage or bondage to a European power.

Bolshevism was quick to take advantage of the opportunity, and Lenin's emissaries were soon working among the Mohammedans. There were startling developments and many converts made in Turkey, Persia, India, Afghanistan and the farther Orient. It almost seemed, Mr. Stoddard says, as if the reckless shortsightedness of Entente policy was driving into Lenin's arms multitudes who, under other conditions, would have avoided him.

For most Mohammedans are nationalists, not internationalists; are religious, not irreligious; believe in private property, and look to the Sultan as to a Pope. When the noted Bolshevik leader Zinoviev spoke before the "Congress of Eastern Peoples" called by the Soviet Government at Baku in the autumn of 1920, he endeavored to eradicate the religious beliefs and national

loyalties of his hearers by preaching the class-war.

Bolshevism was a nine-days' wonder to the Mohammedan world, but as yet no real merging of the two has taken place. There is still time, Mr. Stoddard says, to forestall both a Bolshevik peril and the possibility of a war between Christian and Moslem nations. He goes on:

"I predict increasing ferment and unrest throughout all Islam; a continued awakening to self-consciousness; an increasing dislike for Western domination.

"The result must inevitably be the diminution of white control in Asia and Africa.

"The vital question is whether shaking off white control will come with or without a cataclysm. The cataclysm may come. It will come if England and France pursue a shortsighted policy and by repressive measures drive liberal Mohammedans into the ranks of the extremists.

"I hope to see the cataclysm avoided by the adoption of a policy of gradual diminution of white control."

Significant Sayings

"The greatest failure of the American nation is that it needs eternally to be amused."—*Prof. Shotwell, Columbia University.*

"You must deal with the world as you find it, not as I found it."—*Bernard Shaw.*

"If there is one man who loves his child it is the Chinaman. A person with a child in his arms could go from one end of China to another in perfect safety."—*Sir James Cantlie.*

"I expect to be the first rebel in the Irish Free State."—*Mary McSwiney.*

"I am sick to death of politics."—*De Valera.*

"If any man came out of this war a better man than when he entered, it is in spite of not because of his battle experience."—*Major-General John F. O'Ryan.*

"I hope and believe that one hundred years hence there will be no British Empire."—*H. G. Wells.*

"In the experiences of a year in the Presidency there has come to me no other such unwelcome impression as the manifest religious intolerance which exists among many of our citizens."—*Warren G. Harding.*

"The real struggle of to-day is not between Bolshevism and capitalism, but between that view of the world termed liberalism or radicalism, for which the primary object of government and of foreign policy is peace, freedom of trade and intercourse and economic wealth, and that other view, militarist, or rather diplomatic, which thinks in terms of power, prestige, national or personal glory."—*John Maynard Keynes, apropos of the Genoa Conference.*

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

What's Wrong With the World?

THE trouble of the world is merely a bad case of constipation. Or you might call it imperfect circulation. When the channels of the life-stream do not function freely, morbidity of one sort or another ensues.

Humanity is a unit. Whether we refuse to believe it or not, we are all members of one body. And that includes Hottentots, Hindoos and Hi-bernians.

Whenever you attempt to isolate any group of the human race, to wall it up or to "protect" it you are creating a condition that is bound sooner or later to make some sort of a car-buncle.

Almost all the public ills of men come from our artificial exclusions. These exclusions are often good enough in intent and are not particularly harmful up to a certain point, but carried to an extreme they invariably produce disease.

One of the most common examples of this grouping business, this attempt to wall off a portion of the human race and treat it as different from all the rest, is the nation myth.

When we become crazy about nationality and forget humanity then the body politic breaks out in that kind of smallpox which we call War.

War is merely patriotism unregulated by humanity.

You can see all this illustrated very concretely if you attempt to travel across Europe at the present time.

In America you can travel on through-trains for days without any passports, customs barriers, exchange of currency or police in-

quisition. That is why America is healthy. Our circulation is good.

In Europe when you attempt to go from one country to another you have infinite bother with passports and visas, you must get your money changed into a new kind of currency, at which transaction you always lose, your baggage is searched when you cross the border and you are in luck if they do not go through your pockets, and in addition to all this the agents of police want to know what is your business, where you are from, where you were born, and why.

All this is caused by the contentious little nationalities and by the pestiferous little peacock vanities of each nation.

Even in France, the home of revolution and liberal thought, nine-tenths of the newspapers are busy whooping it up for glory and nationalism and you hear very little about the "rights of man," for which the French nation is supposed to stand.

It is the same everywhere else in Europe, only worse.

Stephen Graham, in his recent volume, "Europe—Whither Bound?" says:

"One of the worst places is Vintimiglia, on the Franco-Italian line. The French frank you out of their country; the Italians frank you in. You step into a separate chamber and are searched and asked particular and impertinent questions. Before leaving Italy the Italian police demand your personal attendance and take a small due. In some countries you are required to obtain police permission to leave the country; in some not. No one tells you what you have to do. You can take a ticket and proceed gaily to the frontier and then be turned back. This

can happen even in the enlightened State of Czecho-Slovakia. Greece, however, is one of the worst international offenders in this matter. The traveler has to spend a morning with the police, and he may be held up for some days if Church Festivals intervene. If he goes to the frontier without the police stamp on his passport he gets sent back."

All this annoyance does no good whatever. In fact it is the cause of appreciable harm.

What every country needs is a free circulation of its population, plenty of visitors coming in and plenty of travelers going out. All this brings business and is good generally for the national health, just as stagnation is bad for business and national health.

Every country is doing its utmost to produce a condition of stagnation. It is doing this because they are all crazy as bedbugs on the subject of patriotism.

Instead of their love of country making them helpful to the human race it is making of each nation an enemy to the human race, a source of disquiet and of possible war.

Almost every city in Europe is overcrowded with people who do not want to stay there, whom the city does not want to stay but who cannot get away on account of the infernal nonsense and red tape of passports and customs.

"Constantinople is an overcrowded caravanserai," says Stephen Graham. "There is no lasting means of living for more than one-fifth of the population, and almost no chance at all for the Russians. In Serbia, in Bulgaria, in Bohemia, in France and England, and in the New World there are at least chances of life for the homeless."

But the authorities will not allow the poor wretches to go out of Constantinople and will not allow them to live while they are there.

A similar condition exists in Bel-

grade, in Budapest, in Sofia, in Berlin and in Paris. In each of these cities there are thousands that want to get out but are compelled to remain for no reason at all. And in each case there are thousands of others who would like to get in and who would do the city good by coming in, but are prevented by the idiotic laws concerning passports and customs.

Viewed from the standpoint of the philosophical historian, with any sort of appreciation of the tendencies of evolution and with any degree of detachment of mind from local and petty prejudices and passions, all such mottoes as *Sinn Fein*, *Deutschland über Alles*, *America First*, and the like, are merely reactionary attempts to thwart the course of destiny.

It is well enough to have a proper pride in one's birthplace, in one's family and in one's nation. But when these things lead to separation and stagnation instead of leading to co-operation and progress they are distinctly harmful.

Mr. Graham says that the Serbs and Czechs are the best people about passports in Central Europe. In western Europe Belgium is the most enlightened, having practically abolished the visa. France is striving to follow Belgium's lead. England in this matter, as in the matter of her charges for postage, telephones and railway fares, seems to have completely lost that practical common sense which distinguished her from other nations. She charges foreigners heavily, keeps them waiting, and treats them impolitely.

America is probably the worst of all. Few countries can equal the disgraceful proceedings connected with breaking into the United States and can furnish such an unenlightened example of red tape, incivility and downright cruelty.

And what is it all about? As the fool said in "The Tavern," "What's all this shootin' for?"

Why, pertinently inquires Mr. Graham, do free men and women spend golden forenoons in stuffy rooms, to fill in forms, to be brow-beaten by police and porters and clerks, treated like criminals or paupers, or beggars come for a pit-tance? Perhaps they are paid for it? No, they actually have to pay, and pay heavily, suffering as it were injury on the top of insult.

One thing that keeps the custom alive is that it furnishes boundless graft for a lot of petty officials. This is illustrated by an instance Mr. Graham gives as explained to him by the British Consul General at Munich.

At Munich there is a Polish Consul and Vice-Consul, but there has been nothing to do, Poland having remarkably little business in Bavaria. The post languished. The Vice-Consul was recalled; the clerk was dismissed. One surmised the Consul himself might go and hand over his minute business to some other consulate which, no doubt, would have done it cheaply. But no. One day a solution occurred to the Consul. All Polish subjects in Bavaria ought to have Polish passports from the Polish Consul. Police orders to that effect were therefore issued. All who claimed to be Polish, or to have been born in those parts of Germany or Austria now Polish territory, were to put in an appearance. They would receive passports and would be duly charged.

But, having registered the whole Polish population, what then?

"Oh, I only give them visas for three months," says the Consul. "Every quarter they must come again."

So he converted his consulate into a revenue-paying establishment. What does it matter about the public? It is only asked to give one day in ninety to these formalities and has the other eighty-nine to itself.

The Polish passport office in Berlin fully confirms this point of view.

Here are inordinate crowds whom politics have separated kith from kin, trying to get passes to go home, to live, to exist. The doorkeeper smokes a cigar; the first clerk makes eyes at the women applicants, the girl clerks suck sweets, the Consulate clock runs on, and you pay hundreds of German marks each for the up-keep of the business.

"Under such circumstances," asks our author, "is it surprising that there is stagnation of peoples in Europe? This stagnation is great, and it is noticeable in almost every great city of the continent. It is a rich time for the hotel-keepers. There is scarcely a capital in Europe where you can reckon on finding a room without trouble. The following experiences are symptomatic enough: At Rome I visited about twenty hotels; shut out for the night, got into a 'strange place' about three a. m.; Stuttgart, out all night; Sofia, visited all hotels, all full, slept in guard-room of town-patrol; Sofia, second time, shared a room with an officer; Vienna, toured city in a cab and found nothing; Warsaw, spent nine hours going from hotel to hotel, got a room for a thousand-mark tip. In Constantinople you can find cases of three families in one apartment. Wherever you go you are going to have adventures in finding a room, unless you are an officer or a member of an Allied Commission, or belong to the Red Cross or Starving Children's Fund, or some organization that has facilities for looking out for itself.

"Poor old Europe! She was more of a unity in the days when we were 'an armed camp.' We have broken the power of militarism. There has been a revolution in Russia. A British statesman in the House of Commons, in 1917, said it was bliss to be alive, but to be young was very heaven. Some millions of young men died before Armistice Day, 1918. Since then there has been

great work clearing away barbed-wire entanglements along the old front. But it seems to be a nightmare task; entanglements multiply upon us faster than we can clear the old ones away. You cannot get across Europe because of the obstructions; you cannot circulate."

Thus we see what is the matter with the world. It is a case of stagnation. It is a case of the vigorous growth of the life of humanity being hampered by the hold-over of nationalism. It is a case of conspiracy against life by the old forces of reaction.

Everywhere this reactionary tendency is accompanied by intense passion and often by entire conscientiousness. The Irishman who wants to separate his nation from Great Britain and everybody else, verily thinks he is doing God's service. The American who wants to keep America surrounded by a Chinese wall of tariffs and an impenetrable barrier of immigration laws imagines he is the only true American.

That large and vociferous company who are crying out against having anything to do with Europe, who are urging the isolation of the United States from the rest of the world, repeat over and over again the phrase of Washington about "entangling alliances," entirely forgetting in their narrow-minded zeal that what Washington warned us against was entangling alliance *with some one nation* against others, and the problem of allying ourselves *with all the nations of the world* never presented itself to the Father of his Country.

The doom of humanity is growth. We must grow, or we must become sick and die. We must get over our petty nationalisms. We must envisage a cooperating world. Humanity cannot stop. It cannot cease that continuous change which life implies.

And if we succeed in accomplishing a temporary stagnation the re-

sult is the pus of provincialism which sooner or later breaks out in the horrible boil of War.

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A Nation of Spectators

ONE of the differences between play and sport is that play is exercise you take for yourself, and sport is exercise you watch somebody else take.

Play is engaged in by children who are healthy and happy. Sport is engaged in by grown-ups who are puffy-eyed and bored.

Enthusiasm for sports is no sign that a nation is athletic.

In fact the kind of enthusiasm which loads down the sporting pages of the newspapers, draws a hundred thousand people to the bleachers at a baseball match and attracts well-dressed crowds to a race-course, argues a nation of spectators rather than a nation of athletes.

Instead of sport encouraging play it bids fair to kill play.

About the only kind of exercise nowadays which people of twenty-one or over take for themselves and do not hire somebody else to do is dancing. Of course there is golf. But it is too early yet to say whether golf is destined to be a permanent game or a social fad.

Watching games instead of playing them is a sign of an effete civilization.

This is illustrated in the well-known incident of the Chinese Mandarin who was visiting in Washington and was taken by his host to attend a grand ball. The Oriental visitor expressed himself as pleased with the gaiety of the occasion but permitted himself the inquiry, "It is all very well but I cannot understand why your upper classes do all this work themselves. In China we hire people to dance for us." China is very old.

The difference between fun as an exercise and fun as a spectacle is a

very radical one. It is the difference between the two kinds of pleasure that are the privilege of the human race. One is the pleasure of giving, the other that of receiving.

A better distinction perhaps would be that one is the pleasure of overcoming and the other is the pleasure of yielding.

In one case there is the forthputting of our energies, the pitting of wits against wits, of skill against skill, of bodily strength against bodily strength. This is:

"That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

And the Scriptures tell us that this forthputting kind of pleasure is so much superior to the receptive kind that "He that overcometh shall receive the morning star."

If by morning star we understand a poetical allusion to the joy of living this text seems to be psychologically accurate. The surest way to degeneracy and disease is to stuff one's self with food, intoxicate one's self with drink, indulge all one's animal appetites, and spend one's days in limousines and one's nights in feather beds. Such a life is bound to be a short one, whether a merry one or not.

There is good in sports when sports are play. For play is the very best means toward the formation of character.

In play we learn how to endure, how to get along with our fellows and how to lose, which three things are now as important as any that can be named.

Even prize-fighting, properly conducted, is not a bad thing. That is to say, it is not a bad thing for the two prize-fighters, altho it is probably a very bad thing for the two thousand spectators, who are getting nothing out of the show but a sort of debauch in blood lust.

In fact, watching people play is rather an old man's business, and may be indulged in in a harmless way by those who have not the en-

ergy nor the disposition to do the playing themselves.

A company of professional sports, however, the kind you see at horse-races, prize-fights and pool-rooms, is not an inspiring sight. Most of them are inclined to be red-faced, puffy-eyed and pot-bellied. All of them are flabby.

And this law holds not only for the flesh but for the spirit.

A great many people place too much importance upon the acquisition of knowledge and the pursuit of learning. There is no special benefit in amassing information. In fact it may become very much like the habit of going to baseball games, and the mind that is forever reading and studying and never doing anything with the facts that it amasses is liable also to be flabby.

That form of exercise which does the mind good is creation and construction.

It is doing things with the mind that brings mental strength, and not merely receiving things by the mind.

One reason perhaps why there are so many Christians and so little Christianity is the habit of church-going and listening to sermons.

To attend a church service, to hear the music and look at the stained glass, to follow the prayers in the book and the preacher's homily may easily become a sort of a bad habit.

That is to say, we may get into the way of assuming that this sort of thing is religion. It is no more religion than the taking of plenty of food is health. Food is health only in proportion as we translate it into vigor by good digestion and exercise.

The real and usable morality we acquire is that which we acquire by overcoming, not by receiving; that which we acquire by utilizing our moral principles in the give and take of life and not that which we get morally by hearing moral precepts recited from the pulpit.

There is more education in one thing done than there is in a thousand things listened to.

The place to learn navigation is on a ship. The place to learn soldiering is in war. The place to learn business is in the market. The place to learn botany is in the field. So also the place to learn those underlying laws of life which we call morality and religion is in the midst of affairs, in the complex actualities of family life, and amidst the hard facts of the business world.

It is only thus we become spiritual athletes.

The word is of no particular use or vitality, until the word is made flesh and dwells among us.

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Uncle Joe

JOSEPH G. CANNON, known for years in American politics as "Uncle Joe," and for a long time Speaker of the House of Representatives, has made a formal announcement of his retirement after forty-six years of public life.

In an open letter to the Eighteenth Illinois Congressional District, which includes Danville, his home town, he said:

"The time has come for old heads to give way to young hearts, alert and active minds and vigorous bodies. I shall not be a drone, I hope, but a citizen in the ranks of plain, loyal Republicans, doing all in my power to support party politics which mean so much to the prosperity and happiness of Americans."

The last words quoted indicate the peculiar point of view for which Uncle Joe has always stood. He is a party man and believes in the Republican party as heathen folk look up to their gods of stone and clay.

He, and such others as the late Boies Penrose, Mark Hanna and Matt. Quay, are types of that peculiar perversion of loyalty from which the United States has suffered more than from anything else.

There are doubtless individuals in political parties who are upright and honest, but the institution of a party lends itself to all manner of corruption and will have to be substituted by something better if the nation is to progress.

Directly to the party spirit and the mistaken sense of party loyalty can be charged such crimes as the corruption of the electorate in Michigan whereby Senator Newberry was elected, the debasement of city government in almost all of our large cities, and, most colossal offence of all, the desertion by the United States of her Allies after the War, her refusal to participate in the League of Nations and the consequent economic disaster that has overspread the world.

All this does not mean that good party men such as Uncle Joe and Senator Lodge and others may not be good church members and good to their folks.

The reader will recall the passage in Macaulay wherein he complained that when attention was called to the tyrannies and torts of the King of England the reply was made that the King was a good husband and a loving father.

Doubtless there were gentle, affectionate and sincere priests among those who sat in the Inquisition chamber and tortured heretics.

Doubtless Lenine and Trotzky are earnest and sincere-minded. Doubtless the Kaiser thought that he was annointed of God to chasten the French nation and bring to it the advantages of German culture.

"We are all honorable men."

But the fact remains that the only intelligent basis for any kind of ethics that can last is humanity and the welfare of the human race, and not nationalism and particularly not partisanship.

It must be the effort of all clear thinkers to rid the councils of the world of the last shreds of Macchiavellism and to insist that the

principles of righteousness, justice and mercy are just as binding upon parties and nations as they are upon individuals.

This we cannot do unless we are willing to abandon our party and oppose it when it is clearly wrong.

In his personal life Uncle Joe is lovable. In his creed of party he is not to be followed.



The Great Deception

SAMUEL COLCORD has gotten out a book which he calls "The Great Deception."

By this is meant the effort, which seems to be rather successful, to put over the idea that the last national election was a repudiation of the League of Nations idea and a distinct mandate by the American people that their government should have nothing to do with European or world politics.

That crazy notion has been very loudly bellowed by such as Senators Borah and Reed and a number of newspapers that make a specialty of propaganda.

The principle upon which this campaign of deception is carried on is a familiar one. It is that if you say anything loud enough and often enough, by and by people will believe it whether it is true or not. It is the same principle that sells patent medicine, propagates inane fads, and otherwise stampedes Demos.

The facts in the case, of course, are well known to those who are accustomed to think, of which there are, alas, too few. They are, as Mr. Colcord points out:

1. The majority of the Republican party leaders, as represented in the United States Senate, twice made a distinct and definite proposal that the United States enter the League of Nations with the Lodge reservations, and twice passed such a pro-

posal by substantial majorities in the Senate.

2. If we accept the fact that we are under a party government, then the known record of that party should define our attitude. There is no question that the United States would now be a member of the League of Nations if the majority of the Republican party leaders in the Senate had had their way.

3. It was the rejection of the compromise proposal and the insistence upon what was known to be impossible of realization, that is, the retention in the covenant of article ten, without reservation, by the Democrats, that defeated the above purpose.

4. The platform of the Republican party was half for the League and half for a new association. In any case it did not declare for isolation.

5. In the speeches of Mr. Harding, the successful candidate in the last election, whenever he referred to a possible new association of nations he invariably qualified this to mean that it should be a revision of the existing League, "for it has been so entwined and interwoven into the peace of Europe that its good must be preserved." To this not even his Des Moines speech is an exception. A sufficient proof is that Mr. Harding has publicly said so himself.

As Mr. Colcord says:

"To make it appear that the Republican vote was against that record and against the other influences named, all pointing the same way, thus a repudiation of the League of Nations in its entirety is the great deception under which many excellent people have innocently fallen."

The fact of the matter is that the American people have not repudiated the League of Nations and that they have not accepted it. They have not yet declared themselves upon the question.

WHY FRANCE DISTRUSTS AMERICA

By William MacDonald

THAT France is at the present moment profoundly distrustful of the United States is a fact well known, painfully known, to every American in France who comes into close contact with the French people, and who does not allow himself to be misled by the complimentary remarks of orators on state occasions or by the flattery of business men who want to sell him something or negotiate a loan. It is not the aggressive and ineradicable distrust which many, perhaps most, French people feel toward Germany, for the relations between France and America have never been such as to engender bitterness and mortal fear. It is not the deep-seated and convinced distrust which is felt toward Great Britain, because the United States has never tried to dominate the whole political situation in Europe and throughout the world or treated France with mingled haughtiness and contempt. It is rather a pervading suspicion of American political and business methods, a growing lack of confidence in the fairness and integrity of American policy, an irritated revulsion of feeling which comes from disillusionment and the shattering of ideals. Whether or not the attitude of France is reasonable and well grounded is not a question which at the moment I propose to discuss: the question is a complicated one, with many bearings and diverse ramifications. The more important thing for the United States is to realize that the distrust exists, that it is deep and widespread, that it is more and more openly expressed, and that it rests upon facts and events which to the French have only one meaning and enforce only one conclusion.

The beginning of the trouble goes back, of course, to the failure of the

United States to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. The goodness or badness of that treaty is a subject regarding which the people of France had, and still have, more than one opinion. It is a great mistake to suppose that French public opinion is unanimous in supporting either the Versailles agreement or the other treaties which followed it. What France could not understand at the time, however, and does not understand now, is how the United States, after supporting President Wilson enthusiastically during the war and apparently continuing to support him during the negotiation of peace, could have rejected the peace treaty bodily without at least attempt to secure a modification of the provisions to which it objected, could have continued for two years a state of things which was neither peace nor war, and could then have concluded treaties with Germany and Austria which reserved to the United States most of the advantages and few of the liabilities which it would have had if it had ratified the Treaty of Versailles. What kind of a government, one hears it asked, is this American democracy in which the executive and the legislature can remain at loggerheads for a year and eight months without power in the people to call either to account, in which the President negotiates treaties without the least assurance that the Senate will approve them, and in which a succeeding administration calmly appropriates most of the benefits of a rejected treaty while avoiding its obligations? Such things could not be done in France or in any other European country without either a change of government or a revolution, and the majority of the French people fail to

understand how they can be done in America and apparently be acquiesced in by the country.

The widespread feeling in France, and for that matter in Europe generally, that the United States, notwithstanding the vast effort which it put forth on behalf of the Allies during the war, is at heart entirely indisposed to help in the solution of after-war problems and in the restoration of normal conditions, has been confirmed and intensified by the whole policy of the United States since the peace conference. For more than two years France, at least, was generous. It continued to hope, even against hope, that the Versailles Treaty would yet be ratified. When that hope faded, it continued to believe that a great and generous nation like America, presumably knowing its own mind and certainly free to act as it thought best, would nevertheless find some way outside of the treaty to help in the reestablishment of sound economic and political health. Scarcely a word of criticism of America was heard in any public assembly. The press, with hardly an exception, maintained a friendly tone. When, after months of waiting, the only response that came from America was silence, inaction and a refusal of anything save unofficial and entirely useless participation in conference after conference to which it was welcomed, France lost heart.

The reaction, serious as it was perceived to be by those who value the maintenance of sympathetic and cordial relations between nations, might nevertheless have been less serious in its effects had the attitude of the United States remained one merely of indifference. The past few months, however, have witnessed a series of events which have strengthened suspicion and fortified distrust. The echoes of the Washington conference are still reverberating in France. Without exception all parties in France now

realize that the French case at Washington was badly handled, that the Briand speech was a veritable calamity all the more regrettable because it was unnecessary, and that the position of France with regard to the use of submarines was stated in a way certain to give offence. But why, one hears it asked everywhere in France, was the United States so ready, so eager even, to conclude naval and other agreements with Great Britain and Japan regarding the Pacific, while coldly and persistently declining even to become a party to a conference in Europe? Why did it yield so easily to the charms and persuasions of Mr. Balfour and his accomplished British associates, and at the same time press France so hard? What plans is America concerting with England and Japan in the Pacific and in Asia whose repercussions will before long be felt in Europe? If "entangling alliances" are to be avoided by the United States on grounds of national policy when Europe is concerned, why are they sought and carefully cemented when Japan and Great Britain are parties to them?

When to the irritation and suspicion occasioned by the Washington conference was added direct and apparently systematic criticism of French military expenditures and the French budget, the storm broke. So long as the criticism was confined to newspaper editorials and the remarks of private individuals, the attack was looked upon in France as essentially a personal matter in which anyone who was informed was entitled to express his opinion, for in France the expression of opinion is free; but when members of the government joined, the criticisms took on an official character not easily to be distinguished from intermeddling. The McCormick resolution in the Senate, calling upon a government department for information regarding the military and

naval expenditures of European states—information which any clerk could easily have obtained by a few hours' work in the Library of Congress—was bitterly resented in France; and the weak reply which the author of the resolution took the trouble to cable to the courteous but stinging criticism of M. Stéphane Lausanne, editor of the *Paris Matin*, did not help the American case. Hostile comments on military expenditures and the lack of equilibrium in the budget, attributed to Secretary Hoover, added fuel to the flame by apparently identifying the administration, indirectly at least, with a criticism which, as French courtesy views such matters, the American government had officially no right to make.

The general question of military policy and the particular question of current military and naval expenditures are matters in regard to which public opinion in France is itself much divided; but both those who oppose and those who uphold the present policy are a unit in insisting that, if the question may properly be discussed officially at all in other countries, it should be discussed with accuracy and in all its bearings. What, accordingly, is to be thought of such amazing "statistics" as the Federal Reserve Board, in its December bulletin, puts out as the veritable military and naval expenditures of France? According to this bulletin, copies of which are to be found in all the leading French banks and in the offices of many business houses and newspapers, and which is certainly to be regarded as official if any government publication may be so regarded, the total expenditures of France in 1920 for national defence amounted to approximately 26,432 million francs, or 50.7 per cent. of the total government expenditures for all purposes. Figures which have just been compiled from the official records by one of the leading

banking houses at Paris, on the other hand, show total expenditures in that year for all military and naval purposes of 7,402 million francs. As the bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board gives no details and cites no authorities, it is, of course, impossible to tell from what sources its figures are drawn; but when figures three and a half times greater than the French government records show are published by an American government bureau as the veritable record of French militarism, the effect upon French public opinion may easily be imagined.

As with the question of military outlay, so also with that of the French debt owed to the United States. France has never asked to be excused from the payment of its war loans, altho it has, in common with England and other debtor nations, discussed the policy and the practicability of a mutual renunciation of war debts. But it has deeply resented the recent action of the American government, in what seems very much like pressing for payment, in fixing the maximum period for payment at twenty-five years when the payment of the German reparations runs over from thirty to sixty, and in repeatedly intimating through press association dispatches from Washington that if the United States should eventually consent to take part in a European conference, the question of avoiding the war debts of the Allies must not be discussed. So also with the present high and virtually prohibitive tariff duties, closing important American markets to France and the rest of Europe at a time when industries which had been prostrated by the war were struggling to get upon their feet. So also with the withholding of private capital and credits, notwithstanding that American capital seems willing to take its chances in Russia, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Germany, and in the Far East.

These are some of the cardinal facts of a painful and ominous situation. The long-time regard of France for America and Americans is disappearing. Individually, Americans are liked if they are likeable, and there is no lack of respect and courtesy; but the atmosphere is cold. There is not an important newspaper in Paris whose comments upon American affairs are not more or less openly unfriendly. Conservative papers like the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*, the former a semi-official government organ and the latter close to government circles, are handling American affairs without gloves, and throughout the French press the old reserve has disappeared. American news, still regrettably scanty and scrappy, reflects the new temper: there are more news items of the discreditable sort more prominently displayed, and more extended comment on po-

litical happenings adverse to the prejudices or policy of France.

That much of the distrust which France now nourishes toward America is ill-founded, that differences of language, tradition, manner and circumstances are important factors to be taken into the account, and that individual regard may long persist after public or general esteem has vanished, is undoubtedly true. What the United States ought to realize, however, is that, justly or unjustly as one may reckon it, the tide of public opinion in France, in all classes and in all quarters, is now running strongly against America. It will continue to run strongly and more strongly so long as the United States adheres to its policy of isolation and indifference, and leaves Europe to flounder in difficulty while pursuing its own political and economic advantage in other parts of the world.

THE INCREASING DRUG MENACE AND ITS SERPENTINE TRAIL

By Sara Graham Mulhall

President of the Narcotic Drugs Control League and Formerly First Deputy Commissioner of New York State Department of Narcotic Drug Control

WHILE the business of bootlegging narcotic drugs is not a new phase of the opium traffic, it is its latest and most profitable scheme to recruit and supply its addicts. It is particularly sinister because the trained bootlegger has applied to his trade methods of scientific salesmanship and gives out "samples." To do this he employs schoolboys, who pass along tiny portions of heroin or "coke" to youngsters at school. They soon become regular customers. The peddler secrets himself in an alley or cellar and uses his little "coke" Fagins to pick the senses of his school fellows, boys and girls, by starting them on the road to drug

addiction—and regular buyers of habit-forming drugs.

The great "opium ring," higher up, perhaps does not know of the methods of the bootlegger or the tricks of the peddler. They do not interest the drug syndicate, whose tentacles are reaching out over the civilized world.

The Opium Ring is a product of the underworld. Its members are found along the borders and traveling back and forth across the seas. Ten dollars' worth of opium in China is worth \$150 wholesale in the United States, for illicit purposes. It is smuggled in the mail, in letters, in newspapers and parcel post, in bottles, in false bottoms of

trunks and suitcases, inside of canes and umbrella handles, in hat bands, in belts (smugglers' life-belts), in floating receptacles thrown from ships and by the more dangerous method of sneaking it across the borders and ashore from ships, in devious ways by daring bootleggers who make the evasion of the customs a business.

A million slaves await the visit of the Opium Ring's minions—perhaps two million users; the victims are increasing so rapidly and so secretly that there is no way to get an authoritative, up-to-the-minute census.

Imported for legitimate medical use in the United States, in 1909, was 470,000 pounds; in 1919 the amount had increased to 730,000 pounds, enough to supply thirty-six doses to every man, woman and child in the nation. If the increase was proportional in 1920 and 1921, the opium imported into the country is appalling—enough, if its use were universal, to poison the brains and corrupt the morals of the nation, for ninety per cent. of the opium imported into this country is used by addicts, whether administered by doctors or secured surreptitiously.

In my fourteen years of study and experience with the drug problem I have found that much of the outrageous crime that is committed in this country may be laid at the door of the drug fiend. Crimes too revolting to enumerate could be recorded from the chamber of horrors of my experiences—families broken up, careers ruined, outrages committed, youth ruined, businesses destroyed, the birth-rate lowered and the curse of disease transmitted to an innocent generation. Ninety per cent. of the petty or general criminals, eliminating the scientific safecracker, either are drug addicts before their criminal careers begin or become such to stimulate their senses to the bravado of crime.

Since the end of the Civil War,

this greatest of sinister fraternities of secret crime has fastened itself upon the United States. Over seven thousand addicts receive free treatment at the Narcotic Clinic of New York City, and it was found that 5,190, about seventy per cent., became victims of the habit from associates who led them into the habit and taught them the use of narcotics.

These groups and their bootlegging agents are hard to apprehend. They are bound by a chain of secrecy. They gather in gangs, in back-rooms and in cellars to snuff cocain. If their hiding-places or their sources of supply are discovered they move under the cover of darkness to new quarters and new sections.

In the great centers of population it is almost impossible to stamp out the curse. Segregation, so-called "cures," city hospitals, and farms and institutions are supporting, at a cost of a billion dollars a year, incurables. The New York State Prison report shows an increase in drug addict criminals of 510 per cent. for the year 1921. And yet the opium pours into the country without proper control, increasing in quantity as the habit spreads and the victims multiply.

America is the greatest opium importing and exporting nation of the world. As shown by the latest available figures, opium was consumed in one year in other countries as follows:

Austria	4,000	pounds
Italy	6,000	"
Germany	17,000	"
Portugal	2,000	"
France	17,000	"
Holland	3,000	"

as against the consumption in the United States of 470,000 pounds.

Over \$20,000,000, wholesale price, was spent for opium in 1919. Only one case of morphine was reported in 1868. How much is used now,

and how much more than twenty million dollars is expended for the opium habit, it is difficult to calculate accurately.

There is not a state in the Union that is not paying the penalty of the opium habit, altho New York leads with its thirty-five thousand recorded narcotic addicts, and its doctors prescribing an average of 1,760,000 grains a month. Tennessee follows next, then Missouri, Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Georgia, Oklahoma, Massachusetts, and so on in order of drug addicts reported, irrespective of population. Police officials of 1,263 cities having a population of 5,000 or over reported 1,800 drug peddlers doing business, securing most of their supplies from Canada and Mexico.

The raw opium comes into our big syndicates, is manufactured into morphine, heroin, cocain, and sold at home and abroad for hundreds of millions of dollars. Under the Harrison law, according to the last available figures (1918), there were registered as distributors of narcotic drugs: 125,905 physicians, 831 wholesale dealers, 42,240 dentists, 888 manufacturers, 10,399 veterinarians, 76 importers, 3,799 hospitals, 133 educational institutions, 48,196 retail dealers, 258 miscellaneous dealers, totalling 233,491 dispensers of habit-forming drugs. It is fair to presume that the number has nearly doubled by 1922.

If this is to be regarded as the legitimate traffic in these drugs, what must be the illegitimate bootlegging traffic to the underworld addicts? In view of the estimate that ninety per cent. of the opium and its derivatives are illegitimate, the conclusion is staggering. Officially we are informed, by the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that the traffic of the "dope peddlers" whose supply comes from Canada, Mexico and the Atlantic and Pacific ports, is at least equal, if not more than, that of the licensed sale.

From the same authoritative investigation of the Treasury Department it develops that there are nearly a million and a quarter addicts in the United States, perhaps two million, based upon a questionnaire sent to the health officers of the states, and this number confined largely to cities. Reliable authorities have estimated that there are as many as 4,000,000 drug addicts in the United States.

Before the war Germany fastened the heroin habit upon this country. In the guise of a non-habit-forming drug it could be obtained at any drugstore. Until its subtle nature was discovered, it counted its victims by the thousands. It became almost a fad to take heroin, and yet it was poisoning a nation. It was easy to get and simple to take and its effects were exhilarating—a snuff cocktail that stimulated the brain to momentary alertness and the spirits to an agreeable exhilaration; but, once begun, the habit was fixed, and the victim would barter soul and body to secure the drug. It was heroin that crept into the public schools and is still sold by peddlers to our children, used by them, and carried home to the mother and father. Even babies were given heroin by mothers to quiet their cries, and the habit was fastened upon the coming generation.

A survey of the nation shows that most of the addicts to heroin are girls and boys under the age of twenty. The cocain habit also is fastened upon youth to a greater degree than upon adults. Most of the youthful addicts started the habit when in their early teens, and the greater part are American born. It has been shown by statistics gained from careful government investigation that the greater part of the drug victims are girls and women, tho in some sections the percentages are about equal for the sexes.

Economically the country loses some two hundred million dollars a year in service from the men and women incapacitated by drug habits; while the addicts themselves pay approximately one hundred million dollars yearly for their "dope," to say nothing of the billion dollars spent for the cure and up-keep of these deplorable citizens who become a public charge on the taxpayer.

I could fill a book with "exhibits" of the terrible results of this scourge, that is growing at such an alarming rate in the United States, but the daily press bears eloquent testimony to the crimes and debauchery inspired by drug addicts. Hardly a day but some terrible crime is laid at the door of opium and its derivatives. What is needed is not so much legal punishment for the crazed, unnatural creatures, who are abnormal under the influence of a drug stronger than their wits and more powerful than their brains, but as well control at the source and at the distributing points of all forms of opium.

The manufacture and distribution of opium derivatives should be placed under Federal supervision and control exclusively, and prohibited for sale, use, manufacture, dispensing and selling, in any form, otherwise. If such an act is possible of enactment, I recommend that the government immediately seize or

buy or commandeer, under proper respect for property rights, all habit-forming drugs in the nation, and compel their dispensation by and through Federal agents or Federal channels alone, with due reports of every ounce dispensed, under severe restrictions to legitimate use through licensed medical men and institutions and that a strict balance sheet be kept and enforced under severe penalties.

We are dealing with perhaps the greatest menace to human health and happiness—an evil habit-forming drug, a human-wrecking narcotic, and not with an "occasional user" or a self-controlled indulger. There is no such being in the category of drug addiction.

Opium metamorphoses the human soul; it debauches the human will; it entangles the human mind; it wrecks the human system.

Its addict ceases to be a voluntary agent; he becomes a slave, a tool, a victim of his own weakness, and a menace to society.

The drug addict is a national menace. The nation should control the source of supply, put its heel on the illicit trafficker, whether a trafficking doctor or a bootlegging peddler, and check this undermining curse whose sinister power is threatening our children, our womanhood and our man-power, and whose cost is an increasing charge on our tax-burdened people.

OUR DIMINISHING TIDE OF COLOR

By Aaron Hardy Ulm

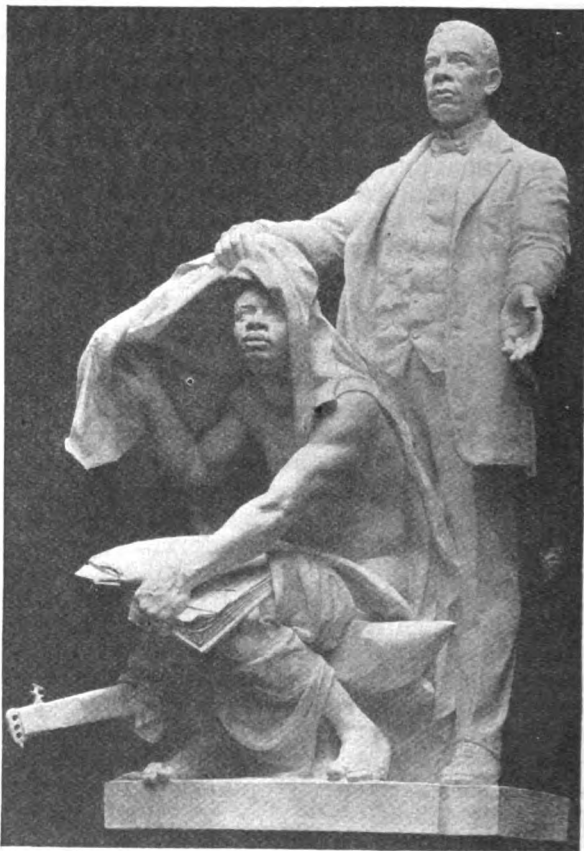
THE American negro faces the road to extinction. Figures disclosed by the 1920 census indicate that he, as a continuing factor in the population of the United States, now verges on numerical decline, even if true race recession is not already under way.

The low rate of negro population increase—only 6.1 per cent.—from

1910 to 1920 may be a passing phenomenon that is attributable to several influences peculiar to the decade. But in interpreting the census figures one cannot overlook the fact that they only carry to a surprising extreme the record of a trend clearly in evidence for more than a hundred years. That trend has been expressed in a diminishing rate of in-

crease in the negro population without adequate or so much as hopeful compensation (as is somewhat true with the white population) in extended average life periods. It has not been expressed in every census; but as W. F. Wilcox pointed out several years ago in Stone's "Studies of the American Race Problem," it is expressed in the combined figures for every period of twenty years since 1800-1820. In the first twenty-year period of the last century our negro population increased 76 per cent., in the last twenty-year period of the last century the increase was only 34 per cent. The decline was owing in only small part to the continued importation of slaves during the early years of the century. For the first twenty years of this century, as compared with the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, the rate of increase declined nearly one-half, or to 17.7. And the rate of increase for the second decade of the present century was only a little more than half of that for the first. While passing influences no doubt have affected the natural increase in the number of American negroes, the long trend clearly evidenced by the census figures can be credited directly to the failure of the negro's fecundity to surmount obstacles in the way of the race's expansion in America—a marvelous fecundity which frequently has enabled the negro to survive all misfortunes.

"Such data as are available," says the United States Census Bureau, "in regard to birth and death rates among the negroes indicate that the birth rate has decreased consider-



COMMEMORATING A NEGRO LEADER IN BRONZE

This statue of Booker T. Washington, by the sculptor Charles Keck, was recently unveiled at Tuskegee, Alabama. It represents the founder of Tuskegee Institute lifting the veil of darkness and ignorance from his less fortunate brother and is the gift of some 100,000 American negroes.

ably since 1900, while the death rate has not changed greatly."

It is notorious that the birth rate of the native-born whites also is declining, but that decline is offset to some extent by a decreasing mortality rate. Because of that and foreign immigration of whites an accelerating "tide of whiteness" threatens, or promises, to overwhelm the "tide of color." If our population continues to "whiten" at the rate which not only has held its own but grown steadily during the last hundred years the race problem some day will be solved by the stern process of obliteration of color.

Census figures afford no evidence that the black man in America, as he generally has done elsewhere, is proving E. G. Murphey's finely-phrased declaration of a dozen years ago, that "Whenever the negro has looked down the lane of annihilation he has always had the good sense to go around the other way."

Undoubtedly the race is feeling for another way around and ultimately one may be found, but there is much which indicates that the negro is running, or being driven, into "blind alleys" instead and that as the country's total population increases and the struggle for existence intensifies the negro will be shunted more and more into "the lane of annihilation."

It is futile, of course, to predict; for events seem to take a Puck-like delight in confounding all prophecies as to population. All that one can do is to set down the facts and confine interpretation to what the past seems to portend.

Rapidly is the negro becoming a national racial factor instead of remaining only a predominately Southern one. In the South he is being crowded from those areas which for long it was believed Nature gave him a competitive advantage over the white man. The "Black Belt" is "whitening." Even many of its blackest and most malodorous spots knew white advance and black recession during the last ten years. For example, the populations of only 161 counties in the five "blackest" States were more than 50 per cent. negro in 1920. In 1910 there were 183 and in 1900—when negro ascendancy in the "Black Belt" appears to have reached high tide—198 counties in those five States wherein more negroes than whites lived. The figures do not fully reveal the facts, for during each of the decades there were numerous divisions of counties, which means that the actual territory wherein negro population

ascendancy ceased is larger than the figures for counties indicate. And for all but a small number of those counties where negroes still are in the majority, the 1920 census shows the whites to be increasing at rates higher than those for the negroes of the same communities. That is to say, in all but a few the proportions of whites in the total populations were higher in 1920 than in 1910. In a majority of them the negro populations declined in fact as well as in proportion.

In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, through which States the "Black Belt" runs, there were in 1910 forty-two counties wherein negroes constituted more than 75 per cent. of the populations. The number dwindled to 32 by 1920, and two of those are "new" counties created by the division of old ones. In nearly all of them there were both absolute as well as proportional decreases in the negro populations.

Thus it is clear that those Southern districts which once seemed to be enduring reservoirs for the negro in America offer to the black man no safe or assured refuge. To what extent economic factors, like the depredations of the boll weevil, have dissipated those centripetal forces which, during the time of slavery and for a half century thereafter, tended to hold if not to draw a large proportion of the negro population into territory numerically dominated by them, is an open question. But the facts show that the distribution of the negro population is now controlled almost entirely by centrifugal forces alone. Excepting community segregation, which has become as pronounced in the North as in the South, general diffusion both in the South and in the country as a whole seems to be the sentence which hangs over the head of the negro as a race, and which he cannot escape via territory that he once appeared to hold either by sheer

weight of numbers or better environmental suitability.

Nearly all population advance made by the negro in the South during the last ten years was confined to districts where his numbers comprise from 20 to 50 per cent. of the inhabitants. The chief reason for that, no doubt, is that within such designations lie most of the town and city communities of the South. In those only lightly "colored" districts of the South there is a tendency, but perhaps only a passing one, towards absolute "whiteness." Two Georgia counties, for example, reported not a single negro inhabitant in 1920.

The negro's trend cityward is the most untoward sign of all. While in the South as a whole the negroes increased during the last decade only 1.9 per cent., there was a big increase in the urban negro population throughout that section. In Georgia, for example, more negroes were added to the populations of four cities than to the colored population of the State as a whole. In more than one half of the Southern States there were net decreases in negro populations, but in none was there a decrease in the number of urban negro residents. In the five "blackest" States noted above there was a net decrease of 183,060 in the number of negroes residing in country districts. Yet in one of them, South Carolina, the rural negro population increased 75,000, and all of the States registered healthy gains in both rural and urban white populations. It may be that "hard times" have driven many negroes back to the farms; yet the boll weevil has rendered many rural districts of the South almost unlivable for the negro, whose success as an agriculturist in America has been closely entwined with cotton. The negro's drift towards the cities has been pronounced for more than thirty years. When he goes North he lands

and remains almost wholly in the cities. In 1910 fewer than 20 per cent. of all the negroes in the North and West lived in rural districts.

Frederick L. Hoffman, the statistician, contended twenty-five years ago that the negro cannot survive as an urbanite. No statistics evolved since that time—a period of great philanthropy and expansion of civic consciousness—have disturbed the premises on which he based his conclusion. The negro birth rate undoubtedly is lower in the cities than in rural districts and lower in Northern than in Southern cities. The infant, if not the general, mortality rate is highest for negroes in cities. Incidentally, the negro death rate doesn't average much, if any, higher in Northern than in Southern cities. But, owing to a steady influx of adults from the South, negro populations in the former contain higher proportions of the young adult and middle-aged.

The writer has made a careful study of the census figures for the so-called Northern negro population for the forty years from 1870 to 1910. It is impossible to draw absolute conclusions from them, as between census-taking periods there is much shifting to and fro. But after making the most liberal allowances it seems clear that no net increase in the total population comprised by the race has come from the negroes in the North during that period. In considering that phase of the subject one must not forget that a large proportion of the negroes who migrate northward are of the child-bearing ages, which for the period covered ran from 10 to 20 per cent. higher for negroes of northern residence than for Southern negroes or for the average of whites in either section.

In studying the "tides of color" in America, it must not be forgotten that, despite the apparently phenomenal increase in the negro populations of other sections, 85 per cent.

of the blacks still live in the South and that the bulk of them are still on the farms. While the South steadily is growing "whiter" the process is not so rapid as to be fully assured of complete ultimate success. In 1790 negroes constituted 35.2 per cent. of the population of the Southern States, as defined by the Census Bureau; in 1920 they constituted approximately 27 per cent. This shows, despite the evidences of recession, that the negro is making a game fight for continued existence in the land of his father's forced adoption.

The ratios for the country as a whole have changed more rapidly than for the South alone. In 1790, negroes made up nearly 20 per cent. of the country's total population; in 1920, they constituted only 9.9 per cent. If the change in ratio continues, the negroes, at the end of the present century, will constitute not more than 5 per cent. of the total population of the country.

If the white man continues to shove the negro out of the rural districts of the South, virtual annihilation of the race seems to be certain unless conditions that beset the negro in most cities, both South and North, are changed or the law of natural selection adapts him to environments which he has not yet given evidence of ability to survive.

In judging the "tide of color" in our own population, the fact that the American negroes are tending to "whiten" without any corresponding "blackening" of the whites should not be overlooked. The census of 1910 rated more than 20 per cent. of all American negroes as of mixed blood, there being an increase of nearly six points during the twenty years following 1890. Unofficial figures of the 1920 census credit slightly more than 15 per cent. of them as mulattos. The Census Bureau has never claimed its figures on mulattos to be accurate, for it can frame no definition that would

be uniformly applied by enumerators. Its statistics on mulattos cannot well fail to be below the actual facts.

If the Mendelian theory of heredity is correct it is not unlikely that one-half of the negroes in the United States are of mixed blood—many were of mixed blood when they were brought to this land. Studies like those made by Dr. Davenport indicate that skin pigment is not the sole indicator of a blending of white and black strain; that is to say a "coal-black negro" still may be part Caucasian.

Thus every statistical increase in the negro population must be shared by the white strain in those of the race who are of mixed blood. Even omitting new injections of white blood, when a deduction is made for increase in white strain it is found that the "tide" of actual color rose negligibly, if at all, during the period covered by the last census.

The negro, therefore, is threatened with two processes of elimination—internal "whitening" and external pressure, the latter operating to shunt the negroes into environments for which they are least adapted.

The first process may be in a measure self-effacing and as an eliminant more effective than superficial appearances would indicate. Census figures—tho those of 1920 bearing on that point are not now available—indicate that the mulatto is more migrant than the pure black. In 1910, for example, nearly one-half the negroes credited to the West were rated as mulattos. The mulatto is more inclined to seek those environments that would seem to be harder on the race and yet his white blood may render him better qualified than the pure black for them. The nearly 2,000,000 population rated as negro offer a big field for study and one that has been woefully neglected.

THE MANY-SIDED REPUBLICAN FLOOR LEADER OF THE SENATE

BY its ratification of the Four-Power Pact, of the so-called Limitation of Armament Treaty, of the Chinese Nine-Power Treaty and of the other compacts framed by the Washington Conference, the United States Senate has placed no feather more conspicuously than the one that flutters in the hat of the senior Senator from Massachusetts. Not only did Senator Lodge have a hand in framing the compacts, as a delegate to the Conference, but as Republican floor leader of the Senate the responsibility of securing their ratification by the upper house of Congress has rested on his narrow but wiry shoulders. His part of the performance was made all the more difficult by the part he played in the long-drawn-out, venomous campaign against the League of Nations in which he is credited with emerging as victor. Abused during the campaign as probably no other Senator was, it seemed to many that he had won for himself an abiding place in American history. Yet one cry persisted, even after the shouting had died away—the bitter, insistent taunt of his adversaries that he had been animated throughout, not by patriotism but by a blind devotion to partizan ends.

In view of his Senatorial performances over a period of nearly thirty years, it is of paradoxical interest to see Senator Lodge reflected in "The Mirrors of Washington" as a curious study in psychology. We are assured that he has no great talent but is not without some ability; that he has read much but absorbed little; that he is well educated in the narrow sense of the schoolmaster but has no philosophic background, and that "his is the parasitic mind that sucks sustenance from the brains of others and gives nothing in return." He is further said to be without the slightest imagination and to be devoid of all

sense of humor—without which gifts no man can see life whole.

In former times Senator Lodge was the terror of moderate-minded citizens because of his radicalism. He was regarded as a jingo of the firebrand order; and when William McKinley died and Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency the atmosphere of Washington was fairly atremble with appeals sent from various parts of the country to persons of supposed influence to prevent, if possible, the disaster of Lodge's appointment as Secretary of State, on the theory that he would have us at war before he was warm in his chair. To those who know how impossible it would have been to lure him out of the Senate and put him into an administrative office, where he would play second to some other man, this idea has a comic aspect. Since then the change that has come over the whole popular outlook and attitude has been so marked that, as the *Nation* observes, Senator Lodge seems almost like a reactionary among a mass of radicals.

A man of the Lodge type is bound to have a legion of enemies and he has rather more than his share of implacables among the very men from whom, on general grounds, he would expect support—those of his own social caste. They have been inclined to hold him a demagog, while the class to whom demagogues must appeal regard him as an aristocrat. It was customary only a few years ago to hear him denounced in the midst of his own former circle as a spoilsman. That he had had his share of the still unprotected Federal patronage he would, the *Nation* assures us, be the last person to deny; but on the other hand he is credited with having done more than any one man except his old friend Roosevelt to defend the merit system in the clerical service of the Government against the assaults of

a vicious horde of foes in Congress during a most critical period of its history. It required a thoro knowledge of the inner machinery of legislation, a quick wit and tireless energy to handle some of the situations, with which the reformers were faced at that time; and when the very idealists for whose cause he was striking valiant blows would respond by throwing fresh obstacles into his way he was reminded often of Roosevelt's remark concerning his own career—that the men who gave him most trouble when he was trying to do something for the whole people were the "good citizens" whom, as a youth, he used to see seated about his father's dinner-table.

Henry Adams, in his autobiography, has limned this apposite portrait of the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs: "Roosevelts are born and never can be taught; but Lodge was a creature of teaching—Boston incarnate—the child of local parentage; and while his ambition led him to be more, the intent, tho virtuous, was restless. An excellent talker, a voracious reader, a ready wit, an accomplished orator, with a clear mind and a powerful memory, he could never feel at ease whatever leg he stood on, but shifted, sometimes with painful strain of temper, from one sensitive muscle to another, uncertain whether to pose as an uncompromizing Yankee, or a pure American, or a patriot in the still purer atmosphere of Irish, Germans or Jews, or a scholar and historian of Harvard College. Standing first on the social then on the political foot, now worshipping, now banning, shocked by the wanton display of immorality but practicing the license of political usage, sometimes bitter, often genial, always intelligent, Lodge has the singular merit of interesting. . . . He betrayed the consciousness that he and his people had a past if they dared but avow it, and might have a future if they could but divine it."

Strangers in the Senate galleries always ask to have Henry Cabot Lodge pointed out. Edward G. Lowry, in

"Washington Close-Ups" (Houghton-Mifflin), discovers an atmosphere about him of tradition, of legend, myth. When the eager questioners in the galleries ask each in his own way upon what meat this Caesar feeds, nobody seems to have an immediate or definite answer. Yet Lodge always plays a conspicuous part in the Senate transactions or in such of them as interest him. His seat is always near the top of the table. He is the nominal and titular leader of the Senate, yet, biographers insist, he has no personal followers. He is not a natural leader but one by virtue of his position in the Senate scheme of organization. He is bluntly characterized as being too finicky.

Senator Lodge has been both fortunate and unfortunate in his career. He was born in Boston, May 12, 1850, and when absent from Washington he makes his home in a picturesque mansion on the cliffs of Nahant, which jut out into Massachusetts Bay. He received an A. B. and Ph.D. at Harvard, and was graduated from the Harvard Law School. His legal education he regarded as simply a part of his general education. He never practiced. Born in wealth, which he has shrewdly conserved, and to social position, from early youth he has consorted with what the March Hare has enduringly called the very best butter. Public life was opened to him on the easiest, pleasantest terms. There has been an immense pride in him and store of good-will for him in his own State. The voters there have never checked or interrupted his career. Given the tools, he has never been denied a proper workshop for their employment, and always there has been thrown about him the friendly legend of "the scholar in politics."

In appearance, the shape and size of his face, the incipient curl of his hair and the rounded trim of his moustach and beard give him an aspect of youthfulness at a little distance which disappears on close approach. For then the lines which mark his features and which have deepened with advancing years become somewhat emphasized and

suggest a cynical bent of mind. The most noticeable detail in his facial appearance are the close-set eyes, conveying at first glance an impression of narrowness and shrewdness. He walks with short, brisk steps. His coat is buttoned precisely and fits perfectly; he has the habit of thrusting both hands into his coat pockets and keeping them there during a speech, except as he may turn his notes or emphasize a point with a swift, short gesture. He rarely hesitates for a word and, altho his voice is not loud or penetrating, his enunciation gives his words a carrying quality that makes his speech distinct not only to his confrères but to those in the Senate galleries. Perhaps the concise quick style of its delivery is partly due to his long habit of writing history. The Congressional Directory records that he has written "The Land Law of the Anglo-Saxons," "Life and Letters of George Cabot," "Short History of the English Colonies in America," "Life of Alexander Hamilton," "Life of Daniel Webster"; edited the works of Alexander Hamilton in nine volumes,

"Studies In History," "Life of Washington," "History of Boston," "Historical and Political Essays," "Hero Tales from American History," "Certain Accepted Heroes," "Story of the Revolution," "Story of the Spanish War," "A Fighting Frigate," "Early Memories," "One Hundred Years of Peace," "The Democracy of the Constitution," a book of verses, and two collections of speeches and addresses. A confirmed habit of presenting facts accurately has made Senator Lodge distinguished as one of the clearest and most readily understood speakers in the Senate, with a gift for presenting a subject stripped of confusing verbiage that is unique in that forum of eloquence and argument. When he has finished speaking he puts his notes aside, thrusts his hands into his coat pockets, turns and walks briskly out of the Senate chamber.

His term of office expires next March, and the battle-lines are already forming for the contest. No very important opponent has as yet emerged either in his own party (for the nomination) or in the opposition party.

SIR GEORGE YOUNGER: LEADER OF THE TORY FORCES IN ENGLAND

HAVING, as he says himself, the great advantage over David Lloyd George of being a much older man, Sir George Younger, the Tory leader in England, ventures to say that the Prime Minister lacks experience. He has not yet reached the age of seventy and Sir George has got beyond it. The quarrel between these two men echoes from one of the British Isles to the other because the Prime Minister, weary of the opposition in his own ministry, and holding Sir George Younger responsible for the discord, thinks the Tories ought to get rid of the troublesome baronet. "He thinks I ought to get out and I think he ought to get out." Thus, with characteristic pithiness of expression, Sir George Younger summed up the crisis to the

reporters, laughing genially. "The trouble with David Lloyd George," he said to a political committee, according to the *London Mail*, "is that he's getting on in years."

Sir George Younger has been the active old man in Tory politics for so long a time that, as the *London Post* observes, people have grown quite accustomed to his energy, his sleepless alertness, even his dapper style in dress and his jaunty swing as, cane in hand, he runs along the Strand. Were it not for the snowy whiteness of his mustach and the gray hair worn closely cropped on each side of his head, he might pass for forty-five. He is not large physically, he talks in low tones, his footfall is noiseless and his geniality is contagious. His gray sack suit,

his turn-down collar, his curved stick and his gray slouch hat are familiar from one end of England to the other. No one ever dreams of calling him anything but "George," altho he is a baronet and one of the very rich men of the land, with an immense income and ever so many acres.

Notwithstanding his Oxford training, Sir George Younger is a typical Scot, shrewd in negotiation, imaginative, adventurous by nature and disposed to defend the convivial life. He sees no harm in such things as prize fights, beer and whiskey, ballet dancing and bets on the races. His idea is that England should be merry and he is not impressed by the temperance lecturer, the prohibitionist, the reformer of morals or manners. He has a firm faith in the patriarchal mode of life, a profound respect for vested interests, an honest contempt for book learning and a rooted distrust of "the isms—damn them!" as he phrased it.

People, he said once, should do more and think less. The pressing social problem, according to him, is recreation. "To make the people happy," he urges, "give them a good time."

The one point of contact between himself and his enemy, David Lloyd George, is that capacity for driving a bargain which seems to set them perpetually at odds. They resemble each other, says the London *Express*, in their instant perception of the right moment for intervening when a dispute grows warm, in a catlike facility when it comes to feeling one's way through the tortuosities of negotiation. There is an im-



THE MOST WONDERFUL OLD MAN IN THE WORLD
Sir George Younger ascribes his splendid health to the fact that he never worries about the British Empire.

pression among the well-informed that Sir George Younger is the shrewdest in making terms. They have often stood face to face, smiling, with eyes that flashed, while Sir George thumped the table between them. Loud laughter rings above any group surrounding them at such moments. "I don't believe a word of what you are saying!" The Prime Minister shouted that at the Tory leader, pointing a forefinger at him. "Neither did I," retorted Sir George, "when I was your age." This propensity in the older man to treat his inevitable antagonist as a schoolmaster might deal with an unruly boy is

notoriously exasperating to the Prime Minister. "I don't like your manner," Lloyd George said to him on a certain memorable occasion. "Put up with it, then," retorted his senior, "that's what I must do with your manner." It is thus, as the *London Mail* says, hammer and tongs between them, a conflict of personalities as well as of principles, reaching its climax now and then when Sir George Younger, after defying Lloyd George to his face with vehemence, will exclaim at last: "I'm afraid of you!" a confession drowned in the merriment of those who in committee are permitted to overhear these fierce quarrels.

To his genius for finance and his close connection with gigantic corporations, Sir George Younger is indebted for his fame as the best man in England to go to for advice when the weight of pecuniary cares is too great for ordinary shoulders. His check book affords evidence of his readiness to lend timely aid to his friends, but even more precious is his counsel. He is said to know "by instinct" just when the share market is to be good or precisely how an industrial enterprise will work out. He has the unusual quality of being able to interest himself genuinely in the troubles of his friends, as the *Yorkshire Post* says, and he believes firmly in Franklin's maxim that he who will not be counselled can not be helped. He has the Napoleonic faculty of keeping what he wants to know in this or that compartment of his brain. He puts short, sharp questions as he looks straight through a visitor out of keen eyes not hidden behind spectacles. Then he devises his expedient for the extrication of an embarrassed business man from a sea of troubles. He can lift a moribund corporation out of insolvency or drive a strongly entrenched money king into surrender with an eleventh-hour plan no less brilliant, thinks our contemporary, than are the improvizations of a Claude Bernard at the bedside of a patient who to mortal sense has passed away. "I have acquired," he confessed of himself in this

aspect, "an unmerited reputation for guile."

His philosophy of life, the fruit of an experience no less varied than protracted, is set forth by interviewers in different British publications which represent him as saying that the problem before the individual is essentially simple, however difficult of solution it may seem. A youth should find his place. The trouble with most of us, Sir George suspects, is that we do not know our places. Perhaps a man's proper place is a high one, perhaps it is at the bottom of the table. Unless he has found it—and no man can ask another to find his place for him—there is the inevitability of failure. The secret of success is, therefore, the finding of one's place and the compensation for delay is that one never can find it too late. Sir George thinks his own place is that of manager for the Tory party, and the proof is supplied by the fact that he does it so easily at seventy. "The man who has found his place," he concludes, "is always efficient in it, whatever his age."

He has sat for a Scottish constituency for years and in the capacity of "whip" he has seen to it that Tories were in their places. This duty is not at all agreeable, for men in the Commons like to dine at their ease, they resent dictation, they are bored by speeches, and the English in particular think the Scot prone to assume an authority not rightfully his. For many a weary year Sir George devoted himself to the business of studying the types that get into Parliament. He took care to keep in the background. He soon discovered, says the *London Chronicle*, that the Commons can be shepherded, trained, made to work in harness. They are, he said in a burst of confidence, like a lot of boys at school. Promise them a holiday and they will do anything. Let them make a speech and they will feel famous. Make them the custodian of some unimportant fact and they will consider themselves in the citadel of power. Sir George Younger can create an atmosphere in the House by select-

ing the men who are to stay away and giving hints to the group that wants to seize an hour of glory. He can disconcert the strongest member of the cabinet by organizing a dead silence or getting up ironical cheers or leading a clique ostentatiously towards the door or seeing that an adequate number of absentees shall rob a debate of impressiveness. He has become to many keen observers a sort of stage manager behind the scenes of the House of Commons, contriving spectacular divisions and improvizing unreal crises until Lloyd George now never knows when the ministry may come crashing down in a critical vote. Thanks to the Scot, the Welshman lives politically from

hour to hour. Tired of being thwarted in this style, the Prime Minister began his battle for control of the coalition and, in the opinion of many London observers, has proven less skilled as a tactician than his Tory opponent.

He has all the liveliness of his grandson, a youth of sixteen, all the energy of his son, a major in the army. He was asked on his seventieth birthday if he never felt his years and he declared that now and then he did—especially when last summer he was hurled out of his motor car into a field and landed in a hedge after a collision with a cart. "I felt my years that day," he confided to a London reporter, "and they felt fine."

DON STURZO: THE MYSTERY MAN OF ITALIAN POLITICS

THICK, dark hair, closely framing a broad brow, gives the flattest contradiction, by its growth and glossiness, to the fifty-one years of Don Luigi Sturzo d'Altobrando. His gigantic nose, beaked down over a wide and thin mouth, is rendered less conspicuous by the length and firmness of the chin as well as by the flash of the dark and widely opened eyes. The liveliness of the facial expression is in contrast with the habitual muteness of Don Sturzo. He is said to be the one political leader in Italy who is always afraid to speak. Even his movements are noiseless, almost stealthy, but he atones for this somewhat by moving his hands perpetually. The nervous temperament reveals itself as he glides swiftly here and there in a long, black coat that makes his lean figure seem leaner. He is graciousness itself in manner, a perfect sweetness of disposition manifesting itself in his bow, his unwearied smile. Without being rich in dress, he is invariably neat, cool, well-brushed.

So much for the aspect of that Don Sturzo who makes and unmakes cabinets in Italy, a priest and an aristocrat whose rise to power has been so swift

and so silent that the European press barely had time to discover him before he was dominating the Quirinal. An idea of his ascendancy may be derived from the fact reported in the *London Mail* that when Bonomi, eager to form a new cabinet, found that Don Sturzo could not support him, he abandoned his enterprize. Giolitti, determined to come back, still remains in seclusion because Don Sturzo would not have him.

Don Sturzo, whom his opponents in the press denounce as a "little Lenin" and "the father of black bolshevism," is neither revolutionary in his purposes nor radical in his program, according to the *London Times*. "On the contrary," it declares, "he is a builder—a patient, capable, shrewd builder—a practical mind and a methodical, indefatigable worker. "He was born of a noble family in Caltagirone, and his people have for generations owned great estates or led Italians to the wars or put forth on voyages of discovery. His ancestors were renowned in Florence when Dante lived there and a member of the family spoke a word in season to Isabella when Columbus appeared to urge the practicability of his first voyage. In

that part of Italy from which Don Sturzo comes the people are usually impulsive, free in speech, romantic and uncalculating. Don Sturzo is none of these things, and here, according to the *Rome Tribuna*, he reveals himself as a genuine scion of the noble house from which he springs. His impassivity, his reserve, his love of seclusion and his tendency to find in the sciences a relaxation from the cares of politics make him seem Anglo-Saxon rather than Latin even to his own people.

He was educated for the priesthood and gained his ordination at Catania, going later to Rome to perfect himself in theology. When he was thirty he returned to his native village, performing with devotion the ordinary work of a parish priest. His leisure was given over to geology, to astronomy and the physical sciences, of which his mastery is unusual. The discipline of a parish priest formed his personal habits and to this very day he is abstemious in his eating, rarely touching meat. He rises at five every day and says mass in a small chapel hidden away among his native hills. Here he was discovered by the voters of his native town, who chose him for an unimportant post, in which he proved practical as a sociologist. "Be practical—that is the thing in life," to quote one of the few sayings in which he permits himself to indulge. "The only real knowledge is that which we can use from day to day." His career in Sicily was that of a born sociologist. He would not permit himself to be voted into the municipal council at Caltagirone, but he was soon an irresistible power behind the scenes, the real leader of the Roman Catholics.

His genius for organization made him the father of the Italian "popular party," as the Roman Catholics are now called when they vote together. This group, according to the *London Times*, is the offspring of the impulse which brought into being the "Christian democracy" inspired by a famous encyclical of Leo XIII. on the labor question. Not that Don Sturzo threw himself into the forefront. His timidity, his attitude

of self-effacement, his reluctance to come into intimate contact with men as a "mixer" and his firm faith in quiet work prevent him from shining conspicuously before the masses. Even in these days of his well-nigh irresistible political power he is known intimately to very few. When last he came to Rome, the leading journalists of that city had never even seen him, altho he was deciding the composition of the new ministry in which Facta holds only nominally the supreme position. It is Don Sturzo who will decide whether it is to endure.

If the Don has one limitation it may be summed up as an incapacity to work with others. The *Tribuna* thinks he is temperamentally despotic, despite the amenity of his tactics, the deference he shows to the humblest subordinate. His instrument is praise, recognition, the discovery of a neglected talent. He asks for none of these things himself. "His passion," laments the uncomplimentary daily affording us these impressions, "is for the reality of power—others may revel in the appearance of it." He works through his trusted followers—a few faithful men who have obeyed his orders without question for some twenty years. There are hints that these men find him "difficult" now and then, prone to the administration of delicate reproofs that sting despite the suavity of the Don's manner. He is in all other respects the "easiest" of political bosses, not asking even for recognition. Half the men who have risen to importance in Italy during the past ten years owe their place to him, suspects the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, and the fact speaks volumes for the inerrancy of his insight into character.

In his earlier experiments on the political plane, Don Sturzo followed that Romulo Murri whose eloquence and impetuosity made political history not many years ago. They were a contrast in types—Don Sturzo very pious and traditional in his theology, Murri a determined "modernist," with little deference for the Vatican. They parted company with regret. Don Sturzo is said

to have wept over the separation of his friend from the church, for his faith is dynamic, unshakable. He rejects, despite his scientific proclivities, all suggestions of an apelike ancestor for man and he believes in our descent from Adam and Eve exactly as told in the scriptural narrative. Many a warm debate he had with Murri over this problem of evolution, the latter being particularly amazed when Don Sturzo declared that not only had he never doubted the accuracy of the story of Adam and Eve but that it had never occurred to him to do so.

Any inference from this that the "man of mystery" is reactionary would be natural, but, as the *Tribuna* admits, misleading. The sociology of Don Sturzo is a blend of Christianity with democracy—the principles of the Sermon on the Mount in political practice. The materialization of modern society, he holds, is its peril, yet it needs defence and reconstruction. He professes to have begun this through his combination of all the Roman Catholic organizations "in a new spirit and with a new vision." He has little patience with disputes over the temporal power of the Pope—and this detail causes him, it is hinted, to be looked at askance by some of the cardinals of the curia, altho Italian prelates outside the walls of the Vatican are most cordial to him and to his "Italian popular party," which he calls "Christian in its spirit" and not at all sectarian. More than a hundred members of the present parliament of Italy were elected by the group that follows Don Sturzo.

Naturally an achievement so spectacular, following a period of disintegration for the Roman Catholic movement in Italian politics, leads to a suspicion that Don Sturzo must be a subtle and profound weaver of webs of intrigue. His refusal to be interviewed, his flight from Rome when he is sought, the secrecy of his methods and the iron discipline he imposes upon his followers inspire some fantastic theories of his personality. A suspicion that he disposes of an immense fund, contributed by the

conservative forces in finance, is ridiculed by the well-informed. Equally preposterous is an idea that Don Sturzo is only a demagog, eager for his own aggrandizement. "One must know him personally," writes Signor Filippo Meda, a former member of the cabinet, in the *London News*, "to realize the altruistic feelings of Don Sturzo." He has his Utopia, from which he would banish all poverty and all social injustice.

The preparation of many pamphlets and tracts on the subject of his ideal commonwealth explains in part his life of seclusion. He may talk little but he writes much in a fine, clear hand, as legible as copper plate. He tolerates no secretaries and he dictates no letters, but he has learned to tap the typewriter. Not so long ago he found his memory so defective that he invented a system of recollecting not only persons and places but whole paragraphs out of books and even the page number on which they may be found. Then, as he explains, his life of seclusion is imposed upon him in part by his vocation to the priesthood, which he takes very seriously. He has said himself that if he saw all who sought him or accepted every invitation, his career as a great personality would eclipse his importance as a leader. He permitted his impatience with some contemporary political methods to find expression recently—a rare thing with him. "You statesmen," he is quoted as having said to Facta, "dine too much, wine too much, meet too much, trifle too much."

Here we have the note of asceticism in the character of Don Sturzo which, as even his champions admit, tends to make his political ideal and his party practice somewhat puritanical. He lives on a pittance a day and he would have the wealthiest as well as the poorest conform to his own Spartan habits. Thus he complains that the man of today is overdressed and that everybody eats too much. He is known to look with suspicion upon the automobile as the cause of a general relaxation of morals and manners and he will hold

no communication with anybody who has been divorced. If he has any relaxation apart from his one or two hobbies in science it is the study of Nature in his beloved Sicily. He takes long walks and comes back with nose-gays and bouquets of flowers he has plucked at some risk to his limbs. In the course of these walks, says the *London News*, he meditates, plans, re-

hearses the speeches which every now and then he delivers in the presence of crowds when he gets back to the haunts of men. They are terse speeches, it seems, stripped of every ornament of a purely rhetorical kind and delivered without gesture, yet they hold the multitude. They seem spontaneous, inspired by the occasion, but they are in reality carefully shaped.

STATION AGENT AT THIRTY-SIX AND VICE-PRESIDENT AT FORTY

MOST men who get almost to the forty-year milestone without achieving anything but a minor position do not begin to climb suddenly and swiftly to the top as did Charles H. Markham, of the Illinois Central. His career has been one of the most extraordinary recorded in American industry. When he was thirty-six years old he was a railway station agent in a comparatively small town. Four years later he was vice-president of a railroad. Three years after that he was vice-president and general manager of a great railway system, and seven years later he became president of another great system.

It was at the age of fourteen that this future president of the Illinois Central bade good-by to the little red school-house in his home town of Addison, New York, and went west on a hazard of new fortunes. At Kansas City he ran out of money and, having to find work immediately, became a laborer in the packing-houses. Shortly afterward he got into what was to be his life work, railroading—making his unostentatious début as a section-hand at Dodge City, Kansas. At twenty-one he was shoveling coal into locomotive tenders at Deming, New Mexico, where he presently became baggage smasher and janitor of the station. By the time he was twenty-six he had obtained what seemed a very considerable promotion, namely, the station agency in the little town of Lordsburg, Arizona, at a salary

of \$100 a month. For the next ten years he was merely a station agent at small towns, the last of which was Fresno, California, where he held the same obscure position until he was thirty-six years of age.

What kept him so long in the slow-moving phase of salaried employment, and what finally got him out of it? Answering these questions, in the *American Magazine*, the president of the Illinois Central declares that the one thing that helped him most—not only at thirty-six, but all the way up to that time and since—was a kind of zest in small tasks. He had the habit of handling little jobs as tho they were big ones, and this seems to have attracted the attention of his superiors and resulted in his rapid, tho postponed, advancement.

At twenty-nine, he recounts, his supreme ambition was to get a little station in one of the California valleys, where he could have grass and raise chickens. He was then a station agent at Benson, Arizona, in the dry country, and, with his wife, lived over the station waiting-room. "We talked," he says, "about the coveted California place as another couple might have talked about the presidency of the road and a limousine car. If we had been sure then that we *would* have it sometimes, we should have been perfectly satisfied. At any rate, we thought so." In much the same manner, he confesses, his goal had been at a previous time, when he was hus-

tling baggage at Deming, a clerical position in the station office. It hadn't entered his head that any more important or more lucrative employment was possible for him. As he goes on to say, appositely:

"This shortsighted ambition had its disadvantages, but it accounts for the incident that started me out of the manual-labor class. I was puzzled, for nearly twenty-five years, as to how I had got this start. Finally, the day I was made general manager of the Southern Pacific, I went to the old Pacific Union Club in San Francisco for luncheon. There I happened to meet E. F. Gerald, a former chief traveling auditor for the road, and he told me—or rather told a mutual friend of ours, while I stood listening—the secret of what had puzzled me so long.

"Did I ever tell you about the first time I ever saw Markham?" he asked our friend, putting his arm around my shoulders. 'I'm not sure that he ever heard it himself. It was down at Deming. I was sitting in a private car in front of the station one morning when he came out in his blue shirt and overalls and swept off the station platform. Something in the way he went about it caught my eye. For he didn't miss any dirt or waste any licks. He handled it like a brisk piece of engineering.

"Pratt, the assistant general superintendent, was with me, and I called his attention to the way the sweeping was being done, and said I believed that fellow would bear watching. You know how all of us from headquarters were more or less scouts for good material. Well, we did watch him. We had him tried out after a while on some work in the station office, and by and by, as a result of it all, he was given his first station agency, the one down at Lordsburg.'

"I don't know how I did the sweeping, but I do remember how I felt about it. It was so much *better* than the job I had just had—shoveling coal all day—and so manifestly an approach to the brakeman's work, for which I was aiming, that I was



HIS CAREER HAS BEEN ECCENTRIC

Charles H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, has been day laborer, section hand, coal shoveler, baggage smasher, janitor and station agent.

proud to be doing it. And that was the essential thing. I handled the job as if it were a big one; because, to me, that was the sort it was."

Another Markham habit that was of boosting value as time went slowly by was the habit of close observation. As an instance, he had not long been located at Fresno when one of the general officers of the Southern Pacific arrived with a party of New York bankers. Markham was asked to join the party as "a sort of rubberneck spieler" to point out the dormant advantages of the grape country. Something went wrong with the engine of the special train while passing a place called Barton's Vineyard, and during the delay thus necessitated one of the bankers inquired the age of the vineyard.

"Twelve years," Markham informed him.

Whereupon the general officer in

charge of the party inquired curiously how he had obtained this cursory knowledge.

"There it is," replied Markham, pointing to a sign over the gate. The sign read: "Barton's Vineyard, 1882." It was then 1894.

Later on the Fresno station agent, with the aid of some carpenters who were repairing the station platform, solved a problem in mathematics which enabled the road to carry the same quantity of freight, in the form of wine casks, in six cars as had formerly taken eight.

Julius Kruttschnitt, who was then general manager of the road, came into Fresno unannounced that afternoon and learned about the wine-cask incident which interested him especially for the

reason that the car shortage that had been bothering me had been bothering him, too, in a larger way.

"This is a sort of work that needs very much to be done all over the system," he told me. "I wish you'd look into some other phases of it. Take wheat, for example. See where we are wasting car space on that."

Thus one thing led to another until Markham developed a method of packing wheat and other important commodities at a great saving in car service, and he was promoted to the general freight and passenger agency of the Southern Pacific. In its service he rose within four years to be vice-president and general manager and in 1911 he was called to the presidency of the Illinois Central.

NATALKA'S PORTION

By Rose Cohen

SABINKA lay buried in snow. The hills, the forest, the lake, all lay hard, white, glittering, and the air also glittered and stung and cut.

Looking toward the village, the two rows of huts looked small, insignificant, mere specks of time-grayed timber, weighted down with snow. Over each speck a thread of smoke rose, going straight up into the still, glittering air. Within, doors and windows sealed, the peasants huddled for warmth, here and there, together with their animals, to keep them alive, or for the life that they could give. In the chimneyless huts even the smoke was kept in for the warmth it gave. It poured from the oven into the room and hung there from the ceiling. Beneath it the peasants went about, their bodies bent to the ground. When at last the smoke settled on ceiling and walls they still went about bent, from habit now, and peering with weakened eyes.

THE author of this story and of a recent book, "Out of the Shadows," came to this country a Russian peasant girl who was unable to read or write English. This is her first ambitious short story and it is given high rank by the O. Henry Memorial Committee. It originally appeared in the "Pictorial Review."

Then Winter ended! Suddenly, as if it spent itself in its own cruelty, it ended. The sun came out warm. From the ragged straw roofs of the huts the snow slipped, and melted and fell in a thick shower. Birds ap-

peared. The peasants came out to look at their fields. Their faces were sallow and pinched, and the smoke soaked into the skin showed plainer in the strong light.

The snow blackened with every moment, and suddenly the earth lay bare. The men began to scatter over the fields. The women tended nearer home.

One afternoon, when the air was sweet with the warmth and the moisture of the earth, and in the pastures about the village Sabinka a tint of green showed faintly, Katherina came to her husband, Gavrelo, where he was mending the fence around the field to be planted with wheat.

"Gavrelo," she said, "I have come to plead with you again about the marriage portion of our daughter Natalka." She



His face was purple, he talked incoherently and he sat gazing about him helplessly, as if he could not make out what had happened to him.

stood meekly, a clumsy little body in a red plaid shawl. Her face was steaming with heat and perspiration, and her worn birch-bark sandals were clogged with earth from the soggy fields.

Gavrelo had not looked up when she had been coming to him through the fields. And now it was as if she were not there. Near him lay a pile of poles, a heap of freshly cut twigs, and a hatchet. He selected a long, pliant twig and began twisting it in and out between two poles as a barrest. His face was sullen. He was short and wide and brown; his thick hair and beard, and worn homespun clothes, and his weather-beaten skin all were brown. He was like the powerful trees about him, and, like these deep-rooted trees, he looked as capable of being moved.

Katherina turned her eyes away from him. It crushed her to see him so. It had always crushed her—even so long ago when he used to court her at her father's house—the way he would sit there of a Sunday, sullen, silent, never a kind word, never a smile, contrary, scowling at the whole world.

"Gavrelo," she repeated her sentences in a way peculiar to the people of Sabinka, "I have come to plead with you about Natałka's marriage portion." Her voice was full of restrained passion.

"Look, Gavrelo, at your home." She pointed to a hut across the great field.

In one of the two dingy windows a young girl could be seen, tho vaguely, at a spinning-board.

"There is your home. Moldy and rotten, it is sinking to the ground. You were supposed to have built twenty years ago, soon after we were married. All you have built are barns. There they stand, shaming your house. And there is your daughter, as pretty as the prettiest in Sabinka, in that rotting home. Yet, Gavrelo, have I ever pestered you about it? But now it is about Natałka that I beg you." Her clumsy little body leaned toward him. But her voice became more patient, more restrained.

"Gavrelko!" She used the diminutive, and then stood dumbly looking down a moment. Yes, she could have cared for him if he had let her. "Gavrelko, you are not going to send Natałka away without a portion to her husband's home, a strange home in a strange village! You are not going to do it!"

Dumb and silent, Gavrelo's scowl never relaxed. It was always so, always—except—except when he stood looking at his fields—at his wheat. Then his furrowed face smoothed and the light in his eyes reflected the light in the fields.

Gavrelo now selected a long pole, sharpened it, and began driving it into the ground. "Hagh!" his breath echoed, and the pole sank deep into the earth.

"And you have so much, Gavrelo." She glanced about. Their hut stood a good distance away from the village, and all surrounding it was Gavrelo's.

"All that, all about us is yours, and your barns are stacked with wheat. You will not send Nataka away with empty hands." Her own clasped in agony. "You won't do it. I know, Gavrelo, how bitter it is to come with empty hands." Her head drooped, her voice sank low.

"I know how it is. I came to your home, Gavrelo, without a portion. My people were very poor. You have never thrown it up to me, Gavrelo, but your mother cast it in my face every day as long as she lived. And I was never able to lift my head."

Gavrelo's face was turned from her, and he worked on steadily.

"And Nataka, too, is marrying into a large family. It is perhaps a disadvantage to marry into a large family. There are so many to find fault with your ways, a mother-in-law and sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law. All watching and criticizing you. And when you have come without a portion—Ach! Gavrelo! They will throw it up to her, the mother-in-law and the sisters-in-law—and—and even Simyonka—Simyonka is a fine fellow. And yet—in a quarrel—would he not remember?" She began to weep passionately. "You won't do it, Gavrelo. And Nataka has really earned it. You know how she can spin and weave. Her cloth is straight and fine. And during the harvest she has been among the quickest hands. You won't bring this shame upon her, Gavrelo!"

GAVRELO turned to her. At last she had touched him. His face was distorted with anger and he stopped his work for a moment. "Why does she want to marry, the fool!" The words burst from him through his teeth. And he bent down to pick up his tools. He had finished the fence. Katherina stared at him.

"What—what else do you expect? Oh! It is a harvest hand you are thinking of!" Then realizing that he was going, she ran to him.

"Gavrelo!" she cried, "what do you say? What will you say when at the wedding Simyonka's father will ask, 'And what do you give Nataka as her portion?' What will you say, Gavrelo?"

Gavrelo lifted a few poles to his shoulder and slipped the hatchet into his girdle. "I told you," he said doggedly. "Simyonka

has enough!" And he walked away with his long, even stride, his sandals making deep prints in the soft earth.

Katherina staggered to the newly mended fence and buried her face in her arms. "*Ach, Boshi Moi!*" she cried. With the habit of the lonely she talked to herself. Gavrelo did not tolerate neighbors. Indeed he was hated because of his hardness and meanness.

"Life is bitter," she wept. Her own had been a cruel fate.

"You have come like a beggar." Her mother-in-law had cast it in her face. And now her own fate was to be Nataka's fate! And why? Because Gavrelo was an unnatural father, because he was stingy and cared for nothing—but—his fields, his wheat, more and more wheat. His barns were stacked with wheat. He kept them under lock and key, and he sowed still more wheat. She raised her head and looked about. This field was to be all wheat, acres and acres. And Nataka was to go to her husband like a beggar. "They will throw it up to her, the mother-in-law and the sisters-in-law. And Nataka is young; she will never be able to lift her head!" Her own head sank into her arms again.

IT was late when she started for the hut.

The red sun hung on the very edge of the forest. She picked her way to a back road not far off which would be less soggy than the fields, the roundabout and longer. Trudging along, her eyes on the path, her sandals heavy with the mud, she at once upbraided and defended Gavrelo, and analyzed, and schemed.

It would take so little to give Nataka a fine portion. There, for instance, was the little pig, only a year old, but so aggressive that he had to be fed with the old hogs. Parshuchuck would be an excellent gift. He could take care of himself anywhere. Even in a litter of strange pigs he could hold his own. Also there was Chulka, a heifer for whom no fence was too high. She used her knobby little horns with such skill that often won a long stare of surprise from the old cows. Chulka, too, could take care of herself in a strange herd. These two would be an excellent gift. It would be pleasant for little Nataka to have something of her own that was alive, in a strange home, in a strange village. Parshuchuck and Chulka might even be an example to her, not to bend her head too low.

But what was the use in thinking about

it? "Ach! The mean peasant! The unnatural father!" She stumbled, unable to see the path through her tears.

"Bah! They are fools, those wise men," she shook her head disgustedly. "They are fools who say that it is better to have a relative rich, tho a miser, than one who is poor and generous. Both are like death. Can you take from the miser? Nor can you take from the one who has nothing to give."

Presently, on reaching a sudden turn in the road, she heard a merry voice babbling incoherent fits of song. That was Addom on his way home from the *kabock*. Addom was a drunkard. He drank like a fish. Addom, too, was often idle, she mused. Gavrelo never drank, tho he liked a glass of vodka. But what would Gavrelo do in a *kabock* where men talked as they drank? Gavrelo never talked to any one. He only worked. That was why her parents had made her marry him instead of Addom, who drank and who never kept his word, just as Gavrelo never broke his word. But Addom's daughter Anulia, who was also to marry this Spring, was to receive one of her father's two cows as her wedding-gift. Anulia Addom also wore machine-made stockings which she bought from the Jewess Deborah—stockings and boots every Sunday! Nataka bound her ankles in cloths and wore birch-bark sandals to church. Katherina shook her head. A man who drank was perhaps better-natured, more generous.

Reaching the yard, she saw Nataka still in the window spinning.

Nataka was eighteen. She was small like her mother. But she was rosy and healthy. Her hair lay in two thick, brown braids on her back. Her faded red kerchief was tied with a coquettish knot, and her little round nose had a mischievous tilt. But just now she was neither coquettish nor mischievous. She was very earnest. Her wedding was to be the first in the village this Spring, and she was hurrying to finish all her mother's spinning before it came. Her hands twirled the spindle rapidly; her head scarcely moved except to moisten the thread with her lips, or to extricate a knot in the flax with her small white teeth.

Katherina watched her a moment. Should she tell her—that her father would send her away with empty hands? No! There was time enough. But as she stood watching she saw Nataka stop her work suddenly; her hands become still, her head

drooped for a moment. In agony Katherina wondered. Could she know, then? Perhaps she guessed! Katherina turned away from the window.

About the yard all the buildings stood facing in a semi-circle, the hut, the barns, the pig-pen, the chicken-coop. Katherina went toward the coop. In the barn she heard Gavrelo. He rarely forgot the keys. "He rarely forgets them," she muttered to herself. The corners of her mouth lifted firmly. "Well, Nataka shall have a fine trousseau anyway. Her *kubial*, at any rate, shall not go off empty!"

Late that night the full moon rose, and Sabinka, with its two rows of huts, its hills and dales and lakes, lay transformed in silver light.

In the shadow of the fences a woman went stealing along. Climbing, here forcing a way through the bars, running a step where the shadow broke, and again lingering where it resumed, she reached a small hut standing in the full light. She rapped on the door and shook the latch impatiently.

"Open, Deborah!" she whispered. "It is I, Katherina." A tall, thin woman with a white kerchief about her head came out on the threshold.

"So late, Katherina!"

"Yes, and I must hurry back. Here." Katherina took a large ball of thread from her *swita* pocket. "You are to knit a pair of stockings for my daughter Nataka's wedding," she whispered. "But mind, Jewess," her voice rose suspiciously, "you are to return to me what is left of the thread."

"We are not thieves!" came from Deborah in a tone hurt, yet patient.

"Well, perhaps not," Katherina said, softening slightly. "Perhaps not. But all Jews are swindlers!"

"We are what we are forced to be." Restraint and infinite patience were in Deborah's voice. Hesitating an instant, she turned suddenly. "Look, Katherina, would you not much rather come along the road, in the light of day, to order stockings for Nataka, instead—"

"Do you mean to insinuate, Jewess?" Katherina flamed.

"No, no," Deborah hastened to assure her. "I am not insulting you. I am not blaming you. I just want you to see, Katherina, how one may be forced to become what one does not want to be."

"Well," said Katherina, somewhat mollified, "I suppose so. I suppose Jews, like people, have their troubles."



"I came to your home, Gavrelo, without a portion. My people were very poor. Your mother cast it in my face every day as long as she lived."

Carefully she put her hand into her bosom and counted slowly six eggs into the apron Deborah held out. "There," she said, brushing her hands with an air as if the transaction was quite satisfactorily completed.

"My dear Katherina!" Deborah exclaimed, "you expect me to knit a pair of stockings for six eggs?"

"How much then?" Katherina's voice was suspicious again and cross.

"Twelve, Katherina; at least twelve. This is not Winter, you know."

"In the next village—"

"I know," Deborah broke in. "In the next village lives a Jewess who knits a pair of stockings for six eggs. Don't believe it, Katherina. It's a fairy-tale. Anyway, I can not do it. We have to live, too. And little Miriam is growing up. There is no chance for a penniless girl here, a girl without a dowry." Deborah's voice became brooding.

Katherina put her hand into her *swita* again. The trouble of a dowry she could easily understand.

"Here, Deborah," she said sympathetically, "here are twelve eggs. But remember, every inch of the thread you are to return. And don't let your blind mother-in-law knit the stockings. She might drop a stitch!"

A whispered good night followed, and

Katherina stole forth into the shadows again.

THE village peeped through a mist of tender green buds. Warm sunshine, dazzling blue skies were continuous. Scattered over the fields far and near the peasants were. Mere specks between earth and sky, their bodies moved slowly, heavily all day long. Nearer the homes the women labored, digging in the gardens, bleaching at the lake. At dawn and after dark they took the time to prepare for the wedding in the village.

When the mud in the road had dried a peddler came driving through the village with Summer finery and pots to sell.

"Pots to sell! Earthen pots to sell!" the peddler cried in a ringing voice. And the dogs barked, and the children stared, and the women left their work and hurried to the wagon with their bundles of rags.

Katherina was digging a draining-canal between two long beds in the garden. When the pedler stopped at her gate she left her spade and looked around. Natalka was at the lake bleaching. And Gavrelo—she could see him in a far field, his arm swinging rhythmically back and forth. Hastening to the outhouse, she came out with two bundles, one of rags, and one small sackful of wheat. She carried it with

difficulty and threw it over the fence into the road, where it lay hidden among some weeds.

"Did you see, little Jew?" she called to the pedler. "It is wheat!"

"I saw," the pedler answered significantly. He was as accustomed to this kind of transaction among the peasants as they themselves were.

Katherina hurried out to the wagon and climbed onto the axle.

"Quick, little Jew, let me see what you have. And don't think you can rob me. Wheat is dear now! Have you ribbons? And I want two red bandannas, but of different patterns. And show me beads. Have you got rings? Yes, show me that one with the red stone."

And the pedler measured, using the length of his arm, and watched Katherina. And she picked and fussed and worried in indecision, her eyes never quite leaving the distant field where Gavrelo was working.

Her selections made finally, she gathered them into her apron jealously, and a haggling ensued between the two, not unlike the transaction some weeks earlier at Deborah's hut.

"Now, pedler, how much? That sack of wheat is almost a bushel."

"Almost!" he cried. "That should have been a full bushel for all you have taken."

"Don't shriek!" she paled. "There are those rags. What do you give for the rags?"

"The rags go to make up the full bushel of wheat." His dark eyes snapped.

"Oh, very well," she said. "Take it! Take it! You are a robber." She climbed down and hurried away. The pedler threw his bundles into the wagon and touched his pony with the end of his whip, his dark eyes measuring the distance to the next hut.

Katherina breathed a sigh of relief as his wagon creaked away, and she slowly entered the deep interior of the outhouse which adjoined the living-room. It was late afternoon, and the road was hot and dusty. But here it was cool and dark; the only light came from the door opening on the garden path.

IN the dimmest corner Nataka's *kubial* stood, filled with her trousseau. Katherina reached it by a small step-ladder and dipped down into its tanklike body. She touched and patted the cool, smooth linens, heavily embroidered and plain pieces. She added the newly purchased

treasures. Yes, Nataka's *kubial* was filling—but of the portion there was no prospect. She sighed hopelessly. There was no prospect, and the day of the wedding was drawing nearer. Gavrelo had ordered vodka from the *kabock*, and told her she might have all the pork she wanted for the wedding-feast. But that was all. Nataka must enter into a strange family owning nothing, come with nothing belonging to her, nothing familiar. Everything she will look at will be strange, his! Nothing that she had brought, that she could feel pride in. "*Ach, Boshi Moi!*"

She finally climbed down the ladder. It had grown late. Outside the mellow sunset lay full on the path and the bit of road she could see before the gate. But in the outhouse the dimness was quite deep. And the living-room, through its door, looked out at her, a dark hole with its sooty walls; the two tiny windows in it admitted but little light. Only one bright spot—the icon in vivid red and blue of the "Gracious Mother" looked out at her from the dimness.

"*Boshi Moi!*" Katherina's eyes went out to it in a dumb appeal, "*Boshi Moi!*" Wearily she sat down after a moment on the lower step of the ladder. Voices came from the road. Presently she saw, from her seclusion, Nataka and Simyonka enter through the gate. Their young forms stood out clean, clear, in the soft light. This was Simyonka's market day, she remembered. He had evidently met Nataka at the lake on his way from market. They were talking heatedly. The little chit Nataka was arguing, smiling, coquetting. The youth seemed to be entreating her, begging earnestly. Simyonka was not much older than Nataka. He was tall and lean and brown, clean-featured, clean-looking in his coarse, homespun linen. Katherina watched, and her soul filled with gratitude that he was so beautiful, for Nataka.

They came a few steps nearer on the garden path and she caught their words.

"Just one! Just one, Nataka!" His face was lifted. His eyes were beseeching her. And Nataka, laughing, radiant, mischievous, turned and was backing away from him, toward the house, her hand raised between them.

"*Lublu ya tibya.*" (I love thee.)

With the palm of her hand against his mouth, she pressed him away. He was murmuring, "You are like a little flower, Nataka. You are like a little birch-tree,

a little white birch growing in the field."

Katherina's own face was radiant. "*Ya tibya lublue.*" He loves her! Yes, he loves her. She herself had never known such love. "Simyonka loves Nataalka!" The words filled her with dizzy joy.

Then her face twisted with agony. But soon, very soon, he would look upon her with shame! At once! At her wedding! His father will ask Gavrelo, "What is your daughter's portion?" And Gavrelo will say, "Nothing!" And the whole village will laugh and jeer. And little Nataalka will bend her head with shame. And later, again, when he brings her home and the villagers and relatives gather about him, and he has nothing of hers that he could tell them she brought, that he could show—

SHE rose. Carried away by this thought, she no longer saw nor heard them outside, and she went staggering into the living-room of the hut and fell upon her knees before the icon.

"Gracious Mother Maria!" Her clumsy little body crumpled to the hard-trodden earth.

"Blessed Mother Maria, can you hear me?" she pleaded in the crude way of Sabinka people. "Can you hear me? I have come to beg of you for Nataalka. You know, Mother, I have never come to you for myself. But now I come for her. Mother," her voice rose brokenly, "you know how hard my life has been. At home when I was young we were so poor. Often I was hungry for just bread. In marriage—Gavrelo is a strange person." She fell silent a moment, her tears choking her.

"The children were all I had. And when little Zacharka died I felt as if my heart would break, Mother. He was so sweet to look at with his golden hair and blue eyes. He would have been fifteen years old now. Oh, Mother! It is hard; it has been hard to see other little lads in the village and not see Zacharka. In the Spring, when the sky is blue, and the fields are covered with grass, I miss little Zacharka. I miss him when from each home in the village a little lad goes forth with his father's herd. The mothers wait for them all day, and in the evening they meet them at the gate. I too wait all day, but it is a strange little lad that brings our cattle home." She lay still, sobbing brokenly.

"It has been hard, Mother Maria. Yet, have I complained? But now I beg pity for Nataalka." Her hands clasped, her

forehead pressed to the earth. "Pity, Mother, pity for Nataalka!"

The trees were in full leaf. The meadows were dotted with the first flowers. The wheat in the great field stood a foot high. It was Saturday at dusk. The cattle had long passed, and the dust they had stirred was laid. Swarms of tiny insects danced in the open spaces of the road. Far out frogs croaked at regular intervals. The air was warm and sweet with the breath of the flowers and the dew. The village seemed quietly at rest. Yet there was a silent stir—preparation for the morrow, the first wedding in Sabinka this Spring.

The fence enclosing Gavrelo's hut was strung with branches of green foliage. High over the gate a wreath of orange-colored flowers hung to mark the bride's dwelling. Inside the yard was swept clean and sprinkled with yellow sand, and long benches stood along the walls. On the door-step of the outhouse Nataalka sat with her two bridesmaids trimming her veil. Nataalka herself was making the little rosettes of red or green ribbon, and the maids stitched them on all over the long strip of white muslin. The maids were talking and giggling, their heads bent over their work. Nataalka was quiet and solemn.

In the deep interior of the outhouse Katherina was giving the last touches to the *kubial*. She lifted and replaced and folded and finally fitted the cover and slipped in the bar. It was done! Her hands fell at her sides. Katherina had grown thinner, paler, more pinched. Since she prayed before the icon she had spent the time from day to day, from hour to hour, waiting. But nothing—nothing had happened to save Nataalka. Since that hour at dusk, she, Katherina, had spent morning and night kneeling before the icon. She had been to the cemetery many times, where her dead were laid, and hung their moldy wooden crosses with new little aprons of many colors. She had watched Gavrelo from day to day, hoping for a sign of relenting or softening. But none had come. Sullen, stolid, he went about as usual, working early and late in the fields and at the barns, only coming in to eat his three meals of black bread and cabbage soup, and to sleep the few hours between the extreme dark and early dawn. Standing there, she could hear him now at the barns, still working—still working—while others were long at rest.

"Ach, Gavrelo!" she cried to him silently, "what is it all for? What are you doing it for, Gavrelo?" She lifted her coarse apron and wiped away stinging tears.

The shadow before the door had just fallen on the threshold. By clock time it would have been perhaps ten in the morning. A wagon lined with green leaves and buttercups, harnessed to four pair, stood at the gate in the road. The horses were snorting and beating the ground impatiently, and a sturdy youth sat holding the reins. Within, the yard flashed with color—red, short, wide skirts, blue and green streamers, red bandannas, white shirts, patent-leather boots, sparkling black or green beads, shining brass buttons.

THE guests sat primly on the benches along the walls, chanting solemnly. Katherina and Gavrelo sat among the elders of the village. Gavrelo looked browner in a well-bleached shirt, and he was the only man who wore birch sandals instead of boots. Katherina sat beside him, her head swathed in a white linen scarf decorated with little red crosses. Her head was bowed, her hands were folded in her lap, her face as white as her scarf. Simyonka, in patent-leather boots and white shirt, looked solemn. Nataalka was tearful. Nataalka looked like some strange wild-flower, a poppy perhaps, with all the red and green, and her loose brown hair. Her scarf flashed with every possible color. Her skirt was red; her breast was covered with many strings of beads.

Suddenly the chanting stopped. A hush fell. Solemnly, between her two maids, the bride rose to ask a blessing of her parents before starting for church. She walked with studied and becoming dignity, her head bowed, her hands clasped in front of her. She reached her parents. And here she forgot her rôle. Overcome by emotion she fell upon her knees rather clumsily, humanly, and a low cry, half song, half wail of the braid song, pierced the air.

"*Boshi Moi—*"

"My braids—my beautiful brown braids."

Blindly and convulsed, Katherina rose and made the sign of the cross over her. Gavrelo did the same. Katherina watched, still watched and hoped for a sign of relenting. But his face looked more stubborn than ever. And Katherina now suddenly knew that she must not expect him to relent. When had Gavrelo ever relented

that she could have expected it? Fool that she was! It had always been just the contrary even when it was to his own disadvantage. His word given became law. Fool that she was to have expected Gavrelo to change his word!

Meanwhile Nataalka, kneeling before each guest for a blessing, reached the gate. There was a burst of song. All pressed forward. The horses pranced, a whip cracked and a loud cloud of dust rose before the gate, and the bride was gone. Katherina and Gavrelo followed in a vehicle. Dazed and crushed, she was sped along. What could now happen? The beginning of Nataalka's shame a mere few hours off.

NOISE and confusion filled the yard. There was a babble of voices, thick voices, incoherent, affectionate, querulous, crying of children, snatches of song, the strains of a fiddle rising a moment over the clamor, a rhythmic thomp, thomp of dancing feet.

It was late in the afternoon. The bridal pair had long returned from church. The yard was now divided into two parts. One-half was occupied by the dancers, and in the other half two long tables stood spread with food—roast pork, dishes heaped with sour pickles glistening in juice, salt herring, thick slices of black bread, tall green bottles of vodka, white and stinging.

The guests sat about the tables, while the children clamored at their elders' elbows. The feast was at its height. Among the men several of the guests already lay under the table. Of the women most were intoxicated. Some sat wagging their heads. Others were awakened now and then to shrill merriment. Still others drank little and sat chanting solemnly, keeping up dutifully the burden of the rites.

In the dancers' corner several couples whirled in a quadrille. In one of these Nataalka flashed in and out. Nataalka's face was still solemn and dignified. But a twinkle of mischief and coquettishness was in her eyes. Her husband was dancing in the same quadrille. Whenever they had to dance opposite each other her eyes teased him; her little red hand extended and withdrew half-way, and Simyonka was tantalized and radiant.

Further a circle of young folks surrounded the great-grandfather of the village, dancing a jig.

His hands on his hips, his white beard

flowing, his head high, a smile on his lips, his aged limbs performed with wonderful agility. He toed to the right, he toed to the left, here he crossed, there he kneeled. And the fiddlers fiddled with all their might, and the women clapped, and the men cheered and stamped.

"Trala-lala-lala."

At one table Katherina sat among her guests. Leaning to this one and that one, she urged,

"Another piece of pork? Some more *kvass*?" She herself neither ate nor drank. Her face was ashen white. Her eyes were fastened on Gavrelo, who sat at the side of Simyonka's father. At the other table Gavrelo, urged by Simyonka's father, had drunk deeply. This was the second time in his life he had drunk. His face was purple, he talked incoherently, and he sat gazing about him helplessly, as if he could not make out what had happened to him. Simyonka's father was leaning on the table to keep his balance; but being accustomed to vodka he had not quite lost his wits.

"You—you half a fine stock of cattle," he told Gavrelo, dealing him a complimentary blow on the back. "You half fine cowsh!"

Gavrelo threw his head back to drain a glassful, and drew it back with difficulty, then sat swaying.

"Fine cowsh," mumbled Simyonka's father. Gavrelo turned his head and eyed his new relative with a vacant stare. Then came the dreaded question. Katherina, watching from her table, sat as still as if cut from stone.

"What—what ish Nataalka's portion, Gavrelo?" Many bleared eyes were turned on Gavrelo. This would be the first time Gavrelo had given anything in his life. Some of the villagers actually sobered for a moment and stared.

"Nataalka's portion?" Simyonka's father insisted with drunken stubbornness.

SUDDENLY Katherina's face turned from its ashen pallor to a live red. Oh, yes! Yes! She would! Why not? She would do it, yes, she would! Or why would it have come into her head? Could it be that the Sacred Mother had not forgotten her? She sat a moment staring stupidly, then rose quickly, elbowed her way to her husband and stood at his side.

"Nataalka's portion?" Simyonka's father clamored with piggish persistence. His voice rose to a squeal. Katherina bent over Gavrelo and whispered,

"Say Parshuchuck."

"Parshuchuck," Gavrelo repeated, and looked up at her as tho he were trying to recognize her.

"Nataalka's portion is a pig," the father-in-law called out to the guests.

"And Chulka," Katherina again whispered to her husband. Gavrelo stared at her doubtfully, but repeated "Chulka."

"And the large field of wheat," Katherina urged hoarsely.

"Wheat!" repeated Gavrelo. His head fell forward and his mouth dripped water.

"Three pishes!" Simyonka's father bawled out.

"Three pieces!" It was repeated around the yard.

"Simyonka! You lucky hound!" a young man shrieked. All were now staring, eyes bleared, at the three. Nataalka came over to her mother. Her face looked white and scared.

"*Matushka*!" she exclaimed, "what have you done?" And Katherina suddenly realized that Nataalka had known all along that her father would give her nothing.

"It is all right," Katherine said. "Go dance. Go. But tell Simyonka to come and fetch his father-in-law to a cool place. And Nataalka—you better tell Simyonka to take the pig and the heifer to-night. The wheat you will get in the Fall."

"But, *Matushka*—"

"It is all right, Nataalka. You know your father is a man of his word. Go dance."

A few minutes later Gavrelo lay stretched on a bench in the cool, dim out-house. Nataalka and Simyonka were congratulated on their generous portion. New quadrilles were formed, a new jig was being danced. Katherina went back and sat among her guests. And as she clapped her hands for the dancers she wondered, "And what about the morrow? Will he think he did it of his own accord, or will he remember?" But what mattered the morrow? Just now Anulia Addom was screaming into her grandmother's deaf ear.

"Nataalka received three things, *Babushka*; you hear me, three things!" And Katherina clapped,

"Trala-lala-lala-lala."

"Ach, they were wise after all, those men," she thought; "they were wise who said that it is better to have a relative rich tho a miser than one who is poor and generous. The miser sooner or later, in one way or another, you may overcome. It is poverty that is like unto death."

THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS

Upper Case Comedy and Capital Satire

By A. A. MILNE

COMEDY with a capital C and Satire with a capital S distinguish a capital play in "The Truth About Blayds." It is the latest dramatic importation from the pen of Alan Alexander Milne, on whose Scotch-English shoulders the mantle of James M. Barrie is declared to have fallen or to be falling. As produced at the Booth Theater in New York by Winthrop Ames it is variously acclaimed by the critics as "a literary gem beautifully acted," as "an unusually interesting ironic comedy, witty, dexterous and providing an opportunity for almost perfect acting," as "a wise, finely wrought English comedy that is as well-played as any one could ask" and as "a play whose story is gracefully and whimsically told with a proper distribution of smiles and pleasing sorrows." The New York *Globe* critic, Kenneth MacGowan, observes that "for an act and a half A. A. Milne in his new play might almost be Max Beerbohm turned playwright," and Alan Dale, in the *American*, pronounces it "a delicious little play with none of the earmarks of popularity, no love story of consequence and merely a triumph of imagination." Together with "The Dover Road," it is published in book form by Putnam.

The play has but one scene—and that scene is a room the space, style, furnishing and general eloquence of which mean more than the usual three sets of the average production. The story is that of a poet who is seen on his ninetyeth birthday receiving congratulations, surrounded by an obsequious family, garrulously recounting his acquaintanceship with Carlyle, with Whistler, with Swinburne, Meredith, Browning, Tennyson and other famous Victorians. For twenty minutes in the first act the old fellow, Oliver Blayds (O. P. Heggie), sits in a wheel-chair

in the center of the stage and doles out a wealth of reminiscences. Then he makes an astounding confession to his favorite daughter, Isobel (Alexandra Carlisle), and in the second act goes the way of all flesh.

It develops that seventy years of his life had been a lie; that he had stolen the genius of a dead friend; that he was an interloper, an imposter, a cheat. Consequently his daughter Isobel, aware of his secret duplicity, refuses to permit his burial in Westminster Abbey, tho, as his son-in-law, William Blayds-Conway (Ferdinand Gottschalk), remarks philosophically, Shakespeare was not interred in the Abbey. The portrayal of the venerable imposter by O. P. Heggie is little less than masterly.

It transpires that the poet whose genius was stolen was named—Jenkins. Jenkins and Blayds had shared a London garret in their early twenties. Both were ambitious to be great poets, but Jenkins alone had genius. During their association he had written a number of masterpieces, none of which seems to have been offered for publication. Then Jenkins fell ill and died, leaving a mass of priceless manuscript in possession of Oliver Blayds. The temptation proved to be too strong for the latter, according to his subsequent extraordinary confession, and from time to time over a period of seventy years "the poems of Oliver Blayds" captivated the reading world. Only once did Blayds publish a book of his own authorship—and it was a "flivver." We are asked to believe, however, that the royalties from the purloined volumes made something like a millionaire of Blayds.

The curtain rises on a room in Oliver Blayds' house. It is afternoon. In conversation are young Oliver and Septima Blayds-Conway (Leslie Howard and

Frieda Inescort), respectively grandson and granddaughter of the "great poet," and one A. L. Royce (Gilbert Emery), a London literary man who has called to felicitate Blayds on his ninetyeth anniversary. The general esteem in which the imposter is held is promptly and fulsomely emphasized.

ROYCE. I have come here to acquaint that very great man, Oliver Blayds, with the admiration which we younger writers entertain for him. It appears now that not only is Blayds a great poet and a great philosopher but also a—

OLIVER. Great grandfather.

ROYCE. But also a grandfather. Do you think you can persuade your brother that Blayds' public reputation as a poet is in no way affected by his private reputation as a grandfather, and beg him to spare me any further revelations?

SEPTIMA. Certainly; I could do all that for ninenpence. (*Sternly to Oliver, with*

arms folded.) Blayds-Conway, young fellow, have you been making r-revelations about your gr-grandfather?

OLIVER. My dear girl, I've made no revelations whatever. What's upset him probably is that I refused to recite to him "A Child's Thoughts on Waking."

SEPTIMA. Did he pat your head, and ask you to?

ROYCE. No, he didn't.

SEPTIMA. Well, you needn't be huffy about it, Mr. Royce. You would have been in very good company. George Meredith and Hardy have, and lots of others.

OLIVER. Well, anyway, I've never been kissed by Maeterlinck.

ROYCE. Maeterlinck?

SEPTIMA. (*Looking down coyly.*) Mr. Royce, you have surprized my secret, which I have kept hidden these seventeen years. Maeterlinck—Maurice and I—

ROYCE. Revelations was not quite the word. What I should have said was that I have been plunged suddenly and a little unexpectedly into an atmosphere which



SHE IS TELLING THEM "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"

But Isobel (Alexandra Carlisle), youngest daughter of Oliver Blayds, finds her sister, Marlon (Vane Featherston), her brother-in-law, William Blayds-Conway (Ferdinand Gottschalk), and her niece, Septima (Frieda Inescort), and nephew, Oliver Blayds-Conway (Leslie Howard), incredulous.

hardly suits the occasion of my visit. On any other day—you see what I mean, Miss Septima.

SEPTIMA. You're quite right, Mr. Royce. (*Bangs Oliver's head.*) This is not the place for persiflage. Besides, we're very proud of him, really.

ROYCE. I'm sure you are.

SEPTIMA. You know, Noll, there are times when I think that possibly we have misjudged Blays.

OLIVER. Blays the poet or Blays the man?

SEPTIMA. Blays the man. After all, Uncle Thomas was devoted to him and he was rather particular. Wasn't he, Mr. Royce?

ROYCE. I don't think I know your Uncle Thomas, do I?

SEPTIMA. He wasn't mine; he was mother's.

OLIVER. The Sage of Chelsea.

ROYCE. Oh, Carlyle. Surely—

SEPTIMA. Mother called them all "uncle" in her day.

ROYCE. Well, now, there you are. That's one of the most charming things about Oliver Blays. He has always had a genius for friendship. Read the lives and letters of all the great Victorians, and you find it all the way. They loved him. They—

OLIVER. (*Swings round to desk and bangs it to the tune.*) God save our gracious Queen.

ROYCE. (*With a good-humored shrug.*) Oh, well.

SEPTIMA. Keep it for father and mother, Mr. Royce. We're hopeless. Shall I tell you why?

ROYCE. Yes.

SEPTIMA. When you were a child did you ever get the giggles in church?

ROYCE. Almost always—when the vicar wasn't looking.

SEPTIMA. There's something about it, isn't there, the solemnity of it all, which starts you giggling when the vicar isn't looking?

Marion Blays-Conway, eldest daughter of the great Blays and mother of Septima and Oliver, enters and Royce is presented. The grandson is deputed to show him through the house. The two go out, and William Blays-Conway, Marion's husband and devoted secretary to his father-in-law, enters:

WILLIAM. I think that it was very un-

wise of us to attempt to see anybody to-day. Naturally, I made it clear to Mr. Royce what a very unexpected departure this is from our usual practice. I fancy that he realizes the honor which we have paid to the younger school of writers. Those who are *knocking* at the door, so to speak.

MARION. Oh, I'm sure he does.

SEPTIMA. Does anybody want me?

WILLIAM. Wait a moment, please. (*He takes a key out of his pocket and considers.*) Yes—yes— (*He gives the key to Septima.*) You may show Mr. Royce the autograph letter from Queen Victoria, written on the occasion of your grandmother's death. Be very careful, please. (*Turning to Marion.*) I think he might be allowed to take it in his hands—don't you think so, Marion? (*Marion smiles assent.*) But lock it up immediately afterwards, and bring me back the key.

SEPTIMA. Yes, father. What fun he's going to have.

WILLIAM. Eh! (*Exit Septima.*) Are those the letters?

MARION. Yes, dear. I've nearly finished them.

WILLIAM. They will do afterwards. (*Goes to her, handing her a bunch of telegrams.*) I want you to sort these telegrams. Isabel is seeing about the flowers?

MARION. Yes, dear. (*She looks at the telegrams, puzzled.*) How do you mean, sort them?

WILLIAM. In three groups will be best. Those from societies or public bodies, those from distinguished people, including Royalty—you will find one from the Duchess there; and those from unknown or anonymous admirers.

MARION. Oh, yes, I see, dear. (*She gets to work.*)

WILLIAM. He will like to know who have remembered him. I fancy that we have done even better than we did on the eightieth birthday; and, of course, the day is not over yet. (*Frowning anxiously.*) What did we do last year about drinking the health? Was it in here, or did we go to his room?

MARION. He was down to lunch last year. Don't you remember, dear?

WILLIAM. As, yes, of course. Yes, this last year has made a great difference. He is breaking up, I fear. We cannot keep him with us for many more birthdays.

MARION. Don't say that, dear.

WILLIAM. Well, we can but do our best.



ISOBEL SUBSCRIBES TO THE THEORY OF HALLUCINATION—WITH RESERVATIONS

Altho her father, Oliver Blayds, had confessed to her that he had been an imposter, she finds herself in the minority and promises her brother-in-law, William Blayds-Conway (Ferdinand Gottschalk), not to bring public disgrace upon the family.

MARION. What would you like to do, dear, about the health?

WILLIAM. Let me think.

MARION. (*Busy with the telegrams.*) Some of these are a little difficult.

WILLIAM. Eh.

MARION. Do you think that Sir John and Lady Wilkins would look better among the distinguished people, including Royalty, or with the unknown and anonymous ones?

WILLIAM. Anybody doubtful is unknown. I only want a rough grouping. We shall have a general acknowledgment in the *Times*, and— Oh, that remands me. I want an announcement for the evening

papers. Perhaps you had better just take this down. You can finish those afterwards.

MARION. Yes, dear. (*She gets paper in front of her.*)

WILLIAM. Oliver Blayds, ninety to-day—

MARION. (*Writing, repeats aloud.*) Oliver Blayds, ninety to-day.

WILLIAM. The veteran poet spent his ninetieth birthday—

MARION. (*To herself.*) The veteran poet—

WILLIAM. Passed his ninetieth birthday—that's better—passed his ninetieth birthday quietly amid his family.

MARION. Amid his family—

WILLIAM. At his residence in Portman Square. (*Moves to top of desk to look at her work. In his conversational voice.*) We will drink the health in here. See that there is an extra glass for Mr. Royce. "In Portman Square"—have you got that?

MARION. Yes, dear.

WILLIAM. It's a pity you never learnt shorthand, Marion.

MARION. I did try, dear.

WILLIAM. Yes, I know— Mr. William Blayds-Conway, who courteously gave— granted our representative an interview, informs us that the poet was, considering his advanced age, in good health and keenly appreciative of the many tributes of affection which he had received.

MARION. Which he had received.

WILLIAM. (*Crossing to desk, he holds out his hand for the paper.*) How does that go?

MARION. (*Giving it to him.*) I wasn't quite sure how many "p's" there were in appreciative.

WILLIAM. Two.

MARION. Yes, I thought two was safer.

This statement for the press completed, William ceremoniously goes out to get a sacred bottle of port wine. Isobel enters with an armful of flowers which she distributes about the room. Royce returns and it develops that they had shared a romance some eighteen years previously when, instead of marrying, Isobel had decided to devote her life to her distinguished father. Royce renews his suit but she is too full of her duty to the poet to listen to him. William and the rest of the family return and there are painfully ceremonious preparations for the entrance of Oliver Blayds. Presently he is wheeled in, in an invalid chair. Septima steps forward murmuring congratulations. Whereupon:

BLAYDS. Thank you, my dear. I don't know what I've done, but thank you.

WILLIAM. Oliver. (*Motions his son forward.*)

OLIVER. Congratulations, Grandfather. (*He bends down and Blayds puts a hand on his head.*)

BLAYDS. Thank you, my boy, thank you. I was your age once.

WILLIAM. Are we all ready? Blayds!

ALL. Blayds!

BLAYDS. (*With emotion.*) Thank you,

thank you. (*Recovering himself.*) Is that the Jubilee port, William?

WILLIAM. Yes, sir.

BLAYDS. (*Looking wistfully at Isobel.*) May I?

ISOBEL. Yes, dear, if you like. William—

WILLIAM. (*Anxiously.*) Do you think—? (*She nods and he pours out a glass with a gesture of reluctance.*) Here you are, sir. (*Isobel takes the glass to him.*)

BLAYDS. (*Taking it in rather a shaky hand.*) Mr. Royce, I will drink to you, and through you, to all that eager youth which is seeking, each in his own way, for beauty. (*He raises his glass.*) May they find it at the last! (*He drinks.*)

Royce presents to the old man a message of congratulations signed by the famous contemporary younger writers and makes a neat speech as their ambassador.

BLAYDS. You must read it to me, Isobel. (*He gives her the book.*) A very real admiration for all my work, Mr. Royce?

ROYCE. Yes, sir.

BLAYDS. Except the 1863 volume?

ROYCE. I have never regretted that, sir.

BLAYDS. (*Pleased.*) Ah! You hear, Isobel?

ROYCE. I don't say that it is my own favorite, but I could quite understand if it were the author's. There are things about it—things outside your usual range, if I may say so.

BLAYDS. (*Nodding and chuckling.*) You hear, Isobel?

ISOBEL. (*Smiling.*) Yes, father.

BLAYDS. Didn't I always tell you? Well, well, we mustn't talk any more about that—William!

WILLIAM. (*Jumping from a chair at a desk, where he had been making notes of the conversation.*) Sir? (*Comes to Blayds.*)

BLAYDS. What are you doing?

WILLIAM. Just finishing off a few letters, sir.

BLAYDS. Would you be good enough to bring me my "Sordello."

WILLIAM. The one which Browning gave you, sir?

BLAYDS. Of course. I wish to show Mr. Royce the inscription, (*To Royce*) an absurd one, all rhymes to "Blayds." It will be in the library, somewhere, it may have got moved.

WILLIAM. Certainly, sir.

ISOBEL. Father—

BLAYDS. Thank you, William. You were saying, Isobel?

ISOBEL. I thought it was in your bedroom. I was reading it to you last night.

BLAYDS. Of course it's in my bedroom. But can't I get my own son-in-law out of the room if I want to?

ISOBEL. (*Soothingly.*) Of course, dear. It was silly of me. (*She puts a magnifying glass on the desk.*)

BLAYDS. My son-in-law, Mr. Royce, meditates after my death a little book called "Blaydsiana." He hasn't said so but I can see it written all over him. In addition, you understand, to the official life in two volumes. There may be another one called "On the Track of Blayds in the Cotswolds," but I am not certain of this yet. (*He chuckles to himself.*)

ISOBEL. Father!

BLAYDS. (*Apologetically.*) All right, Isobel. Mr. Royce won't mind.

ISOBEL. (*Smiling reluctantly.*) It's very unkind.

BLAYDS. (*After chuckling to himself again.*) You never knew Whistler, Mr. Royce.

ROYCE. No sir, he was a bit before my time.

BLAYDS. Ah, he was the one to say unkind things. But you forgave him because he had a way with him. And there was always the hope that when he had finished with you he would say something still worse about one of your friends. (*Chuckles to himself again.*) I sent him a book of mine once—which one was it, Isobel?

ISOBEL. "Helen."

BLAYDS. "Helen," yes. I got a postcard from him a few days later, "Dear Oliver, rub it out and do it again." Well, I happened to meet him the next day and I said that I was sorry I couldn't take his advice as it was too late now to do anything about it. "Yes," said Jimmie, "as God said when he'd made Swinburne."

ISOBEL. You've heard that, Mr. Royce?

ROYCE. No. Ought I to have?

ISOBEL. It has been published.

BLAYDS. (*Wickedly.*) I told my son-in-law. Anything which I tell my son-in-law is published. You didn't know Jimmie, my dear. There was nothing he couldn't have said. But a most stimulating companion.

ROYCE. Yes, he must have been.

BLAYDS. So was Tennyson. He had a

great sense of humor. All of us who knew him well knew that.

ROYCE. It is curious how many people nowadays regard Tennyson as something of a prig, with no sense of humor. I always feel that his association with Queen Victoria had something to do with it.

BLAYDS. I think you're right. It was a pity. (*Nodding.*) I went to Osborne to see the Queen. Tennyson's doing, I always suspected, but he wouldn't own to it. (*He chuckles.*)

ISOBEL. Tell him about it, dear.

BLAYDS. I had on a new pair of boots. They squeaked. They squeaked all the way from London to the Isle of Wight. The Queen was waiting for me at the end of a long room. I squeaked in. I bowed. I squeaked my way up to her. We talked. I was not allowed to sit down, of course; I just stood shifting from one foot to the other—and squeaking. She said, "Don't you think Lord Tennyson's poetry is very beautiful?" and I squeaked and said, "Damn these boots." A gentleman-in-waiting told me afterwards that it was contrary to etiquette to start a new topic of conversation with Royalty.

Continuing reminiscently the old man offers to wager Isobel a shilling that he can tell her a story she has never heard. Royce holds the stakes and he recounts an allegory that, he explains, George Meredith had told him about a young boy playing cricket for his school. "The important match of the year; he gets his colors only if he plays, you understand? Just before the game began he was sitting in one of those—what do you call them—deck chairs, when it collapsed, his hand between the hinges. Three crushed fingers; no chance of playing; no colors. At that age a tragedy; it seems that one's whole life is over. You understand? So he decided to say nothing about the fingers. . . . When his turn came he put on a glove and went to the wickets. He made nothing—that doesn't matter—he was the wicket-keeper and had gone in last. But he knew that he could never take his place in the field and he knew, too, what an unfair thing he had done to his school to let them start their game with a cripple. It was too late to confess. So

in between innings he arranged another accident with his chair and fell back on it with his already crushed fingers in the hinges. So nobody ever knew. Not until he was a man and it all seemed very little and far away." It is declared a "horrible story." Isobel loses the wager. Royce retires. Blayds, left alone with Isobel, is making his astounding confession to her when the curtain falls.

The time of the second act is a few days later. Blayds has died. The family has returned home from the funeral and his grandchildren are in the living room.

OLIVER. Wonderful crowd of people. I don't think I ever realized before what a great man he was.

SEPTIMA. No, one doesn't

OLIVER. (*After a pause.*) You know there's a lot of rot talked about death.

SEPTIMA. A lot of rot talked about everything.

OLIVER. Here was Oliver Blayds, the greatest man of his day, seen everything, known everybody, ninety years old, honored by all, and then he goes out. Well—why cry?

SEPTIMA. In fact, "nothing is here for tears."

OLIVER. Not only nothing for tears, but everything for rejoicings. I don't understand these religious people. They're quite certain that there's an after-life, and certain that this life is only a preparation for it, like a cold bath in the morning. And yet they are always the people who make the most fuss, and cover themselves with black, and say "poor grandfather" ever after. Why *poor*? He is richer than ever, according to them.

SEPTIMA. Can't you see Oliver Blayds in heaven enjoying it all? What poetry he would make of it!

OLIVER. "A Child's Thoughts on Waking"—eh? I've laughed at it, and loathed it, but it was the real stuff, you know. *His* thoughts—on waking in heaven! They'd be some thoughts!

SEPTIMA. (*Thoughtfully.*) Septima Blayds-Conway. It's rather a thing to be, you know.

OLIVER. I used to think once that when the old boy died, I'd chuck the Blayds and just be plain Oliver Conway. I'm beginning to think I was wrong. . . . Oliver

Blayds-Conway, M.P. There's something in it, you know.

There is further dialog in this vein, interrupted by the entrance of their parents in conversation:

WILLIAM. I say again, Oliver Blayds ought to have been buried in the Abbey. The nation had the right to it.

MARION. Yes, dear, but we couldn't go against his own wish. His last wish.

WILLIAM. If it was his wish, why did he not express it to me?

MARION. He told Isobel, dear.

WILLIAM. On his death-bed, his faculties rapidly going, he may have indicated preference for a simple ceremony. But certainly he always gave me the impression that he anticipated an interment in the Abbey.

MARION. Yes, dear, I daresay I shall feel it more later, but just now I like to think of him where he wanted to be himself.

SEPTIMA. After all, Shakespeare isn't buried in the Abbey.

WILLIAM. I don't think that that has anything to do with it, Septima. Speaking as an Englishman, I say that the Abbey had a right to him.

MARION. Well, it's too late now, dear.

WILLIAM. (*Moving to desk.*) I shall speak to Isobel again; I still feel sure she was mistaken.

MARION. Very well, dear. But don't worry her more than you need. I feel rather uneasy about her. She has been so strange since he died.

WILLIAM. She will be worried enough as it is. Of all the extraordinary wills.

Isobel Blayds comes in and is addressed by her brother-in-law:

WILLIAM. I was just telling Marion that I am more than ever convinced that Oliver Blayds' rightful resting-place was the Abbey.

ISOBEL. (*Shaking her head wearily.*) No.

WILLIAM. I was saying to Marion even if he expressed the wish in his last moments for quiet interment.

ISOBEL. He never expressed the wish one way or the other.

WILLIAM. My dear Isobel! You distinctly told us—

MARION. You did say, dear.

ISOBEL. Yes, I owe you an apology about that.

WILLIAM.. (*Indignantly.*) An apology!

ISOBEL. There is something I have to tell you all. Will you please listen, all of you— I didn't want to say anything until he had been buried.

SEPTIMA. I say, what's up?

ISOBEL. I told you that father didn't want to be buried in the Abbey, not because he had said so, but because it was quite impossible that he should be buried in the Abbey.

WILLIAM. Impossible!

MARION. I'm sure the Dean would have been only—

ISOBEL. Impossible because he had done nothing to make him worthy of that honor.

OLIVER. Oh, no, Aunt Isobel, you're wrong there. I mean when you think of some of the people.

ISOBEL (*To Oliver.*) Will you listen to it, please? (*To William.*)

And ask me any questions afterwards. You may think I'm mad; I'm not— I wish I were.

WILLIAM. Well, what is it?

ISOBEL. There were two young men, living together in rooms in Islington, nearly seventy years ago. Both poor, ambitious, certain of themselves, very certain of their destiny. But only one of them was a genius. He was a poet, this one; perhaps the greater poet because he knew that he had not long to live. The poetry came bubbling out of him and he wrote it down feverishly, intent only on recording the melodies of this divine spirit within him; before the hand became cold and the fingers could no longer write. That was all his ambition. He had no thoughts of fame. He was content to live unknown, so that when dead he might live for ever. His friend was ambitious in a different way. He wanted the present delights of fame. He had talent, but it was outstripped by his ambition. So they lived together there, one writing and writing,



MAKING HIS ASTOUNDING CONFESSION

Oliver Blayds (O. P. Heggle), at the age of ninety, tells his daughter Isobel (Alexandra Carlisle), that he did not write the poetry that has made him famous.

always writing; the other writing and then stopping to think how famous he was going to be, and envying those who were already famous, and then regretfully writing again. A time came when the poet grew very ill. Then one day there was no more writing. (*Pause.*) The poet was dead. (*She is silent.*)

WILLIAM. (*As her meaning slowly comes to him, rising.*) Isobel, what are you saying?

MARION. I don't understand. Who was it?

OLIVER. Good Lord!

ISOBEL. The friend was left with the body of the poet. The poet had no relatives of whom he had ever spoken or who claimed him now. He was dead, and it was left to his friend to see that he won now that immortality for which he had given his life. His friend betrayed him.

SEPTIMA. I say!

WILLIAM. I won't believe it! It's monstrous!

MARION. I don't understand.

ISOBEL. One can see the temptation. There he was, this young man of talent, of great ambition, and there were these works of genius lying at his feet, waiting to be picked up. I suppose that like every other temptation, it came suddenly. He writes out some of the verses, scribbled down by the poet in his mad hurry, and sends them to a publisher. One can imagine the publisher's natural acceptance of the friend as the true author, the friend's awkwardness in undeceiving him and then his sudden determination to make the most of this opportunity. Oh, one can imagine many things—but what remains? Always and always this. That Oliver Blayds was not a poet; that he did not write the works attributed to him; and that he betrayed his friend. (*She stops and then goes on in an ordinary matter-of-fact voice.*) That was why I thought that he ought not be buried in the Abbey.

She is subjected to a running fire of interrogation in the course of which:

OLIVER. Gad! Fancy the old chap keeping it up like that. Shows how little one really knows people. I had no idea he was such a sportsman.

SEPTIMA. Such a liar.

WILLIAM. Please, please! We sha'n't arrive at the truth like that. (*To Isobel.*) You want me to understand that Oliver Blayds has never written a line of his own poetry in his life?

MARION. Why, grandfather was always writing poetry. Even as a child I remember—

SEPTIMA. (*Impatiently.*) Mother, can't you understand that the Oliver Blayds we thought we knew never existed?

MARION. But I was telling you, dear, that even as a child—

SEPTIMA. It's no good! He's hopelessly muddled.

WILLIAM. Do you wish me to understand—

ISOBEL. I wish you to know the truth. We've been living in a lie, all of us, all our lives, and now at last we have found the truth. You talk as if, for some reason, I wanted to spread slanders about Oliver Blayds, now that he is dead; as if all this great lie were my doing; as if it were no pain but a sort of a pleasure to me to find out what sort of man my father really was. Ask me questions—I want you to know everything; but don't cross-

examine me as if I were keeping back the truth.

Isobel announces that the only book her father had written was the "flivver" of 1863, which he was always so anxious to hear praised, and that the author of the other volumes was named Jenkins. Suddenly:

OLIVER. Good Lord! I've just thought of something. The money.

WILLIAM. The money?

OLIVER. All this. (*Indicates the room.*) Who does it belong to?

WILLIAM. (*Stunned.*) According to the provisions of your grandfather's will—

OLIVER. Yes, but it wasn't his to leave.

WILLIAM. Not his to—

OLIVER. No, Jenkins. All his money come from the books; and the books aren't his, so the money isn't either.

WILLIAM. (*Turning in a bewildered way to Isobel.*) Is that so?

ISOBEL. (*With a shrug.*) I suppose so.

WILLIAM. You say he had no family, this other man?

ISOBEL. None who bothered about him. But there must be relations somewhere.

WILLIAM. We shall have to find that out.

ISOBEL. Anyhow, as Oliver says, the money isn't ours. (*Bitterly.*)

WILLIAM. Some of the money would be rightfully Blayds. There was that one volume, anyhow. (*Exclamation from Oliver and look from all.*) It may not have been praised, but it was bought. It may prove that some of his most profitable investments were made about that time—with that very money.

ISOBEL. (*Indignantly.*) Oh, how can you talk like that! As if it mattered. It's tainted money, all of it.

WILLIAM. I think that's going too far. Very much too far. I recognize, of course, that we have certain obligations towards the relatives of this man—er—Jenkins. Obviously we must fulfil those obligations. But when that is done—

MARION. (*To Isobel.*) We shall be generous, of course, dear, that's only fair.

OLIVER. Yes. But what are you going to do if no relations turn up?

MARION. In that case we couldn't do anything, could we, dear?

ISOBEL. We could throw the money into the sea. We could bury it deep in the ground. We could even give it away, Marion.

WILLIAM. That's going too far.

OLIVER. It's rather a problem, you know.

SEPTIMA. It isn't a problem at all. May I speak for a moment. I really think I have a right to say something. Oliver and I have been brought up in a certain way to expect certain things. Oliver wanted to be an engineer; he wasn't allowed to, as his grandfather wanted him to go into politics. I wanted to try and get on with my painting. I wasn't allowed to, as my grandfather wanted me at home. Perhaps if I had had my way, I might have been earning my living by now. As it is, we have been brought up as the grandchildren of rich people; I can't earn my own living, and Oliver is in a profession in which money means success. Aunt Isobel has been telling us how a young man of Oliver's age, seventy years ago, was cheated out of his rights. Apparently she thinks that the best way now of making up for that is to cheat Oliver and me out of our rights. I don't agree with her.

OLIVER. Yes, there's a good deal in that.

ISOBEL. It's hard on you, I know; but you are young, you have your lives in front of you.

SEPTIMA. That's what old people always say, and they seem to think that it excuses any injustice.

MARION. Poor grandfather.

SEPTIMA. Yes, but I don't see that it should be "Poor Oliver" and "Poor Septima," too. Suppose any relations do turn up—well, what will they be? Grand-nephews, or fifth cousins twice removed or something, who have never even heard of Jenkins, and on whose

lives Jenkins has had no effect whatever. Is there any sort of justice which says that they ought to have the money? But Noll and I have given up a good deal for Oliver Blayds, and he owes us something.

ISOBEL. Oh, yes, you have given up a good deal for Oliver Blayds. It ought to be paid back to you.

WILLIAM. There's another thing we must remember. Even if this other man—

SEPTIMA. Jenkins.

WILLIAM. Yes, even if he wrote all the books—always excepting the 1863 volume—even so, it was Oliver Blayds who ar-

anged for their publication. He could fairly claim an agent's commission on all moneys received.

ISOBEL. (*Scornfully.*) Oliver Blayds, the well-known commission agent!

All sorts of excuses for the imposter are offered but none of them is very convincing, and the second act closes with Isobel fiercely lamenting having spent eighteen of the best years of her life as a nurse and drudge for Oliver Blayds when she might have been married and had children of her own. In the last act, three days later, Royce is discovered with young Oliver Blayds-Conway reviewing the situation. Oliver conceives the idea that his grandfather was the victim of hallucination. Royce is dubious.

OLIVER. Well, why not? Which is more probable, that Oliver



THE MANTLE OF JAMES M. BARRIE HAS
FALLEN UPON HIS SHOULDERS

Such, at least, is the compliment paid by the dramatic critics to A. A. Milne, whose comedy, "The Truth About Blayds," is a current Broadway success.

Blayds carried out this colossal fraud for more than sixty years, or that when he was an old man of ninety his brain wobbled a bit, and he started imagining things?

ROYCE. No.

OLIVER. It's all very well to say "No." Anybody can say "No." Look at all the will cases you see in the papers. Whenever an old gentleman over seventy leaves his money to anybody but his loving nephews and nieces they always bring an action to prove that he can't have been quite right in the head when he died, and nine times out of ten they win. Well, Blayds was ninety.

ROYCE. But I thought he left you a thousand pounds.

OLIVER. Well, I suppose that was a lucid interval. Look here, you think it over seriously. I read a book once about a fellow who stole another man's novel. Perhaps Blayds read it, too. Perhaps he was thinking of using the idea himself. And turning over in his mind, living with it, so to speak, day and night, he might have easily begun to think that it was something that had happened to himself. Why not at his age? And then on his death-bed, feeling that he must confess something, thoroly muddled, poor old fellow, well, you see how easily it might happen. Hallucination.

ROYCE. (*Regarding him admiringly.*) You know, Oliver, I think you underrate your intrinsic qualities as a politician. You musn't waste yourself on engineering.

The rest of the family foregather

and William Blayds-Conway in particular welcomes the hallucination theory. It becomes more and more plausible to all but Isobel. They have persuaded themselves that no such person as Jenkins ever existed, when Royce laughingly announces:

ROYCE. That's rather funny. For what do you think I've got here! (*He holds up a faded piece of paper.*) Stuck in his old pass-book, Jenkins' will.

ISOBEL. What is it? What does it say? (*Isobel goes over to Royce, looking at the document he holds, takes document from Royce and reads.*)

MARION. (*Bewildered.*) It must be another Jenkins. Because we've just decided that our one never lived.

ISOBEL. (*Reading to William.*) "To Oliver Blayds, who has given me everything, I leave everything." And then, underneath, "God bless you, dear Oliver."

Excepting Isobel, the family comes to the conclusion that the troublesome 1863 volume was written by Willoughby Jenkins and the other books by Oliver Blayds. Even Isobel is persuaded that the author of the great poems, after all, had had the great happiness and pain of writing them and that the rest was "just pure sentiment." Royce presses his suit for her 38-year-old heart and hand, is accepted—and the curtain falls.

WHY NOT A NEGRO DRAMA FOR NEGROES BY NEGROES?

IT is a question whether the African intellect has ever proved or ever will prove itself to be of creative dramatic-writing genius, in the Shakespearean or even a Belascan or Cohanian sense of the term. The negroid genius would seem, oddly like the German, to confine itself, in the last of fine-art analysis, to music. Yet, as Benjamin Palmer Ladson observes, in *The Drama*, the problem of our American negro citizens is one of those significant questions of the day, and the stage could be a great medium to bring before the public

some of the truths about it. It is beside the question to observe that Octavius Roy Cohen, whom we take to be a Jew; Harris Dickson, whom we regard as the finest sort of "white trash" south of Mason-Dixon Line; and E. K. Means, a Yankee-born, and several others, have written much about one class of American negroes, and have pictured them amusingly in their various doings. In the main, however, they are the happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth class. We cannot agree with *The Drama* observer that "the average white person believes

there are no other kinds of negroes in existence," but we do agree that "to show the American people the other class of negroes there should be a drama of the serious-thinking element." Among the "new negroes" are undoubtedly to be found men and women who are refined, cultured and educated. From among this class it is hoped that there may come writers and dramatists to express knowingly their dreams, aspirations, ambitions and justifications in the life struggle of the negro for existence.

As Heywood Brown justly comments, apropos of the play on negro life, "Come Seven," "Almost nothing about the negro has been written for our stage. Granted that the negro often uses long words which he does not understand, plays craps, and, perhaps, even lives up to the joke-book tradition in his inordinate fondness for watermelon, there still remain depths which are not touched by the exploitation of any of these qualities."

The negroes are coming to believe that good plays dealing with the struggles of their race ought to be dramatized successfully. They are calling upon some negro to write them. There are plenty of negro players to interpret them, led, for instance, by Charles Gilpin, whose interpretation of "The Emperor Jones" has been a revelation.

But, we are reminded, there is a question whether the theatrical producers care to present serious plays dealing with the problem of the American negroes. That question has to be left unanswered; we do not know their views and attitudes on this subject. Perhaps the colored people themselves could produce these plays. They have a good New York theater in the Lafayette, which is attended largely by them and where every negro musical play coming to New York goes first. Very seldom, however, is a serious drama produced, that is, a serious drama about their people; whenever one does appear it is well patronized, proving there are many who are eager for this class of drama.

Last spring, the Colored Players Guild of New York under the direction of Mrs. Dora Cole Duncan presented, for the lack of a more suitable play, Ridgeley Torrence's "Simon, the Cyrenian." This play had formerly been produced at the Garden Theater together with two other noted playlets of negro life by the same author. The evening those plays were presented was a raw, chilly evening, yet they drew a large and appreciative audience.

In extenuation of the negro drama, Bert Williams is aptly quoted as saying that "each of us who has negroid blood in his veins, no matter in how small a quantity, feels the ancient tragedy of our race. The negro blood is the one blood that never fails to stamp on the heart or the spirit its racial traits. I have studied my types just where I have found them. The negro is always a negro, no matter whether he is living in New York or in a rice field in South Carolina. The negro has the reputation of being a happy-go-lucky individual. He is, in a way. He lives for the moment, and his joy is a surface joy. Deep down underneath in the whole race is a stratum of sadness that abides. This comes out when the negro tries to express himself through poetry or music. Negro songs always have a minor undercurrent of pathos; negro music is seldom or never without its mournful passages."

We are assured that colored people themselves want dramas of this type, but that white writers cannot describe the feelings in the hearts of the American negroes of to-day. The days of the slipshod plantation shows are passing and cheap burlesque performances have passed. Now for a negro drama, other than the slapstick musical variety, that shall, it is observed, appeal to negro audiences fundamentally and yet shall be so excellent as to have a broader legitimate appeal. What is needed seems to be strong, virile plays interpreting American negro life, written by those of the color and acted by their excellent players and produced on Broadway or elsewhere.

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER WOMAN'S ADVENTURES IN SOVIET RUSSIA

THE best book by a woman on Soviet Russia since Clare Sheridan's "Mayfair to Moscow" is Marguerite Harrison's "Marooned in Moscow" (Doran). Its style is simple and vivid, and it tells a story that makes an instant appeal. Mrs. Harrison went into Russia in February, 1920; was imprisoned eight months later on a charge of "espionage and treason"; and was freed last July, with other American prisoners, at the time of the acceptance by the Soviet Government of American terms imposed antecedent to food relief. In the months that passed between her entry and her imprisonment she had exceptional opportunities to see Russia from the inside. She consorted with Anarchists and Mensheviks, as well as with Bolsheviks. She talked with poets, peasants, artists and soldiers. She went on a tour of the country with a British labor delegation. And she tells what she saw in so matter-of-fact a fashion as to blind the reader to the really amazing nature of her whole adventure.

For here was a woman who had not been accustomed to "rough" it. Her life until seven or eight years ago, we learn from an article by Dudley A. Siddall in the *New York Herald*, had been spent in Baltimore society. Her father, president of the Atlantic Transport Company, had met with financial reverses and her husband had died. She bravely faced the task of supporting herself and her young son by taking a job as society reporter on the *Baltimore Sun*. In a short time she was doing star assignments. Her paper sent her to France with the American Expeditionary Forces. When the war ended, she was eager to penetrate into Soviet Russia.

She returned to America and tried to get a passport, in the usual way, through the Soviet Bureau in New

York, then under the charge of Ludwig Martens. Her request was refused, but her ardor was not dampened. In a few weeks we find her again in Europe. She chose a quiet sector on the Polish-Russian front, stole across No Man's Land, and entered a schoolhouse. With true Russian hospitality the teacher brought in a bubbling samovar. By the time a Red Guard arrived, the affair had taken on the aspect of a social occasion.

So far from shooting Mrs. Harrison, the lonesome Red soldiers arranged parties and dances in her honor, and were soon helping her on her way to Moscow. She was greeted at the railway station by a Mr. Rosenberg, who described himself as "head of the Western Section of the Foreign Office" of the Soviet Government, and who asked her: "Don't you know that you have done a perfectly illegal and very dangerous thing in coming to Moscow without permission?" He was wrought up, but he did not have her shot. Instead, he installed her in a Government hotel or "guest house," and even allowed her, a little later, the liberty of her profession and the right to send wireless dispatches to the astounded managing editor of the *Baltimore Sun* and to the Associated Press.

Mrs. Harrison found Moscow in better condition than she had expected. She is inclined, throughout, to stress the brighter, rather than the darker, side of things. She even takes her two arrests and her imprisonment philosophically. She had committed, she says, many imprudences; had associated openly with people known to be hostile to the Soviet Government; had rendered herself independent of the Foreign Office and its interpreters; and had changed foreign money illegally to get the advantage of the higher rate of exchange. Prison life,

she assures us, was not as bad as it might have been.

The total effect of her experience has been to strengthen her belief in democracy as the best kind of government, but she does not allow this belief to prevent her from giving what, on the whole, is a surprisingly favorable account of the Russian experiment. She found in Lenin "tremendous sincerity, utter self-confidence and quiet power," and she writes of Trotzky:

"The line of his mouth was hard, cynical, almost forbidding, until he began to speak, and then I suddenly realized that there was something magnetic and compelling about the man's personality. Squaring his shoulders, he stood with his hands behind his back and spoke in short, terse, pithy sentences, interspersed with real flashes of humor. He understood the art of drawing and riveting the attention of the public. There was something almost exultant in his expression as his eyes swept the enormous crowds in front of him, and it seemed to me that subconsciously it was mingled with a certain amount of racial pride. I could almost imagine him as saying: 'For the first time since the days of the Maccabees, I, a Jew, am the head of a great army.' Later, when I heard him speak before the graduating class of the general staff school, and at the military parade in honor of the Third International, the same idea obtruded itself on my imagination."

Chicherin, the head of the Foreign Office, is also described in sympathetic fashion. "His pale greenish-blue eyes had the strained expression that comes from overwork," and as he talked to Mrs. Harrison "he kept interlacing his long sensitive fingers that, without a further glance at his physiognomy, proclaimed him what he essentially is, a man of culture and a gentleman. His notes," Mrs. Harrison continues, "are often masterpieces in their way, and he has a genius for showing up the weak side of European diplomats. I consider that when it came to the matter of the retort courteous between Lord Curzon and Chicherin Chicherin usually got the better of his British opponent."

Next, we get a pen-portrait of Djerzhinsky, chairman of the Extraordinary Commission, popularly known as the "Cheka," who, as it afterwards proved, was to be Mrs. Harrison's jailer for nearly a year. He is "a Pole of very good family," and has been a revolutionary since before the abortive revolution of 1905. "As I looked at him," Mrs. Harrison says, "I recalled what I had read of the frailty and refinement of Robespierre. He is slender, slightly under the middle height, with fair hair, rather thin around the temples, a small pointed beard, clean-cut aristocratic features, skin as smooth as a child's and cheeks flushed with hectic color, for he contracted tuberculosis while in prison."

Of the four leaders so far described only one, Trotzky, is a Jew, and Mrs. Harrison intimates that too much has been made of the Jewish influence in the Russian Revolution. It is true, of course, that Jews helped to make the Revolution and that some reaped great immediate advantages from it; but "the great masses of the Jewish population have gotten less out of the Revolution than any other race or class; they have been crushed, so to speak, between the upper and nether millstones of revolution and reaction."

As far as Petrograd, Moscow and the large cities were concerned, the Jews, after the Revolution, fared well. Thousands of them were taken into the many departments of the Commissariats, primarily because they were educated men. But many, in the sections where there was a large Jewish population, were left without resources or employment. They were not trained as industrial workers. They were town dwellers and had not profited from the distribution of the land. At first they did not feel their position. They did a flourishing underground business, practised contraband and smuggling very successfully, and lived well for a time. Then as the central government became better organized, decrees against speculation were rigidly enforced, numbers of the

Jews were arrested and several punished, in many cases getting the death penalty.

As long as there was a question of doing away with Czarist Imperialism, they were for Bolshevism, but "all their inherited instincts and training," Mrs. Harrison points out, "are against the Soviet economic and industrial system, as are their religious instincts deeply grounded in the patriarchal or family system." She continues:

"There are, as there always have been, iconoclastic spirits among them running contrary to tradition, and others whose racial pride is appealed to by the opportunity to exercise widespread political power and influence. Then there is the trader or speculative instinct of the Jew, which tells him that there is always the chance to profit through political or economic crises. Now that they have brought about these results the majority of the Jews are running true to their innate conservatism and to the same iconoclastic instinct, which has always placed them on the side of the minority. They realize that the political unity of the Jewish race throughout the Diaspora, as they term the Christian world, is not to be maintained by the submerging of the race-conscious Jew in the Internationalist.

"These are the forces that are pushing many of the intelligent Jews back along the road away from Communism. The Jewish proletariat at large has failed to gain either material prosperity or spiritual freedom through Bolshevism, and will probably remain aloof and passive, hostile to Communism but fearing counter-revolution in Russia."

No one can understand the situation in Russia, according to Mrs. Harrison, without realizing that two revolutions have taken place—a proletarian and an agrarian. The proletarian revolution was made, we are told, by less than 10 per cent. of the population and is Communistic, while the agrarian revolution



SHE TAKES HER IMPRISONMENT PHILOSOPHICALLY
Marguerite Harrison, author of "Marooned in Moscow," says of her ten months' imprisonment: "My treatment was no different from that accorded any other prisoners, native or foreign, and I can honestly say that I have come through it all with absolutely no personal bitterness and with what I believe to be a purely impartial view of conditions in the Soviet Republic."

was made by the remaining 90 per cent. and is not Communistic at all. Mrs. Harrison concludes:

"Russia will for some time necessarily be a prey to minority government. The question is whether it is better to have the country ruled by a Communist or a reactionary oligarchy. Of the two evils I believe the former is the lesser one.

"We may not like the Soviet Government, but it is a real Government. To refuse to help will have the effect of completing the economic ruin of the country. The only way to bring about a Government in Russia which will represent the will of the people is to give them a chance to develop the moral force to express that will in action. This can only be done by giving them peace and food. It is up to the American people to give them that chance."

CAN WE STILL BELIEVE IN EVOLUTION?

ONE of the startling results of the War, both in England and in America, is the new crusade against Darwinism. It carries us back to the time when Huxley was violently debating Darwinian theories with the Bishop of Oxford, and when Darwin's ideas were being hailed, according to one's bias, as divine or damnable. In its new, after-the-war aspect, it has found memorable expression, in England, in the verbal assaults of Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton on the early part of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History." In this country it leans for support on the writings of Irving Babbitt, Stuart P. Sherman and others who hold "the cult of naturalism" responsible for the War, and finds its most conspicuous expression in books such as William Jennings Bryan's "In His Image" (Revell) and Alfred Watertson McCann's "God—or Gorilla" (Devin-Adair).

It is said to be mainly due to the influence of Mr. Bryan that the State of Kentucky was lately convulsed by the Darwinian issue. Following speeches that he made on the subject, a bill was introduced in the Legislature forbidding the teaching in any of the tax-supported institutions of the State of "Darwinism, atheism, agnosticism, or the theory of evolution in so far as it pertains to the origin of man." For a while the passage of the bill seemed imminent. It failed of passage by the narrow margin of one vote, only after Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, Dr. Charles S. McFarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, President Angell of Yale University, President Lowell of Harvard University, and a number of others, had telegraphed their protests.

The entire controversy emerges in the *New York Times* and may be followed there in its several aspects. Mr. Bryan opens the discussion with a paper on "God and Evolution." He is answered by Henry Fairfield Os-

born, President of the American Museum of Natural History, and by Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology in Princeton University.

Mr. Bryan's first objection to Darwinism is that "it is only a guess and was never anything more. It is called a 'hypothesis,' but the word 'hypothesis,' tho euphonious, dignified and high-sounding, is merely a scientific synonym for the old-fashioned word 'guess.' Even Darwin admits that his central ideas are only hypotheses." The second objection to Darwinism, Mr. Bryan continues, is that "it has not one syllable in the Bible to support it." The third objection is that "neither Darwin nor his supporters have been able to find a fact in the universe to support their hypothesis. With millions of species, the investigators have not been able to find *one single instance* in which one species has changed into another, altho, according to the hypothesis, *all* species have developed from one or a few germs of life, the development being through the action of 'resident forces' and without outside aid." The fourth objection voiced by Mr. Bryan is that Darwinism is not only without foundation, but compels its believers to resort to explanations that are more absurd than anything found in the "Arabian Nights." He cites in this connection the argument that the eye was brought out by "the light beating on the skin"; the ear came out in response to "air waves"; the leg is the development of a wart that chanced to appear on the belly of an animal. "The tommyrot runs on *ad infinitum*, and sensible people are asked to swallow it."

Proceeding to speak of what he regards as the harmful side of Darwinism, Mr. Bryan says: "Evolution naturally leads to agnosticism and, if continued, finally to atheism. Those who teach Darwinism are undermining the faith of Christians; they are raising questions about the Bible as an authoritative source of truth; they are teach-



Photograph by Van der Weyde

THE CHAMPION OF EVOLUTION

In reply to William Jennings Bryan's charge that "neither Darwin nor his supporters have been able to find a fact in the universe to support their hypothesis," Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, makes the statement: "Evolution in 1863 rested on the indirect or circumstantial evidence presented by Darwin, while in 1922 it is the most firmly established truth in the natural universe."

ing materialistic views that rob the life of the young of spiritual values." He continues:

"Our opponents are not fair. When we find fault with the teaching of Darwin's unsupported hypothesis, they talk about Copernicus and Galileo and ask whether we shall exclude science and return to the dark ages. Their evasion is a confession of weakness. We do not ask for the exclusion of any scientific truth, but we do protest against an atheist teacher being allowed to blow his guesses in the face of the student. The Christians who want to teach religion in their schools furnish the money for denominational institutions. If atheists want to teach atheism, why do they not build their own schools and employ their own teachers? If a man really believes that he has brute blood in him, he can teach that to his children at home or he can send them to atheistic schools, where his children will not be in danger of losing their brute philosophy, but why should he be allowed to deal with other people's children as if they were little monkeys?"

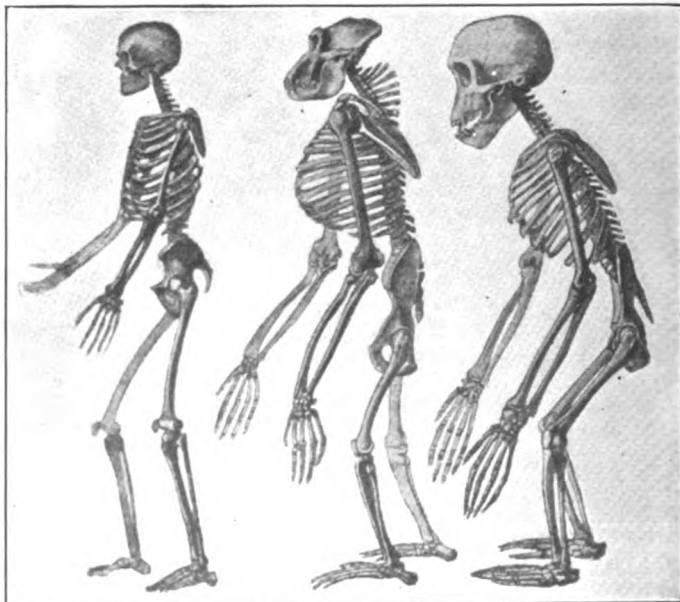
On all of this Professor Conklin makes the comment that Mr. Bryan is an untrustworthy witness and "offers no new evidences whatever for reopening a case which in the court of intelligent opinion throughout the world has been closed for nearly half a century." Professor Osborn is no less emphatic in his statement that the theory of evolution is "the most firmly established truth in the natural universe," and that we shall have to accept it, regardless of its effect.

Applying himself, first of all, to the spiritual side of the argument, Professor Osborn denies that evolution ends in

atheism. "We naturalists," he says, "may accept as transcendent teaching that the universe is by no means the result of accident or chance, but of an omnipresent beauty and order, in the Old Testament attributed to Jehovah, in our language to God. Evolution by no means takes God out of the universe, as Mr. Bryan supposes, but it greatly increases both the wonder, the mystery, and the marvelous order which we call 'Natural Law,' pervading all Nature."

When he turns to the workings of natural law, Professor Osborn feels that his case is even stronger. "We are now able," he asserts, "to assemble and place in order line after line of animals in their true evolutionary succession, extending, in the case of what I have called the edition de luxe of the horses, over millions of years. We speak of the earth from Eocene times onward to the closing age of man, and it always teaches us exactly the same story." The argument proceeds:

"The very recent discovery of Tertiary



From Huxley's "Last Words on Evolution"

THE SKELETAL EVIDENCE IN BEHALF OF EVOLUTION
No one denies the resemblance of the skeletons of man, gorilla and chimpanzee, here shown from left to right. The question at issue is: Have the three a common ancestry?



THE GRADED BUSTS THAT ENRAGE ALFRED MCCANN

These busts were made by J. H. McGregor for the American Museum of Natural History, and represent (from left to right) the "Trinil Ape Man," the "Neanderthal Man" and the "Cro-Magnon Man." They are supposed to illustrate the growing intelligence of prehistoric man, but, as a matter of actual fact, Alfred W. McCann contends in his new book, "God—or Gorilla," they illustrate nothing except the imagination of their creator.

man [the Foxhall man], living long before the Ice Age, certainly capable of walking in an erect position, having a hand and a foot fashioned like our own, also a brain of sufficient intelligence to fashion many different kinds of implements, to make a fire, to make flint tools which may have been used for the dressing of hides as clothing, constitutes the most convincing answer to Mr. Bryan's call for more evidence. . . .

"Nearer to us is the Piltdown man, found not far from seventy-five miles to the southwest of Ipswich, England; still nearer in geologic time is the Heidelberg man, found on the Neckar River; still nearer is the Neanderthal man, whom we now know all about—his frame, his head form, his industries, his ceremonial burial of the dead, also evidence of his belief in a future existence; nearer still is the Cro-Magnon man, who lived about 30,000 years ago, our equal if not our superior in intelligence. This chain of human ancestors was totally unknown to Darwin. He could not have even dreamed of such a flood of proof and truth. It is a dramatic circumstance that Darwin had within his reach the head of the Neanderthal man without realizing that it constituted the 'missing link' between man and the lower order of creation. All this evidence is to-day within reach of every schoolboy. It is at the service of Mr. Bryan. It will, we are convinced, satisfactorily answer in the negative his question: 'Is it not more rational to believe in the creation of man

by separate act of God than to believe in evolution without a particle of evidence?'"

It is worth noting, however, as Mr. McCann notes, in his sensational book "God—or Gorilla," that Professor Osborn, in another mood, can refer to the "scarcity" of the remains illustrating human evolution. The best part of Mr. McCann's argument is inspired by the indignation that he says that he felt when he faced four glass cases which stand in the Hall of the Ages of Man in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. These glass cases bring together carefully-graded busts fashioned by Prof. J. H. McGregor under Professor Osborn's inspiration. Mr. McCann is so far from accepting the evidence that they claim to offer that he spends chapter after chapter in forceful efforts to undermine their authority. He may, or may not, establish his contentions in regard to the "Trinil Ape-Man," the "Neanderthal Man," the "Cro-Magnon Man," and the other reconstructions on which Professor Osborn rests so much of his argument, but he positively succeeds in exposing what even Osborn admits are "radical differences of opinion" among evolutionary thinkers regarding the most vital points in their faith.

In every discussion of the question of evolution it is necessary to stress the point that "Darwinism" and "evolution" are two different things. Evolution, or the "doctrine of descent," comprises the facts and principles which go to show that the various kinds of living things have not always existed as we find them now, but have developed from remote common ancestors. "Darwinism," on the other hand, is an account of the way species differentiate. The two main ideas associated with Darwinism are "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest." The first has to do with varia-

tions that are due to congenital factors; that is, to hereditary influences that are not directly or indirectly induced by external influences. The second is a result of the fact that overproduction is universal in the biological world.

The doctrine that every living creature has a common ancestry has not been proved. In a broader sense, however, the *idea* of evolution was never more alive than at the present time. Dr. Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, cites in this connection the evidence offered by embryology. "That every individual man has been physically developed out of previous animal forms is neither

guess, hypothesis, nor deduction. It is a fact taking place every day and observable and observed by students of life." He goes on to say:

"I am not sure what the gentleman who introduced the Kentucky bill meant by it. If it really forbids the schools to teach evolution it forbids them to teach God's way of doing things. It forbids them to teach Christ's parable of 'The Seed Growing Secretly'; it forbids them to teach their pupils how the seeds they sow in spring grow to fruitful harvests in the fall; how the group of pioneers who landed on these shores four hundred years ago—Puritans in New England, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Roman Catholics in Delaware, Episcopalians in Virginia, Huguenots in the Carolinas—have grown into this great free commonwealth; how out of the pictured letters on Egyptian tombs have grown the great libraries of Rome, Paris, London and Washington; how out of the first teaching of little children at their mother's knees have grown the great universities and the great public school systems of Christendom; how the life of justice, mercy and reverent fellowship with God which we call Christianity has grown from the manger at Bethlehem and the empty tomb at Jerusalem."



From Haeckel's "Last Words on Evolution"

WHAT EMBRYOLOGY SHOWS

We see here, from left to right, the embryos of a bat, a gibbon and a human being at corresponding stages of development. This picture surely establishes the truth of one kind of evolution.

PREACHING BY WIRELESS

THE new science of wireless telephony is now being harnessed in the service of religion. We read in the newspapers of a pastor in Montclair, New Jersey, who recently delivered sermons which were broadcasted by radiotelephone, and who has received letters containing money from persons who "listened in" at distant points. In another case, a group of listeners at a "radio service" took up a collection "so that it might seem more like the real thing." How long will it be, asks the *Christian Advocate* (New York), before a bishop can stand at an instrument in a central radio station and preach a sermon which will be heard by every congregation in his area, and by those stay-at-homes who will take the trouble to listen? This has a fantastic sound, but the facts of to-day were fantasies yesterday.

The mechanics of the new process are explained in an article by Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., in the *Catholic World* (New York). Dr. Coakley is speaking of the use of the radiophone in Old St. Patrick's Church, in the down-town section of the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, during a mission by Paulist fathers a few months ago:

"Through an arrangement with the Westinghouse Electric Company, Pittsburgh, their wireless broadcasting station, known internationally as K D K A, installed a wireless telephone in the pulpit of the Church. The installation itself is practically invisible. It is not apparent to those in church unless attention is especially directed to it, being no more than a very small transmitter, about the size of the mouthpiece of the modern telephone, suspended from the small lamp used to light the reading desk of the pulpit; hence, there is nothing spectacular or worldly about it. This is mentioned to forestall any objection upon the part of the devout, the ultra-rubrical or the meticulous that the pulpit is being used for something savoring of the theatrical. The few, and small, batteries and the wireless technicians were placed in a room back of the church, unseen and unknown to the congregation."

On the second day after the use of the wireless telephone, Dr. Coakley goes on to record, inquiries began to come to the Rector of the Church from distant points. Some persons forty miles away journeyed to Pittsburgh and sought out the Missionary Fathers for further personal instruction preparatory to becoming converts. Others, having heard the instruction on "Confession," were led to receive the Sacraments. Non-Catholics in cities 400 miles away wrote in for literature. Comments and appreciations were received from Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Iowa, North Carolina, Florida, Texas and Canada.

Dr. Coakley prophesies that, in a few years, wireless telephone receiving instruments will be as common as vic-trolas or Ford cars.

"Behold, now is the acceptable time' for the Catholic Church to rise to this great and unique occasion, before the privilege is entirely preempted by those outside the Faith, and not allow the wireless telephone, like the classics of the English language, to be used as the medium of heresy. The Catholic Church should erect a powerful wireless telephone transmitting station, and give out to the listening world every night at regularly scheduled hours a sermon or an instruction on the truths of the Catholic Church. One person, in this manner, could reach untold millions at the very poles of the world. It would be the super-International Catholic Truth Society. A swift reply could be made to every calumny against the Church; rural and outlying districts and distant missions could be put in touch with the intellectual claims and the moral grandeur of the Church in a way undreamed of hitherto, and independent of weather conditions and of transportation facilities, the seed of further conversions could be sown and scattered wherever human beings congregate. The missions in the Far East could be put in immediate contact with the pulsing heart of Christendom, and the Holy Father, from the Chair of Peter, could address all his faithful children spread over the world, using his own august voice, thus welding the Catholic body together in a more intimate unity

than ever before in history. The burning sands of the Sahara, the frozen steppes of Alaska, the jungle fastnesses of India, the inaccessible gorges of the Himalayas, the serene calm of the mountain shepherd hut, as well as the far-flung congregations aboard ocean liners, lashed by the angry seas, could all be put in touch with Christ's truth instantaneously and simultaneously, since the wireless telephone leaps over all barriers of time and space."

All this has its fascination, but the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of Chicago, strikes a dissenting note. "We are loath," it says, "to believe that radio preaching will ever become popular or successful. The fad will soon blow over." It continues: "Any general adoption of the radiophone would be a positive disservice. One cannot worship over a telephone wire."

WAS MRS. EDDY A PLAGIARIST?

NO evidence is available to prove that Mrs. Eddy taught or practiced anything resembling Christian Science before her memorable meeting with Quimby. There is much available evidence to show that long before he met Mrs. Eddy or was aware of her existence, Quimby anticipated the fundamentals of her "Science and Health." For instance, we find Quimby, over two years before he ever heard of Mrs. Eddy, denying the reality of disease, which he pronounced an error of the patient's thought, and affirming that matter is nothing. "If you are told," we find Quimby writing early in 1860, "that you have 'consumption,' this belief is matter under the direction of error, and as it is put into practice it changes the mind so that the idea of consumption is thrown off from the belief. If you are excited by any other belief, you throw off all the misery that follows your belief. For instance, you are made to believe you are not so good as you ought to be; your belief puts restrictions on your life, and, as it is a burden to you, it makes you throw off a shadow that contains the punishment of your disobedience. This makes you another character and you are not the happy child of Wisdom." This is a characteristic quotation from the famous Quimby manuscripts.

The very existence of these manuscripts has been denied by some parties to the Quimby-Eddy controversy, but at last they are permitted to see the light of day in a volume just issued

through the Crowells by the eminent advocate of "New Thought," Doctor Horatio W. Dresser.* The history of these manuscripts has been romantic enough hitherto, but now it promises to be sensational. They comprize the most amazing charge of plagiarism ever made, involving such possibilities as that the fundamentals of Christian Science, taught by Mrs. Eddy, were taken over bodily from Phineas Parkhurst Quimby. Mrs. Eddy later insisted that Quimby was "a magnetic practitioner" and that it "never occurred" to her "to learn his practice," but three weeks after she saw Quimby we have her saying, in the outburst of her enthusiasm and gratitude towards him:

"I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth, which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (altho he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the key-note for the

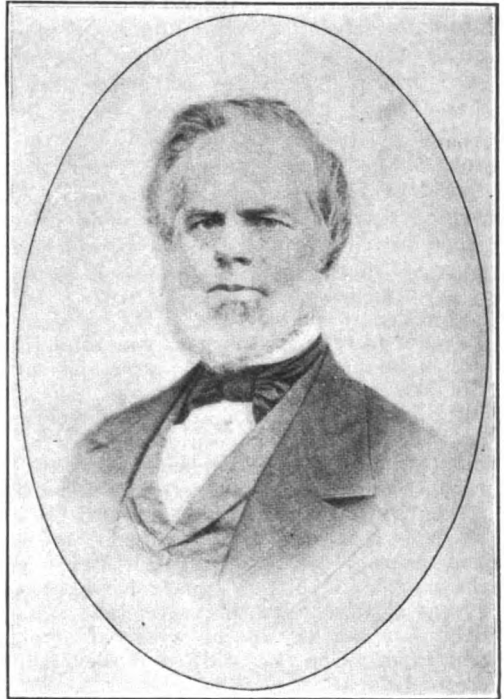
* THE QUIMBY MANUSCRIPTS. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Crowell.

master hand to wake the harmony. May it be in essays instead of notes! say I. After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages."

This does not at all agree with what Mrs. Eddy wrote many years later when she said Quimby got his ideas from her. As Quimby could have got nothing from Mrs. Eddy before he met her or knew of her existence, Doctor Dresser gives much space to those expositions of the Quimby metaphysical or mind-healing system which were made prior to the year 1862. Quimby had investigated such things as hypnotism, clairvoyance, spirit rappings and mesmerism, and abandoned them all as therapeutic agencies. They were all to him forms of self-deception. For his cures he had come to rely upon the spiritual force employed by Jesus through the Christ power. "The truth," to use his own phrase, "is the cure." To quote Quimby's own words almost at random from the mass of his correspondence prior to his knowledge of Mrs. Eddy's existence:

"Eighteen hundred years ago, there was a man called Jesus who, the Christian says, came from heaven . . . to tell man that if he would conform to certain rules and regulations he could go to heaven when he died; but if he refused to obey them he must go to hell. Now, of course, the people could not believe it merely because he said so . . . so it was necessary to give some proof that he came from God. Now, what proof was required by the religious world? It must be some miracle or something that the people could not understand. So he cured the lame, made the dumb speak, etc. The multitude was his judge and they could not account for all that he did: then he must come from God. Now, does it follow? . . . I have no doubt that he cured. But his cures were no proof that he came from God, any more than mine are, nor did he believe it. . . . Jesus was endowed with wisdom from the scientific world or God, not of this world. Nor can he be explained by the natural man. . . . His God fills all space. His wisdom is eternal life, with no death about it. . . .

"Jesus knew all this. No man was able



THE HEALER TO WHOM MRS. EDDY WROTE
SONNETS

An idea prevails that Phineas Parkhurst Quimby was a magnetic healer, but he had passed through all the usual phases of the student of the occult and before he met Mrs. Eddy he came to the conclusion that God is the divine principle of all healing and elaborated that view in his correspondence and papers.

to break the seal or unlock the secret of health. . . . Wisdom, seeing the groans of the sick, acted upon this man Jesus and opened his eyes to Truth. Thus the heavens were opened to him. He saw this Truth or Science descend, and he understood it. Then came his temptation: if he would listen to the people and become king they would all receive him. This he would not do. But to become a teacher of the poor and sick would be very unpopular. . . . He chose the latter, and went forth teaching and curing all sorts of diseases in the name of this Wisdom, and calling on all men everywhere to repent, believe and be saved from the priests and doctors who bound burdens on the people."

Before he met Mrs. Eddy, Quimby, in the light of these manuscripts of his, is found relying upon God as the divine principle of all healing. He is also dis-

tinguishing already between the "spiritual or scientific" man and the "natural" man, as well as between matter, which he characterizes as "dense darkness," and "spirit," which he calls "light." He divides the world of "opinions," limited in its sphere, from the world of "Science," with no limits. A typical quotation from Quimby's own words at this period, that is, before the meeting between him and Mrs. Eddy took place, runs:

"This same Christ, whom you think is Jesus, is the same Christ that stands at the door of your dwelling or belief, knocking to come in and sit down with the child of Science that has been led astray by blind guides into the wilderness of darkness. Now wake from your sleep and see if your wisdom is not of this world. . . . To be born again is to unlearn your errors and embrace the truth of Christ: this is the new birth, and it cannot be learned except by desire for the truth, that Wisdom that can say to the winds of error and superstition 'Be still!' and they will obey.

"It is not a very easy thing to forsake every established opinion and become a persecuted man for this Truth's sake, for the benefit of the poor and sick."

The impressions derived by Mrs. Eddy herself from her personal contact with Quimby are set forth in her own words at the time and these words, as already noted, do not correspond with what she wrote years later in the authorized literature of the church she founded and ruled until her death.

In the year following her meeting with Quimby, she writes that "he stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth." Christ healed the sick, she adds, but not by jugglery or drugs and, comparing him with the founder of Christianity, she says of Quimby that "he heals as never man healed since Christ." Is not Quimby then, she inquires, "identified with truth and is not this the Christ which is in him?" We have her saying all this in 1862 or 1863, the former year being especially memorable in her spiritual growth for reasons set forth by herself with particular reference to what she had

learned from Quimby. That she was learning to heal in Quimby's way as late as 1864 is shown by her own statement in that year of her "pupilage" to him. She refers to him again as her "teacher." Two weeks after her fall on the ice in 1866—the exact date is heralded as the one upon which she discovered Christian Science—we have Mrs. Eddy referring in a Lynn, Massachusetts, newspaper to Quimby as one "who healed with the truth that Christ taught, in contradistinction to all isms." Here is the conclusion of the whole matter in the opinion of Doctor Dresser, who gives all these manuscripts to the world:

"There is no reason for believing that her attitude toward him changed in any way until sometime in 1872. He was to her the modern representative of the great saving truths taught by Jesus. He had developed the method by which those truths could once more be applied to the healing of the sick. Her own necessity had proved the efficacy of that method anew. There was no reason for any revelation. There was no reason for any kind of claim in her own behalf. Her revelation was simply this: that when hard pressed she too could demonstrate the wisdom and power of the Science which Quimby had taught. It always comes to a person with the force of a revelation when one realizes that it is within one's power actually to apply a line of teaching which hitherto has seemed so wonderful that apparently its discoverer is the only person who can demonstrate it. This proof of his teaching was precisely what Dr. Quimby hoped his followers would make. For, as we have noted, he himself made no special claims. He knew that his teaching, fundamentally speaking, was eternally true. He knew that it was all to be found in the Bible. What he had discovered was a new key to unlock supposed mysteries which had been kept from the world throughout the Christian centuries. Years of experience were required on Dr. Quimby's part to work out this Science and to prove its efficacy. Quimby's followers really demonstrated it for themselves only so far as they added to the great work wrought for them by Quimby the personal proof which experience must give. Mrs. Eddy's case was no exception."

GUARDING THE SECRETS OF CHEMICAL WARFARE

IT remains a sinister anomaly to the *British Medical Journal* (London) that while the Washington conference discussed control of preparations for war there should have been an apparent quickening of interest in chemical means of destruction. There is, it fears, a tacit conspiracy in the war departments of all governments to keep the secrets of chemical warfare and to make the most of them.

This policy of secrecy concerning gas warfare, it adds, resulted in a veil being drawn across the stage of war and only little by little is this veil lifted. Even when all the official histories are printed, it is not likely that the whole story will be told. We shall know only enough to study the great medical problems involved. Secrecy was a wise precaution when our defence against gas was inadequate and a necessity as regards our own preparations for using the same weapon. That it hampered medical treatment of the casualties and led to an unnecessary prolongation of convalescence is equally undoubted.

The first employment of poison gas was by means of cloud attacks. Chlorine and, later, a mixture of chlorine and bromide, was liberated from cylinders and carried down wind to the opposing lines. This method of attack was gradually replaced by gas shell, whereby a variety of poisons could be used, the direction of the wind could largely be ignored, and a very high concentration of gas could be obtained on a distant target. Phosgene and other toxic substances with a similar action—notably chloropicrin—were at first the usual filling for gas shells; but the introduction of “mustard gas” in July, 1917, marked the point when chemical warfare began to be a definite factor as regards the number of casualties. Up to that time gas warfare, tho harassing to troops from the need for constant vigilance, caused a proportionately small number of casualties; but after

mustard gas was freely used casualties increased enormously in numbers, and began to influence the problem of manpower very considerably.

The lethal gases or lung irritants, such as chlorine and phosgene, produced their main effects on the pulmonary alveoli. The second group was named the vesicants, of which mustard gas was the outstanding member. The third, consisting of the arsine preparations, was employed in the closing phase of the war and was the least effective weapon in the production of serious casualties, altho the effects were immediate and for a short time stupefying. The secrets of chemical warfare are so well kept, however, that about this last group of gases little has so far been published in accessible literature.

Mustard gas produces a chemical burn, affecting any portion of the body with which either the vapor or the fluid itself comes into contact. The effects are delayed; usually they commence six or eight hours after exposure. Then an acute inflammatory process begins, and this, if not checked, is followed by a bacterial invasion, the organisms common to the area affected multiplying on the pabulum of dead tissues provided and setting up their characteristic lesions. The eyes, the skin and the airway are all accessible to the direct action of this poison, and consequently suffer. Tho masks can save from respiratory or ocular troubles, the skin is in no way protected, and as mustard gas—a fluid with a high boiling point—can remain active on the ground for days, troops moving over a contaminated area will be exposed to the danger of burns for days after the shelling. Some individuals show a burn after an exposure of five seconds to air saturated with vapor, others show none after an exposure of five minutes, while among negroes 70 per cent. are resistant to a 1 per cent. solution.

There is little doubt that if the secrecy with which chemical warfare is now invested were done away with, the utility of the poison gases to a belligerent would be immensely reduced. As it is, there is a well defined suspicion that recent expenditures by certain governments upon what is so euphemistically called "science" are developments of chemical warfare for a future struggle that may exceed in barbarism all that has ever yet been recorded of poi-

son gas. A simple test will determine the matter. All chemistry under the patronage of governments should be under the rule the chancelleries affect to apply to China—that of the open door. The idea of a secret science is abhorrent to the spirit of the age and in the opinion of our contemporary it hampers the development of medicine. There is already too much reason to suspect that chemistry is being transformed into a system of militarist privilege.

THE BASIS OF IRRATIONAL FEARS

THE irrational fear is in most cases the expression of an unsuccessful attempt to evade the real fear. The problem is relegated to depths below our conscious self and is there dealt with on lines that we recognize as belonging to the mode of thought of the child or primitive man. Such is the view of Doctor F. A. Hampton, writing in London *Discovery*. Fear, he feels confident, with its accompanying instincts of flight and concealment, is primarily a self-protective measure called out by the presence or approach of danger. The attendant physical reactions, the quickened heart-beat, the deepened respirations, the sweating and the increased tension of the muscles are preparations for the activity of flight.

Yet there are fears in which there is nothing in the way of protective defense, for the exciting cause may contain no real element of danger. Hence the emotion evoked is altogether disproportionate to the cause. We are tempted to call such fears irrational. Nevertheless, if we examine them carefully, we find that, however odd they may seem, they are the result of a connected and logical train of thought. The logic may be childish and the sufferer may be unaware of the lines along which the fear is formulated. The dread appears as an isolated thing, inexplicable and mysterious. Poe has pointed out in one of his tales the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis—the consciousness of

one's superstition serves at times actually to increase the intensity of its emotional state. It is true that the intensification of the emotional state adds to the protective quality of the ensuing physical symptoms in the case of fears that are soundly based. But an increasing number of our fears seem to have no defensive qualities whatever, to be of no use to us. The fear of darkness has still a protective value among primitive tribes, liable to night raids from hostile neighbors, and who compete with the nocturnal carnivora. The man who wandered care-free in the dark was a type likely to be eliminated by natural selection. So the old mode of reaction lingers on, and we see in the monsters with which a child peoples the darkness an unconscious recollection of ancestral enemies.

The fear of open spaces is one which few normal people would admit, yet many of us, in crossing a wide, snow-covered field or a bare plain, may have caught in ourselves a tendency to glance backwards occasionally over our shoulder and felt a slight feeling of relief on reaching the "shelter" of the hedges and broken ground. And no one, in selecting a table in an empty or half-empty restaurant, hesitates to prefer one against the wall to one in the center of the room.

"If we analyze a little this uneasiness called out by open spaces, it resolves itself into a feeling of being unprotected, espe-

cially from behind, and perhaps it is not altogether fanciful to see ourselves reacting here as primitive man, with his relatively inferior powers of flight, would and does react when caught at a disadvantage in the open. In this situation there is probably a secondary factor in operation, for man is a gregarious animal and liable to an acute feeling of uneasiness when separated from the protection of the herd. In the choice of a 'sheltered' position for meals we have, perhaps, a faint relic of that feeling of shame that many primitive tribes still attach to the act of eating, a feeling probably derived from the fact that the animal when preoccupied with the physiological functions, such as nutrition, excretion and reproduction, is relatively defenceless, and for greater safety tends to carry them out in concealment."

The origin of the fear of heights seems almost to elude explanation. It has been referred somewhat fancifully to an instinct inherited from an arboreal ancestor. An origin has also been looked for in the fear of falling from the nurse's arms, a relatively tremendous height to a baby. The fear of heights is for the majority excited most keenly on the top of a tower. The feeling of fear is connected not only with the actual height, but also with the immensity and emptiness of surrounding space which evokes more than a hint of the terror of the infinite. For ninety-nine people out of a hundred there is, in an aeroplane, no fear of the sensation of height, unless it comes when alongside a bank of solid seeming clouds or flying low near tall buildings. This fear of heights is most intense and seems to afflict civilized man more than children or primitive races, so that we are tempted to associate it with a widely developed consciousness and to suspect that perhaps it reflects some inward sense of littleness and insecurity.

The classification of the processes by which an irrational fear may arise is necessarily artificial, for several may contribute to a given case as is shown by the following example:

"A young married woman developed rather suddenly an intolerable fear of be-

ing alone in a room. She could give no reason for it, except that she had been slightly nervous in a similar way as a child, after she had been frightened by an old man peering through the window. She said that she had no cause to be afraid of anything. On examining the fear more closely, she could only add that she felt as tho 'something would happen' to her if she continued to stay in the room. On being asked to let her mind go free and try to imagine what might happen to her, she produced slowly and with long pauses the following picture: 'I feel as tho the floor might open up. And now I see a square opening, lined with bricks; it is very deep and there is dark, muddy water at the bottom of it. (*Long pause.*) There is someone at the bottom who wants to pull me in. I can't see who it is. . . . Now I can see . . . it's M.' M. was a man with whom she had been on affectionate terms before her marriage; he had lately reappeared in her life, but she 'had tried to keep him out of her thoughts.' She had been warned that she would 'get into deep water' if she had anything to do with him.

"It took considerable time to analyze this vision, but eventually it was found that the brick lining and the water suggested a disused shaft of which she had been afraid as a child, for a small boy had been drowned in it, and his fate had been held up to her as a warning 'because he ought not to have gone there, but he had been tempted by the chestnuts that were lying about.' The fear of yielding to temptation (which implies a forbidden wish) and the resultant scandal and disaster were symbolized by falling or being dragged into the muddy well in which the little boy had been drowned—a little boy who, to her childish eyes, had been thus terribly punished for yielding to temptation. The localization of the fear in the closed room was determined partly by the reactivation of a childish fear and partly by the feeling of being 'hemmed in' that corresponded to the conditions of marriage hampering her freedom. She was afraid of being alone because only if alone with the man would she be in danger of that intimacy that she both desired and feared. The symptomatic fear disappeared in this case, as it often does, so soon as its meaning was realized."

THE AIRPLANE AS THE CONQUEROR OF THE INSECT

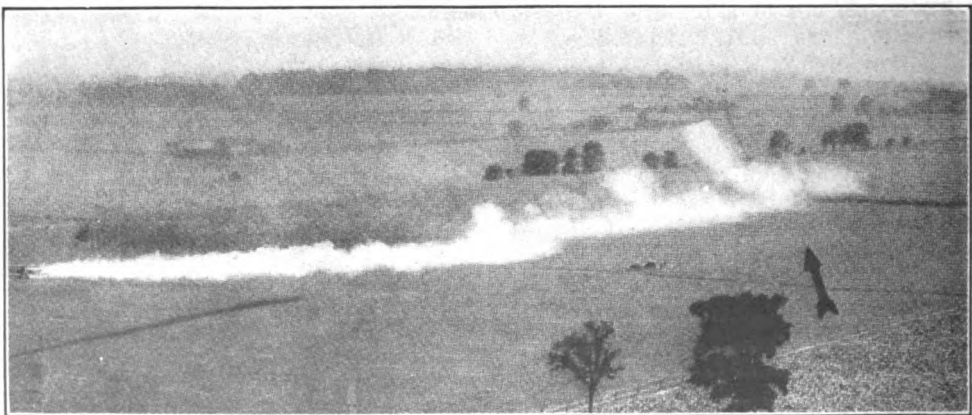
RECENT successful use of the flying machine in dusting tall trees infested with leaf-eating caterpillars makes it reasonably certain that the airplane will in the near future control if not exterminate forest insects. This is the confident opinion of C. R. Neillie and J. S. Houser, writing in the *National Geographic Magazine* in the light of experience gained during an outbreak of the Catalpa Sphinx at Troy, Ohio, not far from Dayton. This insect, in the adult stage, is a large night-flying moth which lays its eggs in pearly white masses on the leaves of the catalpa tree. The creature presented an insoluble problem to the economic entomologist until the airplane was requisitioned.

The eggs of the moth give rise within a few days to tiny larvae which feed upon the foliage and which, upon reaching maturity, are some three inches long. They then pass to the ground, burrow down and transform to the pupal stage. From these pupae emerge the adult moths, which proceed to lay their eggs for another brood of

destructive caterpillars. About a month is required for the stages from egg to moth. Last year there occurred in Ohio three full broods or crops of the caterpillars, each sufficiently plentiful to defoliate the grove in which they appeared. Some groves put out three full crops of foliage and each in turn was wholly consumed by the ravenous worms.

The work with the airplane was directed against the second brood of caterpillars. The plane used was a Curtiss J N 6, equipped with a hopper for carrying and liberating the poison powder. At the bottom was secured a sliding gate operated by a handle accessible to the observer in the plane.

Upon leaving the hopper the dust dropped into the "slip stream"—the violent air current set up by the revolving propeller—and was thrown into violent agitation in a dense white cloud which trailed out behind the moving plane as if the machine were on fire and belching white smoke. The catalpa grove in which the dusting was done lay on level ground and had been



From the *National Geographic Magazine*.

Photograph by Captain A. W. Stevens.

THE DUST CLOUD INVADING THE GROVE

A three-angled battle was waged for the control of the dust after the release of the poison powder from the airplane. Gravity tried to pull it down; the "booster currents" tried to toss it upward, and the surface stratum of air or wind blowing in the direction indicated by the arrow endeavored to carry it over and through the grove. The last named of the combatants won, for the entire grove was covered by the dust.

planted for the growing of post and pole timber. The poison was well applied between three and four o'clock on an August afternoon last year in almost ideal weather conditions. The plane flew at a speed of some eighty miles an hour. The dense cloud of poison dust was grasped by the wind and floated through and over the grove, covering the foliage in its passage. It was feared that the dust might all settle on the trees in the immediate neighborhood. To the surprise of the aviators and experts in charge, they noticed that little currents of air which they termed "booster currents" were rising in the grove. These had a tendency to toss the settling dust cloud upward, whereupon it would be "grasped" by the wind blowing parallel to the earth's surface and thus carried onward, even to and far beyond the far side of the grove. Not a tree could be found—and many were climbed and examined—whose leaves did not bear particles of the deadly poison, easily detected by the naked eye.

"On the morning following the application of the dust some of the caterpillars were dead and many were ailing. Forty-six hours after, the evidences of the wholesale destruction of the insects were everywhere apparent.

"Hanging on the branches and remnants of foliage, on fence posts and weeds; lying on the forest floor and secreted beneath its refuge were literally millions of the insects. Not a step could be taken without crushing numbers of them, some of which already had begun to putrefy."

Large sheets had been spread beneath the trees to record the dead caterpillars as they fell. On five square feet of one of the sheets 100 dead insects were counted. Not over 1 per cent. of the caterpillars remained alive on the trees, and the minute observations and notes by the experts who witnessed the test preclude the idea that the destruction of the insects could be attributed to any other agency than the poison.

BIOLOGICAL NECESSITY OF SAVAGERY IN CIVILIZED COMMUNITIES

A COMMON fallacy in the thinking of numerous theorists lies in ignoring the biological checks upon the development of virtue and intelligence. The individual who has achieved intellectual emancipation sometimes tends to judge society as a whole in terms properly applicable only to a few and to think that the evils of ignorance and superstition may eventually be cast off by everyone. Then, with reason at the helm of life, all will be well with mankind. Thus runs the argument.

The facts seem to indicate to Doctor Wesley Raymond Wells, of Colby College, who writes in the *Monist* (Chicago), that reason is relatively sterile in the biological sense and that it is incapable of propagating itself exten-

sively enough to become universal. The great intellects of history, the Platos, the Kants and the Newtons, have been childless. The intellectual and highly educated classes have always tended to be somewhat infertile. The population is, as a general rule, being constantly recruited most plentifully from the less intelligent portions of society. Wisdom is hard pressed to maintain itself biologically. In several ways, therefore, it is obvious that human nature itself limits the prospect of indefinite human progress.

Progress is limited also by inanimate nature. When theorists lay the blame for human suffering wholly upon the shoulders of certain "unjust" classes of society, or upon defects in the educational system, or upon some other social

imperfection, they are apt to assume erroneously that, if only justice among men prevailed, nothing would remain to mar the picture of perfect happiness. A truly biological view of human life corrects such an assumption.

"The most fundamental law of the animate world is one of prolific multiplication far beyond the capacity of the environment to supply food. This law applies to man no less than to the lower animals. Of course, through the proper application of science to nature, the physical needs of an enormous population can be supplied. I would not argue specifically, as Malthus did, that the needs of the increasing population for food are constantly exceeding the food supply; but I would point out that this is the universal tendency in the world of life below man, and I would apply the principle more broadly in the human sphere, not limiting it merely to the question of food, since 'man does not live by bread alone.'

"Is inanimate nature limitless in resources and capable of furnishing sometime a perfect home for a perfect society? Was the physical world made especially for man's benefit and enjoyment? Has mankind any inherent right to demand life and luxury from nature? From the biological view-point, the answer to all these questions is negative. Life seems like an intruder into the vast world of inanimate nature, which existed long before the appearance of life, and which will survive life's extinction. From the standpoint of the science, the physical universe is wholly indifferent to the vital needs of plants and animals. Living forms have simply thrust themselves into the cracks and crannies of nature, encroaching everywhere upon an alien world. Mankind is in no position of special privilege. Nature may yield an abundance to meet the needs of man, but only so far as man asserts himself in a ceaseless effort to get what he needs. It is a case of nature helping only those who help themselves. That human needs may all be completely satisfied some day from nature's storehouse is a proposition to be proved or disproved, but not to be assumed."

Instincts evolved in the jungle and tendencies bred in savagery constitute the fundamental material with which the sociologist must deal. If acquired

characteristics were hereditary, it would be possible for each generation to begin where the last left off, and to forge ahead rapidly. Many theories of rapid social progress assume unconsciously that this is possible. If the wholly educative effort of each generation might be expended in projecting the next generation forward, there would be no limit to the possibility of social advance. But a large part of the educative effort of each generation must be utilized in the never-ending process of bringing the new generation up from its original, primeval condition to the existing level of culture. Merely to maintain the present status of culture requires ceaseless effort, and relapse to the primitive is only too easy at any time and too rapid whenever it occurs. Each new generation begins, not at the stage of culture reached by the preceding generation, but at practically the same point at which the preceding generation started. Such a thing as a modern infant does not exist. An infant is no more modern or civilized in the twentieth century A. D. than was an infant in the twentieth century B. C. Moreover, each new generation has to begin as infants, not as adults.

Thus the social progress is possible, a real Golden Age is impossible because each new generation must begin anew. In addition to this necessity, says Dr. Wells, there is inherent in human nature another and more serious limitation upon progress: "I refer to the persistence in human nature through the force of heredity of traits and tendencies which smack so strongly of jungle and of savage life that their adaptation to civilized conditions can never be made perfect. The first check on social progress due to causes inherent in human nature is thus the failure of civilization to maintain itself through hereditary transmission, while the second check is of just the opposite sort—the too strong persistence through heredity of uncivilized traits which hark back to the primitive and which cause maladjustments in refined society in spite of the best efforts of education."

RAIN AS A MYSTERY

PROFESSOR W. J. HUMPHREYS, of the weather bureau, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, strange as it may seem, says it is difficult to explain the rain. The familiar explanation is that somehow the air is cooled until condensation occurs on the various nuclei present and that the larger of the droplets produced in this fashion fall to lower levels, thereby encountering many other particles and through coalescence with them growing into full-sized rain drops. The assumption always is that the larger of the droplets thus produced happen to be well up in the cloud.

This explanation, says Professor Humphreys, explains nothing. In the first place, there are so many nuclei present in the atmosphere—hundreds at least, and usually thousands to every cubic inch—that division of the condensed vapor between them leaves every one quite too minute to fall with any considerable velocity. Again, if a particle should fall in the manner supposed through a cloud even a mile thick and pick up everything in its path, it would still be a small drop. Rain is not formed in this simple manner.

The actual processes in the formation of rain are as follows:

1. For some reason, such as surface heating, a mountain in the wind's path, or convergence of different currents, the surface air is forced up to considerable heights. During this rise it gives up energy by expansion against the surrounding pressure and thereby cools.

2. As soon as the dew-point is passed, condensation begins on the innumerable nuclei present and a cloud is formed, the particles of which, being

heavier than equal volumes of air, slowly fall with reference to the atmosphere itself. That is, the rising current passes by the cloud particles to a greater or less extent however high they may be carried.

3. The lower cloud particles filter the air rising through them and thereby more or less clean it of dust motes and other nuclei. Hence the droplets formed in the rising air after this filtration grow much faster than they otherwise would.

4. Presently many of the larger droplets coalesce and become heavy enough to fall against the rising current.

A rising current that sustains cloud droplets until they have grown to falling size, and the automatic filtering of the ascending air by the cloud formed in it, thus appear to account for the formation of rain. Most of the drops, as they emerge from a cloud, are likely to have substantially the same size. This size is just sufficient to overcome the upward movement of the air in which they were formed.

Drops of the same size fall with the same speed and hence any two that happen to be close together are likely to remain so for a longer time than drops of unequal size and, falling side by side, the air tends to push them together just as passing boats are forced towards each other. The smallest drops—size 1, say—unite to form 2, and size 2 unite with each other to form size 4, and so on, doubling at each union. Hence we should expect more drops having the weights 1, 2, 4, 8 . . . than any intermediate values. This expectation has been fully verified by observations on all sorts of rains.

CAN A MAN BE HIS OWN PSYCHO-ANALYST IN SICKNESS?

PERSONS suffering from morbid dread or any form of hysterical instability should not attempt to cure themselves by self-analysis, but

there are innumerable minor disabilities that may be removed or mitigated by self-examination in the light of the principles of psycho-analysis. So says

Dr. R. H. Hingley, the psychologist of Edinburgh University.*

Such disabilities are lack of independence or its opposite, unwillingness to be advised, undue hesitation and vacillation, thoughtless impetuosity, obstinacy, procrastination, undue sensitiveness to the opinion of others, undue fear, reticence or self-disparagement.

It is not satisfactory to dismiss such things as mere habit or the effects of heredity. Heredity is probably as often an excuse as it is a cause. As for habit, its strength is commonly regarded as due to frequent repetition, but this is only partially true. For instance, a bank clerk who has worn the same type of collar for twenty years may not find it very difficult to substitute another style, but he simply dare not go to the office without a collar of some kind.

It is not merely the frequency of repetition that determines the strength of a habit, but the strength of the tendency which underlies it. In self-analysis, therefore, we must be on our guard against superficial explanations. It is not sufficient to explain our omission to do a certain thing by saying, "We forgot." We must ask "Why did we forget?" And to this question it is not sufficient to reply that we did not pay enough attention at the time that the engagement was made, or that we were overwhelmed with business when the time for keeping it arrived. We must go deeper still. Why did we not attend? Why did we manage to remember a dozen other things, of more trifling importance in spite of the demands that were being made upon us? And the answer is always that we were either not sufficiently interested, or there was something within us that made us want to forget.

The number and duration of physical disorders which may originate at the psychological level is endless. It includes many forms of asthma, hay fever, sore throat, difficult nasal breathing, stammering, headache, neurasthenia, backache, tender spine, weak heart,

faint attacks, spasmodic sneezing, hiccoughs, rapid respiration, gastro-intestinal disturbances, diabetes and even decay of the teeth.

What is called the "spirit" of the patient is an important factor that may be decisive in recovery. The patient may sincerely desire to be well but at the same time have unconscious tendencies to cling to his illness, perhaps because he enjoys the attention he gains by it or because it enables him to evade some demand that life is at the time making upon him. At one and the same moment it is possible for us to face a given problem in two contradictory ways. We may imagine that we are doing our utmost, but all the time secret fears and hidden desires may be dividing our strength. We may be sure that any task which requires constant renewal of resolution is not receiving our undivided attention. It is not until the task absorbs us by its own compelling interest—until all else is forgotten—that it is calling out our real best. It often happens that such an interest is elicited subsequently when by an effort of will we take up an uncongenial piece of work. The one way to succeed with a disagreeable task is to eliminate the secret fears and the hidden interests that distract and divide.

Some may suspect that all this introspection and analysis tend only to further division and weakness. The awful fate of Hamlet looms as a warning

"Introspection," says Dr. Hingley, "has its dangers. Persons of a brooding disposition, or unstable emotions, will be wise to avoid it unless under the guidance of a skilled analyst. We may compare a person beginning such a course to a man who, having learnt golf unaided and being dissatisfied with his progress, turns to an expert for instruction. The immediate effect is an apparent deterioration in his play. The effort to remember how he shall hold his head and his club and what he is to do with his feet, makes him forget to keep his eye on the ball. But if he perseveres in following the instructions the result is usually a vast improvement in his play.

* PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. By R. H. Hingley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

In the same way, 'the remedy,' says Tansley, 'for the evils brought upon man by his increased self-consciousness is, then, to increase it still further, but always in the light of objective knowledge.' There are two rules which the self-analyst should bear in mind. The first is—let your introspection be progressive. Do not 'stew' continually over your faults and failings, but find their causes. The second rule is—see that thought leads to action. In the early stages there should be no hurry about this, but if it does not eventually lead to a stronger, calmer and more effective attitude to the problems of life, it is because some tendency or group of tendencies has evaded discovery."

First of all, one should examine and interpret carefully a few of his own dreams. This will bring to light certain tendencies which are not obtaining full satisfaction in the waking life.

If the tendencies revealed can be satisfied without violation to the moral sense or within the means at one's disposal, well and good. If not, repression should not be attempted but rather what is called sublimation. The new object attained through sublimation—

going from a lower to a higher one—must stand in some definite relation to what is discarded. A low desire based on avarice or ambition of the purely selfish sort can be overcome by sublimation in the direction of art, literature, science, politics and so on.

The most important thing is for a man to find out by self-analysis the general nature of his attitude towards life. Is it cautious and timid? Is it rebellious or rash or cynical? Are you lacking in independence? Are you too reserved and inclined to "chew the cud" of your own grievances? What is your attitude to the opposite sex, is it hostile or scornful or painfully bashful? Do you love the "limelight"? Are you goaded by curiosity? Do you take a delight in reading about or seeing brutal displays, or are you unduly sensitive to anything that savors of cruelty, or are you inclined to pose as a martyr, the victim of an unjust fate? There is always a strong tendency to justify any attitude by attributing it entirely to the "facts" of life, and to refuse to admit that it is the way we regard the "facts" that is of supreme importance.

CAPTURING WILD BEASTS IN MALAY JUNGLES

ONE great danger in the Malay jungles, in the experience of that able circus man, Charles Mayer, comes from the leopards, both spotted and black. They lie along the limbs of trees and spring without warning. A tiger slinks away without making himself disagreeable when disturbed in the daytime, but a leopard almost always stands his ground and springs as one passes beneath him. A leopard can do more biting and scratching in one minute than a tiger can accomplish in three or four minutes.

A favorite method of capturing a wild beast in a Malay jungle is to use bird lime, which is a mucilage made

from the gum of a tree. In catching tigers or leopards, the hunter spreads out the bird lime where they will pass and then carefully covers it with leaves. Immediately after one of these wild animals has put his paw on the stuff he becomes so enraged and helpless that he is easily captured. It is very much like putting butter on a house-cat's paws to keep him busy until he gets accustomed to a new home. The tiger or leopard that steps in bird lime does not step gracefully out of it and run away. He tries to bite the stuff from his feet and then he gets it on his face. When he tries to rub it off he plasters it over his eyes. Finally, when he is

thoroly covered with it, he is so helpless that without much danger he can be put into a cage and there he spends weeks in working patiently to remove the gum from his fur. Birds and monkeys are captured in bird lime smeared on the limbs of trees. They stay in it until someone goes up and pulls them out.*

A way of capturing small monkeys is by means of a sweetened rag in a bottle. The bottle is covered with green rattan and tied to a tree. The monkey puts his hand through the neck and grabs the rag. He cannot pull his hand out while it is doubled up with the rag in it, and he hasn't sense enough to let go. There he sticks, fighting with the bottle, until the hunter comes along and, by pressing the nerves in his elbow, forces him to open his hand and leave the rag for the next monkey.

The most dangerous of all animals to capture in the jungle is, Mr. Mayer says, the seladang. In fact, he pronounces it the most dangerous animal on earth. It is the largest and fiercest of all wild cattle. Its sense of smell and its vision are keen and it charges with terrific speed. Except for one baby seladang that died before it reached a menagerie, not one has ever been captured alive. A number have been killed and mounted and are to be found in museums.

In meeting seladangs, we are told, a hunter needs all his skill and courage.

"They charge without an instant's warning, breaking through the jungle at incredible speed. Unlike most animals, they do not try to protect themselves by defensive methods, holding the charge until they are cornered; they are instantly on the offensive. The hunter becomes just as much hunted as his quarry; each tries to attack by surprise. It is vitally important in running down seladangs for the hunter to keep his feet clear of vines and creepers, so that he can be free to jump; and also to keep his eyes on a tree which will provide refuge in case he needs it.

The only possible way for a hunter to escape the direct charge of a seladang is to fall flat and let it run over him; its neck is so short that, when he is prostrate, it cannot reach him with its horns. Then, if the hoofs have not knocked him unconscious or broken his bones, he can jump up, before the seladang can check itself, and run for a tree. For the man once caught on the beast's horns there is no escape; it tosses a victim time after time and then tramples him."

Scarcely less difficult to capture is the orang-outang. This animal never travels on the ground when he can swing from tree to tree. Since there are very few open spaces in the jungle, he seldom reaches the ground except when he goes down to get something. He can swing incredible distances, hurtling through the air and catching branches with perfect accuracy. Orang-outangs usually live in colonies numbering from forty to sixty and the largest and most powerful is chief. They make their homes on platforms by breaking off limbs and putting them criss-cross.

An orang-outang in battle is ferocious. If it is treed and afraid to come down, it goes into a paroxysm of fury. It will bite its arms, tearing the flesh away and inflicting frightful wounds. If there are two of the animals, they bite and hug each other. An orang-outang that has been struck by an arrow can follow the natives in the trees or on the ground while the poison is taking effect. The only refuge from the frenzied creature is the smoke of a fire, and, when it is sufficiently enraged, even that will not stop it. The best chance lies in keeping it so harried that it does not know whom to attack; once it decides on a particular native, the native is as good as dead. The possibility of an orang-outang attack is a danger that all the men must be prepared to face, and the duty of engaging in an orang-outang hunt is no less important than that of making war.

* TRAPPING WILD ANIMALS IN MALAY JUNGLES. Charles Mayer. New York: Duffield and Company.

Perhaps the most terrible of all the strains to which the hunter in Malay jungles is subjected is the nervous one. There are a few frightful moments during which the bold adventurer feels sure that his hour has come. The hair of the hunter has been known to turn

gray from the shock of such ordeals. There are cases of hunters in the jungle going mad from the nightmare and physical agony of facing the monstrous serpent in the coils of which they were all but crushed or of having a limb bitten almost to a pulp.

AN AMERICAN CARDINAL ON VIVISECTION

HAVING been asked to give an opinion on the subject of vivisection, Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia, after noting his opposition to cruelty of whatever kind, and to any abuse of vivisection that might cause unnecessary pain, proceeded to give his sweeping endorsement of vivisection "in principle," as the diplomats would say, on the ground that man is made for the glory of God and the lower animals are made for the good of man.

As actually conducted for the advancement of medical research, vivisection seems to Cardinal Dougherty not only unobjectionable but praiseworthy. Since the invention of anesthetics, he points out, vivisection has become practically painless. Animals used for experimental purposes are well fed and well sheltered and in many respects better off than those in a state of nature or in subjection to work. They escape the rapacity of larger and fiercer animals, the ill usage of sport, the drudgery of toil, exposure to heat and cold of the seasons and the cruelties of keepers, drivers and exploiters.

According to the law of nature, adds the Cardinal, the lower species of creatures exist for the benefit of the higher. The clod of earth supports the plant. The vegetable kingdom supplies the wants of the animal. The brute animal and all other inferior things are for the good of man, who was made directly for the glory of God. Man, then, may use all inferior things for his own benefit.

We exterminate vermin and insects, observes the Cardinal further, and we exterminate roaches, mice, rats and serpents for the sake of health, cleanliness and comfort. The children in our schools are taught to combat the plague of flies as carriers of noxious microbes. We kill animals, fowls and fish for our food. Fishermen bait fish with live worms. The distinguished ecclesiastic concludes, according to the bulletin of the Society for the Protection of Scientific Research::

"If, then, to preserve or restore health, to prolong life, and even to seek pleasure, it is permissible to inflict pain and death upon inferior forms of animal life, why not the scientific man, for the common good, experiment on lower animals, especially when he takes every precaution against unwarranted infliction of pain by the use of anesthetics and by antiseptic methods?

"Animals themselves owe to vivisection a great debt. Epizootic diseases, like anthrax, swine-fever, chicken cholera, silkworm disease, cattle tuberculosis, which in the past caused untold suffering to animals and every year killed them by millions, have been brought under control by the experiments of vivisection.

"But man is the chief beneficiary. For it has been mainly owing to these experiments that great discoveries have taken place regarding the nervous system, bone growth, the blood, digestion, infections, serums, antitoxins and vaccinations; and without vivisection little or no progress would have been made in physiology, pathology, bacteriology and therapeutics.

"To forbid vivisection would be to hamper science, do a mischief to the human race and foster misplaced sympathy."

APPLYING THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL TEST TO OUR FICTION

"IF ambitious writers of fiction would give more of their attention to anthropology and less to psychoanalysis, they would cease from fumbling, expand their horizon and make valuable contributions to sociology." So Gertrude Atherton, the famous novelist, declares in an article in the *Bookman* entitled "The Alpine School of Fiction." She is thinking in racial terms when she uses this title, and she draws the significance of the word "Alpine" from a book that she describes as "remarkable, with its warning of tremendous import to civilization" — Madison Grant's "Passing of the Great Race." It is Mr. Grant's contention that the Alpine racial stock, which to-day occupies the great bulk of France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, the Balkans, Jugo-Slavia, Finland and Russia, and has contributed much material to the American melting-pot, is greatly inferior in quality to the Nordic strain, which exists in its greatest purity in the states or regions on the southern and eastern coasts of the Baltic, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, North Ireland, Scotland and England. The Nordics, anthropologically speaking, are "dolichocephalic," or long-headed; the Alpines are "brachycephalic," or round-headed. This country, Mrs. Atherton points out, was originally settled by Nordics: British, Hollanders and Huguenots. But after the Civil War there was a tremendous industrial impetus. "The Alpine round-heads and the scum of Mediterranea were imported in vast numbers, joyfully exported by their governments who even emptied the jails; and native American workingmen, declining to sink to the debased living standards that naturally ensued, ceased to produce large families." The consequence is that "the old Nordic-American stock is being rapidly bred out by the refuse of Europe."

The early literature of this country, Mrs. Atherton declares, was aristocratic. It was written by Nordics. (Fancy, she exclaims, a round-head writing "The Scarlet Letter"!) It continued to be written by aristocrats for many years. The "people" were not ignored, but over them was shed the light of the distinguished mind of the author.

All that has now changed. The great bulk of American fiction to-day, Mrs. Atherton asserts, is plebeian, and the cause is not far to seek. "With the enormous influx of European plebeians the poison of democracy began its deadly work. The sun of the *republic* started on its westward course. This heterogeneous mass was given the vote, its children were admitted to the public schools, heretofore sacred to Americans, and the Declaration of Independence was given a free interpretation never intended by its authors." The argument proceeds:

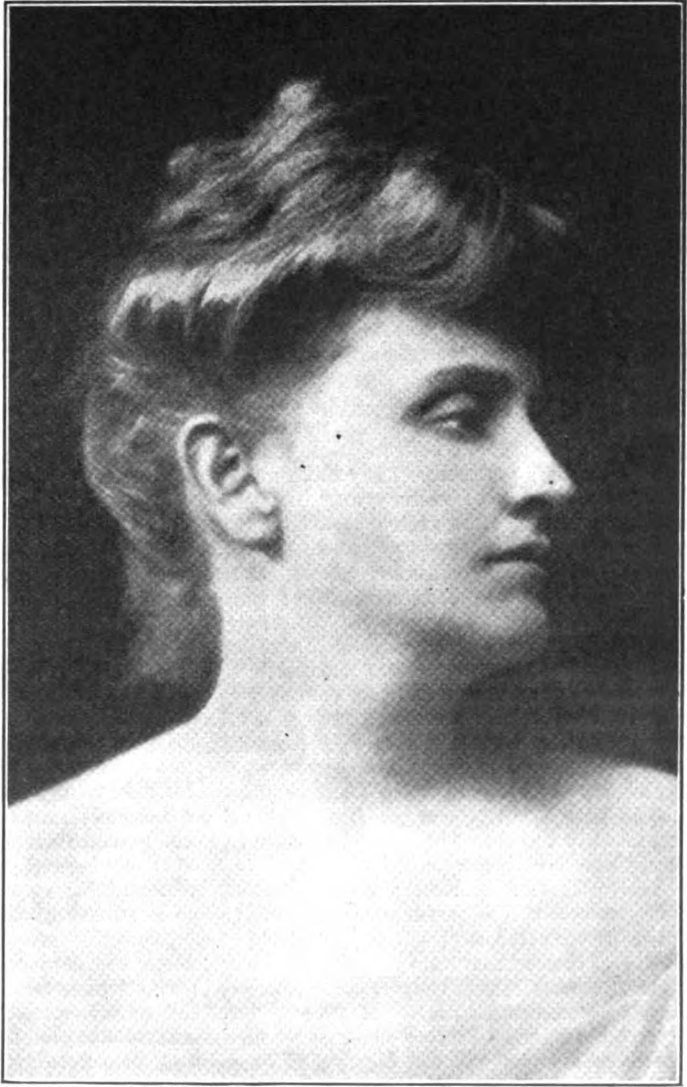
"The original American in mass may have been uncouth and unlettered but he was not common. To-day the great mass of the 'American people' who have prospered in a small way—to say nothing of those that have risen higher still—are commoner than anything the world has ever known. They are smug and dull and vulgar, their standard of manners must make a well-trained English servant feel himself a superior being. What they call idealism is cheap sentimentalism; reticence is unknown, or resented; those that fain would practise the pride they have read of and servilely admire, merely succeed in being 'stuck up,' and correspondingly ridiculous. If they encounter natural pride they experience an acute pain in their itching ego. Nor is this the worst. The tone of these groups, infinite in number, is forcing its way upward and altering the tone of society in every stratum it permeates. It threatens to become a sort of social flu which attacks high and low alike. This is the secret of the lowered tone of what was formerly called the best society, unjustly laid to the war. Society

like literature is suffering from the democratic flu. In losing its class pride, its aristocratic standard, it has lost its self-respect."

Mrs. Atherton is far from arguing for a fiction that shall deal only with people of exalted birth and position. Nothing, she says, would be more tiresome. She is only protesting against the deification of the common and vulgar. As an illustration, she asks us to compare the stories of Mary Wilkins, who began her career some thirty-five years ago, with the "small town" fiction of to-day. "Were it not for Booth Tarkington," Mrs. Atherton tells us, "the world would be forced to the conclusion that there was not an American of the old stock left in the Middle West. No one has ever questioned the truth of Tarkington's characters and scene; and yet he gives his people precisely the same setting beloved of the naturalistic school. But he is, I will venture to say, an undiluted—and uncorrupted!—Nordic."

The Alpine influence in American letters, we are told further, has never been so signally illustrated as in the large and increasing number of mid-western novels that have won so remarkable a notoriety during the last year and a half. "Every

character in them all is a round-head, brachycephalic, Alpine. Not a real American could be found among them with the aid of a magnifying glass." The authors of these novels may be entitled to praise for reacting against the sickly sentimentalism of a far more popular school of fiction. But they swung too far in the opposite direc-



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

THE CHAMPION OF THE NORDIC

Our civilization, Gertrude Atherton thinks, is in danger of being swamped by the Alpine and other inferior racial strains. What our young novelists need, she says, is a recognition of this fact.

tion. "In their breathless hunt for the obverse of lollypops they discovered only tadpoles."

Mrs. Atherton instances Henry Aikman's "Zell," in which the hero and his sister are portrayed as intelligent, ambitious and dissatisfied, but as utterly lacking in initiative. Altho bred in a climate favorable to Nordics, they act like southern "crackers." In "Main Street" Mrs. Atherton finds the same sort of weakness:

"Sinclair Lewis missed a great opportunity. If he had read, with the intelligence that is his, 'The Passing of the Great Race' (published first in 1916), he would have made a notable contribution to American letters, not a passing sensation. Instead of confining his attention and his formidable industry to brachycephali, he would have gone into training for mastery in fiction by portraying the struggle of the Nordic to survive the Alpine inundation. He has been taken to task for portraying only the 'bad' and ignoring the 'good' in his 'typical' little community. But that is far from the point. The Nordics are no angels. When nature so richly endowed them she omitted perfection from their make-up. They have made the great dramas of history and in them they have played the great dramatic rôles, but they have shown all the ruthlessness of their mighty gifts and a considerable number of weaknesses to boot. Nevertheless, those that are periodically invigorated by the rigors of a northern winter will continue, unless exterminated, to prove their preeminence of race (heredity) over environment, no matter how choked that environment may be with round-heads; preserve their adventurous and dominating spirit, cultivate their minds, and, in this country, not yield an iota of their Americanism. The more pessimistic the author the more careful he should be to recognize the Nordic element in his scene, however his perturbed spirit may crowd it with Alpines. Then, whatever his pessimism, inevitably the Nordics would force his hand; even if he revenged himself by making villains of them. To raise round-heads—forever doomed by nature to inferiority—to the dignity of predominance, shows not only a total lack of values and a blindness of one eye but some weakness in the author's own Americanism."

Charles Norris, in all the portentous length of "Brass," does not introduce one Nordic, and Mr. Dos Passos, in his story "Three Soldiers," ignores this predominant class as if it were non-existent. His three characters, as Mrs. Atherton sees them, were plain American scum. "Their ignorance was abysmal. They had inherited nothing from the past but a determination to survive with the least possible effort and risk, and were as little capable of enduring discipline as of administering it. There was not a ray of intelligence nor an ideal among them." The article concludes:

"It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Dos Passos nor to his admirers that if his book had been a truthful picture of our army we should be German subjects to-day. However, judging from his name, it is possible that his bias is a matter of complexion and that if he ever heard of the Nordic race he honors it with a resentful hatred. At all events we have the antidote in 'The Wasted Generation.'

"Will not our 'younger school,' having worked off the bitterness of their reactions to sentimental and optimistic fiction and to the war, give the Nordics a chance?"

On all of which Donald Adams, in the New York *Herald*, makes the comment: "We find it difficult to believe that human nature is largely a matter of the cephalic index. There have been some pretty good novelists who struggled along rather ignorant, we are afraid, of the terms brachycephalic and dolichocephalic." Mr. Adams continues:

"But we do not wish to obscure Mrs. Atherton's indictment of the new realists by attempting to confound her on an anthropological basis. It is much more pleasant for us to conceive of the Nordics as a superior race. . . .

"Besides, we are with her absolutely when she deplores the sort of human material which is being used so lavishly by the middle-western realists. These characters may be broad-skulled or not, but they are certainly poor stuff. We are out of all patience with their feverish self-questioning, and their habitual surrender to the environment in which they are cast, after much mouthing against it."

SHELLEY'S DOCTRINE OF LOVE AND THE HUMAN FUTURE

WHEN we think of the poet Shelley's glowing dreams of human brotherhood and compare them with the actual state of the world at the present time, it seems extravagant to say, as Charles Wharton Stork says in the *New York Times*, that "no other English poet has voiced the spirit of the present age with the prophetic insight of Shelley." It may be true, however, as Mr. Stork goes on to say, that the partial fulfilment of Shelley's vision offers "our most hopeful augury of the future," and if so it behooves us all to acquaint ourselves with the meaning of that vision. The commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Shelley's death affords the opportunity. An excellent account of the faith of Shelley has just appeared in a book* written by Archibald T. Strong, Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Melbourne.

The first impression that we get from this book is a sense of the depth of Shelley's mind. He was only thirty years old when he died, but he grew, in the last eleven years of his life, from an infant to a giant. He has been hailed by rationalists as an atheist, by transcendentalists as a Platonic idealist, by Socialists as a practical reformer, and by mystics as the greatest of modern symbolists. He was all and more than his admirers have claimed, and his supreme achievement, according to Professor Strong, was the anticipation of a new human faculty in the making—a faculty by means of which "each man will literally feel his neighbor's suffering and joy as his own."

The early thinking of Shelley was dominated by William Godwin, author of "Political Justice" and apostle of reason. It was Godwin's idea that all the actions of men are conditioned by necessity, and that if perfection of environment could once be realized, man

too would automatically become perfect. This idea is expressed in "Queen Mab" and other of Shelley's early poems, but soon came into conflict with his mystical impulse. His letters to Elizabeth Hitchener—our most important documents as to his faith at this period—are full of inconsistencies. At one moment he is saying that reason is his substitute for God and that he rejects Christianity because it does not rest on reason. A little later he is saying of his faith in immortality: "Reason tells me that death is the boundary of the life of man, and yet I feel, I believe, the direct contrary. The senses are the only inlets of knowledge, and there is an inward sense that has persuaded me of this."

Shelley's conflict between Godwinism and mysticism soon passes into a kind of Platonism. His doctrine now is that the one and all-pervading element back of the appearance of things is "soul," pure in her nature, soiled by earth, but still capable of regaining her perfection. Toward the end of "Queen Mab" and of its revised version, "The Dæmon of the World," this doctrine finds memorable expression. At the beginning of "Alastor" there is a passage that has almost the thought and cadence of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," tho it is significant, Professor Strong points out, of Shelley's genius that he reaches universal spirit not through nature watched and wooed in the simpler and more elemental aspects known to Wordsworth, but through the weird midnight communings of his soul with her, through incommunicable dream, through twilight phantasms and deep noonday thought, till he can say:

serenely now
And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy presence, Great Parent, that my
strain

* THREE STUDIES IN SHELLEY. By Archibald T. Strong, M.A., Litt.D. Oxford University Press.

May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forests and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven
hymns

Of night and day, and the deep heart of
man.

In his divided allegiance to nature and to his own imagination, Shelley, here, as often, is midway between Wordsworth, who saw all things through nature's teaching, and William Blake, who turned back for inspiration to the imaginings of his own soul and wrote that "natural objects always did, and do now, weaken, deaden and obliterate imagination in me."

Before he has finished "The Revolt of Islam," Shelley is thinking of the

soul of the world not as blind necessity but as a world-force that is beneficent and strives toward perfection. In "Prometheus Unbound" he takes a further step and dissociates love, and love alone, from determinism, from the sway of "fate, time, occasion, chance and change." In "Adonais" love is not merely exempt from the sway of such a force, but has actually superseded it, and has itself become the moving spirit of existence:

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,

That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining
Love

Which through the web of being
blindly wove

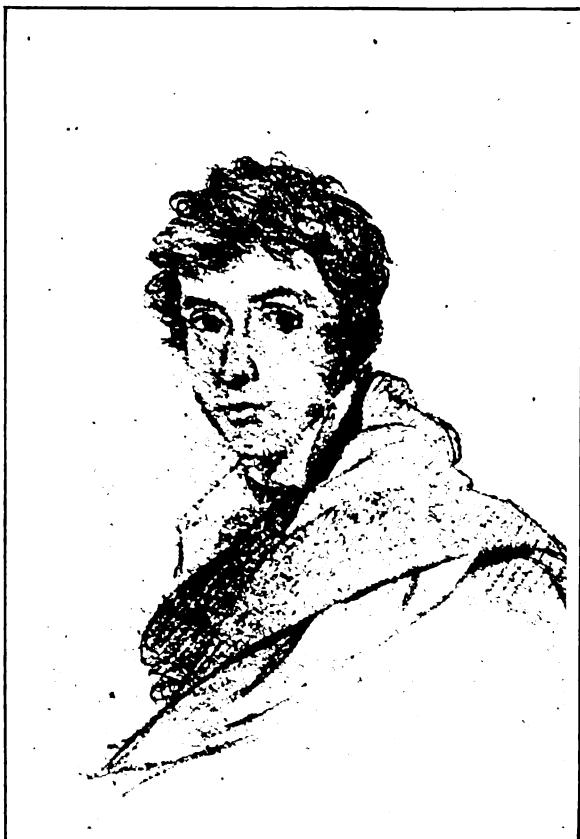
By man and beast and earth and
air and sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are
mirrors of

The fire for which all thirst.

Shelley's abandonment of the doctrine of necessity, and his insistence on the omnipotence of love, was closely bound up with his conception of human perfectibility. He followed here the Platonic idea that the principle of good *already exists* in the nature of things, and must somehow be recaptured. But how? it is sure to be asked, and the answer appears in the following passage in Professor Strong's book:

"The new order is to be achieved by some process far more elemental and compulsive than syllogistic reasoning. Perhaps the best word to explain this process, as it is described in the sequence of Shelley's longer poems, would be conversion—conversion having in it a more profound and ecstatic quality than the mere Platonic turning of the eyes to the light—conversion operating not, as



SHELLEY DRAWN BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST

This pencil-sketch of Shelley, made only a few weeks before his tragic death, is the work of an American artist, William Edward West, who visited Byron and the Shelleys in Italy. It was first reproduced in the *Century Magazine*, and is owned by Mrs. John Dunn, of Nashville, Tennessee.



From a painting by Louis Edouard Fournier in the Liverpool Art Gallery.

THE BURNING OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF SHELLEY AT VIAREGGIO

Shelley and his friend Williams were drowned in 1822 in the Bay of Spezia as they returned from a visit to Byron. In the picture, Byron, Trelawny and Leigh Hunt are shown standing by the funeral pyre; the Countess Guiccioli kneels behind them. "You can have no idea," Byron wrote to Thomas Moore, "what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolated shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except the heart."

in certain religions, for the negation of passion, but through its aid and for its sublimer affirmation. This conversion was to be achieved, not through the preaching of olden morality nor yet through the mere acquisition of modern knowledge, but through the birth in universal humanity of a new sense. This sense would bring with it utter charity and truth and understanding; and it would do this by making each one feel himself a participant in a unity comprizing all humankind and all creation, a unity which must be injured in all its parts by injury or injustice done to any one of its members, till, if we may so put the matter, a man might be withheld from transgression against his neighbor by the thought,

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?"

The doctrine of evolution formulated since Shelley's death may be said to support the reasonableness of his prophecy. It has made us familiar not

only with the idea of the development of lower to higher through ordered and distinct stages, but also with the idea of the appearance of new faculties. Professor Strong continues:

"If it be true, as Shelley thought, that love is the highest and strongest thing in the human soul, if it be through love that soul is to reach its highest development, may we not justly conjecture the mode of that development from the pattern of the past?"

"The evolution of life has in certain of its past stages resulted in the birth of new faculties differing utterly and in kind from the old: does not the hope of the future lie in the belief that there, too, there will be a similar birth? And if the progress of the race be ethical, if it make for the fuller development of man's moral power and worth, for an immensely heightened faculty of his love and sympathy, is there not likelihood of a generic change in his nature, to be effected through these causes and for this end?"

THE LONELINESS OF THE MODERN MAN

IN all ages there have been men who longed to be out of the turmoil and strain of the world, who saw or thought they saw in solitude a source of peace and content not attainable in the many-sided complexities of social life. The bliss of this voluntary isolation is not the theme of the German philosopher, Professor Paul Sickel, writing in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* (Berlin).

He deals only with that form of loneliness which has nothing to do with the peculiar psychic or social situation of the individual but is rather a characteristic of contemporary civilization and not by any means a purely personal malady. The loneliness he has in mind springs from a painful sense of separation from those with whom one had a right to feel a sense of intellectual or spiritual kinship, whether they be members of a particular group, or whether we have in mind the whole of humanity or the world or even God!—a sentiment wholly unconnected with the peculiar psychic or social situation of the individual. The feeling is one of homelessness of the soul, of being an alien in the sphere wherein one belongs.

There is evidence enough in modern literature to show that contemporary man is more afflicted with this loneliness than were former generations. In former centuries we find expressions of a yearning for solitude, especially during the age of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Since about the middle of the nineteenth century there are echoes, often repeated, of the complaint that men are sundered and kept apart by an abyss that cannot be bridged. The very men who seem to us to be peculiarly modern seem to have suffered from the keenest form of this anguish. Perhaps the first bitter complaint of this loneliness in modern man finds utterance in the great dramatist Hebbel. No doubt his exclusive nature and the unusual course of his career afforded facilities for the

development of his peculiar loneliness of soul. Here he is an example of a general rule that only in natures capable of expressing it does the mood of a generation find utterance. Hebbel says, in words of universal application: "To live is to be alone," and again: "The last result of creation is a shudder at one's solitude."

The theme of the woman misunderstood, elaborated by Hebbel in his "Herod and Mariamne," is developed by Ibsen in his *Nora*, his *Hedda Gabler*. In Hauptmann's "Lonely Mortals" we have the theme of the misunderstood man. In the novel of to-day we have the theme of the misunderstood child. Here and everywhere in present-day literature we encounter men and women who find themselves alone and misunderstood in their normal environment. That literature which distinguishes itself as the very latest presents ever so many aspects of the solitude of the human soul. The observation applies with peculiar force to the newer poetry of Europe. The lament is ever the same. The loneliness is the result of a consciousness of separation from kindred souls, from natures by which we have a right to be understood.

Nietzsche goes even deeper than this. One ego confronts another as a total stranger. Solitude is to him a positive unity of the spirit. Nietzsche goes to the very root of the feeling of solitude in man. He finds it in the unequalled individuality of the one most conscious of it. In each of us or in most of us it is the final inexpressible unity of oneness that cannot be shared or imparted. From this innermost, irrational essence of our being no bridge extends outward to another soul, however near to us that other may be. Insofar as a man is an independent entity he is a solitary. Consciousness of this may be more or less acute. That we men of to-day feel this loneliness of human destiny with peculiar intensity is a result of modern individualism.

Since the close of the middle ages men have striven more and more to free themselves from spiritual and economic restraints, to achieve personal independence. To be a single self, unhampered by conditions, has been the aspiration of the western European soul. If this impulse finds no impediment we must all become in the end absolutely isolated individuals. Individualism has already worked out in such things as industrialism, political economy of the Manchester school, careerism, as well as in the social and psychical relations of men. The men of an older time were peculiarly of their community, of their brotherhood, of their guild, their commune. The dominant type to-day is the competitive man, who can rule himself. We are all in a competition which has severed the spiritual bonds by which our forefathers were united. Men seem everywhere to have sunk to the level of mere factors in an economic competition. The spiritual forces seem overwhelmed. There is a community of material interests but no community of souls, for we must not suppose that discussion of such themes as ethics and spiritualism in the modern style implies any mitigation of the universal loneliness. In place of the friends of the heart so familiar in older times we have nowadays only social friends. The modern society man or business man, assuming that he has a soul in any proper sense, is inwardly the most solitary mortal conceivable. It is this very intensification of individualism which, as a result of action and counteraction, has called socialism into being, altho we must not assume with the socialist that his Marxian economics can afford any relief from the spiritual malady of the age.

Whatever we may mean by the word, the fact remains that socialism is an economic movement and hence inadequate to the conquest of the spiritual solitude of the individual. Paradoxical as it may seem, the socializing tendency in economics has intensified the loneliness of modern man. Love for one's neighbor, love for humanity, cannot be

organized according to the collectivist formulas of the socialist. They would render the universal solitude within the soul more positive than we feel it now. Socialism, being economic, cannot rescue men from a malady that is psychical. The men of our time may be ever so "social." That makes them experience their malady only the more intensely. They would love and they can not. They would believe in the worth of humanity and they dare not.

Let it not be inferred that the loneliness of man in this age is restricted to those spheres known as "social." It is felt most profoundly in the ethical and religious life of this generation. Such is the outcome of the gospel of self-expression, of the injunction of both Ibsen and Nietzsche: "Be yourself! Obey your individual law! Go your own way, the way you alone can go and must go!" In accordance with these behests, a strong sense of personal responsibility and great moral strength can be blended into a great character, but the individual still stands alone with his destiny. His way is solitary. He is without real companions.

One last refuge seems available—communion with God. That intimately personal, inexpressible something in his soul that separates one individual from every other can be confided to God. Hence religion seems to afford the ultimate escape from absolute loneliness. Religion cannot be limited to a mere relation of the individual soul with God, for it points to a fellowship in which we are all his children. One of the deepest psychological bases for the origin and duration of the churches is this need of the individual not to stand alone at the crisis of his destiny, whenever it comes. Therefore we need not wonder if this tendency emphasizes the purely individual relation of the soul with "its" God. We have accordingly the individual religion, which rejects all community with another soul and is the essence of that Protestantism which is such a contradiction to the spiritual fellowship of Catholicism. Such a purely private religious relation with God must in the

end negative itself, seeing that religion is essentially a comprehensive thing, transcending the purely personal altogether. For the religious man, indeed, there is a last stage of loneliness, the feeling that one has been abandoned by God. The words of Christ on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" are the expression of the most frightful sense of loneliness that ever was experienced upon this earth. In this supreme anxiety, the last support seems to collapse. The soul finds itself entirely alone, encompassed by grim vacuity.

A feeling that may be compared with this, however remotely, was experienced by thousands upon thousands of men during the late war, men to whom it had been unknown before. In the terrible moment of battle on the field of slaughter, when the soul, feeling itself abandoned by God and man, confronting an unspeakable, nameless, superior force, which can only vaguely be referred to in such terms as destiny, death, doom, altho it can be termed God, comes the realization of a thing incomprehensible, to which no word of mortal origin is adequate. Certainly

the world war brought to the German people and doubtless to other nations a feeling of separation, of solitude, of loneliness—"the isolation of Germany" ran the official phrase, but Germany was no more isolated than any other land, no more the victim of the world malady which had its origin in the loneliness of the modern man, spiritual child of Ibsen, of Nietzsche. Solitude is, affirms Professor Sickel, still the universal mood of life, not rising to the level of the conscious in many of us, yet influencing profoundly their social relations and their outward deportment. A life shut in spiritually and led apart seems to the majority to be not only inevitable but a matter of course. The agony of loneliness is experienced only by him whose natural feelings are not stifled by the conventional forms of civilization, but we all get twinges of it at intervals. We have all good reason to understand what Hebbel meant in saying that love is frozen, the breath of God turned to ice, and it is not certain that after this longwinterspring is coming. All that is certain is that the loneliness of modern man requires a fundamental error in his whole attitude to life.

O. HENRY'S LETTERS TO MABEL WAGNALLS

ADMIRERS of O. Henry will be interested in a little book entitled "Letters to Lithopolis," which has just been published in a limited edition by Doubleday, Page & Company. It consists of nine letters written by America's most popular short-story writer to Miss Mabel Wagnalls, now Mabel Wagnalls Jones, author, pianist and daughter of Adam Willis Wagnalls, president of the Funk & Wagnalls Company. The correspondence started in June, 1903, and ended in October, 1907, and is accompanied by a preface and by explanatory introductions.

Miss Wagnalls was long under the impression that "O. Henry" was the ac-

tual name of the writer whose stories strongly appealed to her. She had had a great-grandmother named Henry, and, as her interest in O. Henry grew, she began to cherish the hope that he might be connected in some way with her family. So she wrote a letter to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* asking whether he was man, woman or wraith, and, in the interval between the dispatch of the letter and the receipt of the reply, she went on an annual visit to her grandmother's home in the little town of Lithopolis, Ohio.

O. Henry answered the letter, and Miss Wagnalls makes much of the fact that she received the answer in Lithopolis. The very name Lithopolis sug-

gests mystery. It helped to unloose O. Henry's imagination and appealed to his sense of humor. It inspired him to make a picture in which we can see a cow and a barnyard rooster disporting themselves in front of a church, while a lady chisels an inscription on a neighboring gravestone.

"I'm glad to be able to tell you," he writes in the first letter, "that I am a man, and neither a woman nor a wraith. Still I couldn't exactly tell you why I'm glad, for there isn't anything nicer than a woman; and I have often thought, on certain occasions, that to be a wraith would be jolly and convenient." He continues:

"When you were looking for 'O. Henry' between the red covers of 'Who's Who' I was probably between two gray saddle blankets on a Texas prairie listening to the moonlight sonata of the coyotes.

"Since you have been so good as to speak nicely of my poor wares I will set down my autobiography. Here goes!

"Texas cowboy. Lazy. Thought writing stories might be easier than 'busting' broncos. Came to New York one year ago to earn bread, butter, jam and possibly asparagus that way. Last week loaned an editor \$20.

"Please pardon the intrusion of finances, but I regard the transaction as an imperishable bay. Very few story writers have done that. Not many of them have the money. By the time they get it they know better.

"I think that is all that is of interest. I don't like to talk about literature. Did you notice that teentsy-weentsy little 'I'? That's the way I spell it. I have much more respect for a man who brands cattle than for one who writes pieces for the printer. Don't you? It doesn't seem quite like a man's work. But, then, it's quite often a man's work to collect a cheque from some publications."

O. Henry goes on to say that "in Texas the folks freeze to you," while "in New York they freeze you." He is evidently rather lonely, and Miss Wagnalls is soon planning to put him in touch with the right sort of friends. She sends him a card of introduction to her old friend Dr. E. J. Wheeler, "pioneer and pilot" of the Poetry So-

ciety, former editor of the *Literary Digest*, and present editor of *CURRENT OPINION*. But O. Henry is too shy to present the card, and his next communication to Miss Wagnalls is embellished by a comic drawing of an editor who is showing his teeth while he presses a bell that summons a muscular "bouncer" to eject O. Henry. "Thank you very much," is the way he puts it, "for your card of introduction to Mr. Wheeler, altho I haven't allowed myself the pleasure of calling upon him."

"You neglected to inform me whether his office is in the second story or the sixth, and I'm shy about bearding absent-minded editors who live too high above the sidewalk. From long practice I am able to land safely out of a second-story window, but when I scrape an acquaintance I don't want it to be a sky-scraper. I have a gifted imagination in some things—here's my idea of Mr. Wheeler from your description. It represents him in the act of trying not to forget to ring the bell when people call on him who do not write articles on 'Social Inconsistencies of Compound Hypermatrophic Astigmatism.'"

Several of the letters contain references to Mabel Wagnalls' musical books and enthusiasms, and one indicts the "duplicity" revealed by a circular of press notices in regard to her concert work:

"I read with much interest the little collection of press notices that you enclosed. Besides a lot of other things it tells me the old story of woman's duplicity. I thought of you as a simple Manhattan maiden in Lithopolis killing caterpillars in a white Leghorn hat (not killing 'em in the hat) while you plucked daffodils and related to an admiring peasantry the glories of the Eden Musée & Macy's Store. And then, without a moment's warning, you hurl at me the information that fame is yours—the real stuff with laurel trimmings and bay insertion—that your grosses entwicklungsfähiges talent made 'em sit up & take notice in Berlin, and the Schülerleistung knocked 'em cold in Plattsburg, N. Y.

"But, really, I do realize what a success you have made, and I congratulates you most heartily, altho you've made me

feel quite small and unimportant. Oh, what an exquisite, rippling allegro, staccato little 'jolly' you have been giving me! Telling me nice things about my poor little stories, when all the time you were getting bouquets in Berlin and 'bravas' in Binghampton and curtain calls in Conewago and—well, I'm real mad—so, there!

"I will try to forgive you for trapping me so neatly by asking me so demurely and offhandishly if I was interested in music. I was sure that you were going to say next time that you and your school chum had arranged 'Hiawatha' for a duet, and that you could play the 'Battle of Prague' with your wrists crossed—and then comes this D minor concerto opus 47 news and strikes me right between the eyes. I have taken the full count. I do not know a concerto or a legato from a perfecto or a tomato, but I can recognize success, and if you will please listen carefully you will hear some handclapping 'way up in the peanut gallery—and that'll be me."

Naturally the acquaintance was kept up when Miss Wagnalls returned to New York City. In a charming preface we get a clear glimpse or two of O. Henry. He left upon Miss Wagnalls the memory of a quiet, serious, hard-working author, but one who had slight regard for the author-craft.

"He was sincere in his statement of belief that 'writing pieces for the printer isn't a man's work.' His idea of a man's work was to get out in the world and establish a great business—as John Wanamaker did. Several times I heard him speak with profound admiration of this merchant prince, whom he had never met. Equally sincere, I have good reason to believe, was his expressed indifference to music; he never asked me to play. I served tea and cakes when he called and we talked casually on any subject under the moon. I told him how his first letter reached me when I was up in an attic trying to imagine myself a poor, starving poet. I can hear yet his prompt and serious reply:

"That is something you cannot imagine. No one who has not known it can imagine the misery of poverty."

Miss Wagnalls and her mother went to Europe soon after and never again

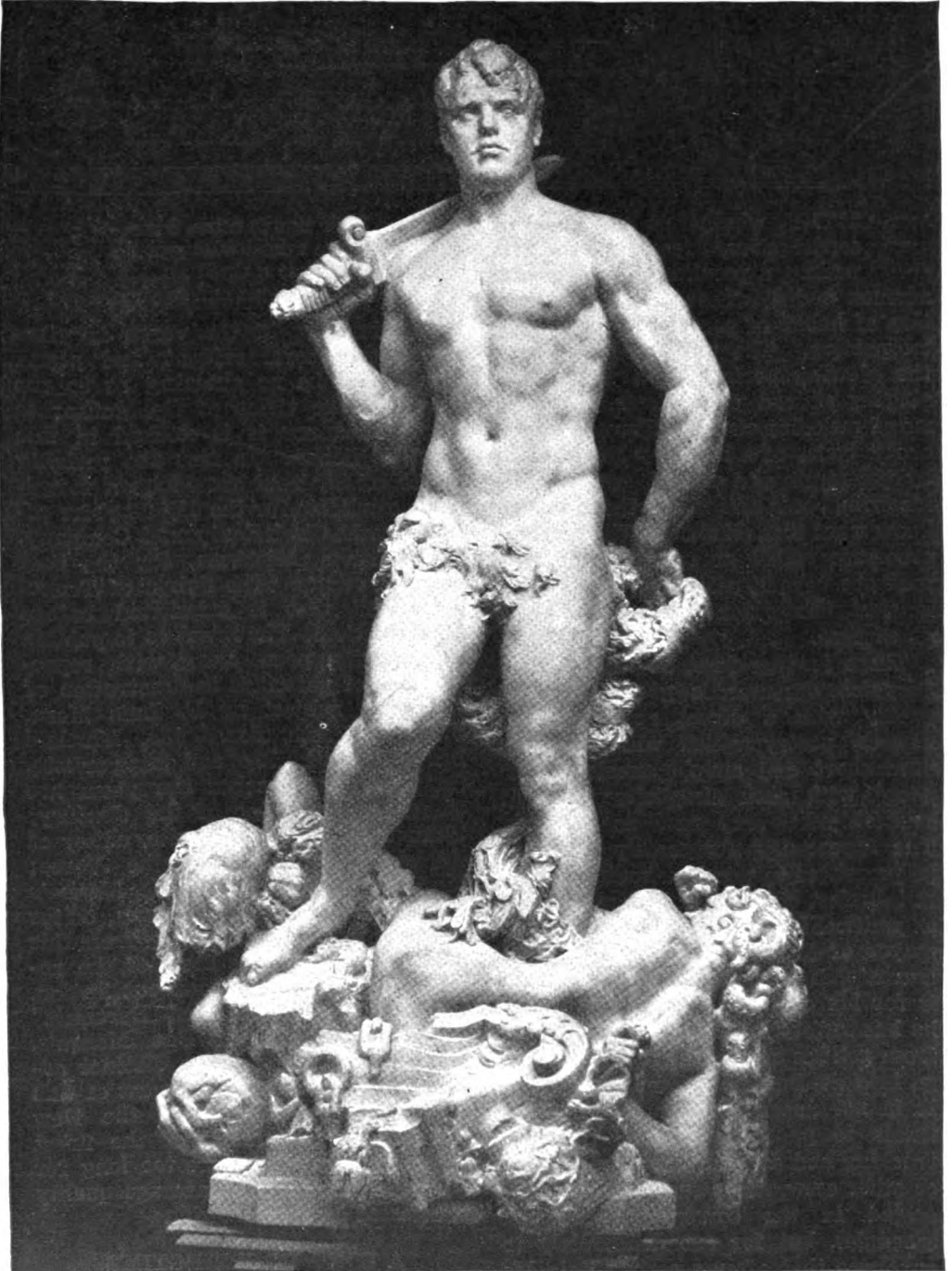
saw O. Henry. In an inscription on the fly-leaf of a book sent to her in Europe, Miss Wagnalls found him speaking of himself as "a trivial stranger," and the phrase seems to her to describe him accurately. "To life itself and to the whole world he carried the air of a trivial stranger." Even in death the same impression of him prevailed. She saw in the newspaper, after returning to New York, the notice of his death, and she and her mother went to the funeral services.

"We supposed there would be a large crowd; probably cards of admission would be required. We had none, but we went, intending to stand on the curb, if need be, to pay our last deference to one of America's Immortals. But no crowd edged the curb; we saw a few carriages and a small group at the door that somehow was far from funereal in appearance. On entering the vestibule we were accosted with a question. So certain were we it must be a request for a card that for a moment we were uncomprehending—and good reason there was for our dismay. We had heard the strangest question ever worded, I believe, at chancel door since the cross of Christ stood over it:

"Have you come for the wedding or the funeral?"

"Somehow it was a phrase that stabbed to the heart, tho we soon understood, of course, that a mistake had been made in the time set for the two ceremonies. The wedding party was already there, but it was decided to hold the funeral first. So a few of us—astonishingly few, unbelievably few—sat forward in the dim nave, while a brief—a very brief—little service was read over the still form of one whose tireless hand had penned pages of truth, humor and philosophy that will live as long as the foundation stones of our Hall of Fame will endure.

"One felt a hurried pulse through all the service, and as the cortège passed out a flower or two fell from the casket and we knew that soon the bridal train would be brushing them aside. Out of place, it would seem, to the last, was O. Henry; with hardly time in the church to bury him. But his work, his books—there is place for them in four million homes of those who speak his tongue: more than four million copies of his books have been sold."



Photograph by De Witt Ward.

MASTERPIECE OR MONSTROSITY?

It is long since a work of art has awakened so much controversy as that aroused by Frederick MacMonnies' "Civic Virtue," chosen by the New York Art Commission to be placed in City Hall Park. The President of the National Sculpture Society, Robert I. Aitken, regards the statue as "the greatest work of art in America," but Mayor Hylan says that he does not like it, and women speakers at a recent public hearing were almost unanimous in condemning the naked, symbolic young man who displays his virtue by treading down two fish-tailed sirens.



POETRY, whether it be radical or conservative, requires for its writing a peculiar type of mental acumen and alertness and the cultivation of habits of contemplation and introspection. The untutored who scan the glowing periods of a Dante, the singing stanzas of a Keats, the measured melodies of a Wordsworth or the exotic lyrics of a Poe may be sirenized by the music and carried away by the idealism, but after all they seldom know what it is all about. The cerebral processes which go to make the true poet are beyond their ken. They take his imaginings for granted and let it go at that.

There is, therefore, as the St. Paul *Dispatch* observes, a great need for poetry with a direct appeal to the masses, poetry which will set forth "the short and simple annals of the poor" with such simplicity that the crudest yokel may read as he runs. The opportunity fortunately is not to be permitted to wander about unseized. It is a fact of peculiar literary as well as political interest that L. C. Hodgson, mayor of St. Paul, and its accredited laureate, is going to shackle and train it for his own use. As a preliminary he has announced that when he retires from politics on June first next he will go into the business of writing poetry. It is not uncommon for outgoing officials to go into aviation, the law, trucking and draying, newspaper work or other occupations such as are enumerated in the correspondence-school schedules, but for one deliberately to announce that after a certain date his business will be the writing and selling of poetry is decidedly novel. As a sample of his product we read:

Your lips to mine, love—
Germ mixed with germ;
Oh, what a thrill as
They wriggle and squirm.

The imagery of the verse is vivacious; the moral evident and stern. There need be no guessing as to the meaning; the vision of the author is not clouded nor is it clothed in fine linen of diction. In fact the retiring mayor of St. Paul should be a formidable candidate for the \$1,000 prize offered by the Clark Equipment Company, of Buchanan, Michigan, for the best poem or ode on "The Spirit of Transportation" that is submitted before June thirtieth. The intent is to publish the winning poem along with reproductions of paintings in illustration of the same subject by F. Luis Mora, Franklin Booth, Jonas Lie, Maxfield Parish, Coles Phillips and other artists. On the jury to select the poem are Glenn Frank, editor of the *Century*; William Stanley Braithwaite, editor of the *Anthology of Magazine Verse*; Merle Thorpe, editor of the *Nation's Business*, and Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the *Railway Age*. Turning from this poetic steeplechase to some of the notable verse of recent book publication, we find, in "Poems and Portraits" (Doubleday-Page), by Don Marquis, many poems that mark a distinct advance in the poetic development of this celebrated "columnist" of the *New York Sun*. A number of the finest lyrics in this volume are too long for quotation but its high average quality is attested by the following:

A SONG IN SPRINGTIME

BY DON MARQUIS

INEXORABLE Spring comes on to hunt
me,
With all her aching ecstasy,

And sudden beauty like a javelin
Pierces the heart of me.

She spares me nothing, nothing of her
laughter,
Her golden whim of daffodils,
Her calling and her singing down the
valleys,
Her song among the hills.

Nothing she spares me, nothing of her
rapture,
Her leaping brooks, her young things
growing,
Her seagulls plunging through the tides of
sun
Out of the dayspring flowing.

Years there have been when I could bear
the beauty
Of budding trees and flashing wings;
Now I am one with trodden leaves and
Autumn
And all old broken things.

INHIBITION

BY DON MARQUIS

I LIVE a hidden life unguessed,
A life of quaint, fantastic schemes;
I dwell with flushed, romantic dreams
And freakish humours unconfessed,

Tho I can show the world a mien
As cold as any judge's mask . . .
(The judge, too, lives beyond his task
And traffics with a realm unseen.) . . .

Behind the placid front of use
The baffled whims move to and fro;
We fear to let these genii go,
Their wings grotesque we dare not loose,

But sober-faced in church or mart,
In office, street, or drawing-room.
We carry caged to the tomb
The golden nonsense of the heart.

"ONLY THY DUST . . ."

BY DON MARQUIS

ONLY thy dust is here, thy dust . . .
But when chill May uncloses
Her petals and is June, I feel
A heartbeat shake the roses.

Earth and the sun were sweet to us,
Green grass and brooks and laugh-
ter . . .

And I cannot think of thee a ghost
With some strange hereafter.

Dawn and the hills were glad of us,
Tossed corn and windy meadows. . .

And I should not know thee as a shade,
Pallid among pale shadows.

Stars and the streams were friends to us,
Clear skies and wintry weather . . .
And it was not wraith and wraith with us,
But flesh and blood together.

Only the dust of thee is here . . .
But when mine own day closes
I will lie down beside thee, love,
And mingle with thy roses.

In his new volume, "Seeds of Time"
(Houghton-Mifflin), we find more posi-
tive beauty than we have observed in
any previous collection of poems by
John Drinkwater. Echoes of other
poets may be detected here and there,
but this is a minor flaw in considera-
tion of the authenticity of such poems
as for example:

VOCATION

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

THIS be my pilgrimage and goal,
Daily to march and find
The secret phrases of the soul,
The evangels of the mind.

While easy tongues are lightly heard,
Let me with them be great
Who still upon the perfect word
As heavenly fowls wait.

In taverns none will I be seen
But can my daemon teach
My cloudy thought to wash all clean
In the bright sun of speech.

NEVER THE HEART OF SPRING

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

NEVER the heart of spring had trem-
bled so
As on that day when first in Paradise
We went afoot as novices to know
For the first time what blue was in the
skies,

What fresher green than any in the grass,
And how the sap goes beating to the sun,
And tell how on the clocks of beauty pass
Minute by minute till the last is done.
But not the new birds singing in the brake,
And not the buds of our discovery,
The deeper blue, the wilder green, the ache
For beauty that we shadow as we see,
Made heaven, but, we, as love's occasion
brings,

Took these, and made them Paradisal
things.

THE CRY

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

DEAR life, be merciful and kind;
Lend me your hand, for I am blind;
Lend me your wit, for mine too soon
Inhabits with the spectral moon;
Prepare your still intelligence
To watch beside my ailing sense.

Life, I have made my pilgrimage
All as you bade, and, wage by wage,
Your service seemed but well to me.
Now gentle in persuasion be,
When after you I fall and bleed,
And hear not where your footfalls lead.

My song no tardy messenger
Has been of any word that there
Dwelt from your charge for witnessing.
Let me not be an outcast thing,
Dear life, this weather, from your fold,
With a great heart untimely old.

In faith to you have labored long
My blood, my purposes, my song.
In faith to you my hope is dumb,
To this poor waste of darkness come.
O life, forsake me not, who lie
Broken upon your Calvary.

SONNET

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

THIS then at last; we may be wiser far
Than love, and put his folly to our
measure,
Yet shall we learn, poor wizards that we
are,
That love chimes not nor motions at our
pleasure.
We bid him come, and light an eager fire,
And he goes down the road without de-
bating,
We cast him from the house of our desire,
And when at last we leave he will be wait-
ing.
And in the end there is no folly but this,
To counsel love out of our little learning,
For still he knows where rotten timber is,
And where the boughs for the long winter
burning,
And when life needs no more of us at all,
Love's word will be the last that we recall.

In the *Nautilus* we find the following
characteristic poem by the author of
"The Man With the Hoe." Mr. Mark-
ham is on the threshold of his seven-
tieth year, yet many a poet in his
twenties might envy the verve and
vigor of these lines:

TWO WORLDS MADE ONE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I LOVE the mystic in his dreams
When earth a floating bubble seems—
Love too the bluff materialist,
Tho there are kingdoms he has missed.
I love soul-men (You ask me why?)
They have a God-hold in the sky,
I love earth-men, they half know God:
They have a God-hold in the sod.
But best I love the two-in-one,
The man who holds both earth and sun—
A man, who, like a tree, has girth
That grapples him to rock-ribbed earth;
And yet a man who, like a tree,
Lifts boughs into the airy sea,
To hear the whispers of the light
And all the wonders of the night.

Great is that man who stands so high
Two worlds are captured by his eye:
He sees these little days of Time
Whirled into a drama, vast, sublime.
Earth has a meaning fine and far
When lighted by a mystic star.

Unless we are mistaken the paper
on which magazines are printed never
saw an oak tree but is made mostly
from spruce and pine. To this extent
the following otherwise admirable poem,
from the *Nation*, is a thing of beauty,
if not of truth:

CULTURE

BY CLEMENT WOOD

I SAW an oak upon a hill,
Weathered gray and great;
Etched against an empty sky
Like a mast of fate.

It was as scornful as a sprig
Whose life has just begun;
As lovely as an old man
Smiling at the sun.

It knew of old the bellowing storm,
And dared his threshing might;
It did not shrink from searing day,
Nor dread choking night.

And they will fell it, shrivel it,
In cold mechanic rage,
That its bleached flesh and bones may bear
These words, upon this page.

The imagery employed in the ensu-
ing couplets, from the *Outlook*, strikes
us as being a little far-fetched, and yet

on closer examination we find much to admire in the finely woven texture of the poem:

SHELTER

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I HAD reared a roof for shelter from the sky;
The strong light of Heaven broke through from on high.

I had shut my door to keep quiet and warm;
The strong word of Heaven came in like a storm.

I had built me walls and thought that all was well;
The strong wind of Heaven blew on them and they fell.

Blessed are the shelterless unto whom are given
The strong light, the strong word, the strong wind of Heaven.

In a letter to his New York publisher, accompanying the following poem which appears in the *Times*, Lord Dunsany, who is sojourning in the Sahara, writes: "I enclose a poem for which I would be glad to have a home found in some New York paper, provided you think the poem any good." We think it quite good enough to reprint:

A SONG OF WANDERING

BY LORD DUNSANY

SOME crumpled-rose-leaf mountains,
from forty miles away,
Are luring me towards them through all the blazing day.
Some crumpled-rose-leaf mountains
flecked here and there with blue.
They call to me and beckon as fairies used to do.

And deeper pink beyond them a double summit towers,
Like Chronos grave and weary above the younger Powers.
Behind me the Sahara, before—those barren crags,
And with me the old hunter illustrious in his rags.

When I am back in London, among the hoardings' blaze,

And pictures of bad food and salt that men are paid to praise.

When, bright with lights that dim the stars, the foolish words are writ,
To Crumpled-rose-leaf Mountain my thoughts will fly from it.

Digby, which overlooks the Bay of Fundy, has found a worthy celebrant in the author of the following verses which have appeared in the *Outlook*:

DIGBY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

I SPENT three hours in Digby. I will remember the bay;
The white sails gliding through the gap for strange lands far away;
The heavenly waters stretching by many a purple slope;
The tide from out of Fundy, quiet of foot as hope.

I will remember Digby, where the streets are steep and still,
And placid eyes look on the world as it passes by, up hill,
And the churches look on the sea, as all good churches should,
To keep a hint in the eyes and ears of the heart and the voice of God.

I will remember the apple tree on the hill above the town
Where a vagabond stretched his lazy limbs and wrote these verses down;
But the things I shall best remember are the wind's white fantasies
I shared, as I lay in the blueberry patch and fed on blueberries.

Something of a shudder may be found by the imaginative reader to be located in or between the lines of the ensuing poem, which says a good deal in the space given to it in the *Dial*:

MOUNTAIN VALLEY

BY MALCOM COWLEY

LOST in this mountain valley, we have struggled
Too long for bread. Here corn grows spare and yellow.
The valley is too narrow, and we have driven
Our plough vainly against the flanks of the hill.

There is no more use in struggling, O my brothers;
Let us lie down together here and rest.

Some day when the crust of the earth has
grown as cold
As the dead craters of the moon, these
hills will wrinkle
Like the wrinkles on a forehead; they will
draw
Together like a finger and a wrinkled
thumb,
Squeezing the valley between them, and
there will be
For us magnificent sepulture, O my kin.

Already the cold hills lie
Staring down at our cornfields covetously.

In lighter vein are the following
verses, from the *Smart Set*, which hold
the mirror up to the abiding and more
or less tragic awkwardness of most of
us in general and some of us in par-
ticular:

THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING

By CHARLES G. SHAW

THERE was always something wrong
with Jane.

The day she was born her father became
an addict to drugs.

She was always breaking her toys.

At first her mechanical doll would not
work.

Later her husband wouldn't.

She was always attempting to explain
things,

Yet never really explaining them.

She was never in time for an appointment.

She invariably missed her train

And she was forever stubbing her toe or
tripping.

In yesterday's morning paper I read of
her death.

The notice was printed in the "Want"
column.

Not infrequently newspaper verse
rises to the height of poetry and, as
an instance, we submit the following
poem which appears inconspicuously in
the *Springfield Republican*:

BE KIND TO ME, DEATH

By LEIGHTON ROLLINS

BE kind to me, Death,
And take me softly in your arms,
As the least wind
Wafts a feather into the Blue,

Waft me far into the splendor
Of the dawn where the sun
Is cold with beauty
And the song of birds is still;

Lest I should suffer through eternity
The piercing pain of loveliness,
The soft keen breath of stars upon my
cheek,
And the beating of a thousand wings.

Particularly striking are the last two
lines of this delightful lyric which has
sung its way into the *Literary Review*
of the *New York Evening Post*:

A LOVE SONG

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

SHE is like a leaf begun
To enfold her to the sun.
Her voice is pushing buds;
Her smile is color breaking;
Touch of her lips is waking.
And sunshine floods
The world when she is speaking.
Her eyes are pilgrims seeking
A grail, and finding it,
Her eyes are altars lit.
Her joying and her grieving
Are dear past all believing.

That God and I are proud is meet:
He shaped her heart; I made it beat.

The inexorable monotony of time
seems to us to be acutely sensed and
happily reflected in the following goose-
stepping lines which have found their
way into the *Pagan*:

DAYS

By WILLIAM NEWMAN

WE are the marchers,
Marching endlessly,
Marching tunelessly,
Marching raggedly,—

Column and column,
And column and column,
Clad in gray. . . .

We shall never double-step,
Never run—
But quietly, quietly,
Forever, forever. . . .

THE SUPREME TRIAL OF GOLD

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

THE sum total of gold mined in the entire world since the discovery of America is about 870 million fine ounces, worth about 18 billion dollars. This record has been carefully compiled by Dr. Adolph Stuetgen, a British economist, up to the year 1885. For the figures since that date the Director of the United States Mint is responsible. Of this amount of gold about one-half is accounted for and known to exist as money in the form of coin or bullion. The other half either is in use as jewelry, plate, ornaments and the like, or it has been lost. Nobody knows with any degree of accuracy just what has happened to this other half. Perhaps India, that insatiate hoarder of gold, might tell something about it, if she would, and certainly Davy Jones, if he could speak, might throw some light on the subject.

Of the approximate 9,000 million dollars of gold money known to exist, there is now in this country about 3,600 millions, or 40 per cent. of the total—more gold than any single nation ever before had in its possession at one time. And still it comes. For the past year or so it has been all income and no outgo. Scarcely a day passes but one may read in the dailies that steamship so and so has arrived with so and so many dollars worth of the yellow metal consigned to bankers so and so. It has become such a commonplace occurrence that nobody pays much attention to it. The gold arrives, usually at New York, packed in boxes and is motored through the streets to its consignee, or to the vaults of the United States Assay Office, is unloaded under the protection of a few guards, and attracts no more notice from the throngs of passers-by than if it were so many boxes of apples.

Time was, a few years ago, when the enormous hoard of gold began to move this way, that quite a feature was made of the occurrence and large, curious

crowds superintended the operation behind roped-off areas with the usual accompaniment of a formidable police squad. But the novelty has worn off, nobody is interested, and the gunman wouldn't have the slightest chance of getting away with any of it, under any circumstances, if he were to try. The boxes are too heavy to be readily made off with.

This immense stock of gold has come to us in part settlement of trade and other balances with foreign countries, chiefly European. The outside world, chiefly Europe, owes this country overpoweringly huge sums of money as the result of the war and of an international commercial trade which has been going on since, and it cannot pay in the usual manner of settling such debts—namely, by the return of goods. In order, therefore, to keep their credit good with us, foreign debtors have been sending over gold. They will probably continue to send gold as long as they have any to spare, and after that nobody knows exactly what may happen. Indeed, there is no doubt that many countries have already sent us gold which they could ill afford to part with, which they sorely needed themselves in order to bolster up their badly depreciated currencies; but it has been with many of them a case of "needs must when the Devil drives." They had to send us something tangible and they have sent gold, altho not from any choice of ours.

The presence of this unprecedented amount of gold is causing more or less alarm among economists and bankers. There is a theory which has stood the test of centuries to the effect that the more money of one kind or another there is in a given country or community, the higher prices will mount. This is called the "quantitative" theory of prices and teaches that an inflation in credits is sure to follow an abnormal supply of gold, and, as everyone knows,

credit inflation and high price-levels go hand in hand. Go back to the time of Solomon, to that of Alexander the Great or to the time when the Roman Empire was at its height. During all of these periods immense stores of gold (immense for those times) were concentrated at the centers of power, and it has been amply proven that prices of commodities were high. Go back four hundred years to the time when Europe began to be flooded with unprecedented amounts of gold from the New World, and history tells us that prices rose steadily for nearly a hundred years, causing an economic upheaval and readjustment in business all around. Go back no farther than the middle of the last century when, almost simultaneously, California and Australia began to bring new gold into the world's markets, and the "quantitative" theory of money was still found to be properly functioning. And, once more, we all have good cause to remember perfectly that, in 1918, 1919 and 1920, all commodity prices rose to heights not reached since Civil War days. Was it the "quantitative theory" of money which must be held responsible, or was it the war? At the height of the inflation period through which we so recently passed, altho this country had but recently come into possession of more gold than we have ever before seen, there was less of the yellow metal in our strong boxes by many hundreds of millions of dollars than there now is. Gold had been then; as now, moving steadily this way in order to back up European credits. After the war a counter-movement set in which was checked about a year ago, and since that time the incoming flood has had no break.

The disturbing factor seems to be that, if the old theory is to hold, this country cannot long resist the compelling inflationary influence of this gold. That it has not already operated is no sign that it will not, in the end, perform its office. That, during the year and more that has seen such an influx of gold, commodity prices have steadily

declined is no sure sign that the condition will continue. It takes time for economic theories to work themselves out to a demonstrated finish.

Nobody wants to see such another period of inflation as that which visited us in 1919 and 1920—nobody except the few who profited prodigiously thereby. On the other hand, which is the worse, the present state of deflated, stagnated business, or a moderate degree of inflation?

Summoning history again to the witness stand, throughout all the ages the presence or absence of gold has been the measure of the prosperity among nations and peoples. The decline of empires may be read in the record of their gold movements, in the cessation of their mining of new metal or in the exportation of their stocks, just as surely as their ascendancy may be traced in the acquisition and retention of the precious metal. During the periods of gold in plenty, prices may have been high, but prosperity was present, and which is to be preferred, high commodity prices and prosperity, or low prices and depression?

Jacobs, in his "History of the Precious Metals," estimates the amount of gold and silver in the Roman Empire just prior to the Christian Era at 1,800 millions of dollars, and he states that, owing to abrasion and other losses, together with the drain to the East and a cessation of mining, the amount had fallen to 450 millions at the fall of the Empire.

What became of the gold of the ancients—of Solomon, Alexander and Cræsus and of the Cæsars—history fails to record. It is generally conceded, however, that Asiatic countries absorbed most of it, not altogether for use as money but to adorn their temples and to hoard as plate, ornaments, jewelry and trinkets for their woman-kind; and Asiatics, particularly Indian and Chinese, have never forsaken this practice.

It is well known that the Dark and Middle Ages of Europe saw but little money. Edward S. Meade estimates

that, from the time of Charlemagne to that of Columbus, but 150 million to 200 million dollars of new gold was mined. Was it the paucity in the precious metal that is accountable for the lack of progress which this period witnessed?

Strenuous efforts are now being made by bankers (headed by the Federal Reserve banks), by economists and by the leaders at Washington to prevent the immediate operation of the quantitative theory of money, or so to modify and subdue its action that not serious consequences may ensue. They all realize that to permit another period of inflation of credits and its consequent inflation of prices to be again perpetrated would be most disastrous. They realize, also, that the business of the country must be lifted out of its present Slough of Despond just as soon and just as rapidly as is consistent with sound economics. It is a delicate situation to handle, for both depressions and booms in business are apt to run wild and become uncontrollable once they start in earnest. The public sometimes takes the bit in its teeth and runs away. This is what happened, practically, in 1919 on the upward scale, and what conversely happened on the downward scale in 1920 and 1921.

Gold, being the only form of money recognized the world over at its face value, is supposed to stand behind the currencies issued by nations. Prior to the war the entire world, with the exception of one or two Asiatic countries, was on a gold-standard basis. To be on a gold basis means, theoretically, that all forms of paper money are instantly convertible into gold at bank on demand by the bearer; that the mints will coin any gold bullion immediately upon presentation; that there be no restriction upon the free import or export of gold, and that it is free to be purchased at mints at any time for use in the arts. The price of gold is fixed at \$20.67 per fine troy ounce. The United States is the only country in the world which is now on the gold basis. No country other than the United

States is able to redeem its paper currency on demand with gold. At the present moment the twelve Federal Reserve banks, taken as a whole, hold approximately 2,870 million dollars of the 3,600 millions of United States stock of gold. Against this they have outstanding but 2,443 millions of Federal Reserve notes. This is being actually on the gold basis. A year ago these banks held but 2,080 millions in gold, and had an outstanding note issue of 3,270 millions.

That no country other than the United States makes any pretense of being now on a gold-standard basis is seen from the fact that the United Kingdom holds gold reserves of but 764 million dollars against 2,115 millions of notes; that Germany holds but 260 million dollars in gold to support a currency note issue of 24,300 millions, and that even Switzerland, the most prosperous, perhaps, of any of the European nations, carries only about 104 million dollars in gold reserves against her note issues of 180 millions. Taking the world as a whole, or, rather, thirty-six of the leading nations, which includes, of course, the United States, the aggregate gold reserves held by them amounted, in 1921, to 8,184 million dollars. This stood behind a total note issue of 122,385 millions! In other words, if the entire world had clamored at once for its gold in exchange for bank notes, it would have received but about 6½ cents on the dollar.

These are some of the disturbing factors with respect to gold as a world standard of money and as a basis for commercial as well as national credit, and theorists are again busy trying to devise some more suitable substitute. It has been shown that the same 36 countries which could settle on a basis of but 6½ cents in gold on the dollar could have settled on a 64-cent basis in 1913. It has been shown that the amount of gold that is required to support commercial credit transactions the world over has been constantly diminishing, proving that the adequacy of that metal to perform its offices is be-

ing impaired. It has been shown that there is an enormous economic loss sustained in transporting gold back and forth between nations in the settlement of trade balances that should be avoided. It has been argued that it is absurd to cling to gold as a credit base in business transactions which have grown into the hundreds of millions of dollars each year while the output of gold has been constantly decreasing. It has been contended that a money base which has permitted such violent periods of inflation and deflation is not a safe base.

As a remedy, a substitute, many suggestions have been offered. It is held by some that the world would be better off if all the gold money in the world were dumped into the sea and something else of real intrinsic value substituted, such as the essential products of the soil, land, power, or, if Mr. Ford should have his way, energy. As against this, certain theorists would abolish the use of paper money altogether, substituting the actual gold metal therefor. There being but a small amount of coin available for the purpose compared with the volume of the world's paper currency, the result would be a general scaling down of commodity prices in the exact ratio which gold now bears to currency. Proponents of this startling and somewhat revolutionary theory claim that its practice will be a sure cure for both inflation and deflation, since money will be absolutely inelastic. This theory has many advocates, as has that which seeks to stabilize the dollar by adding to or subtracting from the coinage value of the gold it contains according as commodity prices fall or rise.

Some of the best thought of the

world is centered on the disturbing money question in an endeavor to straighten out the snarl into which the war has thrown the finances of the world. Economists recognize the absurdity of the foreign exchange situation as it exists to-day, with the money of each nation at a value, in every other land differing from the value in its home country, and there is persistent advocacy of the establishment of a world currency, whether based on gold or any other tangible thing which stands for value. Economic conferences are in order the world over; but no one has yet come forward with a concrete and workable plan which carries conviction on the face of it. Perhaps Mr. Vanderlip's plan for the organization of a World Reserve Bank with a capital of a billion dollars in gold comes the nearest to a solution of anything yet offered, but Mr. Vanderlip knows perfectly well that the majority of this capital, if such a bank is ever started, must come from the United States, for the simple reason that no one else has the gold for that purpose, and America might find itself, in case of some future war, in the unavailable position of "holding the bag."

Years of growth and experiment have established our present monetary system with gold as a base. It is a sadly disrupted affair as it stands to-day and needs the services of a competent expert to set it in order. But, with all its faults, it is the best we know, and drastic experiments in such an important matter are dangerous. The world is in no danger of scrapping immediately its age-old theories of money, even if something far better is shown, which hasn't yet happened.

THE LONG ARM OF RADIO IS REACHING EVERYWHERE

LITTLE more than a year ago the public regarded radiotelephony as a great mystery. To-day there are said to be 700,000 schools, colleges

and churches as well as factories, colleges and homes fitted with receiving apparatus and there are 15,000 stations licensed by the United States Govern-

ment under a statute that was enacted to regulate radiotelegraphy before the radiotelephone came. The great electrical manufacturing concerns cannot fill their orders for individual receiving "stations." East, west, south and north are several million people daily "listening in" on grand opera, sermons, speeches, concerts, theatrical productions, vaudeville turns and college lectures broadcasted indiscriminately.

The most striking, if not the most startling, disclosure evoked at the recent conference on radiotelephony called in Washington by Secretary Hoover was the admission by interested parties that "a five-power" pact for control of professional radio is in virtual existence. Federal intervention is made necessary in order that the incalculable possibilities of radiotelephony may not become a private monopoly. The conference developed that a comprehensive "cross license" system is maintained among the American Telephone and Telegraph Companies, the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the Western Electric Company. Spokesmen of those organizations indicated that they are leagued in a five-cornered arrangement whereby the most important radio patents are controlled and apparatus manufactured and sold under non-competitive agreement.

The General Electric Company is being equipped to turn out 60,000 sets of receiving apparatus a month and it is stated that the Westinghouse factory



A TYPICAL RADIO RECEIVING INSTRUMENT
They are being manufactured and marketed at the rate of 25,000 a month.

cannot keep up with its orders, which are now being filled as rapidly as possible at the rate of 25,000 sets a month. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company enjoys the exclusive right to sell apparatus for commercial telephony, while the Radio Corporation is the exclusive sales agent for amateur and experimental apparatus. An original four-cornered agreement recently was extended so as to permit the Western Electric Company to share in the manufacturing profits. One concern, reports *Electrical Merchandizing*, is marketing apparatus at \$32.50 a set and doing a business of \$2,000,000 a month on a 45-day promise of delivery.

This cheaper instrument, we read, is provided only with a single headset, making it necessary to pass the receiver around to various members of the family to take turns at "listening in." This, of course, can be remedied by means of what are known as loud speakers, which, however, demand a dif-

ferent and more expensive outfit, costing anywhere from \$75 to \$300.

Altho the greatest volume of radio sales are made in the form of packages containing complete apparatus, dealers all carry in stock a few accessories and renewal parts which, we read, are very simple and no special knowledge is needed on the part of the salesman to dispose of them. As yet transmitting sets have not been made up in such a way that they can be sold in packages. It is necessary to buy the separate parts, such as oscillating tubes, transformers, inductances, keys and the like, and assemble them. The assembling work consists largely of connecting the various devices together.

While it is a simple matter to install a radio receiving station, it is a bit more difficult to get a sending set. One must be able to read a few words of the International Communication Code, enough to understand any strident telegraphic orders "to get off the air" from the big wireless at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for instance, which does not condescend to the wave length of the telephone. One will get this command whenever there's a ship sending S. O. S. from far out at sea. Then it's up to the amateur operator to refrain from transmitting, altho he may listen to the hiss and crackle of the dot and dash signal as the huge naval station speeds ships and men to the rescue.

At present, no amateur may send on more than a 200 meter wave length, nor is he permitted to develop more than one kilowatt of power. He is the lowest in the scale, and if he is anywhere in their neighborhood, he can no more interrupt the 360 meter wave length broadcasting concert or the 1,000 to 25,000 meter wave length transatlantic wireless than the buzzing of a mosquito can drown out the roar of a subway express train.

Sometimes the amateur tries to get just a little more power out of his instrument. It's natural, just as it's natural for the owner of a new automobile to "give 'er a little gas." When he yields to temptation, A. Leonard Smith

tells us, in the *New York Times*, the amateur is apt, like his brother in the motor car, to attract the heavy notice of the traffic officer of his own particular thoroughfare. In this case it is the radio inspector of the district. There is one of these inspectors in the Custom House of each of the following cities: Boston, New York, Savannah, Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco, Seattle, Cleveland and Chicago. He has a radiotelephone and by adjusting his instruments can tell accurately whether anybody in his district is "exceeding the speed limit." The "exceeder" gets a quick call down. If he disregards it he loses his license to use the air for any other purpose than to breathe.

Another radio reporter, F. A. Collins, informs us that New York is as yet the only city in the world having a long-distance radio station in the very heart of its business section. The European capitals have built their wireless stations in the suburbs, or some nearby town, and have messages relayed into the city itself. The transatlantic messages sent out from New York or received are controlled from an office on Broad Street. A message sent out from this New York office building is read in London, Paris or Berlin almost instantaneously.

The machinery of long-distance wireless transmission has had a marvelous development of late. The great stations on Long Island and in New Jersey, for instance, are operated from a desk in a New York office, the apparatus being contained in a box rather smaller than a pound-candy box. The sending is done by mechanical fingers which operate much faster and more accurately than the most skilful telegraph operator. In a Foreign Press Service report we read that a small table in this office is allotted for the machinery which controls each of these stations. At one table messages are sent to London and received from London. Another table controls the traffic with Paris, another with Norway, another Berlin, still another Rome, and so on.

On a rack at one end of the office hang half a dozen telephone receivers, each of which is connected in a different long-distance circuit. By placing one of these to one's ear one can listen in on the messages which, with surprising speed, cross the Atlantic. On listening in on these circuits one hears the characteristic buzzing note common to all radio communication, coming with perfect distinctness. This is the voice of the London station sending at the rate of fifty-five words to the minute. It drops along without interrupting for twenty-four hours each day. The second receiver gives a slightly different note. It pitched a trifle higher, but buzzes on with the same bewildering speed. This, it is explained, is the station at Nauen, near Berlin. The next receiver enables one to listen in on the Paris stations, or rather the station three miles from the center of the city. Another receiver gives out the note of the Norway station. Still another is the voice of the station at Rome. A trained ear can instantly recognize one station from another by a slight variation in the note.

The entire operation of sending is carried out on one side of a narrow table while the receiving from abroad is done opposite. As the messages to be sent come in they are handed to a young man who sits before a typewriter. The first step is to tap out the message on a typewriter. The machine does not spell out the message, but translates it into the dots and dashes of the international Morse code. Instead of printing these, the keys punch a series of holes in a strip of paper, half an inch in width, like the tape of a stock ticker. The message is thus reproduced much as music is prepared on the rolls which are used in automatic organs and pianos.

This perforated strip then passes directly to the sending device which stands at the left of the typewriter. As it passes through this little box two steel fingers tap back and forth feeling for the perforations. When one of the little steel fingers strikes one of

these holes and passes through, it closes a circuit. The same instant the dot or dash is reproduced at the other end of the line in London, Paris or Rome, as the case may be. The movement of the steel finger operates in turn the powerful long-distance station sixty miles from New York.

The messages crowd onward at the rate of fifty-five or sixty words to the minute. The most expert telegraph operator cannot rival this speed and accuracy. The mechanical sending mechanism, by the way, is an American invention, which has been adopted in the great stations in Europe. A wireless telephone stands beside the typewriter of the sending apparatus, which listens in on the sending of the wireless station wherever it may be. This makes it possible to tell if the station is working smoothly and gives warning if anything happens to interrupt the messages.

The receiving apparatus is equally simple and compact. As the radio messages are picked up by the great stations near New York they are repeated directly to the mechanism on the other side of the table. The human ear cannot be trusted to read the messages coming at such a pace, and are therefore recorded automatically. The dots and dashes are reproduced by a pen moving across a tape like that used for sending. They are written in a waving line clearly and with infallible accuracy. This tape moves across the top of a typewriter where an operator translates, at his convenience, into ordinary typed letters. The messages are written at once on blanks ready for delivery. The system has made it possible to send a message from a desk in a Wall Street office to a Berlin address in less than five minutes. The radio era is here.

World production of petroleum in 1921 is estimated by the United States Geological Survey at 750,000,000 barrels, compared with 695,000,000 barrels in 1920. Production in the United States was 169,369,000 barrels, valued at \$753,300,000—double the 1912 production.

BUCKET-SHOPS AND FRAUDULENT PROMOTIONS

THE continued collapse of fraudulent speculative concerns in many of the larger cities proves quite conclusively the effect of an aroused public opinion against this particular form of dishonesty. It emphasizes as well the tendency of people generally to allow themselves to be imposed upon, for it is generally known that bucket-shops and get-rich-quick promoters are in the same class as Monte Carlos and professional gamblers. Sequential to the disclosures which have recently been made of the unreliability of hundreds of these speculative undertakings has been the bankruptcy of scores of concerns whose methods could not withstand the light of investigation.

The slow but steady upward movement in prices of securities which started last fall has played havoc with the bucket-shops and their patrons. As the *World's Work* points out, these houses prosper most in a declining market, tho they may prosper in an advancing market provided there are enough downward reactions to permit them to cover a majority of their obligations to their clients at lower prices than their clients are paying them. In such a market they can usually get many of their clients so extended in their market commitments that a good reaction will close out their accounts because they cannot put up additional "margin"; and then, as is often the case, if the bucket-shop has never bought the securities, it gets all or nearly all of the money they have put up. But in a steadily advancing market the bucket-shop operator is deprived of these opportunities, and when clients begin to take their profits or demand delivery of their securities he is "out of luck" and receivership and bankruptcy follow.

It is a startling fact that fly-by-night concerns in the garb of respectability have mulcted the American people to the extent of \$500,000,000 annually in recent years. The *Christian*

Science Monitor calls shrilly for a sort of Volstead act against swindling, "because the people have become convinced that they have not been able thus far to protect themselves by ordinary foresight and abstention from indulgence in patent dollar-catching devices." On the other hand, *Financial Facts* is skeptical as to the remedial value of more restriction laws because "we have too many laws now" and "the blue-sky laws of the several states have proved most ineffective against the activities of unscrupulous promoters and bucket-shoppers." It hopes that some day there will come someone who, following in the footsteps of Carnegie, Rockefeller and other great philanthropists, will endow a system of education to teach the people what to do with the money they earn but don't spend.

Meanwhile the *World's Work* reminds us that margin trading with an honest house (the buying of stocks by putting up a portion of the purchase price and borrowing the remainder) is as legitimate an operation as buying a house on a mortgage, provided the buyer knows as much about the stock as about the house, but more risky because he seldom knows as much and because stocks fluctuate in market value more rapidly than houses. However, "the bucket-shop operates by not buying the stock or, if it does, soon sells it again, and does not borrow on it at the bank. It charges you interest on the balance just the same, and when the stock goes down it calls upon you for more margin. You would never notice any difference unless you dropped in to make payment in full for the stock and found that you had difficulty in getting delivery of it, or closed out your account and asked for your money, or tried to transfer the account to some other house. Even then you might not have any trouble, but when the market has moved as steadily upward as it has since the middle of October you are likely to have."

This is not inside information on the Wall Street underworld, but is common knowledge among legitimate bankers and brokers who, if questioned about one or more of dozens of houses that advertize widely to attract new customers, will suggest that they are operating as bucket-shops. Why are they not put out of business when there is a law against such operations? The trouble is to prove it. There is no law that permits an examiner to come in at unexpected intervals, unannounced, as in the case of banks, and make an examination of a broker's books. Even if there were he might not uncover evidence of bucketing where the house executed all its orders and soon after sold some of the stocks against dummy accounts on the books.

What is needed is a change of attitude toward these houses which are a public menace. Meanwhile "the person who is dealing in stocks on a margin or buying them on the partial payment plan should make inquiry through his bank or some other reliable channel as to the character of the house that he intends to do business with. And he should not content himself with a report that 'As far as we can learn there is nothing wrong with the house.' He should insist that the house he does business with is enjoying more than a negatively favorable reputation and is

positively known for its high character and strong financial backing."

A bill introduced in the New York State Legislature to license stock brokers and to put all transactions in securities under the supervision of the superintendent of banks is, at this writing, arousing the frightened opposition of Wall Street. It is argued by the Committee on Law Reform of the Bar Association that "a blue-sky law in crude imitation of Western statutes might work untold harm in hampering investments without in any way protecting fools from their folly." The bill in question provides:

1. That no person may engage in the sale or exchange of stocks, bonds or other securities without obtaining a license from the superintendent of banks.

2. That no securities may be dealt in except those listed on incorporated stock or curb exchanges unless a statement of the character of the stock and such information as may be asked for by the Banking Department has been filed.

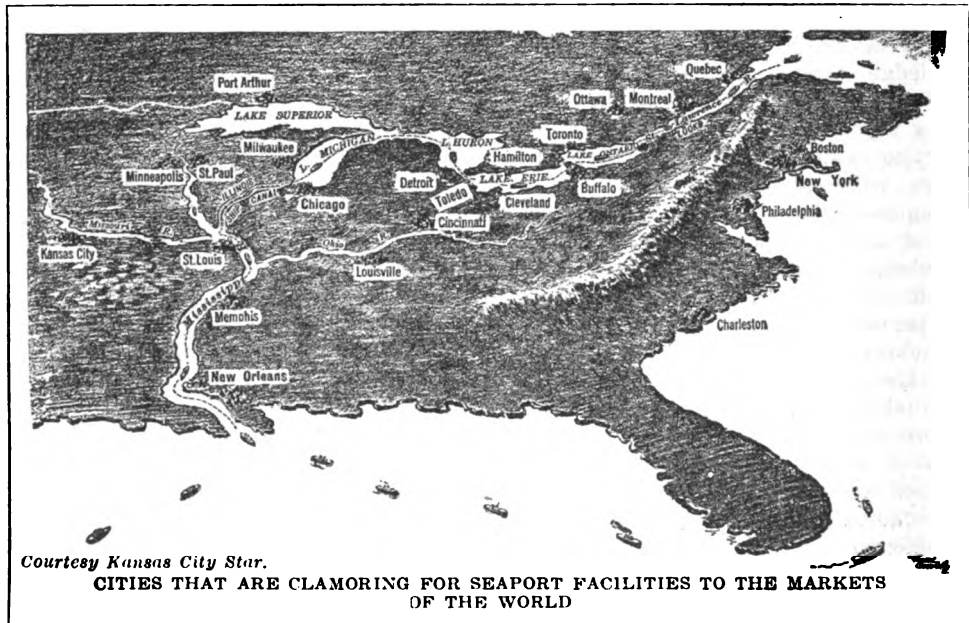
3. That no license shall be issued except to persons or corporations of good business repute, such licenses to be revoked for cause by the superintendent of banks after a hearing.

4. That the superintendent of banks may examine the books and accounts of a license at any time under the same conditions which permit the examinations of a bank licensed by him.

HOSTILITY TO NEW YORK REVEALED IN ST. LAWRENCE CANAL PROJECT

IN the ebb and flow of debate as to the advisability of raising and spending several hundred million dollars in making the St. Lawrence River navigable for oceangoing craft and thereby making virtual seaports of such cities as Chicago, Cleveland, Duluth and Milwaukee, it develops that the impetus given the project is attributed to "the dangerous hostility to New York that is widespread in the

United States." Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, addressing that body recently, defined it as "largely honest hostility based, of course, on imperfect information and local ambitions. When the hostility is dishonest, politicians will be found lurking in the background. Nominally approved by eighteen states, the project's appeal rests largely on an alluring suggestion. To tell Cleveland,



Chicago and Duluth that they ought to be and can be great seaports is to fire the imagination of their people."

The fundamental features of the project, which is admitted to be "making great headway and probably will be undertaken," were outlined in **CURRENT OPINION** for February. Subsequently in a joint debate with Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, and H. H. Merrick, of Chicago, before the National Rivers and Harbors Congress in Washington, Governor Nathan L. Miller, of New York, expressed his willingness for Congress to appropriate a million or more to have a thoro investigation made by impartial experts and, he declared, if they pronounced it feasible he would support it no matter what it might cost. At the same time Governor Miller offered an alternative plan in suggesting that the Mississippi River and its branches be improved so that the Middle West might ship its products by barge to New Orleans and thence to foreign ports, thus saving the heavy railroad charge of assembling such freight at the Lake ports for export via the St. Lawrence River.

Governor Allen, dwelling upon the

"tragedy of transportation" under which he said the Middle West was suffering, declared that the eighteen states in favor of a St. Lawrence Ship Canal produced 70 per cent. of all the wheat grown in the United States, 66 per cent. of the corn, 80 per cent. of the oats and 70 per cent. of the barley. He argued, relative to bringing the sea coast 1,200 miles nearer to the Middle West, that, "without any intention whatsoever to injure New York, we do say that if that sea coast is a good thing for New York, we would like to have it also." He referred to the statement that New York would be called upon to pay 30 per cent. of the cost of the canal as merely New York's "quaint way of explaining that she gets more than anybody else." As to the New York State Barge Canal, which is placed in some jeopardy by the St. Lawrence project and which is capable of transporting 10,000,000 tons each way annually, he asserted that the transportation demand of the eighteen states involved is 200,000,000 tons. Consequently "there is nothing in the Barge Canal that competes with our project. The Buffalo papers have been screaming at

us in the Middle West, 'Come on here! Here you have it now!' Well, we are not bound for Buffalo. We are bound for Liverpool." Advocates of the canal maintain that it will save the Middle West \$350,000,000 a year and that to offset the cost of the canal will be the development of 1,400,000 hydraulic horse-power to be marketed under the jurisdiction of the United Commissions of the states in which it is distributed.

Governor Miller questioned these and other figures, declaring: "There is no market or practically no market whatever at the place where this power will be developed; and there are many engineering features yet to be studied before it is determined where that market is going to be and how much it is going to cost to get the electricity to that market. At any rate, it is going to take years—how many I do not know—during which fresh charges are going to pile up.

"But they give it out over the country that this thing can be done for \$250,000,000, a mere bagatelle, less than they will save in one year on wheat. And then they want to commit

the Government and the Federal Treasury to the assumption that in some way not designated, not even studied, water-power is going to pay for it."

As to the Middle West seeking an outlet for 200,000,000 million tons of products, Governor Miller reminded the Congress that in the banner year of 1920 the total export and import tonnage of the United States was only 54,000,000. It was his contention that a 30-foot, instead of a 20-foot, channel would be required for the canal and that this would cost at least \$500,000,000. Furthermore:

"The very fact that these people are trying to rush this proposition through upon the assertion that it involves only \$250,000,000 upon the superficial examination that they have made, upon the assertion that it is not necessary to consider the deepening of the channels of the Great Lakes—that fact indicts their good faith. It shows that they are not willing to have the facts examined. It shows that they are trying to commit this Government to something that neither they nor anybody else has computed."



THE EIGHTEEN HEAVILY SHADED STATES ARE URGING THAT THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER CANAL IS A MATTER OF INDUSTRIAL LIFE AND DEATH TO THEM

KAPOC, A JAVA PRODUCT, RIVALS COTTON IN MATTRESS-MAKING

ADDED to the many articles—such as near silk, near seal, near beer and so on—which industrial ingenuity has provided is near cotton, or a sort of glorified linters with a very short but silky staple produced in Java and being imported into the United States in constantly increasing quantity. It is known as Kapoc, and we read in *Commerce and Finance* (New York) that it grows around the seeds in a boll or pod resembling a giant okra pod and has to be ginned in the same manner as cotton. It may not be generally known that cotton and okra belong to the same botanical family and are, in fact, such close relatives that the law of “reversion to type” sometimes asserts itself in a neglected cotton field, where a half-developed okra pod is occasionally to be found on a degenerate cotton plant.

Kapoc, writes Grinnell Martin, in *Commerce and Finance*, is quietly becoming almost a necessity to mattress and upholstery manufacturers. Tho it grows throughout the tropical belt, it is produced commercially only in Java, where, through the use of elaborate and special machinery, it is very carefully prepared and packed, while the product of other sections is often very poorly cleaned and packed in a very unsatisfactory way.

Kapoc, while resembling cotton in appearance, grows in a much heavier pod and on trees which vary from two inches to a foot in diameter and sometimes attain a height of forty feet. The average Java crop is from 10,000 to 15,000 tons, the greater part of which comes to this country, the next largest consumers being Holland and Australia. Most of the kapoc imported into the United States is used by manufacturers of mattresses and pillows, and, due to its lightness, non-absorbing qualities, coolness and freedom from matting or bunching, it is in growing demand, as these qualities make it superior for many purposes to cotton and in some ways superior to

hair. Its lightness is, of course, a great advantage, as a large kapoc mattress contains about 30 pounds of filling, while a hair mattress of the same size will weigh about 40 or 50 pounds. A good-quality, full-size kapoc mattress costs about \$26 at the present time, while a hair mattress of the same quality costs about \$50. Another advantage of kapoc is that after a mattress or pillow has been used for a long time and has become somewhat matted, the kapoc will rapidly regain its original resiliency if the mattress or pillow is placed in the sun for a few hours.

During the war the Government purchased very large quantities, which were used to fill life preservers, as the specific gravity is very much lower even than that of cork, the ratio being about six to one.

The producers in Java grade kapoc under the name of the various districts from which it comes. The district best known to the American trade is Semarang, and kapoc from this section comes to this country under the name of Prime Japara. Tho there is some difference between the qualities produced in the different districts, and the trade makes some distinction between these grades, kapoc is practically divided into two qualities, the best quality at the present time selling for about 16c per pound c. i. f. New York, and the second quality for about one-half cent less.

It is of interest to note that the price of kapoc bears no relation to the price of cotton, as shown by the fact that the former has remained practically the same for several months, while cotton has increased almost a hundred per cent. Its appellation of near cotton would seem to be a misnomer insofar as neither is a substitute for the other, the nearest substitute for kapoc being down, which, however, is far more expensive. There is no assurance that kapoc will ever rival cotton in the textile industry.



BOOKS IN BRIEF



What Next in Europe? by Frank A. Vanderlip (Harcourt), supplements the author's "What Happened in Europe," published two and a half years ago, and makes a vigorous plea in behalf of American participation in European affairs. Mr. Vanderlip has talked with Arthur Balfour and with Lord Cecil; with business men and financial experts like Ter Meulen and Rathenau; with chancellors and finance ministers in nearly every European country, and he gives a picture of widespread famine threatening; bankruptcy imminent; and exhausted, independent countries strangling each other. The only hope of economic recovery, he says, is to be found in some measure of international cooperation. Apart from his plan that America back a Gold Reserve Bank for the relief of Europe, he proposes that the Allied debt to the United States (\$11,000,000,000) be collected and applied to the same purpose. Eastern Europe he would make the main beneficiary. We could help provide better transportation and systems of sanitation; we could aid in developing hydro-electric power; provide funds toward equipping Eastern Europe with a modern grain-elevator system; give to Italy the means for establishing schools of applied art; even propose to England the establishment of great scientific laboratories. This, he says, would be "a grand gesture in international relationships."

Europe—Whither Bound? by Stephen Graham (Appleton), is not so much the book of prophecy that its title would indicate as a vivid account of a tour through the capitals of Europe during the past year. Its indefatigable author, who has lived with peasants in Russia and with negroes in Georgia and who served with the British Army in the War, is apparently never so happy as when he is exploring new territory. Among the cities he visited were Athens, Constantinople, Warsaw, Prague, Berlin, Rome and Paris. Most of his reports are discouraging. He speaks, for instance, of Constantinople,

with its 100,000 Russian refugees, as "a city now of appalling unhappiness and misery," and of Berlin as "a city that had no slums and no poor in 1914, now becoming a slum en bloc." The only capital in Europe, according to Mr. Graham, in which Woodrow Wilson's name and fame are still undimmed is Prague. "France and England," Mr. Graham declares, "were benevolently disposed toward a Czech republic, but America, thanks to the influence of the Slavophile millionaire, Charles Crane, with Wilson, and to the personal prestige of Masaryk, did most to confirm and strengthen Czecho-Slovakia." It counts more, we are told further, to be an American in Prague than to be English. Crane's son is minister for the United States; Crane's daughter-in-law, as painted by Mucha, is engraved on the new hundred-crown note.

The Life of Clara Barton, by William E. Barton (Houghton Mifflin), affords an illustration of how history repeats itself. The two great achievements of Clara Barton were her work during the Civil War in behalf of wounded soldiers and her long-drawn-out, but ultimately successful, efforts to induce the United States to become a member of the International Red Cross. In connection with the latter, it is interesting to note that she met with exactly the same objections as those that have lately assailed the proposal that America join the League of Nations. She was warned by Senators, Representatives, members of the Cabinet, Presidents and Vice-Presidents, to beware of "entangling alliances," and was told that America was perfectly capable of managing her own affairs without outside assistance. It was not until 1882 that the Senate ratified and President Arthur signed the treaty that linked the United States with twenty-seven other nations in the Geneva Convention.

Our Hawaii, by Charmian K. London (Macmillan), is a new and revised edition of a memorable book. Begun as a diary when Charmian and her sailor husband

arrived in Honolulu on their yacht *Snark* in 1907, it has been expanded to cover several trips to Hawaii, one made after Jack's death. It is vivid, colorful, and "written with an enthusiasm only possible to a Charmian London," as Frederick O'Brien remarks in the New York *Herald*. One of the high spots of the narrative is a description of the dethroned Queen Liliuokalani; another is an account of the Molokai leper settlement. The book is fully illustrated, and opens with three essays on Hawaii written by Jack London in 1916.

Sleeping Fires, by Gertrude Atherton (Stokes), is a story of San Francisco in the 'sixties. We are introduced to an exclusive social set into which is brought the New Englander who is the heroine of the tale. She comes as the wife of a popular doctor and she makes a real conquest of the hearts of his friends, but her union with him is not a success. She finds herself starved intellectually. She turns for companionship to a brilliant young literary man. There comes an hour which recalls that of Paolo and Francesca. The story itself, while very well told, is not the most interesting thing in the book. Mrs. Atherton, as Hildegard Hawthorne points out in the New York *Times*, is occupied with a thesis. "There are men and women who are created to make one whole. Not anything man-made can keep them apart without utterly smashing them. The bulk of humanity gets along well enough anyhow, perhaps. But the man and woman essentially human cannot be finally controlled, tho they may be killed, by social laws. Wake the sleeping, elemental fires and the flimsy barriers and shelters we have built are consumed to ashes."

The Life and Death of Harriett Frean, by May Sinclair (Macmillan), is hailed as the shortest novel of the month. In scarcely more than 15,000 words, we get the biography of a woman whose chief fault is that she is too self-sacrificing. The central episode of the story is that in which she surrenders her girlhood sweetheart to her dearest friend. The climax is reached when she comes to a realization of the futility of her sacrifice. "It is a terrible story," says Charles Hanson Towne in the New York *Tribune*, "but oh, with what clarity it is told! I wish every young writer would read it, study it, ponder it. Not a wasted phrase, not a single adjective too many. Brilliant to a point that hurts. And coming after the gay 'Mr. Waddington of Wyck,' how

it makes one realize the genius, the strange flame of May Sinclair, this woman who can leap from that light mood to so poignant a theme."

The Beautiful and Damned, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner), carries the spirit of its author's earlier stories, "This Side of Paradise" and "Flappers and Philosophers," to a logical conclusion. The glamor that he saw has faded. The beautiful are damned. All this is embodied in a story which, in sheer vitality and glitter, is unexcelled by any other of our young American writers. Mr. Fitzgerald takes an obvious delight even in describing disintegration. He is "magnificently alive," as John Peale Bishop puts it in the New York *Herald*, "at the moment of announcing the meaninglessness of life." He seems to say to the older generation: "Here we are, we youngsters, and this is how we can drink and suffer and wonder and pretend to have no hope. What do you make of us?" The reply of the older generation, as Henry Seidel Canby formulates it in the New York *Evening Post*, is: "We are a little disgusted, a little touched, and profoundly interested." When Mr. Fitzgerald grows up, in art as well as in philosophy, Dr. Canby goes on to comment, "he may tell us more, and more wisely. He will write better novels, but he will probably never give us better documents of distraught and abandoned but intensely living youth."

Crome Yellow, by Aldous Huxley (Doran), does for England something of what "The Beautiful and Damned" does for America. It is youth's satire on youth, and recalls Oscar Wilde. "The youngest of the Georgians," as Ludwig Lewisohn puts it in the New York *Nation*, "recalls the last of the Victorians; 'Crome Yellow' is 'The Green Carnation' after thirty years. There is the same week-end party in an English country house, the same eddying of brilliant conversation, the same weary, ultra-civilized mockery, the same touch which is so sure without ever being innocent, the same phosphorescence which we shall let someone else call the phosphorescence of decay. There is even a young poet who, like Dorian Grey, admires his mirrored image. But the eroticism has changed in character and now centers about a young person named Mary, who is desperately afraid of developing complexes through repression and wears her hair 'clipped like a page's in a bell of elastic gold about her cheeks.'"



FUN that has always much more than a surface significance may be found in abundance in the essays of Clarence Day, Jr. His first book, "This Simian

wondering instinct—a "soul." Assuming he isn't religious, what does he do with *that* part of him?

He usually keeps that part of him asleep if he can. He doesn't like to let it wake up and look around at the world, because it asks awful questions—about death, or truth—and that makes him uncomfortable. He wants to be cheery and he hates to have his soul interfere. The soul is too serious and the best thing to do is to deaden it.

Humor is an opiate for the soul, says Francis Hackett. Laugh it off: that's one way of not facing a trouble. Sentimentality, too, drugs the soul; so does business. That's why humor and sentimentality and business are

popular.

In Russia, it's different. Their souls are more awake, and less covered. The Russians are not businesslike, and they're not sentimental or humorous. They are spiritually naked by contrast. An odd, moody people. We look on, well wrapped-up, and wonder why they shiver at life.

"My first interest," the Russian ex-



RUSSIA BETWEEN THE SPHINX AND CIVILIZATION
One of Clarence Day's illustrations for "The Crow's Nest."

World," was hailed as one of the best pieces of satire by an American, and his new book, "The Crow's Nest" (Knopf), so-called because Mr. Day conceives of himself atop of a sail, shows no slackening of his power. He is discoursing now on Humpty-Dumpty, Prometheus, Thomas Hardy, Fabre and Noah; he has something to tell us of money, the nebular hypothesis, legs, cows and marriage; and he illustrates all with clever drawings. There is one essay in the new book entitled "A Man Gets Up in the Morning." "You can read it," says Lee Wilson Dodd in the *New York Evening Post*, "in three minutes and then—if your habits run that way—you can think about it for the rest of your life." We quote it in full:

A man gets up in the morning and looks out at the weather, and dresses, and goes to his work, and says hello to his friends, and plays a little pool in the evening and gets into bed. But only a part of him has been active in doing all that. He has a something else in him—a



"IF ONE CAN'T FIND A MEANING TO ANYTHING, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?"

Another of Clarence Day's portrayals of the Russian dilemma.

plains, "is to know where I stand: I must look at the past, and the seas of space about me, and the intricate human drama on this little planet. Before I can attend to affairs, or be funny, or tender, I must know whether the world's any good. Life may all be a fraud."

The Englishman and American answer that this is not practical. They don't believe in anyone's sitting down to stare at the Sphinx. "That won't get you anywhere," they tell him. "You must be up and doing. Find something that interests you, then do it, and—"

"Well, and what after that?" says the Russian.

"Why—er—and you'll find out as much of the Riddle in that way as any."

"And how much is that?"

"Why, not so very damn much perhaps," we answer. "But at least you'll keep sane."

"Why keep sane?" says the Russian. "If there is any point to so doing I should naturally wish to. But if one can't find a

meaning to anything, what is the difference?"

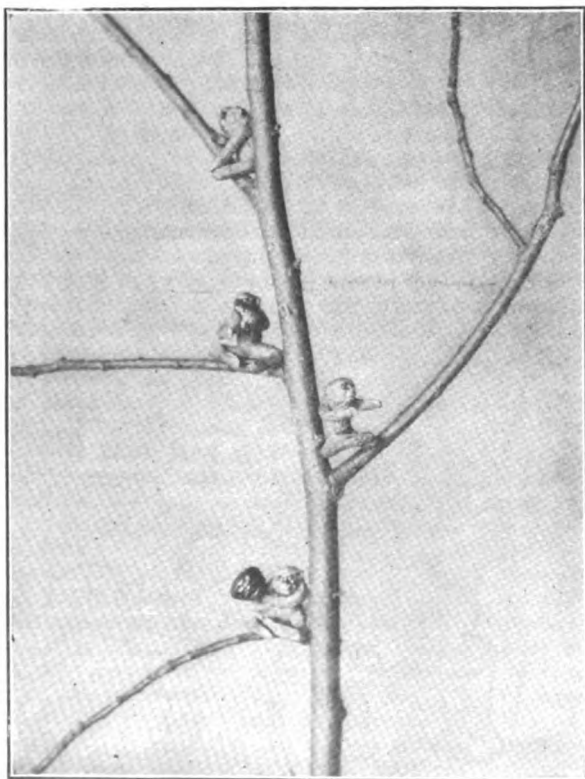
And the American and Englishman continue to recommend business.

Humor of a much more obvious sort is offered by Mr. Day in an essay "On Cows":

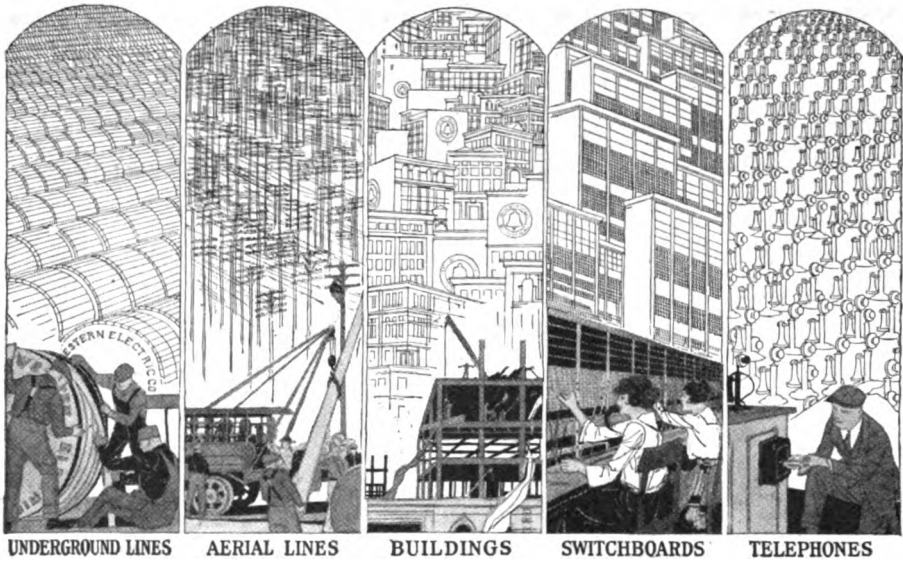
I was thinking the other evening of cows. You say Why? I can't tell you. But it came to me, all of a sudden, that cows lead hard lives. It takes such a lot of grass, apparently, to keep a cow going that she has to spend all her time eating, day in and day out. Dogs bounce around and bark, horses caper, birds fly, also sing, while the cow looks on, enviously, maybe, unable to join them. Cows may long for conversation or prancing, for all that we know, but they can't spare the time. The problem of nourishment takes every hour: a pause might be fatal. So they go through life drearily eating, resentful and dumb. Their food is most uninteresting, and is frequently covered with bugs; and their thoughts, if they dwell on their hopeless careers, must be bitter.

In the old days, when huge and strange animals roamed through the world, there was an era when great size was necessary, as a protection. All creatures that could do so grew large. It was only thus they felt safe. But as soon as they became large, the grass-eating creatures began to have trouble, because of the fact that grass has a low nutritive value. You take a dinosaur, for instance, who was sixty or seventy feet long. Imagine what a hard task it must have been for him, every day, to get enough grass down his throat to supply his vast body. Do you wonder that, as scientists tell us, they died of exhaustion? Some starved to death even while feverishly chewing their cud—the remoter parts of their bodies fainting from famine while their fore-parts got fed.

This exasperating fate is what darkens the mind of the cow.



Photograph by Van der Weyde
THE FAMILY TREE.



Breaking Construction Records

Since 1920, faced with the greatest demand for service in telephone history, the Bell System has surpassed all previous records for the installation of new telephone equipment. In the last two years more than 1,000,000 additional stations have been added to the system by construction. This is equal to the entire number of telephones in Great Britain.

In 1921 alone, 450,000 new poles were placed—enough to make a telephone line from New York to Hong Kong. The aerial wire put into service in the same year, 835,000 miles in all, is enough to string 60 wires on such a telephone line.

1,875,000 miles of wire, enclosed in 1,500 miles of cable,

were added to underground and submarine lines in 1921. New underground duct totaling 11,000,000 feet was constructed, this representing approximately 300 miles of subway. 69 new central office buildings and important additions were completed or in progress, and new switchboards with a capacity of many thousands of connections were installed.

This equipment added to the Bell System, great though it is in volume and value, represents but a small part of the vast property which enables the telephone on your desk to give the service to which you are accustomed. And to meet the increasing demands for new service, the work of construction goes on.

"BELL SYSTEM"



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
toward Better Service*

Beacon Lights of Business

ALONG perilous coasts, lighthouses throw their guiding rays far into the night to warn the mariners and help them safely past the shoals.

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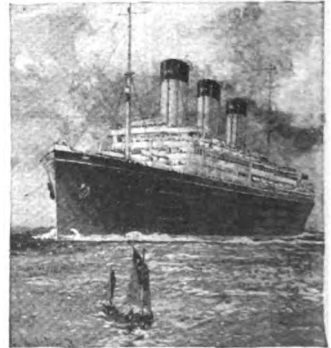
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An Open Letter

Do you recall one of those rare moments in life when the veil is lifted for a moment, when a breath of inspiration comes like a flash, when the future seems to be suddenly illuminated, when you feel a mastery stealing into hands and brain, when you see yourself as you really are, see the things you might do, the things you can do, when forces too deep for expression, too subtle for thought, take possession of you and then as you look back on the world again, you find it different, something has come into your life—you know not what, but you know it was something very real?

Winning victories is a matter of morale, of consciousness, of mind. Would you bring into your life, more money, get the money consciousness, more power, get the power consciousness, more health, get the health consciousness, more happiness, get the happiness consciousness? Live the spirit of these things until they become yours by right. It will then become impossible to keep them from you. The things of the world are fluid to a power within man by which he rules them.

You need not acquire this power. You already have it. But you want to understand it; you want to use it; you want to control it; you want to impregnate yourself with it; so that you can go forward and carry the world before you.

And what is this world that you would carry before you? It is no dead pile of stones and timber; it is a living thing! It is made up of the beating hearts of humanity and the indescribable harmony of the myriad souls of men, now strong and impregnable, anon weak and vacillating.

It is evident that it requires understanding to work with material of this description; it is not work for the ordinary builder.

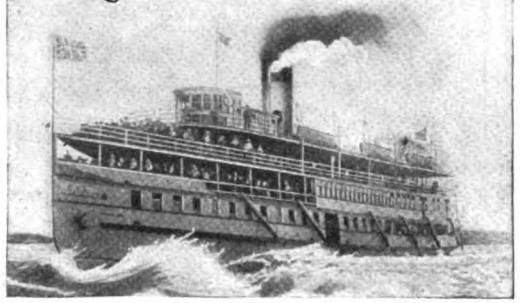
If you, too, would go aloft, into the heights, where all that you ever dared to think or hope is but a shadow of the dazzling reality, you may do so. Upon receipt of your name and address, I will send you a copy of a book by Mr. Bernard Guilbert Guernsey, the celebrated New York author and literary critic. It will afford the inspiration which will put you in harmony with all that is best in life, and as you come into harmony with these things, you make them your own, you relate with them, you attract them to you. The book is sent without cost or obligation of any kind, yet many who have received it say that it is by far the most important thing which has ever come into their lives.

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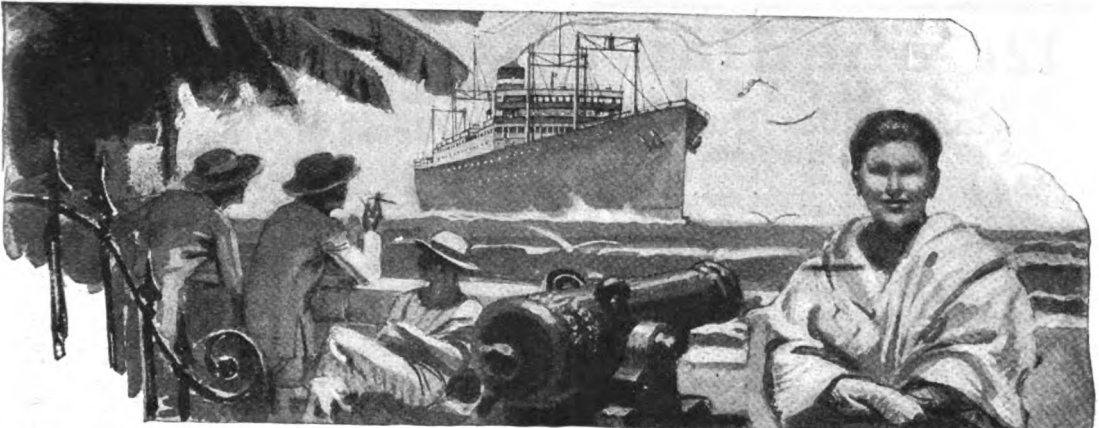
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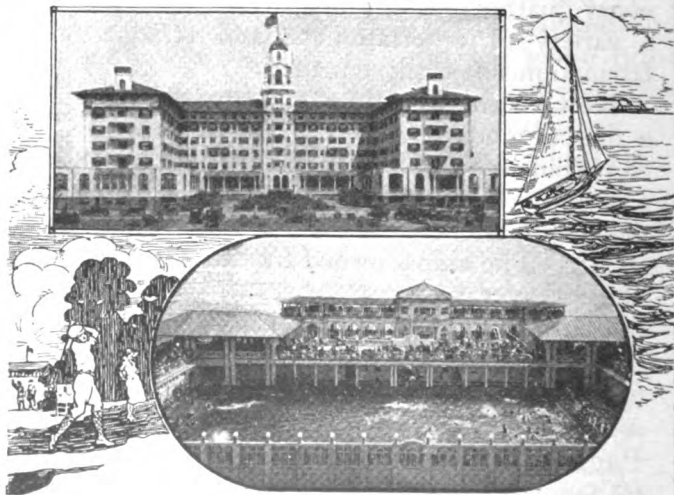
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FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THE investor who failed to take advantage of the most unusual and attractive offerings afforded in the market a few months ago has but himself to blame. The handwriting on the wall was in plain English and needed no specialist to interpret it. Expectation of the continuance of such investment conditions with the high yields which existed during the latter part of last year and the early part of this, could be justified only by the belief that the country was going to the dogs—and it is not.

The handwriting clearly stated, week by week and month by month, so that he who ran might read, that drastic liquidation was in progress—liquidation in money, business and securities. It showed that money was being accumulated in the banks of the country through the payment of loans to a degree quite unprecedented; that a vast volume of currency was being retired; that reserves were constantly growing in the banks, and that gold was coming in at a rate hitherto unheard-of—all of which pointed to the fact of cheap money in the near future. It showed a stock market in which the public took not the slightest interest, it being entirely in the hands of the professionals, to be manipulated by them as they pleased. That it has been liquidated to their entire satisfaction is now evident.

August, 1921, proved to be the turning point in stocks, anti-dating, as it always does, the turn in business by many months, and since that time the market has steadily advanced. Analytically speaking, there is little reason seen for an advancing market. Viewed from a psychological standpoint and from the fact that money is cheap and

that real bargains have existed, ample reason is found. That the stock market should advance in the face of poor earnings, adverse statements, internal troubles, strikes and disturbances of all kinds is, in many respects, unnatural. That the advance did take place in spite of such adverse conditions speaks well for the confidence of the investors of the country in the soundness of our industries. It shows that they are capable of looking beneath immediate surface indications and can see that the depression through which we have been wading for so long is temporary; that its time is up; that, potentially, there is prosperity in sight for all industry, and that bargains existed—bargains that are rapidly disappearing as prices advance. After so long a period of downward movement the market was due for an upward swing and, helped out by the existence of so much cheap and idle money, the cycle is in a fair way to be completed.

The new picture thrown upon the screen carries with it the lesson that the old conditions of the past year or two have passed and that the predictions of cheap money have been verified. The new conditions began to develop but a few months ago, but, even in that short time, have firmly established the belief that the turn has been successfully passed. To a large extent the cheapness of money has been brought about by the liquidation in commodity prices and in business generally, for it now requires but about a half of the funds to carry on business as it did two years ago. The result has been the piling up of money in the banks to the credit of the large corporations and others who cannot use it in their own business because there is no demand



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Financial Editor
CURRENT OPINION

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for information regarding
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for the goods they make or sell. In looking about for an outlet, the stock market presents itself, and it is such funds as these that are, in a large measure, responsible for the recent rise in the general market.

Indications now point to a continuation of a 2 or 3 per cent. carry-over money rate on the stock exchange. This should reflect a 2 to a 2½ per cent. rate on trade and banker's acceptances, and a 3½ to 3¾ per cent. rate on government treasury paper. This should bring Liberty bonds to approximately 4 per cent. Taking Liberty bonds as a basis, a rate of 4½ to 4¾ per cent. should obtain by April on long maturities, and still with Liberty bonds as an index, municipal and other tax-exempt securities should range at about a par income return, namely 4 per cent. Higher grade eligible saving-banks bonds should range, under the conditions which we may reasonably expect to obtain for the next month or two, on about a 4½ basis, and middle-class railroad bonds at about a 5½ to 5¾ per cent. return. High-grade corporation bonds should maintain about a 5 to a 6 per cent. basis. From present indications, foreign government bonds will not be attractive to American investors at better than a seven per cent. return for some time. The above reflects approximately the position of the money market as we find it to-day, and as it may be expected to continue for some weeks.

Investors are not a little puzzled over the recent action of the Great Northern Railroad in postponing action on its dividend till the next meeting of the Board of Directors. In the usual course of events a quarterly dividend of 1¾ per cent. should have been declared on March 15th, payable May 1st. Instead of this the Board voted to "go on a semi-annual basis," dividend payments to be made about August 1st and February 1st. It will be June 20th, now, before action will be taken. This move, as it is interpreted, is made so as to give the Directors an additional three months in which to size up conditions and to determine whether it shall declare and pay the regular rate, reduce it, or pass it altogether. In this manner it has placed its affairs squarely



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before the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Railroad Labor Board. These commissions have it in their power to make or break the Great Northern or any other railroad, and it is the gossip of the street that the action of the Board was taken for the express purpose of forcing the hands of these commissions. The Transportation Act directs that a rate shall be made by the Interstate Commerce Commission whereby a 5½ per cent. earning may be made on the value of a railroad property. If the Commission fails to fix such a rate, and if the Labor Board continues to stand for the high-wage schedules of the past, the Great Northern will be in a position to protect itself. It was expected that the Northern Pacific might take action similar to that of its neighbor. On the other hand, it met the Transportation Act by cutting its dividend to 5 per cent., leaving to the next annual meeting the question of the excess half of a per cent. to which it should be entitled under the Act.

It cannot be said that the public is yet in the Stock Market in earnest. Apparently the rise hasn't continued long enough to attract this elusive element. That it cannot long withstand the lure of a rising market has been proven over and over again, and there is no reason to believe that the present movement, halting and more or less uncertain tho it be, will be long neglected. There are many bargains yet on the shelves awaiting those wise enough to get in before the upward movement has progressed too far. It requires no great acumen to know that, all through the depression period, stocks were all maintained at too low a level if their potentialities were taken into account. It was sentiment, psychology and a lack of interest and confidence that kept most of them down. It should require little wisdom to now be able to select from the general list stocks having an intrinsic value above their present market levels. In making selection, however, a thoro knowledge of the fundamental condition of the property under consideration should be the ruling thought rather than the actual present market price.

What Can Pass?

IN a little book of recent publication I find this pregnant idea:

"The spiritual life can see all whom it loves passing away; all that it is interested in going to pieces; its most cherished feelings, ideals, friendships violated; the world crashing about it; and yet stands firm, calm, unafraid, knowing that what can so pass is but fleeting and incomplete."

I like particularly that wording, "Knowing that what can pass is but fleeting."

The statement carries its own argument, and needs no proof, needs indeed but illustration.

The underlying idea of course is that what is worth while must in the nature of the case be permanent.

The best thing ever said about love was that it abides.

The greatest praise indeed of love is not that it is sweetest but that it is toughest, most evergreen and indestructible of all things in the world.

If a man will take stock of himself, at least when he has reached mature years, he will find that many things that he thought were stable were not stable, but passed away. And yet for everything that has passed away some residuum has been deposited within him, a solid something that has entered permanently into his life.

Friends have gone, the beloved have died, children have grown up and flown away, yet within us their memory abides and also something else, a certain spiritual nutriment has remained with us and become flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. That is the real.

All life is made up of what it feeds on. But what it feeds on does not remain in its original substance, but is chewed, digested, assimilated, and is thus transmuted from the form of bread and wine into the form of blood and muscle.

So in our spirit life we are not to lament the disappearance of the loaves of love, the wine of friendship and the meats of prosperity, but are rather to rejoice in what we have got from these.

This is not a selfish nor egoistic thought. It is infinitely comforting.

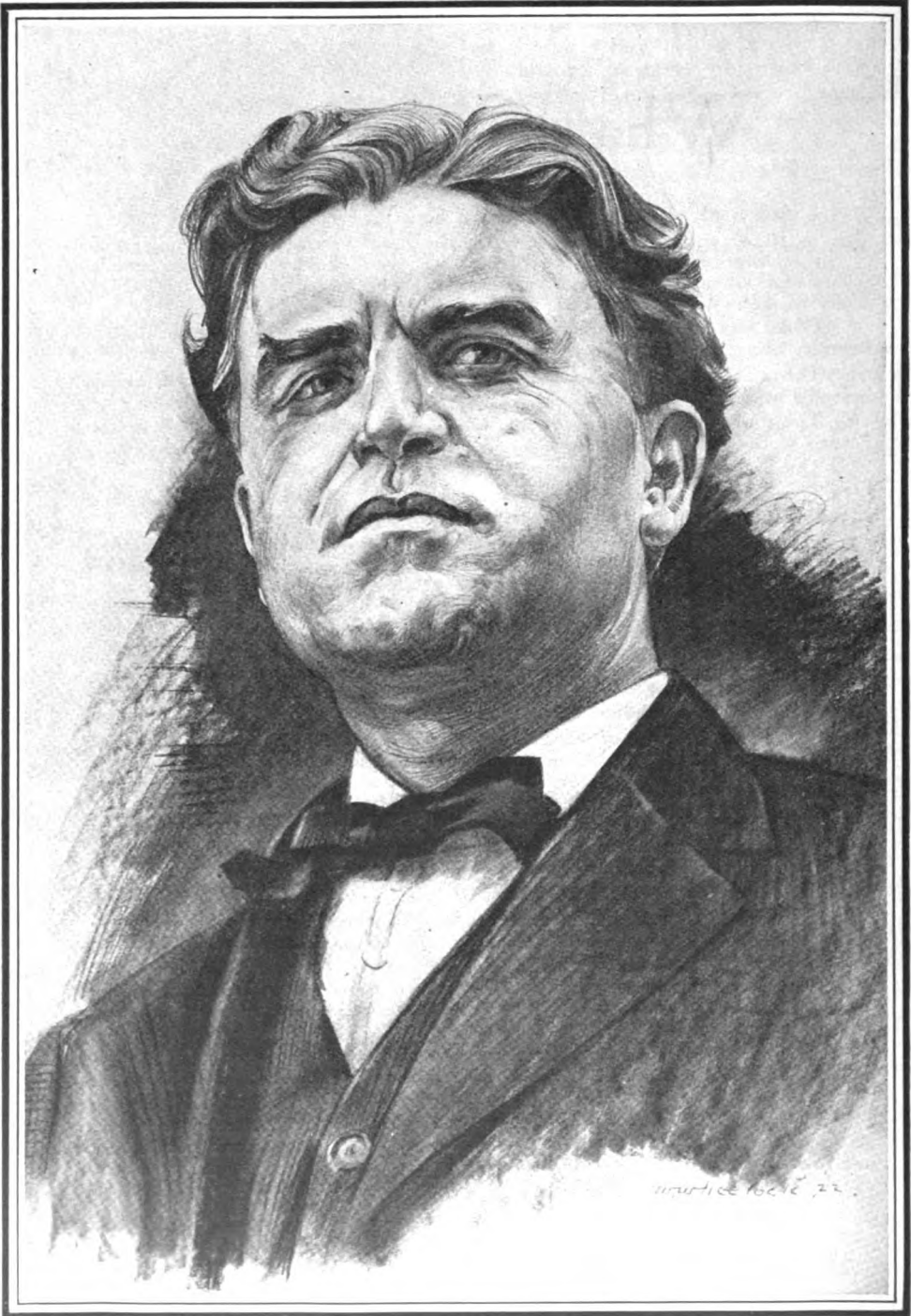
All whom we have loved and lost live forever primarily because they have become a part of us. We have fed upon them, and appropriated them.

Perhaps this was the secret meaning of a great Teacher when He established the custom of eating and drinking as a memorial to Himself, saying in cryptic, oriental fashion, "For except ye eat My flesh and drink My blood ye have no part in Me."

Everyone who loves can prove this in his own experience, for the beloved is his in proportion as he has absorbed, assimilated and made his own that beloved's personality.

When we go out of this life we seem to take no property with us. There is no pocket in a shroud. And perhaps all of our possessions in that next world will be measured by the amount of property we have gained which is of that nature that must remain forever ours and CANNOT pass.

Frank Crane



A LABOR LEADER WHO STANDS FOUR-SQUARE FOR THE CONSTITUTION

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America and director of the coal strike, will not tolerate Bolshevism or any shade of red radicalism on the part of his followers.

CURRENT OPINION

Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane



Associate Editors
Alexander Harvey
William Griffith

VOL. LXXII

JUNE, 1922

No. 6

POST-IMPRESSIONS OF THE GENOA CONFERENCE

EXCEPTING the Conference which resulted in the Versailles Treaty, the diplomacy of the old world has never so completely engrossed the attention of the new world as in the case of the Economic Conference at Genoa. For good or for evil, by what has been done or by what has been left undone, it is the consensus of American press opinion that the parley at Genoa has been "a decisive moment in the history of our times—decisive for us no less than for Europe." At the same time the decision of Secretary Hughes against taking part in the Conference is accepted. The *Washington Post*, for instance, actively approves, and the *New York American* argues that this country cannot participate in European affairs until Europe ceases "acting like peevish and outraged children."

In the Middle West the sentiment against association with Europe is pronounced and is credited as inspiring the attitude of men like Senator Smoot on the tariff. The east-

ern states, however, are conscious of the enormous financial commitments in Europe already entered into by the United States. Newspapers like the *New York Journal of Commerce*, the *Times*, and the *World*, with all that is authoritative on Wall Street, assume that the United States is already involved in European affairs, that she cannot now escape from them, and that she had best assert herself lest worse befall. According to this view, it is not enough to say that the Genoa Conference is political rather than economic and that, in the politics of Europe, the United States is not interested. The business of the United States—so it is argued—was to see that economics had their proper place at Genoa, where it was the new world that was needed to balance the old.

From the welter of detail that has burdened the cables there emerges plainly a difference between France and Great Britain. No one, comparing the welcomes given over here to Marshal Joffre and Field Marshal French, can fail to recognize the tra-

ditional friendship of the United States for France, voiced with especial vigor by the New York *Tribune*, which journal supports the attitude of Paris toward Genoa. But it has become clear throughout the United States that the clash between M. Poincaré and Mr. Lloyd George is not temperamental. It is not due, on either side, to commercial or national rivalries. Nor is it to be explained by the political exigencies under which these statesmen respectively labor. Both men are pursuing a large and definite end. That they are both sincere is not seriously questioned.

What divides them is regarded as "an entirely natural and legitimate argument over policy." It is an argument that embraces not Europe only, but the whole of Asia. It is

two philosophies fighting for the assent of mankind. And for these philosophies Lloyd George and Poincaré are merely the spokesmen. All the marching and counter-marching over details like the French treaty with the Turks at Angora, or over this or that reservation, are merely incidents in the larger strategy. If Poincaré were to be succeeded by Tardieu as Briand was succeeded by Poincaré, if Lloyd George and his coalition were to collapse as did the power of Woodrow Wilson, the competing philosophies would remain. Understand what they are and the riddle of the old world becomes plain.

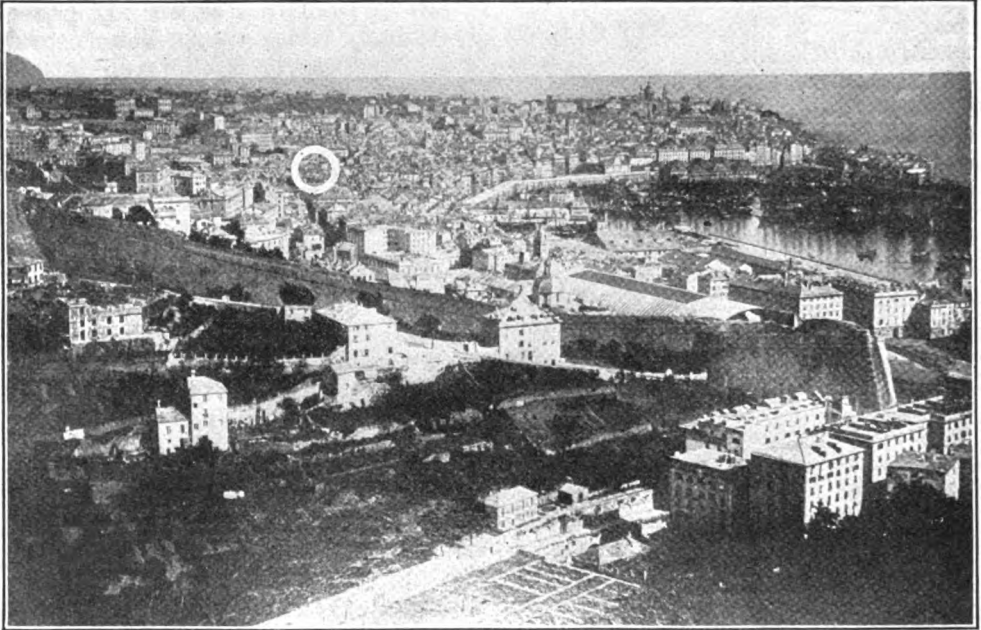
The philosophy of Poincaré is firmly rooted in the experience of the past, as limited to Europe. To him the late war is only one of a



Photograph by the Keystone View Company

THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE ALLIES AT GENOA

Reading from right to left are M. Barthou, head of the French delegation; Signor Facta, Italian Premier; Prime Minister David Lloyd George and Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer, of England; and Signor Schanzer, of Italy. In the background is the Royal Palace.



Photograph by the Keystone View Company

WHERE THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE WAS HELD

The building in which the famous conclave was called to order in Genoa, Italy, is located on the spot indicated by the white circle in the upper part of the picture.

series of wars, which means that, sooner or later, there will be "the next war." Other countries are thus to be regarded as potential friends or potential enemies. Even Britain must be held firmly to France by the fear of submarines, and Turkey, Poland, Belgium are pawns in the same preparatory moves. It is assumed that Germany must be hostile, and also Russia under the Soviets. Hence, Germany must be kept weak; about Russia there must be drawn the *cordon sanitaire*; and within Russia every support must be given to counter-revolutionaries. Expecting ultimate conflict, France declines even to discuss a limitation of armaments on land, altho Japan is understood to be ready for this reform to which Russia also has pledged herself. The French army is maintained on a war-footing and includes hundreds of thousands of black troops, enrolled in Africa for service in white Christendom. The French attitude is not to be de-

scribed as aggressive. It is defensive. But the method of defence is an overwhelming display of force.

The situation is the more acute because the presumptive foes of France happen also to be her debtors. Germany owes her reparations. Russia, under the Czars, has also borrowed from France both for the purpose of peace and war. Neither of these debtors is meeting admitted obligations, which affect millions of French and Belgian homes, and millions of votes. The French budget does not balance. If Russian and German assets are to be written off as worthless, and if French obligations to Britain and the United States are to be honored, France must submit to an income tax which would blow up any Government in Paris that proposed it. Hence, her continued assumption that she can still collect from hostile nations what is due to her under the Treaty of Versailles and otherwise. France never wanted the Ge-

noa Conference. Left alone, her next step would be, on May 31st, to declare the Germans in default and to seize the Ruhr Valley with its valuable mines. Altho France went to Genoa, and met Germans and Russians, it was only on condition that reparations and disarmament were not to be mentioned. The basis on which she accepted the League of Nations at Geneva was the exclusion therefrom of Russia and Germany.

What, then, is Lloyd George's philosophy? In essence, it is identical with the views advanced at Versailles by Woodrow Wilson and then overruled by Clemenceau. He agrees that France must be secured against invasion. But his argument means that the safety of France, as of Italy and all Christendom, depends on peace in Europe as a whole. If Europe be again divided into two camps, the balance of power between them must be precarious and when it breaks down, as always happens, France will have to fight a war in which, even if she were to be victorious, her ruin, financially and physically, would be irretrievable. Not only the best security for France but her only security lies, according to this logic, in the plan of reconciling Europe. The big army is a far worse defence than would be small armies all round.

On financial questions, the British ask, not what is owed but what can be collected. We are assured that they do not believe the German and Russian obligations are to be counted, except in small part, among realizable assets. To attempt to collect them by force of arms would simply cost, it is feared, many times more than any sum thus to be recovered. Britain contends that the only thing to do is to restore the interdependent finances of Europe and cancel debts no longer good. By reducing armies, much money will be saved, and nowhere to greater ad-

vantage than in France. If peace can be assured by a Ten Years' Agreement or Holiday, or any other means, the healing influences of trade will again assert themselves. By that trade, Britain admits that she will herself benefit. Her trouble has not been, like that of France, the failure of Germany and Russia to pay their debts. What worries England is the not less serious fact of 2,500,000 unemployed.

What Genoa seems to have shown is the reluctance of France, at the moment, to be party to any such settlement in Europe. France does not believe that the Russians and the Germans can be trusted. The question for Italy and Britain is whether the alliance with France in her present attitude, which alliance held for the war, is now to continue actively binding. Confronted by Balkan uncertainties, and inspired by the leadership of a liberal Pope, and of Don Sturzo, the priest in politics, Italy is disappointed over the veto on land disarmament; while Britain has to consider, not herself alone, but her Dominions. On terms, she is ready to guarantee the French frontier, but her Empire, beyond the oceans, has made it clear that it will not underwrite Poincaré. If there is to be perpetual hostility between France and Germany and Russia, the Entente, which linked France with Britain, ceases automatically to be effective. Britain will be or, to the British way of thinking, must be neutral.

For the new Alliance between Germany and Russia, implying as it does a possible military cooperation, is what Britain and Italy have always feared. If they stand in with France, it means that already Europe is divided, almost exactly, into one part representing the old Roman Empire and another part, representing the vast hinterland beyond. That hinterland may have been described by the ancients as barbarian. Undoubtedly, its civili-

zation, regarded as a whole, is, even to-day, less sophisticated than that of the Latin culture. But it includes the German intellect. It stretches along the northern frontiers of India and Persia until it reaches China and impinges on Japan in Siberia. It dominates the Near East. And it is idle to suppose that little nations like Latvia can stand out against its gradually absorbing tendencies. To hurl the British Com-

monwealth of nations against this Russo-German *bloc* would be a tremendous affair, nor is there any reason to believe that, in such a struggle, the United States would assist the Allies. It is, indeed, a vision apocalyptic. In France herself there is a strong opinion arising against any such conception of the future. A heavy vote was recorded in the French Chamber of Deputies against the size of the French Army.

If there can be no general settlement with Russia and Germany, owing to the abstention of France and Belgium, it follows that each nation must decide upon its own action. It looks to-day as if, in numerous cases, there would be commercial and other arrangements between the Powers and "the outcasts." Russia and Germany have much to offer that others want. An illustration is Russian oil, for which British, American and other interests are excitedly bidding. At Genoa, France stood alone, and so, as it seems, she will still stand, while the rest of Europe seeks, at any rate, to drift back to normalcy. The mission of Governor Strong of the



Photograph by the Keystone View Company

THE SOVIET DELEGATES AT GENOA

From left to right are shown M. Krassin; George Tchicherin, head of the Russian delegation; and M. Vorovsky.

Federal Reserve Bank in New York and of J. Pierpont Morgan to the conference of the committee named by the Allied Reparations Commission to consider plans for a German loan is significant. Its first meeting has been scheduled to take place in Paris May 31st, the date when France should receive from Germany a payment on account of reparations. It is not anticipated that this payment will be forthcoming. And some French statesmen manifest a desire to seize German territory. With France owing money both to the United States and to Great Britain, and with the United States anxious to employ her gold reserves on well-secured foreign credits, here is a situation which remains to be adjusted.

Broadly, American opinion is more favorable to dealing with Germany than with Russia. It is true that both countries have followed the policy of destroying their currency, with the investments which depend on currency, by the simple plan of printing incredible amounts of paper money—the German output is 8 billion marks a week and



"KINDA GLAD I DIDN'T GO ON THAT CRUISE."

—McCarthy in New Orleans Times-Picayune.

the mark has fallen to one-third of a cent. But technically at any rate, the German still respects financial contracts, and he is thus more responsible than his neighbor. While, then, Britain would be ready to lend something to both Germany and Russia, the United States is not yet convinced as to Russia; and many American authorities still hold that Russian trade is of little present value.

Such new loans to "the outcast" nations must be another unwelcome fact for France. In every bankruptcy or reconstruction of a firm, the new money, put into the business, ranks as a prior liability over the old. If Britain and the United States finance "the outcast" Powers, they will become inevitably first mortgage holders and the existing loans and reparations, held by France, will have to be treated as deferred stock. On this point, the answer would be, doubtless, that the stock, as deferred, might prove of more value than it is to-day, with the entire business in confusion.

Framers of opinion in this country are convinced that the Bolshevik *régime* in Russia must shortly disappear. Obviously, that is not Lloyd George's calculation. The Soviets are returning, in some degree, to Capitalism and they hold the big cities. If they rent the oil-wells and forests, they will derive a revenue which may be sufficient for all administrative purposes. Much that they argue is puerile, as, for instance, the proposal to distribute the gold reserve accumulated in the United States. But they have survived many invasions. Some of these invasions, as of Semenoff, now under arrest in the United States, were little better than banditry. And the real prospect before Russia may be, not the dissolution of the Soviets, but their transformation into a resurgent Imperialism. This, again, is one of the possibilities which Lloyd George seems to have in mind. Even Germany might not like to be dominated by the armed Slav, as big brother. And not the least important of the Pope's aims is to establish in Russia a fresh contact with the Eastern Church.

If a cat could look at a king these days, it couldn't do anything much but laugh.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

□ □

The Losers of Genoa

A MIRACULOUS transformation must be effected in the attitude of France if the reds from Moscow are ever to attain the great end for which they went to Genoa—full and complete recognition as "Russia." Here the tactics of M. Poincaré have been too much for Mr. Tchicherin. The soviet government has attained, indeed, a "sort of standing," to use the expression of the *Temps*, but the organ of the Quai d'Orsay adds that it is the standing of brigands who succeed. Notwithstanding the conciliatory attitude of Mr. Lloyd George, to say

nothing of the clever stroke of the Berlin-Moscow treaty, the soviet power in Russia is still outside the comity of nations. Its recognition is, as the bolshevik *Naples Avanti* admits, "inadequate." Lenin and the men about him, together with the "soviets," are on no plane of equality with the rulers of other lands. He and they are not "Russia" in the sense in which M. Poincaré is "France" or in which Mr. Lloyd George is "England." Official Paris organs emphasize that.

Diplomatically, then, as all the substantial organs of official European opinion agree, the Bolsheviks have failed so far at Genoa. The skill with which M. Poincaré has thus converted the conference from one of "thirty-four nations" into a round table at which great personages negotiate purely economic questions is conceded everywhere. Theoretically Genoa was to house a gathering of powers on a plane of equality. Actually, as the *Journal des Débats* points out, there is merely an economic conference discussing



CAN THEY RESCUE HER?

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

measures for the restoration of European prosperity.

This is not what Lenin bargained for. Tchicherin has not concealed his ill humor. To be sure, Russia is vitally interested in the economic outcome of it all, but the men around Lenin wanted some "recognition" for themselves in the political sphere and failing to get it they resolved to obstruct, conspire, spring traps for the confusion of Paris and London. The "red" policy was to grant a "sphere of interest" to any power that would in return give that precious recognition. The Russo-German treaty was merely the first decayed potato in a long flight of missiles from the "red" gallery to the Genoa stage on which France, according to the *Paris Action*, was playing a preposterous part. Declaring that Lloyd George "has been fooled at Genoa," the *Tory London Post* goes on to say:



THE ONLY CONCERT HE CAN HEAR

—Kuhn in Indianapolis News.

"He promised us a surprise, and it has come with a vengeance, but not



OVER AGAIN

—Kirby in New York World.

from the direction of the Villa Albertis. An ordinary man when he is fooled is sore. To a superman it must be torment, and we are not surprized that, as our special correspondent says, the Prime Minister was inclined to treat the humble Teuton who brought him the Treaty in the way that Macbeth trounced the 'cream-faced loon,' who told him about the moving of Dunsinane Wood. Moreover, the conclusion of the Russo - German Treaty strikes at the fundamental idea of the Genoa Conference. There were to be no secrets, no separate treaties, no opposing camps; the brethren, having subscribed to the covenant of Cannes, were to dwell together in the unity of the psalmist. Where is that unity now? The Genoa Conference has been struck a mortal blow."

There seems to be considerable fury in certain sections of the British conservative press when it reviews the course of Mr. Lloyd George, but the applause evoked by M. Poincaré in the conservative French press is well nigh unanimous.

There is, as is well pointed out by the London *Nation*, a conservative party in Europe, which is nationalist and militarist and for which the treaty of Versailles, "with all its injustices, exclusions, exactions and errors," is a "charter of rights." M. Poincaré is the champion of this element. Behind him, with more or less solidity, stand Rumania, Jugoslavia, Poland, Belgium and, with reservations, Czecho-Slovakia. It is alleged against the French Premier by this school of criticism that he and his following "desire to repeat upon the body of Russia the vivisections Germany has suffered." Poincaré and his party or groups would subject Russia to the same sort of control in order to force payment of the vexed debt. Poincaré is anxious to reduce that red army of which Trotzky is so proud without at the same time cutting down the land forces of France.

The progress of the Genoa conference so far has not served to convince any important European newspaper that a conciliatory spirit has come over either Paris or Moscow politically and diplomatically. In the sphere of economics some advances have been effected and here the efforts of Mr. Lloyd George have been seconded with brilliance by the conciliatory Czecho-Slovak Premier, Doctor Edward Benes. The latter is quoted in some foreign dailies as speaking with unusual candor to M. Barthou and the other gentlemen from Paris, reminding them that France is after all a self-sustaining country. She can get along whatever be the shortage of food in the rest of Europe, but to the nations of the "little entente" German impecuniosity is a source of embarrassment, whether that impecuniosity be artificial or not. Germany, Benes thinks, can get on her feet if she be allowed to do business with Russia. Then the nations of the little entente are sorely in need of a rehabilitated Russia, capable of pouring food into

neighboring lands in her pre-war style.

What about the vast debt due from Russia to France? M. Barthou, in the absence of M. Poincaré, always put that question at Genoa when he heard Signor Facta and Signor Schanzer talking about the rehabilitation of Russia. French organs, duly inspired, have conceded that the restoration of Russia would be of great help not only to Russians but to Europeans in general. M. Poincaré himself said in the chamber of deputies lately that unless the Russian famine situation be relieved speedily, the pressure of Europe's masses upon the means of subsistence will in two years be so acute that western civilization itself may be threatened. Here is a grave crisis in which the French are anxious to be of assistance but the ministry at Paris is persuaded that no dealings with the soviet government as at present constituted can do anything but aggravate the peril. This means, in plain terms, according to the disgusted London *Outlook*, that no results tending towards the demilitarization of Europe or "any effective plans for the balancing of budgets or the resumption of international trade" can be expected with the help of M. Poincaré. The only hope is in such a change of public opinion in France that this somewhat irreconcilable statesman will be replaced by a more pliable person. Unfortunately—from this point of view—self-sufficing France is not economically so hard pressed that she heeds considerations that are vital to England. The European crisis to Paris is military, diplomatic, political chiefly and economic in a somewhat secondary aspect.

The difference between the League of Nations and the Four-Power alliance is forty nations.—*Charleston Gazette*.

The white race will continue dominant only so long as it acts white.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Is Our Occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo Justified?

THE liberals and radicals of this country have been for years in a state of suppressed rage in regard to the American occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. We went to war, they have said, in behalf of the sacred principle of "self-determination," and here, at our very door, we have sanctioned a flagrant violation of this principle. Two memorials voicing this view—one presented by the Foreign Policy Association of New York and signed by twenty-four distinguished American lawyers, the other presented by the National Popular Government League of Washington—have lately been filed with the State Department, while Senator Borah, in a sensational speech made the other day in Carnegie Hall, New York, went so far as to say: "It has become dangerous for a dependent nation to let the world know that it has valuable resources. As soon as that is discovered there immediately arises a beneficent desire to uplift that country and to supervise that country along proper channels. . . . We have no right in Haiti."

These protests, however, it now transpires, were made in ignorance of the real motive which inspired American occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo in 1915 and 1916. That motive was a war-motive. America, it is true, had not at the time been drawn into the War, but there was good reason to suppose that she soon would be, and there was also good reason to believe, as Robert Lansing has written to Senator McCormick, that "Germany was ready to go to great lengths to secure the exclusive customs control of Haiti and also to secure coaling stations at Mole St. Nicholas."

Mole St. Nicholas is an important

naval base in Haiti. The entire island (which includes Haiti and Santo Domingo) occupies a strategic position. It "controls" one of the principal routes to the Panama Canal. Its commercial possibilities are suggested in an American prospectus which speaks of "virgin soil, with timber virtually untouched, labor cheap and abundant, and the whole country open to exploitation."

From the time when Toussaint L'Ouverture freed his people from Napoleonic France, Haiti's constitution has embodied provisions rigidly excluding foreigners from the ownership of land. One of the first acts of the United States when it came into control was to change these provisions and to make possible American ownership of some 200,000 acres.

The critics of the American policy emphasize not so much the actual occupation on July 27, 1915. Just prior to this date the Haitian President had been assassinated under revolting conditions and a massacre of political prisoners had taken place. Some kind of intervention may have been necessary. The real irregularities—what the *New York World* describes as "an exercise of irresponsible power which may in the exact sense of the term be called imperialistic"—came later.

The man in charge of the invading forces was Admiral Caperton. Working in conjunction with Secretary Daniels in Washington, he proceeded, quite literally, to take charge of Haiti. On two separate occasions he "induced" the Haitian Legislature to postpone the election of a new President. When Sudre Dartiguenave, the President of the Senate, proclaimed himself a candidate for election to the presidency of the Republic and offered, if elected President, to accede to any terms which the United States might name, including the surrender of

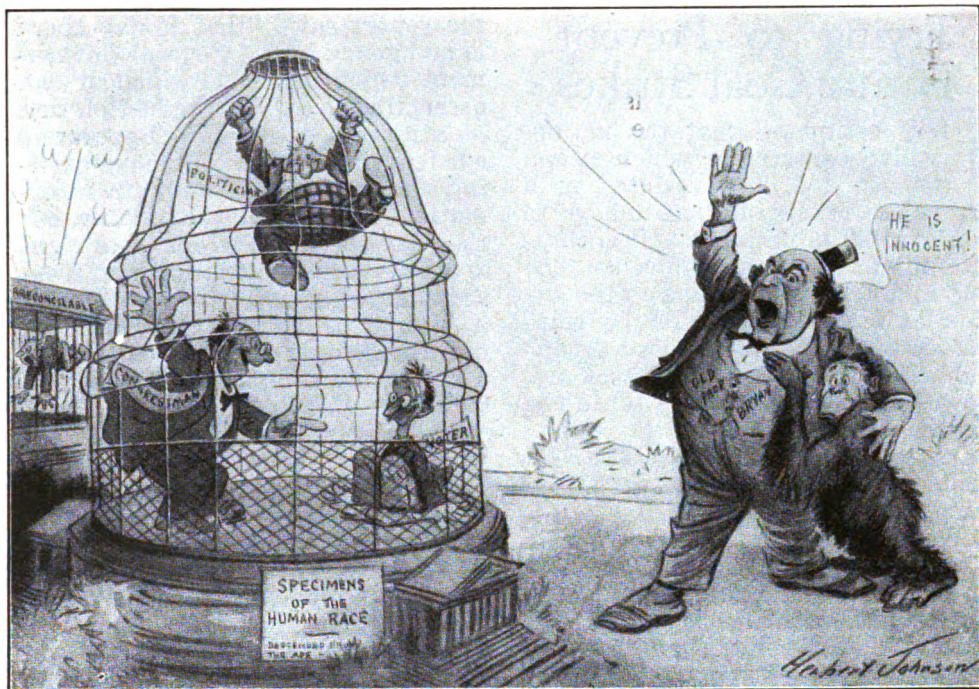
customs control and the cession of Mole St. Nicholas which the United States had been demanding as a naval base for nearly a century, Admiral Caperton notified Washington of the fact. He advised that the breaking up of bands of revolutionaries by the forces of the United States was imperative if the United States desired at this time "to negotiate a treaty for financial control of Haiti." The State Department, "by the instruction of the President," requested the Navy Department to send a sufficient force of marines to control the situation absolutely. Dartiguenave was elected by a Legislature guarded by American marines.

Two days later, the State Department presented a treaty which provided for a complete surrender of Haitian authority to America. When the Haitian Legislature refused to pass it, Admiral Caperton declared martial law. The purpose, as he explained it, was this:

"Successful negotiation of treaty is predominant part present mission. After encountering many difficulties treaty situation at present looks more favorable than usual. This has been effected by exercising military pressure at propitious moments in negotiations. Yesterday two members of Cabinet who have blocked negotiations heretofore resigned. President himself believed to be anxious to conclude treaty. At present am holding up offensive operations and allowing President time to complete Cabinet and try again. Am therefore not yet ready to begin offensive operations at Cape Haitien, but will hold them in abeyance as additional pressure."

When at last the treaty was signed, Haiti became, in everything but name, a dependency of the American Government.

All this undoubtedly has its ugly aspects, but is justified by former Secretary Lansing on grounds of military necessity. He also lays



PROOF AGAINST DARWIN

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

stress on the “appalling conditions” prevailing in the island at the time of the American occupation. To quote his exact words:

“The Government of the United States was animated by two dominating ideas:

“1. To terminate the appalling conditions of anarchy, savagery and oppression which had been prevalent in Haiti for decades and to undertake the establishment of domestic peace in the republic in order that the great bulk of the population which had been downtrodden by dictators and the innocent victims of repeated revolutions should enjoy a prosperity and an economic and industrial development to which every people of an American nation are entitled.

“2. A desire to forestall any attempt by a foreign power to obtain a foothold on the territory of an American nation, which, if a seizure of customs control by such a power had occurred, or if a

grant of a coaling station or naval base had been obtained, would have most certainly been a menace to the peace of the Western Hemisphere and in flagrant defiance of the Monroe Doctrine.”

American press comment on the whole affair sustains the view that the United States was justified in intervening in Haiti in 1915, but is not justified in now holding the island by military dictatorship. “The American Government,” the *New York World* says, “owes it to itself and to the rest of the world to bring the whole Haitian question out of the darkness into daylight. The facts should be aired. If they justify the establishment of some kind of protectorate, let us do the business openly and frankly, not secretly and with pretense. And if the facts do not justify us, let us leave Haiti as quickly as possible. The American Government can have no purposes which will not stand the test of discussion.”

Trying to Prevent Future Coal Strikes

IT is estimated that the nationwide coal strike, which began on April 1, has resulted in a daily loss of six million dollars to the 685,000 bituminous and anthracite mine workers involved. The loss inflicted by the strike on the nation at large, if it could be computed, would be much more formidable. As great as these losses are, however, they are not in vain in the degree that they lead the public mind to a consideration of the real problems of the coal industry in America.

We have in this country over half of the coal of the world. There is no lack of good machinery and willing miners to bring it out of the ground. And yet, for generations, our coal areas—in particular, Colorado, Pennsylvania and West Virginia—have been the scenes of constant disorders and even of bloody conflict. Coal in America, according to C. E. Leshner, editor of the *Coal Age*, is “as unorganized as the retail grocery business,” and, according to Mr. Hoover, is “one of the worst functioning industries in the United States.”

If the question is asked, What is the trouble? the answer would seem to be summed up in the two basic evils of the industry—over-development and over-manning. There are too many mines in operation and too many miners trying to make a living out of them.

The first need is facts, for at the present time, as Senator Frelinghuysen has pointed out, “the whole subject is shrouded in a smoky screen of inky darkness.” With a view to supplying this deficiency, the House Labor Committee has lately reported favorably the Bland bill for creation of a “fact-finding commission” for the coal industry. “It is a startling statement, but true nevertheless,”

the report says, “that to-day there is no agency in the Federal Government which has ascertained or can ascertain the correct production cost of a ton of coal in a well-operated, efficient mine. Not only have existing agencies failed to obtain information from an unbiased source, but they have been denied the legal right to obtain such information, and from the sources of information at hand it would be impossible with the limited amount of expenses and effort for any committee of Congress to obtain this information. Operators,” the report adds, “have obstinately refused to give the committee their cost of production, and it is fair to presume that such reports as were made voluntarily to existing Government agencies who did not have the right to examine the books were padded and unreliable.”

When we have the facts, what do we propose to do with them? The question involves the entire future of the coal industry and the consideration of fundamental economic principles. It is significant that the sentiment in favor of nationalization of the coal mines is not as strong as it was a few years ago. Even John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, when he appeared before the Labor Committee the other day, advocated a “nationalization” so vague as to be almost meaningless; and the liberal weekly, the *New Republic*, makes the statement:

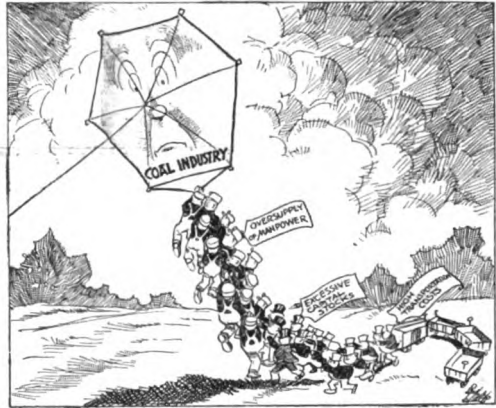
“We believe that within the next five years nationalization would be a calamity for the miners and for the public. Our reasons are definite. Except to dreamers of a syndicalist world, forecasts show that this imperfect but agreeable American nation of ours will bump on from precedent to precedent under a political state and a representative government. This means that a nationalized coal industry would be under the control of a federal commission of ‘well-known and unbiased’ and hard-boiled business men, backed by the po-

lice power of the American government. The Steel Corporation would be a gentle ally of labor compared with the mobilized power of that official tyranny. The United Mine Workers of America would be cracked like an egg-shell on the first wage dispute."

In place of nationalization, the *New Republic* proposes an elaborate system of regulation. It believes in "facts," but it also believes in compulsory powers based on those facts. When we have a "permanent federal fact-finding agency," coordinating and strengthening the present governmental agencies, we can "strike straight at the chief malady of coal, over-development — incurable and private competition for profits." The *New Republic* continues:

"No more new mines until demand has overtaken supply: that is a simple statement, and a simple licensing system will embody it. But there will remain too many mines already working. We suggest as a promising principle of reorganization the principle of industrial maintenance—that the industry shall care for its unemployed. Let the coal industry be required to guarantee a minimum of employment. Let the cost of unemployment be borne by the industry. This will force the operators to reconstruct the industry. It will dry up the surplus mines. It will drive out the irresponsible speculators, who open 'snow birds' and wagon mines. It will benefit the substantial operators who mine coal for contracts instead of for spot-sale speculations. By this device of industrial maintenance, if the operators purge the industry of its gross overdevelopment, the miners will be forced to purge their ranks of a gross overmanning."

Another plan suggested is that of John Brophy, chairman of the Nationalization Research Committee appointed at the last national convention of the United Mine Workers. Mr. Brophy's program calls for government ownership of the coal



TOO MUCH FOR THE KITE!

—Thiele in Sioux City Tribune.

fields, but would separate "control" from "administration." As he draws the distinction, control would involve a permanent federal interstate commission of mines, with a bureau of statistics, uniform accounting, a research group, and a secretary of mines in the cabinet, while actual administration would be carried on by a national and regional council made of up three kinds of members:

"One group will be the administrative heads of the industry—financial, technical, managerial. Another group will be the miners. The third group will represent the coal consumers, the consumers in other allied industries, and the community. The administrative representatives of this threefold national mining council may be appointed by the permanent federal commission of mines. The miners' representatives may be appointed by the United Mine Workers of America. The public representatives may be appointed by the President."

The coal operators are disposed to advocate a *laissez-faire* policy, and in the present crisis have offered no program for the integration and reorganization of the industry. But it hardly seems possible that we can ever return to the "natural" conditions of which they are so much

enamored. We go forward to a new era in industry. Just what it is to be no one can say definitely. "The problems of the coal industry," as the *Survey* points out, "cannot be solved by the operators alone, or by the miners and operators alone, or the engineers, or the public alone. They present probably the greatest challenge to constructive thinking and cooperative effort that is now before the American people."

The miners say they want an elastic pay scale. They probably expect that to enable them to make both ends meet.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

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The Moscow-Berlin Intrigue

PARALLEL with its policy of resistance to the Versailles pact, the Berlin government follows a course of dissembling which, in combination with the Soviets of Moscow, aims at the collapse of British world power. All this has long been so notorious abroad that last month's formal announcement of the treaty between Berlin and Moscow took no well-informed per-

son by surprise. The French press has been entering into details of late and the leading Belgian and Italian organs confirm the accuracy of the analysis.

In spite of the friendly course of Lloyd George, Wirth, Rathenau and the others of the dominant group at Berlin see in England the real enemy. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that England is assumed in Berlin to stand inevitably in the way of the revival of German influence in the world. When they talk among themselves, the men in power at Berlin admit the justice of every French claim for reparations. Germans of influence believe, moreover, that apart from the legitimate demand for indemnity payments, they have nothing to fear from the French. For the Germans, as dailies like the *Etoile belge* (Brussels) read the official mind at Berlin, the real enemy is Great Britain—that is the dominant group in the British foreign office. From the moment of the conclusion of the armistice the Wilhelmstrasse has left nothing undone to discredit British policy all over the world. The pro-German propaganda in America is conceded to be peculiarly effective in this sense. Americans who think there is no pro-German propaganda here might be enlightened if they read what many foreign dailies have to say about it.

The artificial depreciation of the mark, leading to a popular notion of the imminent crash of the "Reich," has had as its chief aim, says the *Indépendance belge* and the *Matin*, to facilitate at very low prices the exportation of German goods to every foreign market, a process carried so far as to extinguish in many regions all demand for British goods. The consequence has been somewhat tragical for England, which has seen her unemployed increase to some two millions. The Belgian daily is inclined to argue that the situation is really



BUT WAS ANYBODY HURT?

—Kirby in New York World.

the fault of Mr. Lloyd George himself. If he had not ever since 1918 set himself so resolutely against inter-Allied control of German finance, the existing situation would not be so dire, this observer thinks, and the restoration of Europe would not now be entailing plans of so gigantic a scope and so unexampled a complexity.

Bearing all this in mind, it is well to note next that the real policy of Germany is based upon the advantage resulting from a close association with bolshevist Russia. German longings for "revenge" are all well enough, but the solid advantages she seeks weigh with her as much. From the first moment of the advent of the Soviets to power, the common program between Berlin and Moscow has consisted in extending the idea of social revolution throughout all the nations of Europe. As recently as 1919 the Germans had at their disposal military forces to undertake a "revenge" seriously in case their neighbors to the west were in the throes of communist insurrections.

These insurrections, which the Germans sought to precipitate in France, in Belgium, in England and in Italy, were not to be tolerated in Germany itself, where the first Spartacus risings were savagely repressed by Prussian officers acting under orders from the Socialist Noske. The slaying of Liebknecht and of Rosa Luxembourg were sanguinary phases of that mood in Berlin.

When it became obvious to the men who held sway at Berlin—the industrialists of the Stinnes type, for instance—that the western nations were hostile to social revolution, they turned their attention to Russia. The German industrialists wanted to exploit the most available field left open to them. They were aided in this enterprise by the social experiments of Messrs. Lenin, Lunacharsky and Radek. The Germans



"ABOUT THOSE BILLIONS WE OWE EACH OTHER—LET'S CALL IT OFF"

—Marcus in New York Times.

did not openly enter the field against bolshevist ideas. Thus they revealed the superiority of their game to that of the London and Paris governments. Sheltered behind a benevolent neutrality of standpoint, the Germans succeeded in creating for themselves a quite favorable position in the Russia of the Soviets, a balance which was thrown into the scale against the equilibrium contemplated by the League of Nations.

This German plan had an economic side as well as a political one. Politically, it was important to let the Bolsheviks have some support, permitting them to reconstitute the Russian state in its ancient boundaries and helping them to repel all attack by the generals of the old Czarist system.

These were all defeated—Koltchak, Denikin, Yudenitch and Wrangel. In Europe, Russia has lost "what she will infallibly take back some day." In the Caucasus and in Asia the Russian frontiers are re-established from the Black Sea to the Pacific. Furthermore, thanks to a propaganda extending as far as India, through the Afghan de-

files and across the Persian plains, Russo-Bolshevik influence has regained the ground lost in 1917-18. Everywhere Great Britain has had to recede, not only in the Caucasus, in Persia and in Afghanistan, but even in Asia Minor, despite misleading appearances, in Mesopotamia and the regions adjacent. All these triumphs were won by the Moscow-Berlin confederates in accordance with a carefully laid plan.

Must these successes be ascribed to the somewhat fortuitous diplomacy of the Soviets or to the astuteness of their German advisers? Beyond all doubt, in the opinion of the Belgian organ of world politics, the Germans are entitled to the credit for everything: bolshevik ideas regarding the self-determination of the Armenians, the Georgians and the Tartars, forcibly incorporated into the Soviet republic of Russia, to say nothing of bolshevik designs upon the Persian Gulf.

All these triumphs have been achieved at the expense of the British Empire, which in addition to the loss of its influence in these regions had to face difficulties in its own possessions because of a bolshevik propaganda. The nature of this propaganda is sufficiently indicated by the fact that in Egypt, in India and elsewhere, the British have made every possible concession in the political and financial spheres. The agitation extended into the Union of South Africa, which was disturbed by agitators from outside as well as by strikers within.

The German game in all this is to concentrate the attention of the Soviets upon the external world while Russia is left a prey to Berlin propaganda from within. The great industrial magnates leave no stone unturned in their efforts to acquire a preponderant position at Moscow. For the past two years negotiations of a highly important kind have been in progress between emissaries from Berlin and the rulers of

the soviet organization at Moscow. These negotiations have ended in the conclusion of treaties which must certainly have given Germany a favored position but for American intervention. This was so well timed and so powerful that the establishment of a great German monopoly in Russia was averted at what seems the eleventh hour. From this point of view, the victory in Russia, diplomatically, is that of Washington, but, in the opinion of the French press, the Berlin government by no means concedes defeat.

Ireland has buried the hatchet. That noise you hear now is being made at the wake.—New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

□ □

The Horrors of Ireland

DE VALERA, according to his ancient and inveterate foe, the Tory *London Post*, is determined to go on playing his familiar part of howling dervish in Ireland. He stirs up trouble, says this hostile observer, with wild words. He holds aloof from the "actual desperados" on the efficacy of whose pistols he relies for the recovery of his lost ascendancy in Irish affairs. Both Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins are at their wits' end in their efforts to reconcile the irreconcilable De Valera, the "peace conference" having broken up the other day in blank despair.

De Valera often receives telegrams from some of his old friends in this country imploring him to use his influence to bring together the two factions in the south of Ireland—the champions of the Irish Free State under Collins and the leaders of that "irreconcilable" section of the Irish Republican Army which will listen to no kind of pact with Great Britain, no treaty, no concession, nothing but an independent republic ruling not only in Dublin but in Belfast. De Valera replies

truculently to his American friends. He insists that his extreme republicans will ultimately succeed in their aspirations.

There is an impression in London that between De Valera and his irreconcilables on the one hand and Michael Collins with his Free State party on the other relations may be far less strained than they seem. The new civil war is but a phase of the same old game. The *London Post* is convinced of that. There is also among the conservatives in London an idea that when the time comes there will be a doffing of masks and an end of the masquerade, revealing Collins, Griffith, De Valera and the whole Dail Eireann in gales of laughter at the tricks they have been playing all along upon the unsuspecting Britons. The extremists of the Irish republican army held another convention and set up a new council of a bolshevist tendency.

If we were to be guided by dispatches out of Ireland, it might be assumed that the battles of this civil war in the land are raging between the followers of De Valera on one side and those of Collins on the other. This is only partly true. The war of the irreconcilables is waged upon the element which is loyal to Great Britain. The loyalist in southern Ireland has little chance for his life. In the fighting there appear two forces down south—the "regular" Irish Republican Army and the "irregular" forces that hail De Valera as hero. Ostensibly the irregulars are fighting the Collins government but they are actually exterminating everybody and everything friendly to the British connection. This is the detail which makes study of the news from Dublin, Cork and Galway so difficult. Collins must walk warily and if he treats De Valera with politeness it is because the insurgents, the irreconcilables, the howling dervishes, are in a position to crush the Irish

Free State government whenever they see fit. The "irregular" republican army in Ireland is stronger than the "regular" forces. Mr. De Valera has this advantage from a military standpoint—he can take to the hills and there wage a guerilla warfare on Dublin or Cork or even Belfast. He is threatening to do it.

Close students of the situation are convinced that De Valera will not drive Collins and Griffith to the wall by a persistent extremism. In any such event Collins and Griffith would fight and they would find many recruits. It is not so certain that they would win. The end of the contest would leave Ireland in ruins. Everything, from the southern Sinn Fein point of view, would be lost. The one hope of a peace is in that general election which has been postponed again and again. De Valera is said to be opposed to this holding of a poll. If necessary he will, it is alleged, prevent any election by forcibly overthrowing the Collins government. That government seems to represent a majority of the people of southern Ire-



A HOT POTATO!

—McCarthy in *New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

land and for that reason De Valera shrinks from submitting the present crisis to a popular vote.

Lloyd George may not know the meaning of the phrase "pass the buck," but he must chuckle now and then as he sees who is fighting De Valera.—*Boston Herald.*

□ □

China Fights

FOR three exciting weeks there was uncertainty regarding the outcome of the battles between the notorious governor up in Mukden, Chang-Tso-Lin, and the dictator, Wu-Pei-Fu, whose word is law in the central provinces. Then it appeared that Chang-Tso-Lin had been driven from the vicinity of Peking, leaving Wu-Pei-Fu in peaceful possession of the surrounding country.

The anxiety with which the brief campaign was followed in the European press had little to do with such questions as the pro-Japanese sentiments of Chang-Tso-Lin, the liberal constitutionalism of Wu-Pei-Fu or the deportment of Sun Yat-Sen, president of the Canton republic in the south. These things are important enough, to be sure, as the *Paris Gaulois* says, but from the international standpoint the alarming fact was the military capacity displayed so unexpectedly by large masses of Chinese.

It has always been assumed that the masses of Chinese could not be turned into fighting men of a type familiar to us in recent years. The Chinese temperament as well as the Chinese ethics made soldiering on a large scale by Chinese well nigh unthinkable. China could not become militaristic and thus menace civilization in Asia or elsewhere.

All these ideas must be revised in the light of comment in the European journals by military experts who kept in closest touch with the short but sharp campaign. For example, the massing of troops to the number of over 70,000 by Chang-

Tso-Lin proceeded in the most efficient manner. His cavalry and infantry trains were moved with high efficiency. The condition of the animals was excellent. The men were fed well. The mobilization proceeded without a hitch. Thousands of troops were held in reserve in northern Manchuria and they compared favorably, says the military expert of the *Temps*, with the Europeans who marched against German invaders towards the Rhine. The troop trains were almost invariably on time. The commissary was managed with something approaching genius.

The efficiency of the general staff of Wu-Pei-Fu was even higher in quality. Wu is estimated highly as a strategist by the Europeans. It was a contest on equal terms as regards men and munitions, but Wu showed his superiority in handling large masses of men with speed. Speed was the decisive factor and the forces of Wu are believed to have exceeded a hundred thousand actually in movement, to say nothing of his reserves. The movement of his army up the Peking-Hankow railway is praised in the French daily as "a masterpiece."

Whatever the merits of the contest regarded as a purely Chinese issue, the capacity of the commanders on both sides and the morale of the men made the campaign, in the words of the *Débats*, an event filled with possibilities "for good or evil" to the whole civilized world. The Chinese have at last learned the art of war from Europe. If the brigands and dictators with which the provinces tend more and more to become familiar achieve much more in the way of militarizing the land, China will become the last home of the art of war. Perhaps, comments the French paper, the four-power treaty signed at Washington was not negotiated a moment too soon. The world need not, it adds, take Chang-Tso-Lin lightly merely because he

lost or seems to have lost a campaign against so superior a commander as Wu. There are in European lands at this moment, it suspects, chiefs of staff who would have fared as badly against Wu as did the luckless Chang, whose army was made up of men drawn from the Shantung and Chihli provinces, who sympathized more with Wu than with their commander. Wu, again, had better trained officers in the lower ranks and his troops were concentrated brilliantly at strategical points. "This whole episode," says the military expert of the *Rome Tribuna*, "should teach the world that China, as a military power, has arrived at the hour when disarmament is the supreme need of civilization."

One more point of importance ought to be noticed—the charge that the Japanese have favored Chang as against Wu. The Tokyo government authorizes the *London Telegraph* to clear up the obscurity here:

"It is perfectly true that in Manchuria the relations between the Japanese and the Governor of Mukden have been close and not unfriendly. This, however, is but natural, since Japan's special trading, railway and other economic interests in this region can only be safeguarded by relations of this kind with the lawful Governor of Manchuria. Once, however, Chang-Tso-Lin goes outside his proper sphere, he cannot count upon, and cannot receive, Japanese support, because Japan makes a point of preserving the strictest neutrality towards Chinese domestic dissensions and civil strife. As a matter of fact, Chang-Tso-Lin has never shown any marked pro-Japanese bias. He has frequently rejected Japanese requests and demands. Neither are the Japanese particularly pro-Chang-Tso-Lin. They endeavor to get on with him as best they can in Manchuria, because he is its rightful Governor, and he finds it advisable to reciprocate local Japanese good-will. That is all."

Significant Sayings

"When the daughter horrifies her mother, it is generally by dressing like her grandmother."—*Gilbert K. Chesterton*.

"A soldier who came back alive is lucky. What does he want with a bonus?"—*Sir Harry Lauder*.

"Conditions will stabilize when nations learn that concord and cooperation with their neighbors constitute the only real firm basis for their own national prosperity."—*David Lloyd George*.

"It is better that boys and girls, when they come to maturity, should think for themselves, even if they differ from their teachers."—*Bishop Welldon*.

"Nothing except private interest can induce the average man to consume less than he produces."—*Dean Inge*.

"The mere fact that a man is a judge does not prevent me from feeling contempt for him. I am not bound to fall down and worship every judge who breathes the breath of life."—*Lord Alfred Douglas*.

"The Russian revolution as a social and economic change meant to overthrow capitalism and establish communism must be declared a failure."—*Emma Goldman*.

"I have talked with and seen twenty of my dead, including my son, when my wife and other witnesses were present."—*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*.

"There is no limit to the possibilities of the radiophone's development. The most minute sounds, thanks to amplifying devices, may be made audible across the continent. A fly's footsteps may be heard, or the dropping of a pin in New York may be heard in San Francisco."—*T. A. Edison*.

"Roosevelts are born and never can be taught; but Lodges are creatures of teaching."—*Henry Adams*.

"The world of Islam, mentally and spiritually quiescent for almost a thousand years, is once more astir, once more on the march."—*Lothrop Stoddard*.

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

The Little Church on Main Street

THE adoption of an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, marks what is perhaps the most radical change that has ever taken place in the history of a nation.

Whether we consider it as the result of the efforts of fanatics, or as a step in normal social evolution, it is in either case a significant step. In this article I am not going to argue that Prohibition is right or that it is wrong. All that I wish to do is to call attention to a tremendous fact, and to the curious agency which brought it about.

Our thesis may be stated as follows: Here is an act performed by a self-governing nation, an act profoundly affecting the intimate habits of its citizens, an act entirely depending upon public opinion, yet an act begun and continued, not only without the aid or favor of any of those agencies which are supposed to control public opinion, but even against the active opposition of most of them.

The student of history must consider this a most singular phenomenon. One is disposed to pinch himself to see if he has not been dreaming. Every year millions of dollars are spent in propaganda for one thing or another. For public opinion is the greatest modern force. The business man tries to direct it in order to sell his shoe blacking or his fountain pens; the religionist, the reformer, the economic enthusiast and the political apostle, endeavor to guide it so as to bring about their

heart's desire. Certain agencies are recognized pretty generally as being moulders of public opinion. And to see Prohibition brought about without reference to these agencies, or in spite of their direct opposition, must give one a mental shock.

I propose to examine in turn each of these supposed agencies for creating public opinion, to show how they have failed in this instance, and to point out the real agency that brought Prohibition to pass, and call attention to this vast reservoir of little suspected force.

There are six things which are generally credited with the power of moulding public opinion. They are the Press, Society, the Intellectuals, the Church, the Politicians, including the political parties, and the Labor organizations. Every one of these to a greater or less degree either opposed Prohibition, ignored it or ridiculed it.

Let us take up first the Public Press. This is supposed to make public opinion, at least to follow it. Great newspaper men are presumed to be they who know profoundly the heart of the people. Yet it is a curious thing that a movement started, grew and was consummated, which changed the most intimate customs of the people more profoundly than any other revolution in history, and that this movement, from end to beginning, was ignored, contemned or vigorously opposed by almost all of the leading newspapers of the country.

The late Colonel Watterson was probably a typical newspaper man. To him Prohibition was anathema and Prohibitionists were an abomination.

Even to this day, every news item which tends to bring the Prohibition

Law into contempt, is played up by the Metropolitan Press, and those facts which show its beneficial results are slurred.

Altho the charge could probably not be sustained that the press deliberately prints untruths, yet any one who reads the newspapers does not need proof that their constant attitude and point of view is hostile to and contemptuous of Prohibition.

If a home still is discovered in somebody's house, if liquor is illicitly imported from Canada or Jamaica, if some one is killed drinking wood alcohol, or if any other similar event takes place, it is emphasized with significance. But there is rarely any effort to show the decrease in crime, the increase in health, the enormous benefit accruing to the laboring classes, and the other undeniably beneficial results that have resulted from the abolition of the saloon.

For instance, on the second anniversary of America's going dry, the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, Emory F. Haynes, gave out a statement containing the following remarkable items: that there are now from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 fewer drinkers of alcoholic liquor in the United States than two years ago; that in fifty-nine typical American cities there were 109,768 arrests for crimes of various sorts in 1921, while in 1917, in these same cities, there were 318,842 arrests; that the importations of liquor in 1921 were only one per cent. of what they were in 1919; that the death rate in the United States has dropped from 9.80 to 8.24 during this period; that 30,000 indictments were returned against violators of prohibition laws during the twelve months ending December, 1921, and to these indictments 17,000 defendants pleaded guilty; there were 21,000 convictions and only 950 acquittals.

Mr. Haynes added:

"Instead of the rebellion and revolution so widely predicted, there

was quiet acceptance of the prohibition law by the people of the United States, both foreign-born and otherwise.

"The chief cause of the few failures to enforce the law properly in some sections of the country has been appointment of unfit officials and inability temporarily to prevent smuggling."

Instead of emphasizing this official and amazing array of facts, the newspapers of the country render it as an obscure news item.

In other words, Prohibition was suggested, fomented and finally adopted, by the common people of the United States, and the public press, which is supposed to be so influential, not only had nothing to do with it, but distinctly opposed it.

Consider next that element which we commonly call Society; by which we mean the general mass of well-to-do and cultured people who are supposed to give tone to and influence the customs of the population. This includes those people whose pictures appear in the Sunday newspapers and whose doings are chronicled in the society columns, the gentlemen and ladies who live on the money their fathers or grandfathers saved up, and all the rest of that more or less idle group known as the Smart Set or the Four Hundred. Such groups are found, not only in New York and Washington, but in every city and town throughout the Union. They are as near as we can come to an imitation of the aristocracy who set the styles of thought and living for the common people in Europe.

Society has always been derisive of Prohibition. It considered the proposition at first with stark amazement. When the appalling fact took place, these people bought up as much liquor as they could and stored it away, most of them taking it as a matter of course that the reform wave would soon pass. They are still shaking cocktails and smug-

gling high-balls. In club corners and at society dinners they are still entertaining each other with the common assertion that the present state of things cannot continue. The average member of so-called Society has about as much use for a Prohibitionist as the Duchess of Umpty-ump has for the garbage man. These people certainly had nothing to do with bringing Prohibition to pass. In the adoption of this Amendment, the influence of what we call Society was practically nil, and the gray mass of the commons swept them aside.

Third, the Intellectuals. By this we mean those who would be called Highbrow in Chicago, and in Moscow the Intelligentsia. They are those who lead the intellectual life, the writers of books and of magazine articles, the editorialists, the humorists, such as Irving Cobb, the novelists, such as Gertrude Atherton, and the essayists such as those who write for the *New Republic*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and the other heavy journals of the elect. With very few exceptions these are frankly contemptuous of the Prohibition movement as an outburst of vulgar intolerance, as the overwhelming of the fair customs and refined delights of cultured people by an unclean wave of fanaticism.

It is interesting to note how intelligent observers from abroad, who usually gather their ideas from this class, signally fail to understand the United States.

Lord Northcliffe is a great newspaper man. He owns and directs publications of all sorts in England, and you would naturally suppose that when he comes to another country, particularly one where the people speak the same language as his own, he would be able to see beneath the surface of things. But he did not. He came over here on his way around the world, and while with us he associated with that layer of our society which calls itself the upper

crust; that is, people who attend official banquets, frequent country clubs and entertain visiting European nobility. Thinking that he had seen the United States, he went away declaring Prohibition to be a failure. The trouble is, he had only associated with that quasi criminal class, to whom the customs of good society and the traditions of gentlemen are above the Constitution of the United States.

There are few more perspicacious writers than Mr. H. G. Wells. Yet he comes over here from London to report the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference for a syndicate of newspapers, mingles with that stratum of society where Washington's social life is found, and, according to newspaper report, declares as he goes back home that "Americans are humiliated by boot-leg autocracy and soon will tire of paying enormous sums for inferior drinks." Mr. Wells, who has seen and reported to the world some amazing spiritual truths, was face to face with one of the greatest demonstrations of spiritual force in history and never saw it.

When Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, that "profound admirer of beer and incense," was in New York, he came under the same delusion. Acute as his vision is, he mistook a profound national moral upheaval to be a petty and passing gesture of belated Puritanism.

But we should not be too hard on these foreign observers. Right in our own midst the experts are quite as blind.

The fourth supposed moulder of public opinion is the Church. By this term I am alluding to the Church of the capital "C." Measured by the gauge of respectability, venerableness and tradition, the two leading religious organizations in the United States are the Roman Catholic and the Episcopalian Churches. I do not think that I wrong either of these organizations

when I record that, to say the least, they have not shown themselves enthusiastically friendly to the Prohibition movement; and when the latest Amendment to the Constitution was made, it was no fault of theirs. In this attitude they may have been right, and we will grant that they were honest. That is aside from the question, which simply is, Who put across the Prohibition Amendment?

The fifth agency that is supposed to make public opinion is the Politician or the Political Party. It is unnecessary to state that neither of the two leading parties, the Republican or Democratic, originated this movement, or boosted it. They were always afraid of it. Their principal care was to side-step it, and if members favored either the enactment or the enforcement of the Amendment, it was not due to the councils of their party, but simply because they were afraid of their constituents.

But perhaps most singular and striking of all, is the fact that Prohibition has been put over without the help of, and indeed in defiance of, the opposition of Organized Labor, of the Socialists and all the rest of those who are supposed to swing the Proletariat. The naive mind might suppose that the leaders of labor would be vigorously in favor of anything that would conduce to the welfare of wage-earners. Yet here is a movement, which, more than any other in history, has brought prosperity to the gray mass of those who earn small wages, peace to their families, education to their children, and almost every other physical, moral and economic benefit; yet the Labor Unions, Socialistic parties and similar organizations with their leaders have fought it every step of the way. Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, was actively and bitterly opposed to the Prohibition Amendment.

And here is the fact: notwithstanding all this opposition, at least coldness, of the makers of public opinion, including the Press, Society, the Intelligentsia, the older Church organizations, the Politicians and their parties, and the Labor leaders; notwithstanding all this, the sentiment in favor of the abolition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors has grown rapidly and irresistibly throughout the United States. Very many of the separate States had prohibited the sale of liquors before the Constitutional Amendment was passed, and finally, by the slow, deliberate and legal process required by our Constitution, a prohibitory Amendment was passed by our National Legislature, ratified by the majority of the State Legislatures, more rapidly than any other amendment was ever ratified, and has thus become a part of our fundamental law.

That this was not done by any sort of trickery or by a sudden gust of reformatory passion, is proved by the fact that every Congress and Legislature elected since the passage of the Amendment, has been still more in favor of its enforcement.

Here, surely, is a social phenomenon that needs explanation. It is one that cannot be pooh-poohed. It cannot be sneered down as a passing gust of mob mania. Mob manias do not get themselves written down in the Constitution of the United States. *And the explanation is the Power of the Little Church on Main Street.* This we can consider in two divisions. First, Main Street, and second, its Little Church.

We use the term Main Street because it has been popularized by a recent novel of that name. This novel was hailed as a godsend by those who have managed to escape from Main Street, whose god is sophistication, and one of whose delights is to shudder with horror at the hole of the pit from whence they were dug.

But what these too clever ones do not understand is that Main Street is the United States of America; that Main Street is the gist of Democracy, and that from Main Street comes every force that has made America what it is, and that contains any promise of what America is to be.

For Main Street is simply an American term for what in Europe is called bourgeois. And the United States is bourgeois to the backbone.

We might say that the United States is solid middle class, altho the term would be misleading, because there is not any other class. Our upper class is transient, ineffectual and mildly amusing. Our lower classes exist only in the imagination of reformers who get their ideas from Europe but do not understand America. The so-called lower class is constantly rising to become bourgeois, and the so-called upper class is constantly returning again to the bourgeois.

The United States may not have a homogeneous population but it has the most homogeneous spirit of any nation in the world.

And what makes the United States bourgeois is that its people are almost entirely engaged in business. That is to say, they are all occupied in trying to accomplish something. The key word to America is Achievement. The key word to Europe is Enjoyment. The American conceives of life in terms of doing some task. To him the reason why he is born is that he is appointed to do a certain job. His ideal is to perform his part of the world's work.

The European conceives himself as born to enjoy life, and he only works enough to enable himself to have the means for this enjoyment.

That is why the United States is enormously efficient. Napoleon called England a nation of shopkeepers. The term would be more applicable to the United States of America where the business man is

supreme; for in England the shopkeepers are overawed and controlled by an endowed aristocracy.

One reason why America adopted Prohibition is because nothing so much as alcohol gets in the way of achievement. One by one the great business organization of the United States, the railroads, the life insurance companies, the factories and the like, fell in line for Prohibition. To say that they did this in order to cheat the workingman, to make him sober so that they could get more work out of him, to deprive him of his beer while they themselves enjoyed their private stocks, is to talk heated nonsense. They wanted the workingman sober for the simple reason that when he was sober he was efficient, and when he was efficient he not only did more work for the man who paid him but did better for himself.

From Main Street not only comes the tremendous urge of achievement which has made the United States what it is but comes also the determining manhood of the country. It was not from the palaces of the rich, nor from the guarded institutions of tradition, but it was from Main Street, with its little row of houses and its public school, and its Sunday School, that came the men who for better or for worse have signalized America. From Main Street have come our poets such as Whittier and Longfellow; our business barons such as Carnegie, Rockefeller and Gary; our humorists such as Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and George Ade; our novelists such as Hawthorne; our generals such as Grant and Lee, and our statesmen such as Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln.

And about the most utterly characteristic institution on Main Street is the Little Church.

By little I do not refer to numbers, but to social, literary, political and similar prominence. The term would include the so-called evan-

gelical organizations, including the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Baptist Churches and others, together with their by-products, The Salvation Army, The Young Men's Christian Association, The Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the like.

This article is in no sense a defence of these organizations. It is an endeavor to understand and appreciate their power. They may be disagreeable to some of my readers and anathema to others. The charge has been brought against them that they are vulgar, crude, intolerant sometimes to the point of cruelty, and ignorant. This charge I shall attempt "neither to palliate nor deny," for it has nothing to do with the point I am making.

The fact remains that it is in this group represented by the Little Church on Main Street that there abides the most significant force of conscience which is in the United States.

Here is the grim remnant of Puritanism, the deposit from the evangelical wave of the eighteenth century. Here is that deep feeling that man is first of all a moral creature, with a context in eternity, and that every question is primarily a moral one. Here is that profound realization that a human being is first of all an immortal soul, and that no thing shall be allowed to persist which imperils that soul. It is this force that has written the Prohibition Amendment into the Constitution of the United States, and has done so in defiance of almost every class that thinks it controls public opinion.

The trouble with European observers, and with the average sophisticated writer, is that they live in the big cities and cannot see the United States for the tall buildings. The trouble with Mr. Chesterton and Lord Northcliffe is that when they come over here they walk about with their heads in the air like a turkey

in a trap. They do not see what is going on along the ground. They are good thinkers, but they cannot escape the mass of their traditional thought, and that tradition is thoroughly saturated with alcohol. The trouble with their thought is in its background, which is that joviality is impossible without the ancient and honorable drug Alcohol.

And it is the same delusion that affects the six agencies to which I have referred. They are all more or less European. Our culture and intellectual life is still a child of Europe. Our literature has hardly yet attained the stature of full independence. Our society is frankly an imitation of Europe. Our Labor Unions and the various organizations for socialistic propaganda are distinctly European in their ideas and spirit.

The one wholly American institution in America is the Little Church on Main Street. It is the one institution among us that is level with the people, that speaks the mind and conscience of the people, that is, in short, of the people, by the people, and for the people.

In every town of the United States, and in almost every country township, the center of conscience and the dynamo of social conviction is the Little Church.

And, subconsciously at least, the politicians recognize this. The President in the White House fears the wrath of the Little Church more than he does the opposition of any newspaper, or the clamor of any political party. The Senators and Congressmen may sneer at Main Street and its little Church while they are drinking surreptitious high-balls in their hotel, but when they stand up to vote they fear that Little Church more than they fear the wrath of God. They know that there is just one force in this country which it were suicide to offend, and that any man who would deliberately outrage the convictions of the people in the

Little Church on Main Street could not last long in public opinion.

England may be London and France may be Paris, but the United States is not New York. The fact is that New York is more or less a European dump heap, and the same may be said of most of our larger cities. But the people of the United States are essentially pioneers and the children of pioneers. They have the conscience of pioneers. And the greatest force behind that conscience comes from the Little Church on Main Street.

The various groups of the Little Church are divided among themselves in many respects. But they have a greatest common divisor of moral purpose, which is clean-cut and hard as granite. And when that moral purpose is clearly set for a certain object, it never fails. It was that Puritan determination which abolished human slavery, which thrust the McKinley administration into the Spanish war, and arose in an irresistible wave of protest and compelled the United States to join the Allies to resist the last attack of autocracy upon the world. And it is that same clear and ruthless conscience which has written the Prohibition Amendment into the Constitution.

If the student of affairs wants to put his hand upon the pulsing heart of Democracy, to find the secret impelling soul of Democracy, and to understand what America means, let him go to the Little Church on Main Street. If he be wise and gifted with that vision that can see beneath the surface of things into the heart of matters, he may, as he sits in the back seat of the Little Chapel in some backwoods town of Indiana or Kansas, find recurring to his mind that great passage of John Milton:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mew-

ing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, while all the timorous and flocking birds flutter about amazed at what she means."

□ □

The Birth of a New Order

BEARING in mind the contrasting passions of radicalism and conservation we get some sort of idea of world conditions to-day. Europe for instance is at present in a deplorable welter. There are many who declare that the whole civilization of Europe cannot endure and is bound sooner or later to collapse entirely. The new Governments created as a result of the War, such Governments as we find in Russia, Germany and the smaller States of Central Europe, are in a very precarious state.

The real explanation of this is that it is the turmoil incident to the birth of a new order. Old Europe was monarchical in its ideals, its convictions and its customs. The monarchical idea was a reactionary one. It depended for its force upon the passion for standing still. It reached its culmination in the glory of the Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns. In them also it spent its force, and the new principle of democracy began to operate, and, as always is the case, it began in great confusion and turmoil. In the course of time things will settle down, but the new idea will have to live for some time yet in order to get itself well set into human customs.

All over the world there is an uprising of the proletariat. We find it in the various forms of socialism and communism in Europe and in the workings of the Labor Unions in America. This also is the yeast of democracy. It is not wholly a pleasant thing at present, but it is getting itself established as a social convic-

tion, and in the course of time it will work itself out, and it, too, will become a reactionary force.

The law that governs all social ideas is that they begin as heresies and end as superstitions, as Huxley pointed out.

We must not forget, however, that this constant ebb and flow is not merely a fixed condition of disorder but it is Nature's method of progress. With every revolution, with every change the world goes a little forward. We often cannot see it at the time, but if we look back over history we can easily perceive that in the course of centuries vast advance is made.

God is not on the side of the strongest battalions. No man can grasp the meaning of God unless he has a background of history. And history proves that God is on the side of righteousness, idealism and normalcy. These are the things that are evergreen through the centuries, while every form of unjust tyranny, unearned privilege and ancient fraud is deciduous. It is only a question of time till the place that knew them shall know them no more for ever.

In England hundreds of landlords and thousands of farmers are selling their estates. The old English landed nobility seems to be vanishing rapidly, and the aristocracy of England was founded upon land. Current literature in England is full of lugubrious predictions to the effect that the glory of Great Britain is passing.

The same sort of thing is found in France, which is undergoing a social and economic revolution hardly less thoro, altho fortunately less bloody than the passage from the Monarchy to the Republic.

In Germany the change is still more profound. An aristocracy that was rooted deep in the people's convictions has been violently upturned, and Germany to-day is in the hands of a sort of compulsory Republic which it is safe to say nine-tenths

of the German people do not believe in.

The Revolution in Russia need not be described. It is perhaps the greatest upheaval that has ever occurred in history.

And these changes are not confined to the West. There are alterations almost as significant in China and Japan, in India and in the Mahometan world.

In all these there is nothing that need alarm a philosopher. It does not prove that the world is going back to chaos. It simply proves *that the world is alive, that it is a growing thing, that it has energy enough within it to burst through the old forms and cast them aside.*

Those who look for safety and assurance to settled institutions, continuous authority and unaltering Governments forget that the world is not a dead thing, but a live thing. And permanency and safety for any living thing consist in the ability of that thing to change without destroying itself.

There are those who think there is no help for this old world except, as Omar suggested, to smash it into bits and remould it nearer to our heart's desire. These are the iconoclasts, the extremists and the narrow pessimists. To them there is no salvation except in suicide.

There are others who think that the only cure for the distress of the world is some new Napoleon, some strong hand of authority, some Pope or potentate or man on horseback that shall frighten the hordes of awakening life back to submission, and clamp the yeasting universe in the strong box of autocracy.

Neither of these two classes understand that they are dealing with a world which is a living thing, whose only hope is in life, and for the progress and permanence of life the two passions are necessary; one the passion for going on, and the other the passion for retaining what gains we have already made.

DANGER SIGNALS IN THE FORDNEY TARIFF

By Agnes C. Laut

THE Fordney Tariff is being so fully discussed in terms of old line party politics—free trade *versus* protection—that we are losing realization of its real significance as one of the most extraordinary tariff bills ever framed. We are also losing realization of the fact that the War and the consequent demoralization of a gold basis as a medium of exchange have turned upside down pretty nearly every theory of economics on which tariffs were formerly framed.

For example, since the War sixteen countries have imposed increased import tariffs, not for protection but for revenue. So crying is the need of revenue that some of these countries have outheroed Herod as to tariffs, and added export taxes as well as import taxes. Sixty-four per cent. of all Mexico's taxes are export taxes on oil; and Roumania—one of the world's great wheat producers—has recently put an absolute embargo on the exporting of all wheat till she has recovered sufficiently from the War to get her own population back on a self-sustaining basis as to food. England, the greatest free-trade country in the world, was collecting, according to latest returns available, from import duties over \$700 millions, compared to the United States over \$300 millions, and Canada over \$200 millions. If we average up the percentages charged on import duties, the United States would stand as two of the highest in import duties, and England as one of the lowest; but if we divide the total import duties collected by the total populations England and Canada would stand as two of the highest, and the

United States—a protection country—one of the lowest.

It is not a case of juggling figures. It is simply that the War has relegated to the junk heap as unworkable tariff theories that functioned before the War. Nor is it that the bankers and economists are wrong when they say that the nations now enacting high tariffs are really hindering their own recovery; for nations that are drained of coin must pay their debts in trade, and with import tariffs that bar out trade how are they going to pay their debts in trade? From one point of view the bankers are right; but it also is evident that while debts must be paid in trade the countries seeming to run tariff mad are not confronted by theories but by conditions. They have to have revenues to keep their governments functioning. The old Manchester School of Free Traders, of whom Mr. Fielding of Canada is one of the leading exponents, would answer that high tariff really defeats a big revenue by decreasing the amount of imports coming in. True; but if cheap-labor goods coming in—say German-made imitation chamois gloves at 12 cents, which will not pay a living wage to Americans, but on account of the low value of the mark will pay a living wage to the German—shut American mills and unemployment spreads, a greater danger than depleted revenues is faced, the danger of a social upheaval upsetting the whole complex of modern civilization. Cheap-labor products were coming through New York last year at the rate of 500 invoices a month.

Hundreds of specific examples like the cheap chamois gloves could



Courtesy of Collier's

OVER THE FALLS IN A BARREL

Old-timers will recall the futile efforts to recover the remains of the last party that tried it.

be given: knives produced at 9 cents in Germany, which really represent 27 cents in returns to the German manufacturer, but which would cost the American manufacturer close to a \$1 and might cost the American retail buyer as high as \$2 to \$3; or hides from South America, where a mild climate saves the cost of winter feeding, and labor at 12 cents to 27 cents a day could put the American, Canadian and European sellers of hides out of business; or dairy products from New Zealand, where again a mild, moist climate can produce condensed milk, cheese, butter at a cost which would not permit the Canadian and American farmer to get back a profit of \$1 a year for a cow. New Zealand is to-day so glutted with dairy products that with ocean rates down she can undercut any price that would afford the Canadian and American farmer a living profit. So we find millions of dollars of unsold butter, cheese and condensed milk in all America to-day, and products backing up un-

sold on the American dairyman's hands; and we find pure blood American milk-cows selling at \$84 to-day, where they sold at \$200 to \$250 two years ago before the cheaper New Zealand dairy products undercut the European markets. In Argentina, in Denmark, in Switzerland, in Canada and in our own New England the greatest unemployment to-day is among the good old milk-cows. Whole herds in Switzerland have been turned out to graze un milked with their calves; and in the American and Canadian Northwest, where drought burned up the pasturage last July and August, you can find the bleaching bones of dead beeves which the rancher could not market at \$1 to \$3 a head. The price did not pay the freight; so the rancher turned the herds adrift to rustle and die. The same story could be told of sheep in the Southwest, where nine-tenths of sheep ranchers would have gone bankrupt if the local banks had not carried them.

Why, with this wasteful plethora of milk cows, dying beefers and more wool and hides and mutton than the rancher could sell, prices stayed up to the consumer, is another story—a story of marketing, not of tariffs.

The same tariff story could be told of the busy non-union-hour American hen whose product out-values all the gold mined in the United States. China's same little busy hen scratching sixteen hours a day for her living could put the American hen out of business; and China needs the revenue from her hen to pay her loans and debts; but the American poultryman isn't quite ready to live on rice in a paper doll-house. He can't feed himself, or his hen, as John Chinaman does. Which again is a fact, not a theory.

The Fordney Tariff is the most unusual tariff ever presented before any legislature.

We have been schooled in the belief that import tariffs—certainly since the Civil War in the United States, since Confederation in Canada—were for the purpose of protecting infant industries in manufacturing against foreign competition, tho most of the infant industries have become lusty bantlings. But here is a tariff framed not for the infant industries' protection, but from beginning to end for the farmer. Of the items on the free list, over one hundred are used by the farmer. They are not used by the farmer as clothes, as household supplies such as cutlery, but they are used as essentials in his farm operations. Mid-west continental oil producers clamored for a tariff on oil and even at one stage of the game had a tariff specified; but petroleum products are on the free list. Why? Because of the 10,500,000 motors used in this country, half are of necessity used by the farmer. They are cheaper and swifter than horses. Estimate a gallon per twen-

ty miles. Estimate the average farm motor run at 1,000 to 2,000 miles a season in the North where winter cuts off its use for five months, or in the South where the car is used all the year round. It is easy to figure why petroleum was forced on the free list. There are still 44 million people out of 105 million who use kerosene for lighting. Farmers are also enormous users of lubricants for tractors and binders and wagons and mowers.

Or take agricultural implements. They were once among our "infant industries." They are on the free list, except lawn mowers, which are bought by the town man, and the small town man at that, whose returns are not high. Or sewing machines. Under \$75 the House Bill says "free," the Senate says 25 per cent. Who chiefly buys the sewing machines under \$75? Practically all the essential constituents of farm fertilizer such as sulphuric acid, potassiums, phosphates, bone fertilizers, blood fertilizers are free. Animals for breeding are free. So are gunny-cloth sacking and flour-bagging. The Middle West, especially west of the Mississippi, is an area of 40 million people that must buy coal; and freights hoist the cost of fuel to those woodless areas. So coal is free, and northern Canada is bulging with the coal needed by the Middle West. Tars and pitches for road-grading are free. Oil-cake meals are free. Oakum for plumbing and machine packing is free. Jute, sisal, hemp for binder twine are free. Rubber and whetstones are free. Harness leather, the House says free, the Senate 4 to 5 per cent. Leather boots and shoes, the House says free, the Senate 5 per cent. Shingles are free, or 50 cents per thousand as it is fought out in the Senate. Building stone is free. Sulphur, tea, wax, barbwire are free. Logs, timber, firewood are free. Of all these free-list items, the farmer is an enormous buyer.

Now take the high tariff put on to protect the farmer. It is the most extraordinary schedule ever put over in the name of protection; and how it will work is a hard thing to forecast; for it has never been tried out before, even in Germany, the high priestess of protection.

Take meat products, and recall that last summer and fall ranchers in the West could not sell their beefers to clear \$1 and \$3 a head. I saw the best beefers I have ever seen in my life shipped last summer, and thirty-six head of Herefords did not return the farmer \$36 net—less than the cost of a ton of dry feed, which the ranchers had to feed them for three months “to top” them off for market. When he got his returns, he said—“Well, here’s where I quit! No more farming for me! We are a population with only 32 per cent. of the people on the land now; and we’ll have less on the land in ten years. We have three people eating for every one who produces the foodstuffs.” Those thirty-six head of cattle represented three years out of his life and unpaid notes at the local bank, which later failed.

It would be difficult to establish a connection between the two occurrences, but the day after the tariff was reported from the House to the Senate, where there is no danger of meat tariffs being reduced but rather a prospect of their being increased, the butchers in New England increased their charges for beef cuts from 3 to 5 cents a pound. Does that increase benefit the farmer? The week the increase in price went on veal calves brought the farmer 6 cents a pound. Now a veal calf cannot be produced profitably under 9 to 10 and 11 and 12 cents a pound, according to the cost of feed for the mother cow; and if any city consumer is at this writing buying good veal at 20 cents a pound he has yet to be heard from. When I myself sold calves at 12 cents, the

city consumer was paying 39 to 44 cents for veal; and he was going on strike because of the price.

Again the question: Is it a tariff remedy we need or a new marketing distributing system? The Emergency Tariff went on last May. Meat products touched their lowest price to the farmer from last July to February. The present slightly improved conditions have been heralded as a result of the tariff; but the present very slightly improved conditions result from two other factors with which the tariff has nothing to do. (1) Unemployment is not so general; and the public are buying more freely. (2) The winter is past; and the cattle that have survived are out on the grass, costing the farmer nothing in feed and labor. Also such enormous numbers of cattle were allowed to perish on the ranges last winter—one can see the bones along the railroads of the ranch country—that the scarcity of supply has reacted in slightly better prices. I say slightly, because when calves bring only 6 cents and a 900-pound cow brings the farmer a gross of less than \$30, the returns have not paid the feed for three months, whether you estimate feed as milk at 4 cents a quart, or hay at \$20 a ton, or dry feeds at \$30 to \$40 a ton, feeding the calf twelve quarts a day for six weeks, the cows twenty pounds of hay and twelve to fifteen pounds of dry feeds.

And don’t slam the packers. The years 1921-22 have been the worst in their history. Their previous years were redundantly prosperous; but look over their dividends for 1921-22.

What I fear is the tariff isn’t going to help the farmer, and is going to hurt the consumer by sending up prices so that he consumes less and the surplus backs up unsold on the farmers’ hands. When that happens we are making the base of the pyramid supporting civilization smaller and smaller; and when that

happens, it is good-by to the present complex of civilization as we know it.

To conclude: When we come to cotton and wool schedules we approach a real chorus of catcalls. The tariff is there all right and it is there strong, the Senate standing for pretty nearly twice as high a rate as the House. The rates are too intricate to be put in a brief analysis. They depend on percentages of fiber in cloths; but the point is the same in both.

The farmer uses wool and he uses cotton as a buyer.

But he also sells wool and cotton as a producer.

Wool competition from cheap labor threatened from South America. Wool competition from cheap overhead of a mild climate also was very, very real from Australia and New Zealand. I can't believe that our cotton producers were ever seriously threatened from India or Egypt; for their product goes to Manchester, Germany and Austria, but here was the point: If this cheap labor cotton and wool went to the European mills and we let the cheap wool and cotton goods come here would that shut our textile mills to our farmers' higher labor cotton and wool? Many of the mills were shut down last year. Many are shut down now owing to trouble about wages. The American farmer stood for that

higher tariff on cotton and wool fabrics; and he must not grouch if in future he pays higher for gingham and calicoes and all wool suits; or when he pays a low price and gets shoddy mixed with wool.

But there is a still more subtle undercurrent in these high tariffs on foreign fabrics. England is one of the biggest buyers of our raw wools and raw cottons. As the English price rules so rules the world price. England formerly sold her output to Russia, Germany, Austria. She can't to-day. They haven't the money or trade to buy. If she can't sell her manufactured cottons and wools to America she can't buy the raw material from America. That is evident. She has to pay in trade. That is where the bankers and international financiers are alarmed, as well they may be.

The question, then, is: Can the American mills manufacture all the raw wool and raw cotton produced in America? And the answer is—they never have in the past. Can the American public buy all the cotton and wool manufactured in America? The answer is—it never has in the past. If we can manufacture and use all the cotton and wool America produces our farmers are safe as to a market. Representative Fordney thinks we can. The farmers think we can. Only time will separate the sheep of hope from the goats of fact.

WHAT THE "NEW WOMAN" IN GERMANY IS DEMANDING

By Dr. Alice Salomon

Secretary, International Council of Women, Berlin

SINCE the new constitution of the German Republic has given suffrage to women and granted equal rights to men and women on principle, German women have been fighting hard to bring the dead letter into life. They are constantly trying

to make equal rights a reality, to get equal pay for equal work, to get sufficient representation in parliament and municipality, to attain equality of treatment under the penal code and in family life. The biennial parade of German women, the meeting

of the National Council of Women, which has been appropriately described as the Women's Parliament, meeting in Cologne recently, was engaged in working out the plans by means of which the civil law shall do full justice to the demand for equality in married life.

The civil code, which has been in force for twenty years, does not treat women quite as badly as is usually assumed in other countries. Yet it recognizes the husband entirely as the head of the family and the wife subordinate to him. His opinion was held valid whenever man and wife could not come to an agreement on any question regarding the education of children, professional life, domicile, etc. The rights of parents were practically handed over to the father and the property rights were very unfavorable to women. Tho the married couple were not one in the eyes of the law, the husband had the right to act as trustee of his wife's property, unless a special marriage contract had been made to the contrary. Apart from household expenses and the necessities of life, married women had no claim to a share in their husbands' incomes. In case of divorce all property, even if acquired by cooperative work, was conceded to the husband, who was merely bound to support the woman in case of her being the innocent party.

It is quite obvious that all these regulations by no means comply with a principle of equality—but it is very difficult to frame a law which excludes all possibility of injustice. Moreover, until now women were by no means unanimous as to how equality may be brought into practice. One of the most important tasks ever accomplished by the National Council was the union of women of all political parties in their suggestions to the Government and the Reichstag and in their declaration of certain principles to be

enacted in the civil code in compliance with the basis of the constitution.

Several of the ablest women lawyers in Germany have prepared a memorial, which served for the Council's guidance. The decisions arrived at refer to all subjects of importance dealt with in the civil code. The women claim that all questions pertaining to conjugal life shall be arranged by the husband and wife in question, on a basis of mutual agreement or compromise, instead of being decided by the husband alone. It was not thought advisable to refer questions of disagreement to the court or to any other neutral agencies, as only leading to further complications if carried out against the wish of one party. This would further mean that the mother is entitled to full parental rights in the same way as the father. Great stress is laid on new regulations regarding maintenance. While in former years women claimed most fervently part of the family income as equivalent for their work in the home and as a means of providing independently for their personal and private expenses, it seems now necessary to adapt their demands to changed economic circumstances. The number of wage-earning women is increasing so constantly that it is fictitious to base marriage laws on the idea that the husband alone provides for the family expenditure. Women believe that in the new law the principle should be embodied: Both husband and wife shall together provide for the family maintenance by their earnings or by their work in the home, according to their capacities. This would include the duty of the husband to give his wife a part of his income for her personal expenses, if her professional work does not leave her any surplus over her contribution to the family maintenance or if she is bound by her household duties. The same duty

would apply to the wife as regards her husband, but this case is not likely to occur very frequently. No such claim should be justified, if the application is made by a person who has proved incapable of administering her property or income. This suggestion means practically a mutual obligation for maintenance. It also incorporates the principle that the wife should work in the house or as a wage earner, according to circumstances, and that money for the household expenditure and for private wants should regularly be granted to her if she works at home.

Women claim the right to add their family name to the name of the husband. It might also be arranged by mutual agreement that husband and children add her name to his.

Special attention was given to all arrangements regarding divorce. It is the desire that divorce can be procured not only in case of offence of one of the parties, but likewise in case of moral and economical incapacity, of incompatibility of temper even if demanded by only one of the parties in question. Certain precautions are suggested to prevent reckless divorce and to guard the interests of the children. In any case divorce should be possible in case of insanity or lunacy existing for more than three years and when recovery is not likely to take place for several years. Divorce should be rendered more difficult in case of children existing under age, and should not be granted until the future of the children has been lawfully settled. The judge is called upon to accord parental rights entirely in the interests of the children without undue consideration as to the offending party.

Divorce laws can only be changed in connection with property rights. As long as a husband as wage-earner is the exclusive owner of all he earns and saves, a divorce must lead to considerable injustice towards the

wife. It would encourage men to sue lightly for divorce as bringing them no financial disadvantage. But laying aside the question of divorce, the present laws respecting property rights are very unfavorable to women in Germany. They leave all the wife's property under her husband's control. The German women lawyers do not propose a mere legal separation of earnings and estate, as this would not be justified in the average family, where the husband is the wage-earner, while the wife chiefly cares for home and family. They suggest a combination or separation of the original property, with joint-ownership of property acquired during marriage, as, it is argued, the wife should have her share of the amelioration of the economic position, which has been brought about by co-operation in business or other work done in the general interest of the family.

Heated discussions have taken place regarding the question of parental rights, which should be equally shared by both parents. Regulations are needed in cases of disagreement, which until now have been decided by the father alone. Some women propose to give authority to the father in all questions concerning the boys and to mothers when the interests of the girls are concerned. This, however, does not seem advisable, as it would practically mean a general division of parental rights. The opinion, therefore, is that the courts should be authorized to rule on all questions which cannot be settled by mutual understanding.

A committee of leading women in Germany is now framing a formidable list of proposals to be submitted to the Government and the Reichstag without delay. It is hoped and expected that such unanimous claims of women citizens will be dealt with in accordance with the spirit of democracy and justice.

STAMBULISKI: THE IMPOLITE PEASANT WHO RULES BULGARIA

THE masses of coarse hair that beset the brow and temples of Alexander Stambuliski are somewhat gray, like his heavy, bristling brush of a mustache, but he shakes his fist as defiantly as ever at Sofia and bellows at the deputies long and loud in his capacity as Premier of Bulgaria. His cavernous voice emerges like thunder from the heavy lips and his gestures seem borrowed from the prize ring. Indeed, as a writer in the *Corriere della Sera* observes, one is never sure that Stambuliski does not meditate a blow in the jaw as he advances scowling to meet a stranger with his right arm extended behind him, his fist clenched, his brow corrugated into his characteristic frown, his unshaven cheeks flushed, his baggy breeches half buried in huge boots that draw attention to the immense feet.

Despite his bulk, his somewhat awkward movements and his bleary look, as he peers through the mass of hair dangling into his eyes, Stambuliski impresses the Italian journalist as a typical prize fighter, at least in aspect. One look at him affords impressions of power, of physical and moral strength, of indomitable will. Heavy as he seems, his gestures and his motions borrow an effect of lightness from the oddity of one or two of his personal habits. The spectacle he presents as he cuts an apple with the huge jack-knife he has extracted from a hidden pocket of his blouse is boyish. He chews the fruit reflectively, wiping the blade of his knife upon the sleeve of his blouse, growling in the only language he knows at all well, his native Bulgar idiom, altho he can swear and scold in a few European tongues with accent that makes him all but unintelligible.

The expression of his small black eyes is disconcerting as he conducts a discussion with the commander of a garrison or the leader of the Sofia bar, for Stambuliski's word is law in Bul-

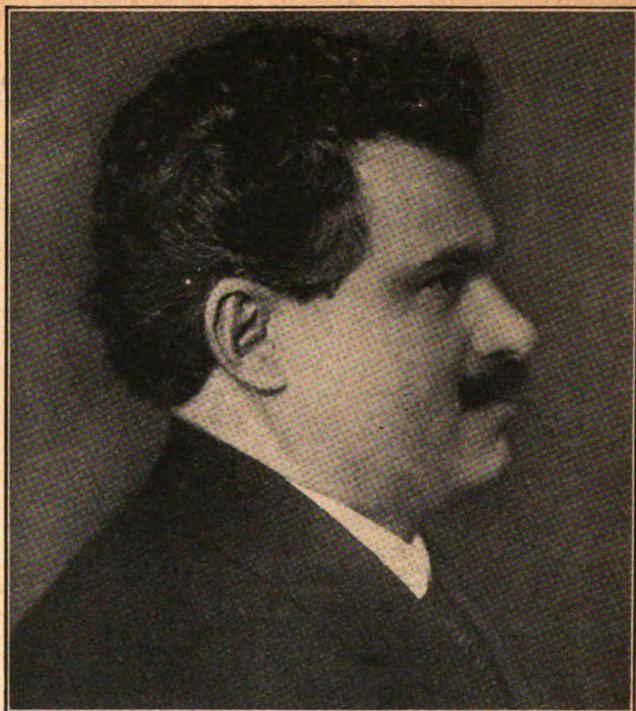
garia and he means that everybody shall know it well. He holds his right hand in the air as he talks, emphasizing his observations with thumb and forefinger while the huge club in his left hand—it can scarcely be called a cane—seems held in reserve for an emergency. There is something inexplicable in the perpetual shout of the man. He seems never to grow hoarse from hours of bellowing and roaring. He seems to have the appetite of a whale and the digestion of an ostrich and he prefers to use a knife on many occasions which would suggest to most people the employment of a fork. His table talk is punctuated by such observations as these, emphasized with a display of that huge fist: "Don't say that to me or I'll throw you out the door."

Such is the huge and terrible man, as big as a bull, to quote a phrase current among his peasantry, before whom Sofia trembles, for it would be a gay capital and Stambuliski affects the austerity of his class. He opposes the theaters that show a tendency to spring up in the city and he regards moving pictures with suspicion. As for cabarets, he roars against them. "This is not Constantinople!" he shouted to a man who suggested opening such a resort. At last he yielded, but upon condition that any spectator who invited one of the singers or dancers to sit with him among the audience be arrested forthwith. Thanks to this Puritanical strain in the soul of Stambuliski, Sofia remains a dull and almost moral town, where the mildest kind of dissipation invites a visit from the police.

A peasant and descended from a long line of peasants, Stambuliski made farming his life work, going up to the university at Halle for a course in agriculture and when he was full grown doing a little teaching on his own account. He never could do anything with the books put into his hand and while he is fluent and even eloquent in his

fashion he remains distrustful of all learning that can be gleaned from libraries. One of his aphorisms is to the effect that people who are fond of books grow sly and lazy. These ideas were corrected by contact with a sweet school mistress who taught a class of little children far up a hillside. Stambuliski, then a rough plowman, saved the children from a mountain torrent, and was proclaimed a hero by the teacher, watching his achievement from the summit of a rock. Stambuliski next saved the lady—she was somewhat older than himself—and before very long he married her.

The romance in his life has endured to this day, for the big Bulgar is a model husband and father, well aware of the debt he owes his wife, who taught him how to figure and how to conduct himself with some reference to the habits of civilization. He no longer leaps down-stairs three steps at a time because of a natural impatience at the monotony of putting a foot down one step after another. He no longer swears the terrific oaths that once gave his talk the flavor of fire and brimstone. He tolerates a little operatic music now and then and he consents to listen when poetry is read—something he could not do before his marriage. He remains what in the western world would be called a "tough," and Italian dailies are now and then disposed to give details of his fist fights with political opponents, of his contempt for all art, of his dislike of table cloths and napkins, of his inability to sleep in a feather bed,



HE MARRIED THE SCHOOLTEACHER AND BECAME A GREAT STATESMAN

Nevertheless, there remains in the personality of Alexander Stambuliski, Prime Minister of Bulgaria, many of the "tough" traits of the village roustabout, the prize fighter and the bouncer.

but there is a general agreement that the feminine factor in his life has subdued and softened him at home. His huge mouth, and his tremendous voice have been conspicuous when hymns are sung in the family circle and he has quite abandoned the skepticism of his student days at Halle.

In his public life, as the *Corriere* remarks, he remains somewhat primitive in his savagery. Success in politics is signified to him by the anguish, the revolt, the ruin of his opponents. He is not above hurling expletives in debate, many of them based upon scandals in the past careers of those he criticizes. "You tell me I'm a tyrant!" he roared at one farmer deputy, with the usual accompaniment of a clenched fist, "and yet you took a horsewhip to your son because he would not stay home from school to plow and you will not let

your daughter marry anyone but a miser!" "I think you stole a horse!" he will bawl at another opponent. Those who do not like these remarks are told they can have satisfaction then and there in the form of a fist fight. Debates at Sofia when Stambuliski gets excited grow so noisy at times that he alone, with his lungs of brass, can be heard above the din and it is for this reason, according to his opponents, that he precipitates a constant uproar.

His political accessory is noise. He does not excel in the lucid exposition of a policy through the medium of an eloquent speech but in the give and take or rather in the rough and tumble of contradiction and retort. A parliament is to him something of a bull ring, in which blows ought to be exchanged and abuse hurled right and left. He is not agitated when his foes hurl injurious epithets at him, calling him a brigand, a despot, a liar, a thief. This sort of thing is to him "the game" and he plays it with all the fury of a goaded boar. When he loses a contest and is sent to prison—and he has had to spend much time behind the bars—he feels that his own turn will come and he does not hesitate to imprison and to oppress once he has gained power. He has inflicted the most tremendous fines upon people who profiteer. His code of conduct is based upon the theory that whatever a farmer does is right, avers the Italian daily, and he looks with profound suspicion upon a person whose career has been spent in a big town. "Going to live in New York!" he roared at a youthful Bulgar recently. "Do you know there are over a million people in it and that a big city is a gate to hell?" He was so enraged when he discovered that the population of Sofia was increasing that he instituted a series of oppressive taxes because, as he explained, if people are corrupt enough to prefer city life they ought to be made to pay for it. Hence he is despised in the capital of Bulgaria, but the farmers and peasants regard him as the savior of his country. His rudest epithet, hurled in fury at the head of a city deputy, is trea-

sured in the country as an oracle from above.

Because there are great cities, explains Stambuliski, the world is cursed with communism, bolshevism and anarchism. The poor learn of the existence of such monstrosities as dress suits, silk robes, ropes of diamonds and masquerade balls. In his opinion, dress suits for men ought to be done away with and there should be no dining off costly china. On Sundays and holidays people might be permitted to wear white collars and silk stockings, but the idea of keeping a lot of servants in a family is wicked. It makes the young people unwilling to wait upon themselves. At a great dinner, when feasting is in order, a part of the guests ought to wait upon the rest. Luxurious viands and magnificent clothes, fine linens and golden goblets in the homes of any class of citizens should be forbidden by law. His talk is always along these lines.

Stambuliski is so wedded to his Spartan conception of life that he enforces it upon Bulgars generally. Displays of wealth are certain to attract his unfavorable comment and he does not hesitate to ask embarrassing questions of the newly rich. Now and then he consents to display something like tact, thanks to the admonitions of his wife, who, according to the sarcastic Italian papers, understands the artistic side of life perfectly. He consented, for instance, to be considerate to a youthful Bulgar whose father had made a lot of money out of the war. The son appeared in Sofia in clothes of the latest Parisian cut, with a motor car of the latest make and with a valet to attend to his slightest physical needs. In no long time he had organized a clique of gilded youths who were exemplifying to the bewildered and simple Sofians all that is most elegant in the deportment of London, New York and Paris. They dined in state, rode out like princes and spent money in a flood.

Stambuliski sent the police for the exotic young Bulgar who had caused this outbreak of extravagance in town.

The Prime Minister wore his patched breeches and his stained hide boots. The young culprit before him was attired like a Sybarite—white collar and cuffs, starched, flaming necktie and scarf pin, creased trowsers. Stambuliski spent some minutes in admiring the effect of these fine clothes. They would make a tremendous impression, he confessed, in New York or London. In Sofia they tended to demoralize the people. Stambuliski told of his own determination to avoid gloves. As a young man he found them convenient in cold weather. He gave them up at last because he feared the effect of a bad example. He implored his young friend to do the same, to wear simple garments, like a born Bulgar.

When the lecture had reached this point, the youth professed himself converted to the code of simplicity. Stambuliski thereupon extracted from a cup-

board a pair of much-worn and soiled breeches, which he bade his young friend don immediately. Disobedience was out of the question. When the gilded youth had got the trowsers upon his legs, Stambuliski produced a coat that might have been laid aside by a farm-hand and this, too, was donned by the youth before him. Next the collar, the necktie and the cuffs were taken off, Stambuliski assisting his fashionable countryman to effect the transformation in his appearance. "Now you look more like a Bulgarian," concluded the Prime Minister, as he bowed his visitor out, "and you will now set a good example to your young friends." The episode had the best possible effect, and this was not the first occasion, say the Italian papers, upon which the peasant premier revealed his determination to enforce the simplicity of manners for which he is so justly renowned.

THE PACIFIC LEADER OF THE STRIKING MINERS

WHETHER the coal miners win or lose the strike in which nearly three-quarters of a million of them are reported to be engaged at this writing, their leader, John L. Lewis, is on record as declaring his followers to be "Americans who will not fight the Federal Government." In other words, the president of the United Mine Workers of America—reputed to be the most powerful single labor union in the country—is not a radical and is said to be intolerant of radical methods. More than once he has acted without hesitancy in situations that involved the authority of the Government as, for instance, when a labor leader whose views on political action have been undergoing transformation from light pink to dark maroon came to a recent meeting, over which Lewis was presiding, and asked permission to address it. "Yes," he was informed, "but the minute you start ripping the Constitution of the United States up the back or advocating the cause of the

Soviet government, in fact, the instant you begin 'pulling' anything with the slightest shade of red about it, I'm going to interrupt you and chase you off the platform."

The mere fact that Lewis occupies the position once held by John Mitchell, who led the great coal strike of 1902, in itself attests his qualities of leadership. For leadership in the United Mine Workers, whether it be a secretaryship in the smallest local union or the supreme direction of the international union, is evidence per se that the holder of office is a survival of the fittest. Also, as Gilman Parker observes, in the *New York Tribune*, it is evidence that he has done some very effective surviving even after getting into office, for the same elemental forces that influence the miner down in the pits extend right on up to the top of the organization.

The kind of timber from which Lewis is more or less roughly hewn was shown at the hearing in April before the House Labor Committee in Wash-

ington. He was being questioned at length by the Congressmen, the interrogation being fair and friendly for the most part, until a representative of the sovereign State of Texas began a series of questions which partook of the nature of heckling.

"Would not your demand for a six-hour day add \$245,000,000 a year to the national coal bill?" he asked.

"I am unable to follow your mental gyrations," replied Lewis, "or to ascend with you into your mathematical realms. However, it would not."

There was a titter about the room. The complexion of the Texas Congressman turned several shades toward crimson, but he kept on.

"I understand," he said, "that the wages of the miners have been increased no less than 75 per cent. since 1913."

"Mr. ———," answered the leader of the coal strike, "the miners of the United States are gifted with a number of talents, but they cannot eat percentages."

In the *Tribune* we read that John L. Lewis was born in Lucas, a small Iowa mining town, forty-two years ago. His father and mother were Welsh. Both his father and grandfather were coal miners in Wales, where coal miners are born and not made. His parents came to the United States in the '70s, settling in Lucas. The older Lewis worked in one of the mines there for several years, until 1882, when, at the age of two, the present head of the United Mine Workers came into his first contact with a coal strike.

The fighting blood of the clan Lewis showed itself during that strike, for the elder Lewis was placed on the blacklist of all the Lucas operators and could not get a job there after the trouble was over. Hence, the family moved to Des Moines, where the father succeeded in getting a new job at his trade.

John, the boy, was reared in Des Moines. He attended the public schools, but left high school before completing his studies to go to work as a pick-and-shovel miner. He was taught the trade by his father, by whose side he worked.

At that time conditions in the mines were not nearly so advanced as they are now. There were no safety laws in an industry which even now, with numerous legal requirements for safeguarding the workers, takes a toll through accidents of some 3,000 lives a year. None of the present ventilation laws was then in existence, and the miner was forced to perform half of his day's work amid powder fumes. The ten and eleven hour day was usual, and some miners earned as little as \$1.60 a day.

It was in this hard school that Lewis was trained. What he regarded as the injustices of his time made a marked impression on him and he resolved that should he ever be in a position to do so he would do all in his power to improve the lot of the miners.

As he grew older, the wanderlust of youth gripped him and he went on several roving expeditions, working in mines in various sections of the country. Meanwhile, he developed a craving for more "book knowledge" and wherever, during his wanderings, he could get books he read them. He was especially fond of English literature, philosophy and history. In later years he devoted himself seriously to the study of economics.

His qualities of leadership developed early and on moving to Illinois, in 1910, he was elected by a convention of miners to serve as their legislative representative, chiefly to urge the enactment of laws favorable to the miners. He also aided the passage of a number of measures in Illinois benefiting organized labor generally, including the workman's compensation law.

He was chairman of the organizers in the campaign to unionize the steel industry in 1913, which was not carried through because of industrial depression. A part of his activities during this time embraced legislative work for the federation at Washington and at several of the state legislatures. On several occasions he had performed special services for the United Mine Workers bringing him into closer contact than ever with that organization.

Thus he was made a member of the Interstate Scale Committee in 1916. In that year he was also chairman pro tem of the national convention, and in the year following was chosen as its vice-president. Also during that year he became a member of the National Committee on Coal Production organized by Secretary Lane as a war effort.

In 1919, due to the illness of Frank J. Hayes, Lewis became acting president of the United Mine Workers. As such, he was in charge of the bituminous strike in 1919, which won a 27 per cent. wage increase, the largest in the organization's history. In February of 1920, he was elected its president by the largest vote ever given a candidate for that office.

Lewis, we read, is slightly under six feet in height, of heavy yet compact build and with shoulders about as broad as the average door. His face, a composite of that of Senator Borah and James J. Jeffries, is oval-shaped and of the sort described as full, but the fullness does not alter the fact that it converges to one of the squarest and most determined jaws on public record. His forehead is high and wide, and is surmounted by a great shock of brown hair coming to a Bryanesque bulge at the back. Lewis's face has been called

"the best poker face west of the Hudson," but on occasion, such as marked a riotous convention last February when he declared himself against the tactics of Frank Farrington, the Illinois miners' leader, and Alexander Howat, his expression is berserk in registering anger. Publicly he speaks slowly and distinctly, choosing his words with deliberation and from a far richer vocabulary than most labor leaders possess.

His regard for the sacredness of contracts has twice been illustrated—once during the One Big Union disturbances in Canada in 1919, when certain district leaders declared for the One Big Union organization in the Dominion. Lewis promptly revoked the autonomy of the district and caused the expulsion of the officials involved. He acted similarly in the case of Howat and his Kansas adherents, but on a principle considered by him to be just as vital to organized labor—the maintenance of its contracts. It was a stand which cost Lewis considerable popularity and gave nourishment to his rivals, especially in view of the fact that Howat was jailed by the Kansas Industrial Court. Nevertheless the chief of the United Mine Workers held to his guns knowing that the outcome might jeopardize his control over the organization.

LORD DERBY: THE MAN WHO MAY SUCCEED LLOYD GEORGE

THE great territorial aristocrat who may, in the opinion of various London journals, succeed Lloyd George as Prime Minister, happens to be a famous patron of the turf and a magnificent shot as well as the seventeenth Earl of Derby, "Lord Derby"—Edward George Villiers Stanley. The line is illustrious, for one of his ancestors was Prime Minister, another played a conspicuous part in the battle of Bosworth, another was a peer at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, still another organized victory for England at a crisis in her destiny. There has been a Derby or rather a Stanley in the

forefront after this fashion for over four hundred years and the family traits are conspicuous in the head of the house to-day—capacity for instant action, geniality, a masterful spirit, swift comprehension of the men about him, boundless popularity based upon personal magnetism. A head of the house of Derby is at home in the stables, naturally, but no less at his ease in a senate. The most famous exploit of the Lord Derby of our day was the raising of the great British armies that poured into France and Belgium during the war.

Until quite recently, Lord Derby was

ambassador in Paris and after holding the post for some two and a half years he threw it up for the reason, as he explained, that he was "tired of the limelight." He is not so far from sixty and the *London Mail* tells us that he needed a rest. That was why he refused to take up a post he has held before—that of Secretary of War. He put on a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles and went over to Ireland, signing hotel registers as "Mr. Edwards." There was no mistaking his burly figure, surmounted by a large head in which the striking features are laughing eyes and a smiling mouth, not hidden by a bristly mustache. The hair is thin and gray, but the voice is powerful and the manner hearty. There is a trace of the northern burr in his speech, and an admiring neighbor of the titular head of the conservative party insists in the *London daily* that he never forgets a face or a name, at least not in the north of England and specially in Lancashire, where he is not only a great landowner but a political power of the first magnitude. Indeed, declares Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, parliamentary correspondent of the *London Times*, Lord Derby is the most powerful individual influence in English politics. There is usually a member of his family in the Commons for Preston. Knowsley, the family's big house, is almost a suburb of Liverpool. "Bootle is theirs and a great deal of land on the north side of Manchester. They were once kings in Man." The name of Derby is much affected by public houses for their signboards. The family has not decayed politically or territorially at all, despite the new manners, the new times, the rise of labor.

Lord Derby is thus a survival from a



A SURVIVAL FROM A PREVIOUS POLITICAL AGE
Lord Derby is feudal in his conception of his relation to the state—a territorial aristocrat, a great society leader, a benevolent despot with a great following made up of poor and rich, high and low.

previous age, an example of a powerful nobleman with political retainers and tenants who, as they say in Lancashire, stick to him. The traditional code of the Derby family requires its members to stick to those who stick to "us" and if any man does anything for a Stanley, the Stanley never forgets it. Lord Derby looks like that sort of man. He carries the idea of personal loyalty to a poetical extreme and he has been accused of placing friendship before principle. The Derby explanation is that the workingman—for whom his Lordship professes the most eager affection

—is naturally conservative. The Derbys, according to Mr. Sidebotham, discovered that the workingman is a conservative and they adopted him—"feudalism, driven out by the front door in the industrial north, comes in by the back door, disguised."*

Lord Derby makes no concealment of his political ambition. Not many years ago, to follow Mr. Sidebotham, the great Earl was distributing prizes at a technical school in Nelson. He told the boys in his genial, heart-to-heart tone, smiling upon them out of a florid face, that it is most important to have an aim in life. He himself had started, he confessed, with two ambitions—to win the Derby and to be Prime Minister. Lord Rosebery avowed those ambitions long before Lord Derby, but Lord Derby thought he could catch up with Lord Rosebery yet. Had not Lord Derby run second in the Derby? He had been Lord Mayor of Liverpool. His career in other respects had been brilliant before he achieved that glorious record as a recruiter in the war. When he was running the Post Office he nationalized the telephones. He manifested a felicity in the use of words like "blood-sucker," applied to bureaucrats, like "fiend," which he deemed applicable to tyrants on the bench, and "vampire," which he hurled at political adventur-esses, a type created, he fears, by modern conditions. It would be wrong to infer that Lord Derby opposes woman on any plane. He deems her a pillar of the Tory democracy of which he dreams. In order to build up a Tory democracy he left Paris and after resting at one of his magnificent country homes he is seeking the answer to his famous query: "Have we taken Lloyd George in or has he taken us in?"

What conclusion he reached is uncertain but Lord Derby has restored the conservative party to the vigor it manifested in Disraeli's day, unless the *London Post* is mistaken. The Earl sees all sorts and conditions of men for the reason that his insight into British hu-

man nature is so penetrating. He can listen with an unfailing smile, unbored, for hours. His specialty is first-hand information. He distrusts reports, hearsay, impressions. For that reason he visited workingmen in their homes when he was looking into housing conditions and there is not the least affectation in the simplicity with which he talks over the recent problem with a day laborer in the laborer's own kitchen. Lord Derby can make a profound impression upon the poor because he has studied their economic problem so closely, mastering such details as the price of meat by the pound, the cost of baking bread at home, the number of suits a man must buy in a year and the difficulty of making both ends meet in a seasonal occupation, like that of a plasterer. Lord Derby is at his ease, too, in the mixed company of a public house. "I am myself," he says, "one of the people."

This sort of contact is what Lord Derby means by first-hand sources of information. He made it a rule from his first entry into public life to get into conversation with all he met, whether he chanced into a village inn or found himself on a railway journey. "I have been snubbed," he confessed to one London journalist, "but experience has taught me not to be oversensitive." His keenness of observation, his familiarity with every phase of English life and his mastery of whatever subject he deals with combine to make him a terror to officials undergoing the process of parliamentary investigation. He has a winning geniality when he puts a dangerous question to a reluctant witness and he can lead a victim gently from one admission to another without creating a scene or provoking an outburst of anger. The pervasiveness of his good humor is never so strikingly revealed, admits the *London News*, as when he enters a committee room charged with the atmosphere of contradiction, hot temper and the hurling of epithets. His mere smile as he prefaces a question with a timely observation first to this angered witness and then to that outraged inquisitor seems

* POLITICAL PROFILES FROM BRITISH PUBLIC LIFE. By Herbert Sidebotham. New York. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

to establish the proceedings upon a fresh basis of geniality, a new mood of joviality and fellowship. The same quality makes his political breakfasts famous. Many a crisis in the conservative party has been settled at his table in the morning over bacon and eggs, rolls, muffins and fruit.

The whole of Lord Derby's career is thus an exploitation of the personal touch, the establishment of intimacy, a dissemination of a feeling of brotherhood. It is the genius of the house of Stanley, a trait handed down in the family for generations, a gift too subtle for analysis, perhaps, says the *Manchester Guardian*, yet far more valuable to its possessor than the somewhat frigid devotion to principle which gives influence to a man like John Bright or Lord Morley. Lord Derby has been accused by his political foes of subordinating principle to personality. He has been accused of despising principle as a contrivance of the phrase makers, for whom his contempt is honest. He has been accused of using his influence in behalf of his followers for the sake of building up a political machine. Lord Derby is a trifle unblushing in his pleas of guilty to such indictments and he is willing to admit that to him men are no less important than measures, to him people are just as good as principles.

Lord Derby is in his glory when the festivities are at their height and the crowd is jolliest. The races make him happy. A country fair lifts a weight

of years from his shoulders. A dinner to his tenants or his retainers brings him to the fore irresistibly. There is never a hitch where he holds sway. The fun is fast and furious, the dance is lively, the air is balmy, the speeches bring roars of laughter, care has been banished, merry England is come again. This, to Lord Derby, is what conservatism stands for. The business of a ruler is to make his people happy, to see that they are well fed, well housed, and let all else go hang. It is the doctrine of that other pillar of conservatism, Sir George Younger, altho it is a trifle too jovial and material for conservative leaders of the type of Lord Hugh Cecil, who attaches importance to spirituality in politics. There is a conflict of temperaments here, Lord Derby thinking only of his world whereas the Cecils are men of religion. One of them actually left the conservative party, unable to endure, it is hinted, the grossness of Lord Derby's attitude towards the good things of this world.

The friends of Lord Derby explain that he fears any such mixture of religion and politics as his party has represented in the past, the Earl being himself as devout as any of his ancestors, and they have been pillars of the church. The great leader of the conservatives is always in his pew on Sunday morning, his long frock coat set off with a flower in the buttonhole, and he makes it a rule to dissect the sermon later at dinner.

THE NEW \$150,000 BOSS OF THE MOVIES

DURING the progress of an address he was making to a thousand magazine, newspaper and motion-picture producers in New York a while ago, the former Postmaster-General of the United States and present general director of the motion-picture industry inspired this briefly eloquent description: "He's little, but he's loud." The characterization fits Will H. Hays as snugly as a glove. Incidentally, the occasion was a remarkable one that partook of the nature of a tribute to

the new "servitor of the American public through the motion-picture industry," the reformation and conduct of which he himself chooses to define as "a crusade worthy of the mettle of any man," and it is his prayer that the industry should have a chance to develop without undue restriction.

Conditions in the movie world are admitted to have come to a pretty poor pass through several recent spectacular occurrences, and the film folk are generally disturbed about the future. What

the movies can do for their general director may be measured with an approximation to accuracy as a \$150,000 yearly salary for three years and relief from the burdens of political office. What Hays can do for the movies is a matter of widespread conjecture. Two paragraphs in his contract state that his purpose and the purpose of his associates is "to attain and maintain the highest possible standard in motion-picture production" and "to develop to the highest degree the educational and moral value of the industry."

Not lightly does a man of intelligence and ambition relinquish a position of honor in the cabinet of the President of the United States to enter a new and unfamiliar field. The governorship of his native state, Indiana, and in due course a United States senatorship, were indicated in the Hays horoscope on the day he resigned the postmaster-generalship. And a fellow-Indianian, Meredith Nicholson, assures us, in the *Photoplay Magazine*, that there are those in the corn-belt who even visualized him in the White House. It has been said that money was the compelling motive for the change, but those who know Hays declare this is a slander. Nicholson states as Hay's reason for assuming the general directorship of the movies that "he knows and loves America." In fact "he is the one hundred per cent. American we have been hearing so much talk about. Submit him to any test and you get a perfect reaction. He doesn't even stain the litmus paper. Apply any native or domestic standard and he complies with it to a hair-line. He is as indigenous as sassafras root. He is one of us—one of the folks."

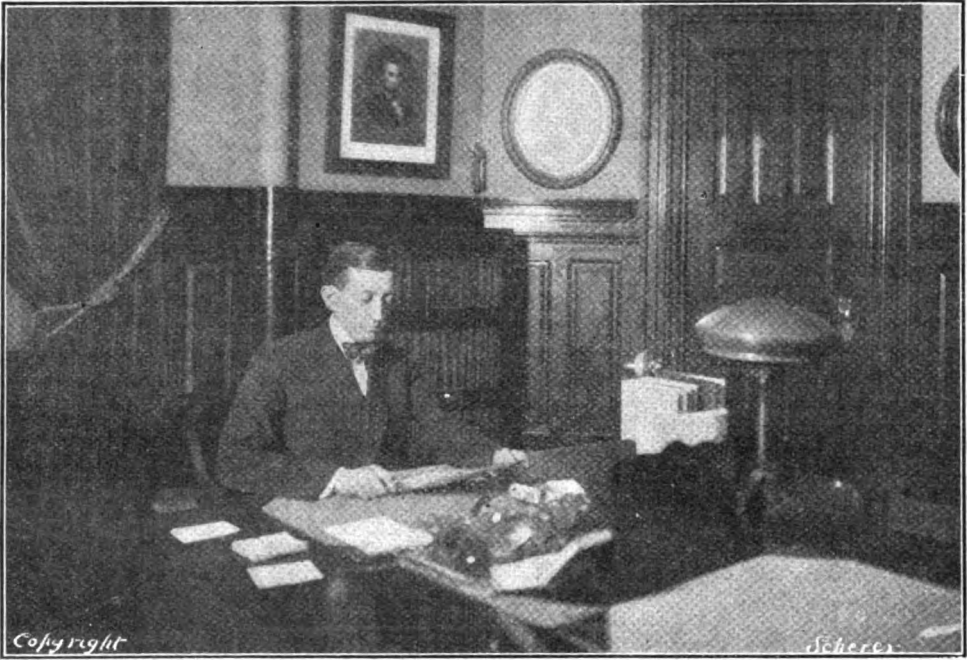
Edward G. Lowry, in "Washington Close-Ups," elaborates the picture in describing Hays as "a human flivver, the most characteristic native product; a two-cylinder single-seater, good for more miles per gallon than any other make of man." He takes you there and brings you back, as the phrase goes, thus satisfying a great national ideal. He is as much an American institution

in the matter of personality and as purely native as the practice of buying enlarged crayon portraits or photographs on the instalment plan.

Among his articles of belief are, in due order of importance, the form of Government of the United States; the Presbyterian Church of which he is an elder, as was his father before him; and the Republican Party. He accepts and concedes the advantage of such modern conveniences as stem-winding watches, self-starters and demountable rims. He is not hidebound, nor does he believe in either press or motion-picture censorship, having never forgotten what he learned in the little red schoolhouse that gas, hot air or steam commonly are not dangerous or destructive unless confined and compressed.

Hailing as he does from Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana, the Supreme High Potentate of the motion-picture world is not a rustic. Neither is he urban. Certainly he is not suburban. Groping for the right phrase, the Washington Close-Up biographer characterizes him as more like a visiting Elk who knows his way about. He is forty odd years old and during most of those years he has been in politics. He was a precinct committeeman before he was twenty-one. Being a Republican chairman of something or other has distinguished his career which attained continental proportions when he became Republican National Chairman, conducted the Harding campaign and was rewarded with the Cabinet seat he relinquished to become president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

When Hays walks into a hotel lobby or quietly into a roomful of people it takes but a radiographic instant for the news to be broadcasted that somebody has arrived. He is as dynamic as he is diminutive; tremendously vital, all alive. Anyone who shakes hands with him and meets the gaze of his friendly brown eyes in a few moments develops the curious feeling of having known Hays for a long time. Through no conscious effort on his part the impression



HE IS SHAPING THE DESTINIES OF THE MOVIES

Former Postmaster-General Will H. Hays seated in his office as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

is created that he has long been hankering to meet you and that the meeting is an event in his life. Introduced by Meredith Nicholson to a man twenty years his senior—a dignified white-haired gentleman whom Nicholson knew very well himself but never thought of addressing by his first name—Hays, within fifteen minutes, “in the most natural and casual fashion and without a hint of familiarity was calling him Louis and making a fast friend in the bargain.”

Hays is a graduate of Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana, where General Lew Wallace wrote “Ben Hur.” If given his choice, we are assured, he would prefer to live right on at Sullivan with the rest of its three thousand population and go on Sunday to the Presbyterian Church with his wife and boy—and otherwise live the quiet country-town life.

But fate has had a way of playing tricks with Hays. Some bigger job has always been looking for him. During

the war he made the Indiana State Council of Defense known all over the country for the scope and effectiveness of its work. In politics he is credited with building fences so tight that a gnat encountered difficulty in squeezing through. In 1920 he perfected a national organization regarded as the best the Republican party had ever known. There were difficulties and perplexities innumerable. Discordant elements had to be brought into line. Hays performed prodigies of peace-making; his appeals for harmony were irresistible. He got men together who hadn’t spoken since the Progressive kick-up, and made them sing the doxology out of the same hymn book.

Hays has puzzled the prophets and baffled the mind-readers. It has been said that he was going into the picture business to use the screen for political propaganda. Also that he was to become merely a high-priced lobbyist to assist motion-picture interests in defeating censorship legislation. Both charges

are treated contemptuously by those who know the man and who declare there is no "bunk" about him; no pharisaism, no hypocrisy. He will talk religion on occasion, and will express his views in the same tone in which he discusses politics or any other subject about which he has definite views.

Such is the man who, we are assured, has gone into motion pictures wholeheartedly and enthusiastically to give the industry the benefit of his pronounced organizing and executive ability. There are snags to be struck, criticism to be encountered; perhaps in some quarters there will be weeping

and wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the *Photoplay Magazine* biographer insists that "Hays is on the job with a definite idea of what needs to be done and how he's going to do it. It's not his way to shoot with his eyes shut." With business in all lines a little dull, with industrial leaders eager for new ideas, with the nation going through a period of cautious readjustment, the leaders of the most astounding amusement enterprise in the history of the world have welcome to their ranks not a great man, but one who is confident and seems fairly content, for he is taking the hills on high.

RUMLY RIDES THE RIDGE

By Helen Topping Miller

RUMLY—nobody but Ella Joe Martin ever called him "Doctor Rumly"—woke up in his own barn.

He was sitting in his old buggy when he woke, and his hat had slid over one ear so that his bald head rested against the cold iron brace of the top. Old Doxie had twitched off her rein, and jammed the wheels between the walls of her stall to get her nose into the feed box.

The lantern, hanging from a beam, was flickering smokily. By that Rumly knew that he had been asleep in the barn a long time. He remembered leaving the hotel, where he had probed for a bullet in the lumbar muscles of a fruit-tree agent named Weaver—and nothing much after that. Doxie had brought him home, as usual. By lantern he judged that it was near morning. Ella Joe always filled it full when she hung it up.

Rumly slid out of the buggy, rubbing his back. Without doubt Rumly was the longest, gauntest man ever recorded. Everything about him was long and lean and hungry looking—and even his voice had a husky, hollow sound as tho it

LIFE and death—not only physically, but morally, lay in the old Doctor's hands during the night of bleak darkness and impelling need that envelops this story. It is for the reader to decide which was the greater service his heroic soul performed. The tale, from "Short Stories," is highly regarded by the O. Henry Memorial Committee.

proceeded out of some deep, dry echoing cavern. His neck was long; tho he tried valiantly to imprison it in a collar miraculously high, there was always a freckled length of it reaching up eagerly, as tho it were a tedious way to his chin, but being a

dutiful neck it had no intention of shirking its duty.

His hands were long, too, and freckled and his hair had long ago given up the task of hiding so homely a skull and quietly vanished, leaving only a patient gray fringe in the region of his medulla. He had a forward stoop from avoiding ceilings and doors built for people of less heroic perpendicular, and he shambled a bit when he moved.

You ached to laugh at Rumly, when first you beheld him—until you saw his eyes. After that you forgot about laughing and developed a profound resignation to the neuritis or indigestion which brought Rumly and his old black bag to your bedside. There was something in Rumly's eyes—a patient, gentle cheerfulness, infinitely wise—whimsy—tender—that made you think of verses from the Psalms and

of things you intended doing for somebody and had forgotten, and of letters you had thought to write and had neglected—and of beggars and little children and dogs whose approval suddenly became the most important thing in the world. Rumly was like that—a Beatitude encased in a fleshly caricature; a gentle text sealed in a grotesque envelope.

He slid out of his buggy, jerkily like something mechanical unfolding itself, slumped forward so that the hanging marsh hay missed his old derby hat, and unfastened the traces. Doxie had gone to sleep on three legs, her bridle inebriately tilted over one ear. She shook herself out of the harness without rousing, lurched over and leaned against the stall. Rumly



blew out the lantern, fished his old bag out from under the seat and shoved the barn door shut.

INSTANTLY a window in back of the house opened and a head adorned with curl-papers appeared.

"That you, Doctor?" called Ella Joe Martin.

It was an unvarying question and Rumly gave the unvarying answer. "Yeah—the old cat's come back."

Ella Joe did not slam the window down, however, as was customary. She leaned farther out.

"Doctor, have they caught Penn Gillen yet?"

"I ain't heard since seven o'clock. Sheriff's after him. What you got the door bolted for? Lookin' for burglars?"

"I got sorta scared thinking about Penn Gillen," explained Ella Joe, as she unfastened the door and lighted the lamp.

Ella Joe was Rumly's sister-in-law, widow of a deceased and rather aimless brother. She was a plump woman, who put no great trust in corsets but did believe infinitely in the staying powers of buttons. She had put on a calico wrapper over her night dress and her curlers were hid by a handkerchief, but above her old flat-heeled slippers her fat ankles were frankly bare. Ella Joe had kept house for Rumly for twenty years. She had helped children to enter this more or less unsatisfactory world in her best bedroom, she had helped to splint broken limbs on her kitchen table, she had suffered her Mason jars to

be converted into repositories for embalmed gall-stones and appendices and she had, as she declared, "burnt up three stoves keepin' meals hot!" Therefore a mere matter of propriety as concerned ankles was negligible to her.

"You had any supper?" she questioned.

"I had a doughnut and some tea. Kinda weak."

"Had nothing, you might say. There's cold apple pie on the table—and I'll get some night's milk out of the buttery. Did you say they was after Penn Gillen? I never was so took back! Such a nice boy and so well raised, and singin' bass in the choir. But he hadn't never ought to married into that Shand tribe. Blood will out! Irene's a right pretty little thing, not a mite of sense, but her and Penn seemed to get along good enough till that Weaver feller come along with his fruit trees! But, my lands—I remember her grandfather—old Pike Shand—"

"Weaver ain't dead," interrupted Rumly, attacking the apple pie. "I can't get the bullet out. Too near the spine, and he's bled a lot. Penn run too quick—got scared after he shot. He ought to stayed and faced the music like a man. All them Gillens are good runners."

"You ain't got no call to abuse him now he's in trouble," defended Ella Joe, to whom Penn Gillen had been as a favorite son. "Which way do you reckon he went?"

"Ain't but one way to go and that's up the ridge—'less he fords the river, and it's high. Penn's makin' too much of this whole business. He always was a play actor, turnin' everything into tragedy. What he'd ought to do is come home and spank Irene good—and phone the sheriff where he's at."

"You never shot a man, Enos Rumly, and seen him drop all welterin' in his tracks!"

"I ain't expectin' to shoot one, neither—in the back. Got any more cheese?"

HALF-way to the pantry Ella Joe halted, statuesquely in her tracks.

"Good Grannies! I forgot that boy!"

"What boy?"

"A boy come about nine o'clock—huntin' for you. He wouldn't go away, tho I told him you'd likely be out all night with that feller Penn Gillen shot, and he'd better get somebody else. He'd come a-foot—all the way—barefooted."

"Where is he? What's he want?"

"I left him asleep on the hall lounge. I guess he's there yet. He wanted you to

come out Wishaw way to fix his father's foot."

"I ain't going out Wishaw way to-night. I'm going to bed. What's the matter with the foot?"

"The boy said something about a mill rock smashing it. He's a little mite of a feller. Not more'n ten years old."

"If the foot's smashed the man's likely dead by this time. Them Wishaw folks wouldn't know enough to tie a tourniquet on it. They'd cut a black hen open and put the warm guts on to cure it. Why didn't you put the young one in a bed?"

"He wouldn't go. He set up stiff till he fell plumb over. Then I laid him on a lounge. He's pretty dirty."

"All them Wishaw folks are dirty. That man'll get a bad infection if he don't die of hemorrhage. What's he letting a mill rock fall on his foot for?"

"The boy said they were unloadin' it out a wagon."

"Lockjaw, too, likely—every consarned thing. Nobody up to Wishaw ever paid a doctor a cent. You can run the shoes right off your horse poundin' over them old rocky trails up there and never collect enough in forty years to buy horseshoe nails."

"I reckon I better carry that boy and put him in the kitchen bed."

"You better wake him up. How do I know where his father lives—nor which way to get there?"

"What do you want to know for? You ain't goin' up Wishaw this time o' night."

RUMLY rose, wagging his long head. "The man's sufferin', ain't he? Likely he's bled to death by this time! Where's that bottle of chloroform I left in the buttery? You ain't used it up killin' cockroaches merciful, have you? I ain't goin' to fix no smashed foot without chloroform—I had enough yellin' and groanin' trying to dig that bullet out of Weaver's back. You put some clean towels in my bag, too. Folks over that side ain't got a towel nor a sheet, neither."

Ella Joe shuffled about, calmly assembling Rumly's surgical paraphernalia. "Men sure are a contrary nation!" she philosophized, inwardly. But she said nothing. Ella Joe had lived with Rumly for twenty years, and she was very wise.

Ten-year-old Clemmie Stover lay back sleepily in the buggy as old Doxie broke into a resentful trot.

"Look here, now," scolded Rumly, as the boy's head came toppling on his shoulder, "you got to stay awake and tell me where to go. I ain't figurin' on prowlin' round this ridge in the dark, and runnin' into a moonshiner's nest, or somethin'. This mare's gun-shy and she'll kick the paint off these wheels in about two seconds."

Rumly sat, slouched forward on the seat, the reins hanging loosely between his knees, his old derby tilted forward, his long flat feet patting out an unheard tune.

Clemmie Stover swayed erect, opened his eyes dazedly and yawned.

"Which way do you turn off? This side the mill or yonder? You say your pappy's Lun Stover? Whose place does he work?"

"Uh huh," was Clemmie's noncommittal response. He was gone again. Old Doxie slumped into a jog, wagging an ear eloquent with contempt for anyone who would force a respectable horse to

travel out Wishaw before daylight. The sky was black and remote and cold, as skies grow before dawn. Mists floated across the road and brushed Rumly's cheek like clammy caresses faintly flavored with fish. Little houses huddled in shadowy hollows, bushes leaped out of the dark like highwaymen, brandishing threatening boughs, subsiding into dewy humility when Rumly flicked the whip at them. Everywhere was a hollow stillness, broken only by the whud-whud of Doxie's patient feet.

BYOND the dark mill Rumly heard the sound of approaching hoofs. Doxie voluntarily gave up half the road as a rider approached, sagged drowsily in the saddle. Rumly stopped. He spoke to everybody. Everybody knew his old buggy, which was the only one anywhere about with lamps on it.

"That you, Sheriff?"

"Hello, Rumly—where you goin'?"

"Goin' over Wishaw—to fix a man's foot. Feller named Lun Stover."

"Stover ain't no good. He won't pay you, Rumly."

"I reckon not. You huntin' Penn Gillen yet, Sheriff?"

"Been out all night. Got some deputies round the ridge, but a night like this you



could ride right over a man and never see him. Rumly—"The sheriff rode closer and leaned forward. "You ain't figurin' on helpin' Penn Gillen get away, are you?"

Rumly patted his foot. "I ain't assisted in any jail deliveries to date, have I, Sheriff?"

"That ain't answering my question. I was just thinkin'—Penn's always run to your house like Ella Joe was his mammy—"

"He ain't hidin' in my house now. Ella Joe'll let you search it if you want to."

"Look here, Rumly. Penn had ought to give himself up—you know that. It ain't playin' the part of a man to hide out and defy the law! A man may have the right to defend his own home, if he's got a ninny for a wife, but he ain't helpin' his case any when he hides and dodges. It'll make things a lot worse for Penn in the end. If you see him anywhere you head him home, Rumly—and give him a good hunk of advice. Who you got in there?"

"Stover's boy. You want me to wake him up?"

"Nope—I'm takin' your word. All right, Rumly—I'll ride along. We ought to pick Penn up when daylight comes. That Weaver goin' to die?"

"He's groanin' too loud now," declared Rumly. "Wake up here, sonny. Which one of these forks is the right one?"

"Stover lives down on the Markie land," directed the sheriff. "You can't git there with a buggy, I'd say—got to ford that rocky branch, and it's runnin' high now. They're a hard set."

"I figured they was," returned Rumly, evenly, clucking up old Doxie.

THE road now was scarcely more than a rabbit path through the bushes and the black clutching boughs swung down, slapping Rumly in the face and maddening old Doxie, who slapped out with her tail viciously. Rumly patted his foot steadily and hummed a tune. The Wishaw side of the ridge was a desolate wilderness. Blockaders were reputed to hide there; horses had come in riderless; deputies been ambushed and left dead. Here and there a little shiftless cabin leaned in a corn patch grown to weeds. The Wishaw folk were as unpromising as their country—and somewhere among them, Rumly knew, Penn Gillen was hiding—a desperate, armed fugitive; magnifying his own peril, with the fanatic egotism of youth irresponsible and suspicious.

"Penn wouldn't have any more sense

than to take a shot at me," soliloquized Rumly. "Tomfool boy—runnin' wild and fightin' his friends. How much farther is it to your pap's place, you Stover?"

Clemmie shook awake and lurched upright. "See that there light—through the bresh?"

"Any road over that side?"

"You got to hitch—I'll show you. The ford's flooded. Drive down to the branch, this-a-way."

If Wishaw cabins excelled in filthiness the Stover cabin superseded all others of the Wishaw neighborhood. Never had Rumly seen a floor so lost under layers of mud, ashes, spilled swill and grease, dog-tracks and a rill of drying blood through the middle. Never had he beheld beds so altogether incomprehensible as sleeping places, or children like the children who sprawled across them, fully clothed. Nor had he seen a woman as utterly squalid as the flat-chested, broken-toothed wife of Lun Stover who opened the door.

LUN STOVER lay on a bed, a huge man bled green, with great purple shadows under his eyes. The shattered foot was wrapped in layers of soiled rags, blood-soaked and stiff. Rumly frowned at the pulpy mass of flesh and bones, while the man lay back, white-lipped and silent, and the woman and boy stared in dull horror.

"Hurt it in the barnyard, didn't you?" he questioned.

Stover nodded. "Can you fix it, Doc?"

"I might—if it had been cleansed good right away. But it ain't safe to risk it now, with all that filth in it. Got a table in the house?"

With the woman's help, Rumly scrubbed a plank table clean, heated water and boiled instruments, and spread out Ella Joe's clean sheets.

"I've got to cut that foot off," he told Stover's wife, who was manifestly appalled into a dumb daze. "You'll have to give him the anesthetic and Clemmie'll have to hold the light. Stiffen up your back now—because he'll die if I don't get those blood-vessels tied pretty quick. We're going to put you on this table now, Lun. It may hurt some—we'll be as easy as we can."

"Mebbe I can sort of hitch along," suggested Lun grittily. "I got in here by myself."

"Better not try it," advised Rumly. But before he could protest Stover had raised himself from the bed, and straightway toppled down in a dead faint. "Figured

he'd do that," commented Rumly. "Lay him flat now—he'll come round in a minute." He bared Stover's hairy arm and shot a hypodermic into it. "How long since you washed him up?" he inquired.

"We ain't bathed yet this spring," admitted the wife. "I don't think it's safe to bath till the corn gits high as a rabbit's ear!"

"Got any soap? Fetch me some hot water till I scour Lun up a little."

IT was growing dimly gray in the east when at last the ether cone was ready and delivered into the hands of Clemmie, who Rumly discerned would prove a more dependable assistant than his stupid mother. The woman held the lamp near, and Rumly, his long, grotesque head covered with a white mask so that only his kindly eyes blinked out, laid his knives out on a clean towel, bared his wrists and began to operate. But with the first clean severance



of flesh, there was a tinkle of crashing glass, the lamp chimney splintered on the floor and Rumly

snatched the lamp just as the woman sagged, sickened, into a chair.

"Take that cone off his mouth!" he shouted to the petrified Clemmie, as he rolled the gagging woman onto a bed. "You want to kill him?"

"Thur's a feller hidin' in the barn," gasped the woman, presently, her hands over her eyes, her shoulders heaving. "Git him to hold the light. It—makes me sorta sick!"

"What sort of a fellow?" demanded Rumly.

"A young feller. He's got a gun—he acted real ugly. I barred the door on him."

"I'll get him." A determined old spectre in his apron and mask, Rumly stalked out to the little leaning pen built of logs and flung open the door. "Come out of that, Penn Gillen!" he commanded. "Git out of that shuck pile and come in here and help me cut this man's leg off!"

Instantly there was an upheaval, a savage cry and a flash, and Rumly heard the spat of a ball spending itself in the ground outside.

"If I was as poor shot as you I'd give up homicide for business," the old doctor commented dryly. "Give me that gun before you blow out what little brains the

Lord favored you with! I got to have some help in here or a patient's goin' to die on me and if he dies he'll never get me paid up. Give me that gun, I said. You got any more cartridges? Hand 'em over, too."

But the disheveled, wild-eyed young man who had scrambled up out of the straw, backed against the wall and pointed his weapon determinedly.

"I don't want to kill you, Doc—but I'll do it if you don't go away and let me alone!" he declared passionately.

"I'd give you three chances if I had time," drawled Rumly, "but that man's under ether, and there ain't no time to waste in foolishness. Get out of that corner, and quit actin' the fool. Weaver ain't dead. You didn't think you could shoot straight enough to kill anybody, did you? Give me that gun before I cuff your ears and take it away from you—great, big, overgrown jackass like you! Shootin' off guns—and running like you was Jesse James or somebody!"

THE boy came plunging out of the barn and half fell at Rumly's feet.

"Didn't I kill him?" he gasped. "O—God, Rumly—if you knew what I've been through—O—God—say he ain't going to die. It's been—hell, Doc—hell!"

"More on the road, too, if you don't brace up and come in here and help me through this job," was Rumly's scornful dismissal of tragedy. "I'd hate to have Irene see you on your knees bawlin' on Lun Stover's manure pile. She'd think she'd done a poor day's work not to run off with Weaver for good. Get up and act a man, if you got any gimp in you."

"O, my God—if you knew—if you knew—" Young Gillen was shaking now, and sobs choked his voice. He was an under-nourished, neurasthenic, overwrought boy—white-faced, with great black hollows about his eyes. He followed Rumly meekly to the house.

Inside, Rumly scrubbed his hands again, and boiled his instruments over, certain that curious Clemmie had investigated the sharpness of each. Then, with Penn Gillen as anesthetist and Clemmie wavering the flickering lamp, he proceeded with the amputation. In the midst of the operation, Stover began to writhe, the anguished muscles involuntarily contracting from the shock.

"Give him a little mite more—and watch his pulse," he told Gillen. "Hold that light close, sonny—don't mind the blood."

Then he turned his head quickly and jerked it at a man who was standing in the door. "Come in here, Sheriff! We need you. Get over this side and hold his legs. Bear down—it won't kill him. I'll get these arteries tied in a minute."

The sheriff and the fugitive criminal glared at each other across the unconscious Stover.

"I thought I'd find you here," remarked the sheriff dryly. "I figured that if I followed Rumly back I'd run across where you was hid."

"You figured I was comin' back to help him git away, didn't you?" inquired Rumly. "I thought that when I heard your horse pickin' through the brush right careful behind me. I'd hate to be suspicious of my fellow man, like some folks is. I'd hate to harbor the deadly poison of distrust in my gizzard. A man don't get anywheres that way, neither. I did figure I'd catch Penn for you and argue him into goin' back peaceable. But now—I reckon I'll just let you do your own catchin'. Bear down on there, Sheriff—don't let him jump for a minute."

NEVER in the annals of medicine was such an operation performed. Never was a bone severed so neatly, a stump so carefully sealed. Rumly scrubbed his hands at last in Mrs. Stover's dishpan, weary and content.

"You watch his pulse a minute, Sheriff," he directed; "then I'll get you two to help me lift him in the bed. He'll suffer a lot when he comes out of that ether, and I want to make him comfortable as I can."



"You stand where you are!" ordered the sheriff, scowling at Penn Gillen. "You're under arrest—for assault with intent to commit murder."

"Going to do your own catching, hey?" mused Rumly. "I was wondering how you'd figure to do it."

"I figure to take him back to jail," declared the sheriff; "and if Weaver dies it'll be murder."

"Wait till I get Lun Stover in his bed then; and if you've got the authority you can take Penn anywheres in creation, for all me!"

"What d'ye mean—authority—Rumly?"

"I was just wonderin' where the county line come across this ridge, that's all. I'd always heard the line run down the branch—but high water you ain't never sure about a creek. It might be a mile or two out of its course for all anybody could tell in the dark. Grab hold his feet there, Penn. Act like you was a man and maybe some day you'll grow to be one."

The sheriff was plainly a trifle uneasy at Rumly's calm assurance. But Penn Gillen, who had stood white-faced, the ether cone in his hand, dilated his fine nostrils a bit like a hare that sees ahead a tiny gap in the hedge through which a yelping pack may not pass. Then he stiffened and his young mouth grew hard.

"Nobody's got to take me to jail," he announced loftily. "I'm going—of my own accord. You mean well, Rumly, but I shan't play the coward, thank you!"

"That so?" Rumly smiled faintly as he sponged the bloodless face of Lun Stover. "Well, don't hold it against me. I'm an old man. I've done a sight of hard, dirty work—like this job to-night—in my lifetime. Probably my judgment's poor. I apologize, gentlemen. You can take my buggy, Sheriff, to haul your prisoner in. I'll have to stay here till Lun comes out of this and reacts from the shock. Just one thing, Penn, as a favor to the old feller who brought you into this world—next time you get upset and shoot at somebody hit him in the calf or somewhere where I can get the ball out without whittling him into hamburger."

AFTER the pair had gone, Penn Gillen's head very high and his fine young face tense with the drama of his surrender, young Clemmie Stover came sidling up to the bed where his father still snored stentoriously, his eyelids half open.

"I buried the foot," he whispered, "good and deep so the old sow won't find it. And—mister, the county line don't run through that branch down yonder. It runs way over the knobs where Sim Towson's got his hogpen."

"Well," drawled Rumly, "I sort of suspected it run over there, myself. But I wanted to see whether Penn had anything in him besides fine talk and fireworks. You sit here, sonny, and hold this cold rag on your pap's head. I'll fix him up a dose of medicine. I've got Penn in jail now, and I've got to get back to town and keep that Weaver skunk from dyin' on him!"

THE HAIRY APE

A Serio-Comedy of Ancient and Modern Life

By EUGENE O'NEILL

DESCRIBED by Alexander Woollcott, in the *New York Times*, as a "brutal, startling, dismaying and singularly vivid play, which will linger in the memory long after most of the stuff this season has produced has faded out of mind," Eugene O'Neill's "comedy of ancient and modern life," "The Hairy Ape," originally produced by the Provincetown Players in New York, has reached Broadway and the Plymouth Theatre under the ægis of Arthur Hopkins. As to its realistic power there are no two opinions. The higher the critics are in brow the more enthusiastic they are in hailing this as a "great" play. We ourselves would like to be as sure of its greatness as we are of its crudeness, however dramatically forceful. Its playing quality is undeniably more excellent than its reading quality—and a "great" play should not fail in either test.

In the chorus of encomiums which have greeted the production we overhear Kenneth Mac Gowan, of the *New York Globe*, pronouncing it "an extraordinary and daring play of unmatched vigor and originality." In a lower tone Burns Mantle, of the *Evening Mail*, characterizes it as

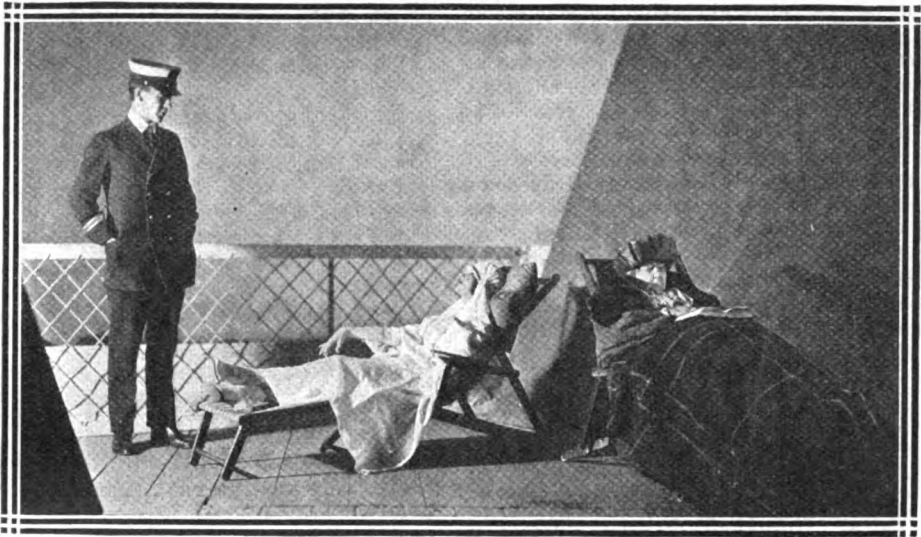
"another impressive little tragi-comedy, freely touched with fantasy." The *World* critic is afraid that "it does not attain the greatness of 'The Emperor Jones' because its human note is less articulate," while Stark Young, in the *New Republic*, finds it "more imaginative than 'The Emperor Jones,' compared to the plot-design of which it is a long way ahead. . . . Its progress and development are so simple and inevitable that by the casual they might be taken for granted. The medium is in the main so rightly discovered and employed that the spectator's eyes will be apt to turn entirely, with pleasure

or with resentment, to the subject-matter. And it is just this that makes "The Hairy Ape" such solid theater that it delivers its content with such unescapable finality of design." A *Nation* critic finds the drama "momentous in its vision, strength and truth. There is something hard in its quality, but it is the hardness of the earth's rocks; there is something of violence, but it is the violence of an intolerable suffering."

A fantasy in eight scenes, the machinery of the play is curiously reminiscent of that of "The Emperor Jones." As in that



HE CHALLENGES SOCIETY TO A DUEL
Louis Wolheim, as *Yank*, in "The Hairy Ape,"
does some notable work in the newest Eugene
O'Neill play.



CALM REIGNS ON THE PROMENADE DECK WHILE TROUBLE IS BREWING IN THE STROKEHOLE OF THE TRANSATLANTIC LINER

Mildred Douglas (Carlotta Monterey), whose father is a great steel magnate, and her aunt are resting before the girl accompanies the Second Engineer (Jack Gude) into the nether regions of the ship

outstanding 1921 production, the success of which was largely attributable to the acting of the negro Charles Gilpin, the effectiveness of "The Hairy Ape" centers in the histrionic and hirsute person of Louis Wolheim, in the title rôle. He, as Robert (Yank) Smith, is the boss stoker in a transatlantic liner bound from New York to Liverpool. He is a giant of a man, joking, growling, blaspheming, tyrannizing over his mates, guzzling and sweating in the stokehole. He is a part of steel since steel is the bone and sinew of the great boat and he is the stoking power that feeds it fuel and drives it onward.

He and his mates make the opening scene a bedlam. Out of their clamor the scene shifts suddenly to the hurricane deck, a gayly painted smokestack silhouetted against an incredibly blue sky, with no more than a ribbon of smoke to make an interesting composition out of the picture of that sky. The deck is spotless and sun-splashed and in one of the deck chairs drawn offishly into the turn of the promenade a spoiled and silly parasite of a girl, Mildred Douglas (Carlotta Monterey), lies toying with some ideas.

Down among the furnaces Yank (Louis Wolheim) is bellowing challenges to his equally vociferous mates to keep pace with him in feeding fuel to the flames. Long (Galway Herbert), one of them, is trying to bawl a sentimental chantey when:

YANK. (*Fiercely contemptuous.*) Shut up, yuh lousey boob! Where d'yuh get dat tripe? Home? Home, hell! Where d'yuh get dat tripe! Dis is home, see? What d'yuh want wit home? (*Proudly.*) I runned away from mine when I was a kid. On'y too glad to beat it, dat was me. Home was lickings for me, dat's all. But you can bet your shoit no one ain't never licked me since! Wanter try it, any of youse? Huh! I guess not. (*In a more placated but still contemptuous tone.*) Goils waitin' for yuh, huh? Aw, hell! Dat's all tripe. Dey don't wait for no one. Dey'd double-cross yuh for a nickel. Get me? Treat 'em rough, dat's me. To hell wit 'em. Tarts, dat's what, de whole bunch of 'em.

LONG. (*Very drunk, jumps on a bench excitedly, gesticulating with a bottle in his hand.*) Listen 'ere, comrades! Yank 'ere is right. 'E says this 'ere stinkin' ship is our 'ome, and 'e says as 'ome is 'ell. And 'e's right! This is 'ell. We lives in 'ell,

comrades—and right enough we'll die in it. (*Raging.*) And whose ter blame, I arsk's yer? We ain't. We wasn't born this rotten way. All men is born free and ekal. That's in the bleedin' Bible, mates. But what d' they care for the Bible—them lazy, bloated swine that travels first cabin? Them's the ones. They dragged us down 'til we're on'y wage slaves in the bowels of a bloody ship, sweatin', burnin' up, eatin' coal dust. Hit's them's ter blame—the damned capitalist clarrs. (*There has been a gradual murmur of contemptuous resentment rising among the men until now he is interrupted by a storm of catcalls, hisses, boos, hard laughter.*)

VOICES. Turn it off!

Shut up!

Sit down!

Closa da face!

Tamn fool! (*Etc.*)

YANK. (*Standing up and glaring at Long.*) Sit down before I knock yuh down! (*Long makes haste to efface himself. Yank goes on contemptuously.*) De Bible, huh? De cap'tlist class, huh? Aw nix on dat Salvation Army-Socialist bull. Git a soapbox. Hire a hall. Come and be saved, huh? Jerk us to Jesus, huh? Aw, g'wan. I've listened to lots of guys like you, see. You're all wrong. Wanter know what I t'ink? You ain't no good for no one. You're de bunk. You ain't got no noive, get me. You're yellow, dat's what. Yellow, dat's you. Say! What's them slobs in de foist cabin got to do wit us? We're better men dan dey are, ain't we? Sure! One of us guys could clean up de whole mob wit one mit. Put one of 'em down here for one watch in de stokehole, what'd happen? Dey'd carry him off on a stretcher. Dem boids don't amount to nothin'! Dey're just baggage. Who makes dis old tub run? Ain't it us guys? Well, den, we belong, don't we? We belong and dey don't. Dat's all. (*A loud chorus of approval. Yank goes on.*) As for this bein' hell—aw, nuts! Yuh lost yer noive, dat's what. Dis is a man's job, get me? It belongs. It runs dis tub. No stiff's need apply. But you're a stiff, see? You're yellow, dat's you.

VOICES. (*With a great hard pride in them.*) Righto!

A man's job!

Talk is cheap, Long.

He never could hold up his end.

Devil take him!

Yank's right. We make it go. Py Gatt. Yank say right ting.

We don't need no one cryin' over us.

Makin' speeches.

Throw him out!

Yellow!

Chuck him overboard!

I'll break his jaw for him! (*They crowd around Long threateningly.*)

YANK. (*Half good-natured again—contemptuously.*) Aw, take it easy. Leave him alone. He ain't woith a punch. Drink up. Here's how, whoever owns dis. (*He takes a long swallow from his bottle. All drink with him. In a flash all is hilarious amiability again, back-slapping, loud talk, etc.*)

Whereupon Paddy (Henry O'Neill) begins drunkenly to expatiate on the glories of past clipper-ship days, when there were no infernal furnaces to be fed, but only sails to be spread. Paddy presently becomes maudingly philosophical and begins to sing "The Miller of Dee," with enormous good nature.

PADDY.

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

YANK. (*Interrupts Paddy with a slap on the bare back, like a report.*) Dat's de stuff! Now yuh're getting wise to somep'n. Care for nobody, dat's de dope. To hell wit 'em all! And nix on nobody else carin'. I kin care for myself, get me! (*Eight bells sound, muffled, vibrating through the steel walls as if some enormous brazen gong were imbedded in the heart of the ship. All the men jump up alertly, file through the door in rear close upon each others' heels in what is very like a prisoner's lockstep. Yank slaps Paddy on the back.*) Our watch, yuh old Harp! (*Mockingly.*) Come on down in hell. Eat up de coal dust. Drink in de heat. It's it, see! Act like yuh like it, yuh better—or croak yihself.

PADDY. (*With jovial defiance.*) To the devil wid it! I'll not report this watch. Let thim leg me and be damned. I'm no slave the like of you. I'll be sittin' here at me ease, and drinkin', and thinkin', and dreamin' dreams.

YANK. (*Contemptuously.*) Tinkin' and dreamin'? What'll that get yuh? What's tinkin' got to do wit it? We move, don't we? Speed, ain't it? Log, dat's all you stand for. But we drive trou dat, don't we? We split dat up and smash trou—twenty-five knots a hour. (*Turns his back on Paddy scornfully.*) Aw, yuh make me

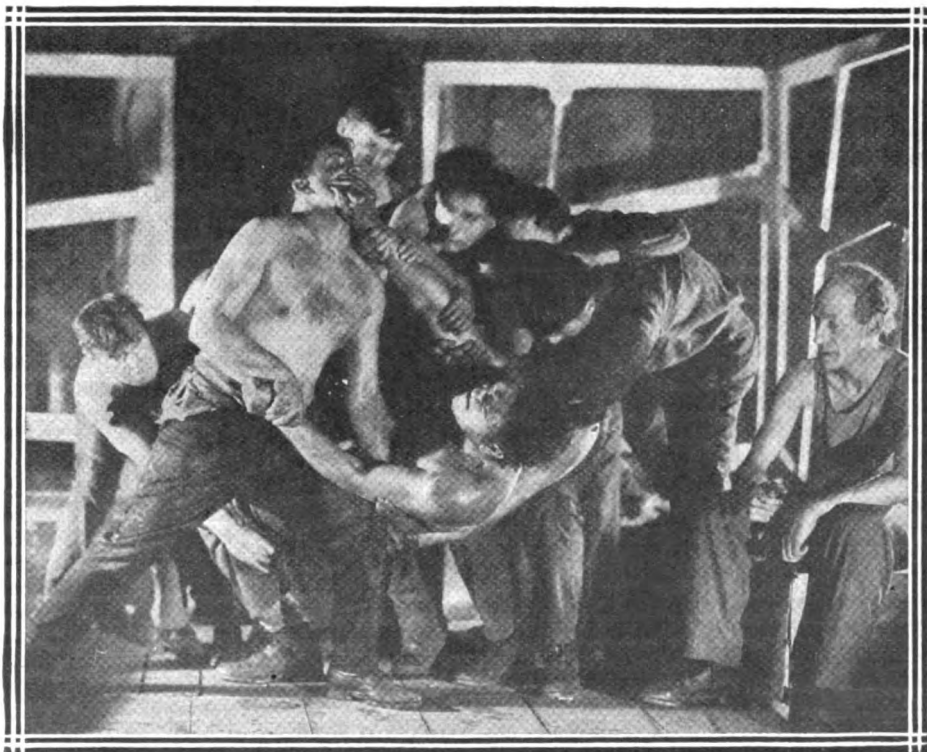
sick! Yuh don't belong! (*He strides out the door in rear. Paddy hums to himself, blinking drowsily.*)

The second scene shows a section of the promenade deck on the morning of the second day out. Mildred Douglas and her aunt (Eleanor Hutchison) are discovered reclining in deck chairs. It is Mildred, the pampered daughter of an enormously rich steel king, who is destined to raise welts on the soul of Yank. Meanwhile the girl and her aunt are indulging in mutual recriminations, the latter reminding the former of "a cold pork pudding against a background of linoleum table-cloth in a kitchen." The aunt retorts:

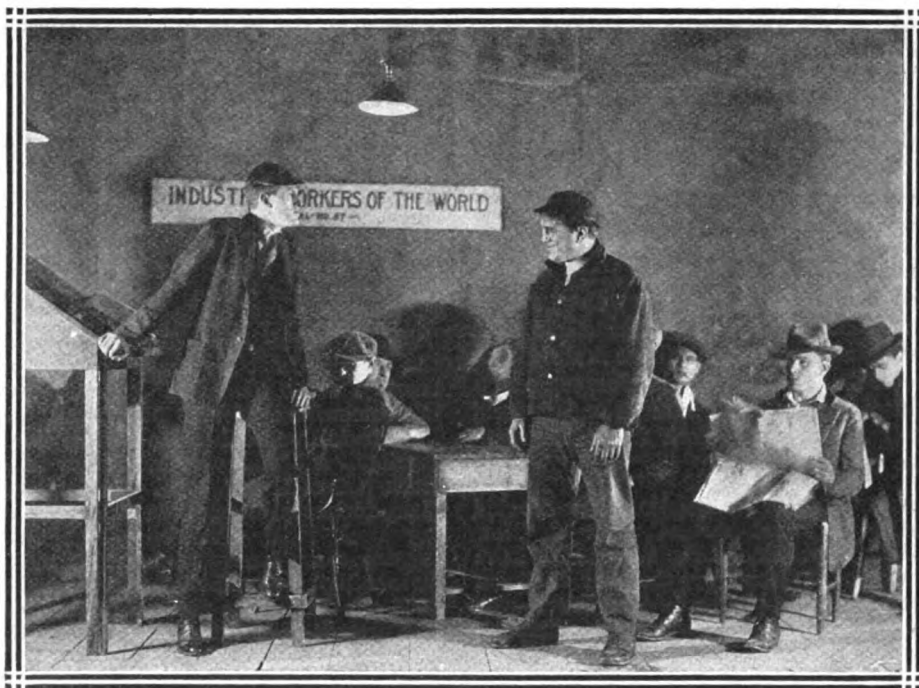
AUNT. After exhausting the morbid thrills of social service work on New York's East Side—how they must have hated you, by the way, the poor that you made so much poorer in their eyes—you are now bent on making your slumming

international. Well, I hope Whitechapel will provide the needed nerve tonic. Do not ask me to chaperone you there, however. I told your father I would not. I loathe deformity. We will hire an army of detectives and you may investigate everything—they allow you to see.

MILDRED. (*Sitting up, stung—protesting with a trace of genuine earnestness.*) Please do not mock at any attempts to discover how the Other Half lives. Give me credit for some sort of groping sincerity, in that at least. I would like to help them. I would like to be of some use in the world. Is it my fault I don't know how? I would like to be sincere, to touch life somewhere. (*With bitterness.*) But I'm afraid I've neither the vitality nor integrity. All that was burnt out in our stock before I was born. Grandfather's blast furnaces, flaming to the sky, melting steel, making millions—then father keeping those home-fires burning, making more millions—and little me at the tail end of it all. I'm waste product in the Bessemer process—like the millions. Or rather,



YANK (LOUIS WOLHEIM) IS OVERPOWERED BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS
He arouses the other coal-heavers to action when he declares his intention of avenging himself on Mildred Douglas (Carlotta Monterey) who has called him a "hairy ape."



EVEN THE I. W. W. SECRETARY (HAROLD MCGEE) IS SUSPICIOUS OF YANK (LOUIS WOLHEIM)

The latter has applied for membership in the organization but is regarded as a spy and thrown into the street

I inherit the acquired trait of the by-product, wealth; but none of the energy, none of the strength of the steel that made it. I am sired by gold and dammed by it, as they say at the race track—dammed in more ways than one. (*She laughs mirthlessly.*)

There is a deal of stilted dialog, which is broken in upon by the second engineer, who has agreed to take Miss Douglas into the lower regions of the ship. The next scene again discloses the stokehole, a few minutes later, with Yank, Paddy and company in relaxed attitudes of exhaustion after stoking the furnaces.

PADDY. (*From somewhere in the line—plaintively.*) Yerra, will this devil's own watch niver end? Me back is broke. I'm destroyed entirely.

YANK. (*From the center of the line—with exuberant scorn.*) Aw, yuh make me sick! Lie down and croak, why don't yuh? Always beefin', dat's yuh. Say, dis is a cinch! Dis was made for me! It's my

meat, get me? (*A boatswain whistle is blown, a thin, shrill note from somewhere overhead in the darkness. Yank curses without resentment.*) Dere's de damn engineer crackin' de whip. He tink we're loafin'!

Paddy maintains that his "back is broke" and, guilefully continuing the argument, obtains a brief rest which is interrupted by the overlord of the stokehole bellowing:

YANK. Come on. (*He turns and flings his furnace door open. They all follow his lead. At this instant the second and fourth engineers enter from the darkness on the left with Mildred between them. She starts, turns paler, her pose is crumbling, she shivers with fright in spite of the blazing heat but forces herself to leave the engineers and take a few steps nearer the men. She is right behind Yank. All this happens quickly while the men have their backs turned.*) Come on, youse guys! (*He is turning to get coal when the whistle sounds again in a peremptory, ir-*

ritating note. This drives Yank into a sudden fury. While the other men have turned full around and have stopped dumbfounded by the spectacle of Mildred standing there in her white dress, Yank does not turn far enough to see her. Besides, his head is thrown back, he blinks upward through the murk trying to find the owner of the whistle, he brandishes his shovel murderously over his head in one hand, pounding on his chest, gorilla-like, with the other, shouting.) Toin off dat whistle! Come down outa dere, yuh yellow, brass-buttoned Belfast bum, yuh! Come down and I'll knock yer brains out! Yuh lousey, stinkin', yellow mut! Come down and I'll moider yuh. Pullin' dat whistle on me, huh? I'll show yuh! I'll crash yer skull in! I'll drive yer teet' down yer troat! I'll slam yer nose throu de back of yer head! I'll cut yer guts out for a nickel, yuh lousey boob, yuh dirty, crummy, muck-eatin' son . . . (Suddenly he becomes conscious of all the other men staring at something directly behind his back. He whirls defensively with a snarling, murderous growl, crouching to spring, his lips drawn back over his teeth, his small eyes gleaming ferociously. He sees Mildred, like a white apparition in the full light from the open furnace doors. He glares into her eyes, turned to stone. As for her, during his speech she has listened paralyzed with horror, terror, her whole personality crushed, beaten in, collapsed by the terrific impact of this unknown, abysmal brutality, naked and shameless. As she looks at his gorilla face, as his eyes bore into hers, she utters a low, choking cry and shrinks away from him, putting both hands up before her eyes to shut out the sight of his face, to protect her own. This startles Yank to a reaction. His mouth falls open, his eyes grow bewildered.)

MILDRED. (About to faint—to the engineers, who now have her one by each arm.) Take me away! This is—beyond poses! Oh, the filthy beast! (She faints. They carry her quickly back, disappearing in the darkness at the left, rear. An iron door clangs shut, rage and bewildered fury rush back on Yank. He feels himself insulted in some unknown fashion in the very heart of his pride. He roars.) God damn yuh! (And hurls his shovel after them at the door which has just closed. It hits the steel bulkhead with a clang and falls clattering on the steel floor. From

overhead the whistle sounds again in a long, angry, insistent command.)

The fourth scene is a repetition of the first in the firemen's forecandle. Yank is discovered seated on a bench in the attitude of Rodin's "Thinker." Paddy accuses him tauntingly with having fallen in love. Yank is irresponsive. Whereupon:

LONG. (Jumping on a bench, hectically.) Hinsultin' us! Hinsultin' us, the bloody cow! And them bloody engineers. What right 'as they got to be exhibitin' us s'if we was bleedin' monkeys in a menagerie? Did we sign for hinsults to our dignity as 'onest workers? Is that in the ship's articles? You kin bloody well bet it ain't! But I knows why they done it. I arsked a deck steard 'o she was and 'e told me. 'Er old man's a bleedin' millionaire, a bloody capitalist! 'E's got enuf bloody gold to sink this bleedin' ship! 'E makes arf the bloody steel in the world. 'E owns this bloody boat! And you and me, comrades, we're 'is slaves! And the skipper and mates and engineers, they're 'is slaves! And she's 'is bloody daughter and we're all 'er slaves, too! And she gives 'er orders as 'ow she wants to see the bloody animals below decks and down they takes 'er. (There is a roar of rage from all sides.)

YANK. (Blinking at him.) Say! Wait a moment! Is all dat straight goods?

LONG. Straight as string! The steward as waits on 'em, 'e told me about 'er. And what're we goin' ter do, I arks yer? 'Ave we got ter swallow 'er hinsults like dogs? It ain't in the ship's articles. I tell yer we got a case. We kin go ter law—

YANK. (With abysmal contempt.) Hell!. Law!

ALL. (Repeating the word after him with cynical mockery.) Law! (The word has a brazen metallic quality as if their throats were phonograph horns. It is followed by a chorus of hard, barking laughter.)

LONG. (Feeling the ground slipping from under his feet—desperately.) As voters and citizens we kin force the bloody governments—

YANK. Hell! Governments!

ALL. (Repeating the word in mockery.) Governments!

The strange colloquy continues and Yank's wrath slowly gathers force and

momentum. He declares his intention of throwing Mildred Douglas into the furnace if she ever returns to the stoke-hole. Paddy assures him that the girl is "in bed now wid ten doctors and nurses feedin' her salts to clean the fear out of her."

YANK. (*Enraged.*) Yuh tink I made her sick, too, do yuh? Just lookin' at me, huh? Hairy ape, huh? (*In a frenzy of rage.*) I'll fix her! I'll tell her where to git off! She'll get down on her knees and take it back or I'll bust de face offen her! (*Shaking one fist upward and beating at his chest with the other.*) I'll find yuh! I'm comin', d'yuh hear? I'll fix yuh, damn yuh! (*He makes a rush for the door.*)

VOICES. Stop him.
He'll get shot!
He'll murder her!
Trip him up!

Hold him!
He's gone crazy!
Gatt, he's strong!
Hold him down!
Look out for a kick!
Pin his arms!

(*They have all piled on him and after a fierce struggle by sheer weight of numbers have borne him to the floor just inside the door.*)

PADDY. (*Who has remained detached.*) Kape him down till he's cooled off. (*Scornfully.*) Yerra, Yank, you're a great fool. Is it payin' attention at all you are to the like of that skinny sow widout one drop of rale blood in her?

YANK. (*Frenziedly, from the bottom of the heap.*) She done me doit! She done me doit, didn't she? I'll git square wid her! I'll git her someway! Git offen me, youse guys. Lemme up! I'll show her who's a ape!

The next scene shows Fifth Avenue,

New York, on a Sunday morning three weeks later. Yank and Long pass swaggering and debating the inequalities of fortune. Yank still nurses a grievance against Mildred Douglas and her "rotten kind." Yank communes with himself while watching the Fifth Avenue procession. Over all is a haze of phantasmagoria and Yank is conscious of being waylaid by invisible forces. He strikes out blindly at his "enemies" and is arrested and taken to jail. The sixth scene shows him in a prison cell, which he mistakes to be a cage at the Zoo. His fellow convicts taunt him as a "nut," on overhearing him soliloquize:



YANK ENCOUNTERS A PROTOTYPE IN THE ZOO

Powerful as the man is, he proves to be no match for the gorilla, just as he has been no match for the forces of society arrayed against him.

YANK. Her hands—
dey was skinny and

white like they wasn't real but painted or somep'n. Dere was a million miles from me to her—twenty-five knots a hour. She was like some dead ting de cat brung in. Sure, dat's what. She didn't belong. She belonged in de window of a toy store, or on de top of a garbage can, see! Sure! (*He breaks out angrily.*) But would yuh believe it, she had de noive to do me doit. She lamped me like she was seein' somep'n broke loose from de menagerie. Christ, you'd oughter seen her eyes! (*He rattles the bars of his cell furiously.*) But I'll git back at her yet, yuh watch! And if I can't find her I'll take it out on one of de gang she runs wit! I'm wise where she hangs out now. I'll show her who belongs! I'll show her who's in de move and who ain't. Yuh watch my smoke!

VOICES. (*Serious and joking.*)
Dat's de talkin'.

Take her for all she's got!

What was this dame, anyway?
Who was she, eh?

YANK. I dunno. First cabin stiff. Her old man's a millionaire, dey say—name of Douglas.

VOICES. Douglas? That's the President of the Steel Trust, I bet. Sure. I seen his mug in de papers. He's filthy with dough.

VOICE. Hey, feller, take a tip from me. If you want to get back at that dame, you better join the Wobblies. You'll get some action then.

YANK. Wobblies? What de hell's dat?

VOICE. Ain't you ever heard of the I. W. W.?

YANK. Naw. What is it?

VOICE. A gang of blokes—tough gang. I been readin' about 'em to-day in the paper. The guard give me the Sunday Times. There's a long spiel about 'em. It's from a speech made in the Senate by a guy named Senator Queen. (*He is in the cell next to Yank's—there is a rustling of paper.*) Wait'll I see if I got light enuf and I'll read you. List'n. (*He reads.*) "There is a menace existing in this country to-day which threatens the vitals of our fair Republic—as foul a menace against the very life-blood of the American eagle as was the foul conspiracy of Cata-



HIS LATEST PLAY IS "BRUTAL, STARTLING AND DISMAYING"

Eugene O'Neill, in "The Hairy Ape," has written a powerful allegory in which the forces of capital and labor are dramatically contrasted.

line against the eagles of ancient Rome!"

VOICES. (*Disgustedly.*) Aw, hell. Tell him to salt de tail of dat eagle!

VOICE. (*Reading.*) "I refer to that devil's brew of rascals, jailbirds, murderers and cutthroats who libel all honest workmen by calling themselves the Industrial Workers of the World; but in the light of their nefarious plots, I call them the Industrious Wreckers of the World!"

And so on. A month later we find Yank out of prison and applying for membership in the I. W. W., the officers of which suspect him of being a spy. As a result he is set upon from behind by a gang of huskies and overpowered. It is an I. W. W. local headquarters.

SECRETARY. (*Laughs mockingly at Yank.*) Ho-ho! This is the biggest joke they've put up on us yet. Hey, you Joke!

Who sent you—Burns or Pinkerton? No, by God, you're such a bonehead I'll bet you're in the Secret Service! Well, you dirty spy, you rotten agent provocator, you can go back and tell whatever skunk is paying you blood-money for betraying your brothers that he's wasting his coin. You couldn't catch a cold. And tell him that all he'll ever get on us, or even has got, is just his own sneaking plots that he's framed up to put us in jail. We are what our manifests says we are, neither more or less—and we'll give him a copy of that any time he calls. And as for you—*(He glares scornfully at Yank, who is sunk in a stupor.)* Oh, hell, what's the use of talking? You're a brainless ape.

YANK. *(Aroused by the word to fierce but futile struggle.)* What's dat, you sheeney bum, yuh!

SECRETARY. Throw him out, boys. *(In spite of his struggles, this is done with gusto. Propelled by several kicks, Yank lands in the middle of the narrow cobble street. With a growl he starts to get up and storm the closed door, but stops bewildered by the confusion in his brain, pathetically impotent. He sits there, brooding, in as near to the attitude of Rodin's "Thinker" as he can get in such a position.)*

At twilight the next day Yank is discovered in the monkey house at the Zoo. He is the only human being present. The animal cages are in shadow. Yank is apostrophizing a gorilla and concludes:

YANK. Sure! Yuh're reg'lar! You'll stick to de finish. Me'n yuh, huh? Bot' members of dis club. We'll put up one last star bout dat'll knock 'em offen deir seats. Dey'll have to make de cages stronger after we're trou! *(The gorilla is straining at his bars, growling, hopping from one foot to the other. Yank takes a jimmy*

from under his coat and forces the lock on the cage door. He throws this open.) Pardon from de govenor. Step out and shake hands. I'll take yuh for a walk down Fif' Avenoo. We'll knock 'em offen de oith and croak wit' de band playin'. Come on, brother. *(The gorilla scrambles gingerly out of his cage, goes to Yank and stands looking at him. Yank keeps his mocking tone and holds out his hand.)* Shake—de secret grip of our order. *(Something, the tone of mockery perhaps, suddenly enrages the animal. With a spring, he wraps his huge arms around Yank in a murderous hug. There is a little crackling snap of crushed ribs, a gasping cry, still mocking, from Yank.)* Hey, I dink't say kiss me. *(The gorilla lets the crushed body slip to the floor; stands over it uncertainly, considering; then picks it up, throws it into the cage, shuts the door and shuffles off menacingly into the darkness. A great uproar of frightened, chattering and whimpering comes from the other cages. Then Yank moves, groaning, opening his eyes, and there is silence. He mutters painfully.)* Say—dey oughter match him with Zyb'scyo. He got me, aw right. I'm trou. Even him didn't tink I belonged. *(Then with sudden passionate despair.)* Christ, where do I get off at? Where do I fit in? *(Checking himself suddenly.)* Aw, what de hell! No squakin', see! No quittin', get me! Croak with yer boots on! *(He grabs hold of the bars of the cage and hauls himself painfully to his feet, looks around him bewildered and forces a mocking laugh.)* Ladies and gents, step forward and take a slant at the one and on'y—*(his voice weakening)* one and original—hairy ape from de wilds of—

He collapses on the floor of the cage and dies. The monkeys set up a chattering, whimpering wail. And perhaps the Hairy Ape at last "belongs."

IS WOMAN A FAILURE AS A CREATIVE MUSICIAN?

THAT in the entire range of their musical activity women have created "nothing; at least nothing good" is the obiter dictum of an eminent English music critic, J.

Swinburne, embodied in a report of the proceedings of the Musical Association of England. Handling this highly explosive topic without gloves, the critic in question recognizes that

there are able women musicians but he declares that they "have nearly always the receptive mind only; while the productive, or creative, is peculiar to man," granting, however, that a very large portion of men have receptive minds only. The mechanical faculty is maintained to be absent from women and it is argued that music has a close connection with reasoning or engineering.

The crux of the matter is reached when we come to test what women have actually done in high and serious work. That they are far behind men as composers may hardly be denied, but D. C. Parker, writing in *Musical America*, is inclined to challenge the entire accuracy of the statement that "not only are women nowhere in composition but they have done nothing in any mental branch of music. . . . There has never been a woman critic of the first order. No woman has brought out a system of harmony. No woman has written a leading text-book on any branch of music. No woman has made a name as a teacher of composition or even of piano or fiddle playing. There is no musical literature of any note by women." We read, too, that woman fails completely as an interpreter—on the piano she is generally quite unable to play softly.

The art of singing is brushed aside by the English critic as something that has almost nothing to do with musicianship. As for appreciation, the ballad concert is essentially a ladylike function, while feminine criticism runs to gush.

Much of this is admitted by the writer in *Musical America* to be true and he does not regard it as unchivalrous to say so. For "to admit unpleasant facts is not to deny pleasant ones; and to speak of the superficial, butterfly type as we find her is not to withhold their due from the clever women who do actually see into the heart of the matter, and understand their subject thoroughly. To grasp the essentials, we should have to proceed

like a scientist, marshaling figures and measuring results, a task hard of achievement. Have women greater opportunities for the cultivation of any innate gift than those usually enjoyed by men? If so, how does it come that no woman has ever written a 'Poem of Ecstasy,' a 'Rosenkavalier'? Does she lack that mysterious and elusive power from which such products emanate? Again, if she *does* lack it, is this lack attributable to the absence of something that man alone possesses; to social conditions; to the place allotted to her in the past; or to some similar cause? In my humble opinion, it is well worth while to linger over such questions."

The backwardness of women *per se* as musicians of distinction is attributed by this protagonist to the conception of the place and purpose of music which most parents entertain. To play or sing is a social accomplishment for a girl, being an evidence of gentle upbringing and a proclamation of the esthetic sense. So, it is complained, to a music teacher the girl is sent; not to become a musician, but to become a social ornament. In such cases, the result can easily be foretold. Perhaps parents more readily send their daughters than their sons to a music teacher. For it is often assumed that boys are unmusical animals, and that if a boy is eccentric enough to be musical he will prove the fact so conclusively that the right course will never be in doubt.

Hope for women as creators of harmony is seen in the fact that so many old-established prejudices are being removed. The kitchen, church and children doctrine, for example, has gone into the discard and "it will not be without interest and instruction to see whether, in the next decade or so, women do not make vast strides in this direction."

One could go on endlessly, taking up all the suggestions that obtrude themselves. This critic, however, frankly admits that he doesn't care who writes our music, if only it is good.

THE VOICE OF THE AMERICAN ACTOR NEEDS MENDING

THE American, or Yankee, stage voice has the distinction of being the worst voice on any stage in the world and its shortcomings have very likely contributed in no small degree to the success of the screen drama. Such is the contention of a critic, Stark Young, in the *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and he goes on to lament the fact that one may listen almost in vain in any New York theater for "a beautiful voice, a fine voice, even an expressive voice." He rarely detects any sense of style in the use of the American stage voice such, for instance, as exhibits a constant variation of vocal quality to suit the kind of play it carries or the mood.

By way of illustration we are told that in a comedy of manners like "The School for Scandal" the voice should be clear, finished, the lips expert, the tongue striking well on the teeth; the tone should always be sure of its place in the throat, be crisp, shining, in hand, like the satin and gold of the furniture and costumes, the rapier at the wrist, the lace over it, the worldliness and the wit. In Chekhov "it should have the last naturalness, every closeness to feeling and impulse that the moment reveals." In Shakespeare "a range of elaborate music, suited to the style, a clearness with a warmth of poetic emotion." In D'Annunzio's drama the voice should be "rich and sensuous, metallic, shading infinitely, the voice of a degenerate god." Pursuing this phase of the subject the writer states as an obvious fact that Shakespeare is always to be recognized first of all by the ear. Very much of Galsworthy's failure to convince this critic lies in "the abandoned drought of his music"; and Stark Young believes that one of the obstacles to Ibsen's progress with theater audiences, something that makes his work seem dry and dutiful and Euclidian, is "the sterile sound of the acting translation."

Every language has its voice, or rather an enunciation that is inextricably tied up with the language. It is natural that the Italian singer's voice is "white" because Italian is a "white" language. The German tone is "dark" because German and English too are "dark" languages. "Mimi Aguglia's voice, amazing in Italian, animal, pathetic, inexhaustible, becomes light and uninteresting when she speaks English. Ben-Ami is one of the few foreigners I have heard who can place exactly and naturally in English the tone they have always used. And Doris Keane is the only actor I have ever seen who could reproduce the Italian tone precisely in English. In a way the voice of a country's theater, like the English or French or Italian, gets to be as definite perhaps as any actor's."

The pronounced characteristic of the American stage voice is, apart from bad enunciation, declared to be a tone through the nose, an inflexible upper lip, a very insecure placement in the throat and a tendency to monotony. It is generally agreed that the tone quality is pleasanter in the English than in the American stage voice, but this critic thinks it is largely a matter of superior enunciation. He goes on to say:

"The chief characteristic of the English male voice on the stage, however, is a kind of dry, balanced quality, the balance of a country house and the dry poise of the town club. It suits the comedy of manners admirably, and character parts. It has whimsicality, it has urbanity, the light touch. For tragedy on the elevated or very poignant scale it is a very poor voice indeed, despite the British claims. It has not enough bottom, its range is not wide and fluent enough; its resonance in the head is limited; it lacks mettle. It can be simple and quiet if it does not get too much of the breath of it and become prosaic. Most of all it lacks fine, virile roundness and volume. And all too often this voice betrays self-consciousness; an English tragic actor sometimes has a way

of seeming infatuated with merely hearing himself speak. The women on the English stage have very often charming voices, suited to comedy, to romantic plays, or sentimental, and to noble or delicate tragedy; but not for great, passionate, tragic moments. They have the English tendency toward affectation too often, especially in sounding the *s*, where an overhissing occurs, and not rarely in the silly Georgian lisp. . . . As in most other English things compared to the French or Italian, there is little sense of style in the English voice. Britons never will be slaves, and least of all in technical standards; and however pleasing, however fine, well-bred and even noble an English actor's voice may be, it is apt to be arbitrary, individual and unfinished.

"The French voice has style and training. Like most French things it has been

made adequate for its own uses, as far as those uses go. In a burlesque it has all the musical resources of the jungle. In a drawing-room comedy it has every kind of variety and breeding. In witty farce the French voice is like the mind itself, leaping about over the furniture; it is clear, high, deep, brittle, inane, persuasive. But in one of their own tragedies like those of Racine the voice of an actor like Mounet Sully is complete as a noble orchestra; it has timbre, volume, melancholy flat tones, and a prolonged and even resonance never heard on English-speaking stages. . . . The Italian voice is the most tragic of all, in the tragedy of the earth, the heart, the supreme rendering of the surface of life that reveals at the same time the inner content. There is no voice with a quality so immediate, so forlorn and irrevocable as the Italian."

HAS THIS COUNTRY NO MUSICAL ATMOSPHERE?

YVETTE GUILBERT is of the opinion that America has no musical atmosphere and she maintains that the giving of hundreds of concerts weekly and the presentation of a repertoire of old Italian works in the opera house do not themselves create an atmosphere. She also declares that America has no "artistic scenery" and that "its greatest need is for more creative men composers." Henry T. Finck, the well-known music critic, agreeing with Mme. Guilbert, deplores what he terms the fact that in this country mediocrities have crowded out talent. On the other hand, Percy Grainger, the composer, believes that we have as much musical atmosphere as any other country, and Walter Damrosch, sharing that belief, is afraid that our young people have not yet been taught to breathe it. As he points out, we have seven highly endowed, perfectly trained orchestras, thanks to the generosity of certain benefactors in music, and these organizations are perhaps the best in the world, but, he observes, between music in America and in Europe there is this difference: "In Europe music has sprung from the

masses upward—here it is permeating downward from the classes. Innate love for music has not in the past existed among our so-called proletariat to any great extent. The exceptions are usually foreign born."

These contrasting opinions were recently expressed at a meeting in New York attended by a hundred representative musicians and educators. John Lawrence Erb, of the Institute of Applied Music, voiced the conviction that art flourishes best, everything considered, where environment is not too dense. Thus the healthiest races usually live in the clear air of higher altitudes. "Certainly the conditions in America are hospitable to music, a fact which no one who knows America will deny. We should not have our orchestras, our great number of visiting artists, if there were no audiences to enjoy them. As for our composers, they could doubtless write the sort of lugubrious and miasmatic things that the composers of Europe at the present day are turning out." He considered it to their credit that they have refrained. If, he asks pertinently, we have the finest symphony orchestras,

five of which are said to be the best in the world, doesn't that indicate that there must be a good deal of musical culture in a country that lavishly supports and generously patronizes them?

John C. Freund, editor of *Musical America*, is quoted in that journal as saying that "if we have, as some think, neither musical atmosphere nor musical culture, we are getting there at a devilishly quick pace." Further:

"The trouble in this country is not that we lack appreciation for music, is not that we lack talent whether in the way of artists or composers, is not that we are given over to crass materialism and profiteering, but that we are dominated by a bitterly aggressive and sincere, but horribly narrow-minded, Calvinism, which has always been opposed to music, drama, the arts. This influence permeates the home, our business men, our college life, our state and national legislatures and makes the average man cry out and mothers weep when one of their children desires to be a musician, a member of a

profession regarded by the Calvinists as harboring parasites, pariahs and prostitutes, of which we have had ample example in the published statements by notoriety-seeking parsons, who among other influences would ascribe especially to the Hebrews all the ills that flesh is heir to. The truth is that our artists, musicians, are the real pioneers of cultural progress. players, singers, actors, painters, sculptors

"We have the teachers here. We have the talent. We have all the elements that make for culture and appreciation of the divine mission of music, but we are afraid to stand up and meet the issue, afraid of Mrs. Grundy, afraid that certain influences may hurt our business, our social standing. For years we Americans have stood like a lot of silly sheep, accepting the dictum of Europe that in all matters of music, art, the drama, literature, we are barbarians.

"Of this attitude Mme. Yvette Guilbert is a good example—yet why is it that she continues to come here? Is it to criticize us or is it not rather because she finds appreciative audiences, a generous press and many, many dollars?"

TWO SKEPTICS TELL WHY THEY CANNOT AGREE WITH CONAN DOYLE

SPIRITUALISM, in the modern sense, was born in America and passed to England. At the present time, we find its ablest popular exponents in England. Sir Oliver Lodge, when he came to this country two years ago to preach his Spiritualistic faith, was heard respectfully and reported accurately. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, arriving a few weeks ago with the same mission, has had an equally sympathetic reception.

From Sir Arthur, as from Sir Oliver, have come not only unqualified assertions of belief in the survival of human personality and of the possibility of communication with "spirits," but also the most minute details of the future world. "I am surer of what I will find in the next existence," Sir Arthur says, "than I would be if I were carried to the middle of Africa or of Asia and set down there." In the further mysteries

involved in that "ectoplasm" which figures so prominently in contemporary Spiritualistic literature, Sir Arthur is even more specific than his predecessor. His account of photographable "combinations of matter and ether beaten together" is built up on a concurrence of testimony from mediums, "spirits" and living theorists on the subject. The luminous stuff which he says he has seen rising from the body of a medium is "a viscous substance like putty"; "it has been detached, and chemical and microscopical analysis has shown that it contains two kinds of cells, as well as carbonates and sulphates."

No one questions the good faith and sincerity of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. His belief that he has had the experiences that he describes is not challenged. The question at issue is: Has he found the right explanation of these experiences?

It is significant that one of his intimate friends, Hamlin Garland, the novelist, who introduced him at the first lecture of his American tour, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, answers this question in the negative. Mr. Garland, like Doyle, has long been a student of psychic phenomena. Back in the 'nineties he was President of the American Psychical Society. He has written three books on the subject.

When he opened the Carnegie Hall meeting, he made the remark: "I am ready to be convinced."

At his home on the following evening he was asked by a New York *World* reporter: "Were you convinced?"

He replied: "No," tho he granted all the phenomena that Sir Arthur had described. "I have seen apparitions and talked with them," he said. "I have seen ectoplasm and touched it, have hear voices and have had messages that I was utterly unable to explain." He continued:

"But I regard them as part of an inexplicable biology. I do not think they necessarily have anything to do with the return of the dead.

"In all these experiences, the personality somehow fails when pushed hard. The psychic transmits false messages with the same confidence as true ones. It is as if the psychic were a sort of wireless receiving station, and, like a boy with a wireless set who gets a conversation from somewhere, he does not know whether it is true or false; he only knows he gets it.

"The receiving station simile is something like Doyle's theory, but he conceives the messages as coming from the dead, while I think they may be received from the living, tho the psychic may be quite honest. They are inexplicable, but they are absolutely linked with the body. Forces originating in the body of the psychic or the sitter, or some one else, may be at work.

"I am ready to give up my opinion on the minute the weight of evidence constrains me; but one cannot will oneself into a belief, there must be the evidence. I am not convinced.

"Doyle has been bereaved. I have not. He, like many others, goes to his studies yearning for a message from those he has lost. I go to them because I want to un-

derstand what is causing these strange phenomena.

"I think it is a fine, brave thing for Doyle to stand up and say frankly what he believes. It will hurt him with some people; but I admire him tremendously for it.

"But as to death—perhaps that is the great mystery that is never to be solved. But in our efforts we may discover many wonderful things about life."

So much for the testimony of Hamlin Garland. Let us turn, next, to the more sensational evidence published in the London *Saturday Review* by Filson Young, of the editorial staff of that weekly. It seems that Young, a few weeks before the departure of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for America, expressed to the latter his desire to attend a Spiritualistic séance. He had been, he says, quite sympathetically disposed toward Spiritualism and wanted to test at first hand the reality of its phenomena. Sir Arthur declared that he would be glad to gratify his wish, and named a date and a place.

The place was a house at Highgate, in London, and the medium chosen for the occasion was a Mrs. Johnson. In addition to Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, Mrs. Johnson and Young, there were present a number of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Young speaks of four women "who to judge by their conversation were already convinced believers," and he says that "there was a general impression established that we owed Mrs. Johnson all our support and sympathy."

The guests assembled in one of the lower rooms of the house and seated themselves in a circle. A zinc trumpet about four feet in length was set on its broader end on the floor in the middle of the circle. A graphophone and a musical box were also provided to furnish the "vibration" necessary for the production of spirit voices. Sir Arthur had already explained that the voices they would first hear would be those of the medium's "guides," Dave and Jock, soldiers who had been killed in the War, one a lad from Glasgow and another a Lancashire man.

The light was turned off. The séance opened with prayer followed by sacred and secular music. Presently, during a tune on the gramophone, a man's voice was heard. It was "Dave" (so Young was told) and soon it was "Jock." The voices came as tho sounding through the tube of the trumpet, which seemed, Mr. Young says, to be waving about in the air. "The tapping of finger nails on its metallic surface could be distinctly heard." This went on for some quarter of an hour; sometimes "Dave," sometimes "Jock," and sometimes the medium speaking, but never all three at once. Mr. Young was impressed by a similarity of the three voices, and from that moment was unable to think of the spirit voices as originating otherwise than from the mouth of some one present.

In a few minutes another voice, a child's voice, was heard. The direction of the trumpet was apparently horizontal, and Mr. Young noticed that a kind of double voice could be heard; one issuing from the end of the trumpet, the other and more breathy sound, "as of breath impinging on the edge of metal," from somewhere in the neighborhood of Mrs. Johnson. He was now convinced that one of a half-dozen very simple natural agencies was at work, and determined to put his conviction to the test.

The next voice heard was that of a woman. The lady sitting next to Mr. Young was obviously moved and entirely credulous. She thought that her mother was speaking and, when Mr. Young touched her, she thought that her mother was touching her.

Mr. Young stretched out a hand in the dark and gently grasped what proved to be the broad end of the trumpet. It was supported horizontally at its other end, and when he grasped it the other end was immediately let go. With immense care, avoiding making any noise or movement in his chair, he lifted it over the head of the lady and laid it on the floor behind Sir Arthur's chair.

There were no more spirit voices that

afternoon. The last voice they had heard had stopped when the trumpet was seized. In a few minutes Young twisted round again, fished for the trumpet in the dark, lifted it over the heads of his unsuspecting neighbors, and deposited it carefully within the circle—out of reach of the medium.

That was all. The séance was soon over; the light was turned on; and Young, as he left the house, said to the lady he had deceived: "I cannot go away without telling you that the person who touched you was not your mother but me; and the voice you heard was not your mother's but Mrs. Johnson's."

On the following day Mr. Young wrote a letter to Sir Arthur in which he said: "I can say at once to you about this séance that no manifestation of supernatural force occurred there; that the origin and method of production of such manifestations as did occur were plainly apparent to me. To my very great regret I came to the clear conclusion that, with one possible exception, the people present were unconsciously but very willingly deceiving themselves and one another."

Sir Arthur was furious, and, in a lengthy communication printed in the *Saturday Review*, accused Mr. Young of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. He wrote, among other things:

"As to the direction of the trumpet, of course it pointed away from the medium, since the power comes from her and the trumpet is actually attached to her by an ectoplasmic band.

"It is really your want of knowledge and experience, and not the medium, which you are exposing all the time. If you would appreciate that this is a deep matter, and that it is impossible that a tyro could solve at the first glance what has baffled so many thousand, you would have gained the beginnings of wisdom.

"You seized the trumpet and you felt resistance. This is entirely what one could expect, since the trumpet is held by the aforesaid ectoplasmic rod, which is a material object. You put the trumpet on the floor and the proceedings stopped. What is there in all this? It could not have been otherwise. Even mental want of harmony can retard or spoil a séance,

and when on the top of this is added levity, deceit and actual physical interference there was no possibility of reestablishing those delicate conditions which are essential to success."

Mr. Young, however, has held to his adverse verdict on the entire séance. It proved nothing, he says, except the "gross materialism" of some Spiritualists. He adds:

"There is a real philosophy of Spiritualism, and there is a quack philosophy; and I think that serious Spiritualists would

be the first to condemn this crazy search for 'evidences' through channels which are continually being proved to be fraudulent. Surrounded by a world full of beauty and true Spiritualism, as well as of pain and suffering, they turn their eyes from the study of the things about them, the meaning of which can only be discerned through the heart and mind, to the study of things which they claim can be observed with the aid of trumpets, tambourines, chewed paper, feeble jokes and manifestations of a kind which most people take trouble to avoid in this world, and will certainly not hope to encounter in the next."

THE GLORIFICATION OF COMMON SENSE BY MOLIÈRE

MORE than one critic of insight in England, France and Italy has wondered at the "universality" of Molière, seeing that his art, his characters, his situations and his career were all so essentially French. The explanation, at least to that brilliant member of the French Academy, Robert de Flers, is to be found in the common sense of Molière, that common sense which the creator of Tartuffe and George Dandin and Monsieur Jourdain is perpetually establishing as the foundation of the life that can be lived. The life that can be lived is the thing that concerns Molière. It is his atmosphere. It is permissible to wonder at times if the life revealed in the plays of Racine or Corneille could actually be lived by anybody anywhere. The characters these men of genius bring upon the scene are heroic, daring, tremendous, but in their careers common sense is in abeyance, it has fled from the distracted company forever. Molière never gets us into such a blind alley. The door of common sense is ever open, the refuge of the romantic, the unfortunate, the despairing.

Because of this unexpected characterization, Molière, essentially Gallic, borrowing all his qualities from the atmosphere of the reign of the sun-king, taking his cue from the court of Louis

XIV., makes his eternal appeal to all mankind. The quality he exemplifies is essentially French and here again he is a surprise to mankind. How often are we told that common sense is an English trait! They have a little of it—now and then—agrees the French critic, but the soul of the English is not interpenetrated with it as anyone may see who studies their poetry and their theater and their politics and their wars. Nor was the rest of the world, any more than the English, disposed to see in the quality called common sense an essential French attribute, a heritage of the Gallic people, the thing which makes them what they are. In Molière the manifestation of common sense as something peculiarly French comes as a blazing glory to dazzle the world. It is the trait that underlies French taste, French manners, social and political, French life itself, says the great critic of the *Temps*.

This truth has at times been obscured and always in an age which neglects Molière. There is an idea in England, M. de Flers notes with regret, that the dominating French trait is love of glory, and no doubt the French do love glory. Yet is there a stage in the career of glory at which a man risks being ridiculous, a stage at which his common sense must step in and save him from



THE PLAYWRIGHT AND ACTOR WHO INCARNATED MOST COMPLETELY THE SPIRIT OF THE THEATER

No man was so identified with his plays and his stage as Molière—not even Shakespeare. Molière lived in and for the theater so completely that even his domestic difficulties were a trifle too theatrical and the miseries that pursued him seem almost stacy and melodramatic.

the fate of Don Quixote. The crisis in Molière finds its solution in the ultimate common sense of even a Monsieur Jourdain, absurd as he makes himself. When a villain goes too far it is because his common sense has failed him, as did that of Tartuffe. The crying need of a little common sense in the conduct of one's life is the lesson of Tartuffe and for that very reason it remains the darling of the French stage, having been performed more frequently upon it than any other of the great plays of Molière.

Common sense, as a guide through the mazes of mortal existence, may be said to date from Molière. Because his fame and his works have gone around the world, it is a better place to live in and we are not all such fools as we were. Imagine, urges the French academician, a world without its Molière, a world left wholly to the tender mer-

cies of the Greek tragedians, with all their horrors, to the sweet sentimentality of Goethe, to the abominations of the restoration stage in England. We are so used to common sense, that is, to its establishment as a solid quality, just as we are so accustomed to parliamentary institutions, that we forget what the world was when it glorified its Orlando furiosos and its heroes of the cape and sword. We forget what courage it required to put an imaginary invalid on the scene in an age consecrated to the pills of the quack. How ignorant of what we have escaped we still remain is shown by our surprise at the hatred that burned so hotly against Molière. The pedant, the humbug, the parasite and the fool all agree in resenting common sense and its champion.

His weapon was laughter. M. de Flers asserts that Molière taught mankind to respect laughter as the great weapon of the insulted intelligence, of the outraged soul, the refuge of the pessimist, the consolation of the misunderstood, the wronged, the rejected of men. There is something inevitable in the coincidence that a Bergson, writing upon so difficult a theme as laughter, must find so many of his illustrations in the work of Molière. There is nothing to wonder at in the unflinching interest of the French in their Molière either, for he is the mirror of their souls, he enables them to comprehend themselves just as he has helped the alien world to understand them. He who would understand the French must know Monsieur Jourdain and his wife—never forget his wife! He must hear the laugh that rings through the theater when the hypocrite Tartuffe has the mask torn from his countenance at last. He must witness the scene at the bedside of the invalid. He must con-

sider the weakness of Sganarelle, the incorrigible logic of Arnolphe who at forty-two is determined to wed a nymph of sixteen, the rigidity of Alceste, the solitary comic character on the stage, perhaps, who has no fear of ridicule, who actually enjoys being ridiculous and finds in his absurdity in others' eyes an actual consolation, all men being to him so odious that he would grieve if they thought him good or wise.

The common sense of Molière accordingly explains his hold upon a people who, like the French, seem to set common sense above all other elements in the art of life humanly considered.

England does not hold her Shakespeare in such honor, for Molière is never off the French stage, so far as his masterpieces are concerned; whereas in London years may pass before anyone sees Richard III. performed or Cymbeline or The Tempest or Troilus and Cressida. In Spain the immortal Calderón—with one work as great as Hamlet or Oedipus or Tartuffe—is played fitfully, irregularly. In France, they cannot live without Molière regularly, and here again the French reveal how completely they live on the plane of common sense, a quality encountered in their land more fully developed than elsewhere, a fact attested by the fame of Molière.

NEW FICTION EXPOSING THE PLIGHT OF THE NEGRO

THE pathos of racial subjection and racial inferiority finds memorable expression in two recent American novels that are being widely discussed. The first, "White and Black" (Harcourt), by H. A. Shands, is laid in a Texas cotton-raising community. The second, "Birthright" (Century), by T. S. Stripling, is a tale of a Tennessee river-town. Both are the work of Southern writers who until now have not been known as novelists, and both are distinguished by intense sincerity. We feel, as we read these books, the very atmosphere of a Southern community. We begin to understand something of the real difficulties of the race-problem. The stories are worth reading for their own sakes, but they are more than stories—they are indictment and challenge.

The dominating spirit in "White and Black" is one of stark realism. The six or eight families who move through its pages are made up of plain men and women and children bound down to the life of the soil. The hero of the story and by far its finest figure, Will Robertson, is master of a plantation mainly worked by negroes.

The most significant part of the story

may be said to pass in Robertson's mind. He sums up the quandary, the alternate hopes, fears and prejudices, of a white man who has to deal with colored people. He has so much of real nobility that he is willing even to die for the negroes, if necessary, and actually does so, on the last page of the book, when a Ku Klux mob is trying to break into the home of a negro pastor. At another crisis in the story he shelters in his hayloft a negro pursued by a mob. He is of the type who, in any Southern community, would brave the anger of a mob by pleading that even a rapist should be tried and punished by the orderly processes of the law. "Black and White" describes one such gesture on his part with a vividness that lives in the mind of the reader long after the book has been laid down.

The total effect of his efforts, however, seems almost negligible. Mr. Shands conveys the idea that negroes are children, imitative of the whites and quick to adopt their vices, but seldom capable of standing on their own feet. While the attitude of many of the white men toward the negro women is putrid, we are led to the conclusion that many of the negro women invite



HE SEES THE SOUTH WITHOUT
ILLUSION

H. A. Shands' portrayal of race-difficulties in "White and Black" is depressing, but not hopeless.

their fate. There is haunting psychology in Mr. Shands' account of how the Robertson boy, at the age of puberty, is drawn, almost against his will, into carnal relations with negro girls, and we cannot remember, in any novel of recent years, a more poignant scene than that in which the heartbroken father of one of these girls beats his master's favorite horse in a fury of impotent anguish and revenge.

There is much talk of the Ku Klux Klan in "White and Black" and even a partial justification of its revival. "I think it would be a fine idea," Mr. Robertson says, "to have a non-partisan, non-sectarian organization of men who are really interested in the enforcement of the law through the regularly elected officers and in the promotion of racial purity and the uplift of both races. But membership in the organization should not be secret or exclusive. And it should encourage its members to study

the race question, and should award substantial prizes for the best suggestions looking toward its solution. It seems to me that a world of good might be accomplished in such a way. The main trouble with us all now, I think, is that we don't know what to do."

If "White and Black" is mainly a study of the interaction of the two races on a Southern plantation, "Birth-right" may be described as the story of a negro idealist who dreams of redeeming his race and fails utterly. The hero of the story, Peter Siner, is shown as he returns from Harvard University to the squalid village in which his mother lives. The pictures we get of "Nigger-town" are unforgettable: the dusty or muddy street, the stuffy, dilapidated cabins, the unhygienic well, the primitive social and moral code, the peculiar relations to the neighboring white men's settlement—which send any of the negroes trudging obediently to any white man on the most casually transferred message, but which do not bring even the white doctor to a dying black woman until a white man has intervened.

Peter is a mulatto. In his mind surge not only the ancient miseries of his race but also the aspirations of the whites. Mr. Stribling wants us to see that the mixture of white blood in a colored man, while it helps to educate and refine him, often tends to make life harder for him.

As it turns out, Peter is absurdly inadequate. He wants to found a school in which his race may learn to do the things that white men do. But when he attempts to buy the property essential to his experiment, he is tricked by a clause in the deed which makes it impossible for colored people to use the property. He is almost equally unfortunate in his personal relations. His mother dies obsessed by the idea that his Harvard education has made a chasm between them, and the woman that he loves has all the vices of her race.

Mr. Stribling's picture of the negro is depressing in the extreme. He intimates, in one place, that an acceptance of Darwinism might do more than any-

thing else to give the colored races racial dignity in the eyes of white men, but the argument is double-edged in the sense that it might lead to a conception of the brotherhood of brutes, in which the stronger prevails, rather than to a conception of the brotherhood of man. The real tragedy of the South, as it appears in this novel, is that the white man has dehumanized the negro and that the negro has taken himself at the white man's valuation. This self-depreciation goes so far that the negro comes to regard everything of value as "white." "It was the white blood in his own veins," we are told, "that had sent Peter struggling up North, that had brought him back with this flame in his heart for his own people. It was the white blood in Cissie that kept her struggling to stand up, to speak an unbroken tongue, to gather around her the delicate atmosphere and charm of a gentlewoman. It was their part of the tragedy of millions of mixed blood in the South." In this spirit, Peter marries and goes North for the second time.

We leave him as he goes. Nothing is certain except his failure, as nothing in "White and Black" is certain except the death of the high-minded Robertson. If we feel too keenly the lack, in both novels, of any real solution of the problems they raise, we can console ourselves with their sterling honesty. They blink nothing. We have not had anything quite like them before in American literature.

There is much, of course, in current negro life that neither of these books take any notice of. Sarah N. Cleghorn, in the *New York Nation*, speaks of such organized movements as the Urban League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Garvey movement, the negro press, the negro colleges. She continues:

"Nor do white efforts toward race democracy come into their pictures. Their cameras are pointed lower. It is frankly low life, low on both sides, that they are concerned with showing. Why were these books written? Both bear on every page the stamp of disinterestedness.



AN INTERPRETER OF THE NEGRO SOUL
T. S. Stribling's "Birthright" is hailed by Charles Hanson Towne in the *New York Tribune* as the best Southern novel in ten years.

'White and Black'—the more sustained and impressive of the two—is evidently amateur; and Mr. Stribling writes like one sophisticated indeed for his age, but still immature. Both are free from the only-half-in-earnest tone of the too thoroly professional. On the other hand, neither of them seems to have any very serious intention in advancing his odds and ends of timid remedies. It would seem, at times, as if the author of 'Birthright' had hoped to make a theory out of love and the principle of the woman's choice. But the whole affair between the mulatto and the octoroon is so tepid and so casual that the ups and downs of its progress leave the reader regretting the exciting Jim-Crow realism of the first fifty pages as the really significant part of the book. In 'White and Black,' too, the last page expires on a mere sigh of profound disquiet. Was it written only to free the laboring heart of one who had long and sharply observed these things? Or is it propaganda, that subtlest propaganda, which purposely deletes all weakening opinion from the invincible oratory of the facts?"

HAVELOCK ELLIS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE

THE very antithesis of what is generally described as the Puritan attitude toward sexual problems is expressed in Havelock Ellis' latest book, "Little Essays in Love and Virtue" (Doran). And yet Mr. Ellis expresses himself with such good taste and intelligence that he is likely to receive a tribute of respect from even those who oppose his attitude. He is surely one of the ablest Englishmen writing to-day. He is sometimes characterized as the greatest living authority on sex. He is able to appraise and appreciate the life and work of men so different as St. Francis and Casanova, Huysmans and Tolstoy, Ibsen and George Chapman, Nietzsche and Herbert Spencer, Diderot and Cowley, Remy de Gourmont and Walter Pater. The "power of Spring" is in his new book, exclaims an enthusiastic admirer in the London *Saturday Review*: "the heavenly power which 'makes all things new.'"

It is Mr. Ellis' central position that what the world needs is not less passion, but more. Or, to state his view in another way, he would say that what the world needs is a new and finer sort of passion. There can be no greater delusion, he thinks, than to suppose that sexual abstinence or a colorless "purity" are admirable. If it is true that no special harm results from abstinence, it is equally true, he contends, that no special good comes from it. He says that he has not been able to find that abstinent Roman Catholic priests are in any conspicuous way superior to their marrying Protestant brethren, and he quotes figures to show that the very physicians who have recommended continence as harmless, if not beneficial, have not practised what they preached.

Mr. Ellis relies for the main part of his argument on the mysterious "hormones" about which we are reading so

much nowadays in medical and scientific literature. He writes:

"The progress of chemico-physiological research during recent years has now brought us to new ground for our building. Indeed, the image might well be changed altogether, and it might be said that science has entirely transferred the drama of reproduction to a new stage with new actors. Therewith the immense emphasis placed on excretion, and the inevitable reaction that emphasis aroused, both alike disappear. The sexual protagonists are no longer at the surface but within the most secret recesses of the organism, and they appear to science under the name of Hormones or Internal Secretions, always at work within and never themselves condescending to appear at all. Those products of the sexual glands which in both sexes are cast out of the body, and at an immature stage of knowledge appeared to be excretions, are of primary reproductive importance, but, as regards the sexual constitution of the individual, they are of far less importance than the internal secretions of these very same glands. It is, however, by no means only the specifically sexual glands which thus exert a sexual influence within the organism. Other glands in the brain, the throat, and the abdomen—such as the thyroid and the adrenals—are also elaborating fermentative secretions to throw into the system. Their mutual play is so elaborate that it is only beginning to be understood. . . . It is in the complex play of these secretions that we now seek the explanation of all the peculiarities of sexual constitution, imperfect or one-sided physical and psychic development, the various approximations of the male to female bodily and emotional disposition, of the female to the male, all the numerous gradations that occur, naturally as we now see, between the complete man and the complete woman."

In the light of this knowledge, Havelock Ellis continues, we can no longer think of sex in the old way. The sexual activities of the organism are "not mere responses to stimulation, absent if we choose to apply no stimulus, never

troubling us if we run away from them, harmless if we enclose them within a high wall." Nor do they constitute a mere excretion, or a mere appetite, which we can control by a system of hygiene and dietetics. "We better understand the psycho-sexual constitution if we regard the motive power behind it as a dynamic energy, produced and maintained by a complex mechanism at certain inner foci of the body, and realize that whatever periodic explosive manifestations may take place at the surface, the primary motive source lies in the intimate recesses of the organism, while the outcome is the whole physical and spiritual energy of our being under those aspects which are most forcible and most aspiring and even most ethereal."

The primary end of marriage is to beget and bear offspring until they are able to take care of themselves. Yet, from an early period in human history, Mr. Ellis points out, a secondary function of sexual union had been slowly growing up to become one of the great objects of marriage.

"Among animals, it may be said, and even sometimes in man, the sexual impulse, when once aroused, makes but a short and swift circuit through the brain to reach its consummation. But as the brain and its faculties develop, powerfully aided by the very difficulties of the sexual life, the impulse for sexual union has to traverse ever longer, slower, more painful paths, before it reaches—and sometimes it never reaches—its ultimate object. This means that sex gradually becomes intertwined with all the highest and subtlest human emotions and activities, with the refinements of social intercourse, with high adventure in every sphere, with art, with religion. The primitive animal instinct, having the sole end of procreation, becomes on its way to that end the inspiring stimulus to all those psychic energies which in civilization we count most precious. This function is thus, we see, a by-product. But, as we know, even in our human factories, the by-product is sometimes more valuable than the product. That is so as regards the functional products of human evolution. The hand was produced out of the animal forelimb with the primary end of grasping the

things we materially need, but as a by-product the hand has developed the function of making and playing the piano and the violin, and that secondary functional by-product of the hand we account, even as measured by the rough test of money, more precious, however less materially necessary, than its primary function. It is, however, only in rare and gifted natures that transformed sexual energy becomes of supreme value for its own sake without ever attaining the normal physical outlet. For the most part the by-product accompanies the product, throughout, thus adding a secondary, yet peculiarly sacred and specially human, object of marriage to its primary animal object. This may be termed the spiritual object of marriage."

There is something pathetic, we are told, in the spectacle of those among us who are still only able to recognize the animal end of marriage and who point to the example of the lower animals—among whom the biological conditions are entirely different—as worthy of our imitation. "It has taken God—or Nature, if we will—unknown millions of years of painful struggle to evolve Man, and to raise the human species above that helpless bondage to reproduction which marks the lower animals. But on these people it has all been wasted. They are at the animal stage still. They have yet to learn the A B C of love." Mr. Ellis cites as an example of this kind of limitation the view recently expressed by an Anglican bishop, the Bishop of Southwark, when he appeared as a witness before the National Birthrate Commission in London. The Bishop declared that procreation is the sole legitimate object of marriage and that intercourse for any other end was a degrading act of mere "self-gratification." On this Mr. Ellis makes the comment: "Such a notion obviously cannot be carried into general practice, putting aside the question as to whether it would be desirable, and it may be added that it would have the result of shutting out from the life of love altogether those persons who, for whatever reason, feel that it is their duty to refrain from having children at all. It is the attitude of a handful of

Pharisees seeking to thrust the bulk of mankind into Hell. All this confusion and evil comes of the blindness which cannot know that, beyond the primary animal end of propagation in marriage, there is a secondary but more exalted spiritual end." Mr. Ellis proceeds:

"It is needless to insist how intimately that secondary end of marriage is bound up with the practice of birth-control. Without birth-control, indeed, it could frequently have no existence at all, and even at the best seldom be free from disconcerting possibilities fatal to its very essence. Against these disconcerting possibilities is often placed, on the other side, the un-esthetic nature of the contraceptives associated with birth-control. Yet, it must be remembered, they are of a part with the whole of our civilized human life. We at no point enter the spiritual

save through the material. Forel has in this connection compared the use of contraceptives to the use of eye-glasses. Eye-glasses are equally un-esthetic, yet they are devices, based on Nature, wherewith to supplement the deficiencies of Nature. However in themselves unesthetic, for those who need them they make the esthetic possible. Eye-glasses and contraceptives alike are a portal to the spiritual world for many who, without them, would find that world largely a closed book.

"Birth-control is affecting, and promising to affect, many functions in our social life. By furnishing the means to limit the size of families, which would otherwise be excessive, it confers the greatest benefit on the family and especially on the mother. By rendering easily possible a selection in parentage and the choice of the right time and circumstances for conception it is, again, the chief key to the eugenic improvement of the race."

AUTO-SUGGESTION COMES TO THE FORE

A NEW word has entered into the currency of language and is finding its way into leading articles, cartoons, lectures and homilies. It is "Couéism," based on the name of Emile Coué, a psychotherapist who lately left his clinic at Nancy, France, to carry his doctrines through England. There is something amazing about the way in which his fame has spread. His cures, in many instances, have been sensational. He is said to have been particularly successful in alleviating the sufferings of wounded soldiers. At the present time, "Couéism," as a topic of discussion in England, eclipses psychoanalysis, the gland-theory, and all the other remedies for human ills that have lately been offered.

The "Coué Formula" is based on the principle of auto-suggestion and is simplicity itself. Here it is:

"Every morning before you are fully awake, and every evening as soon as you are in bed, close your eyes and murmur twenty times in succession the following phrase:

Day by day,

In every way,

I am getting better and better.

The phrase is a general one, and the words 'in every way' are applicable to everything.

"It is well to be provided with a piece of string with twenty knots tied in it so that the counting may be mechanical.

"Let this auto-suggestion be made with confidence, with faith. The greater the conviction the more rapid and certain will be the results.

"Further, each time, whether by night or by day, a physical or moral suffering is experienced, affirm instantly to yourself that you will not consciously encourage its existence and that you can make it disappear. Then if possible close your eyes and isolate yourself in thought, pass your hands lightly over the seat of the pain, or on the forehead if the suffering be mental, and say as quickly as possible, aloud, 'it's going,' as long as the necessity remains. On each recurrence of the pain employ the same method.

"These exercises must be made with great simplicity and, above all, without effort."

For those who want not only the formula, but its reason for being, has been written a book, "The Practice of Auto-Suggestion,"* by an English disciple of Coué, C. Harry Brooks. Mr. Brooks tells us that "auto-suggestion is not a pseudo-religion like Christian Science or 'New Thought,' but a scientific method" based on the discoveries of modern psychology. This psychology teaches that the conscious and unconscious regions of the mind are continually acting and reacting on one another; that the unconscious—which is dominated by feeling—is the storehouse of memory, and also a powerhouse which provides the energy for conscious thought and action and—an essential point—supervizes the processes of the body. The basic law of auto-suggestion is that "every idea which enters the conscious mind, if it is accepted by the unconscious, is transformed by it into a reality."

It is Coué's contention that the imagination, rather than the will, is the all-important factor in mental healing. "When the imagination and the will are in conflict," M. Coué says, "the imagination invariably gains the day." This, Mr. Brooks points out, is a literal application of "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good." It is explained in this way: An idea is accepted by the unconscious when it evokes similar ideas; it is rejected when it is associated with contrary ideas. As an example the author instances the contrary effects of suggesting sea-sickness in the one case to a sailor and in the other to a timid passenger on board a ship. To the sailor the word sea-sickness is associated with his own immunity from



THE APOSTLE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION

Emile Coué, who lately left his clinic at Nancy, France, to carry his doctrine through England, is said to be extraordinarily successful in curing certain kinds of blindness, speech impediments, chronic indigestion and partial paralysis.

it; to the passenger it accords with his own fears. Mr. Brooks goes on:

"We may think of the Unconscious as a tide which ebbs and flows. In sleep it seems to submerge the conscious altogether, while at our moments of full wakefulness, when the attention and will are both at work, the tide is at its lowest ebb. . . . This submersion of the conscious mind is called by Baudouin the 'outcropping of the subconscious.' The highest degree of outcropping, compatible with the conscious direction of our thoughts, occurs just before we fall asleep and just after we wake."

Hence M. Coué recommends that the good suggestion should be made principally at those times. Moreover, "auto-suggestion and the usual medical practice should go hand in hand." Faith

* THE PRACTICE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION, BY THE METHOD OF M. COUÉ. By C. Harry Brooks. With a Preface by M. Coué. Dodd, Mead & Co.

in the system is, of course, essential, but "auto-suggestion is above all things easy. Its greatest enemy is effort. The more simple and unforced the manner of its performance the more, potently and profoundly it works. This is shown by the fact that its most remarkable results have been secured by children and by simple French peasants."

Mr. Brooks advises religious people to add the words "by the help of God" to the Coué Formula. He thinks that auto-suggestion, properly understood, has much in common with true religion.

"It teaches the doctrine of the inner life which saints and sages have proclaimed through all ages. . . . Suppose we find that the power Christ gave to his disciples to work miracles of healing was not a gift conferred on a few selected individuals, but was the heritage of all men; that the Kingdom of Heaven within us to which he alluded was available in a simple way for the purging and elevation of our common life, for procuring sounder health and sweeter minds. . . . Auto-suggestion is no substitute for religion; it is rather a new weapon added to the religious armory. If as a mere scientific technique it can yield such results, what might it not do as the expression of those high yearnings for perfection which religion incorporates?"

All of this has led to animated discussion in which, on the whole, a sympathetic attitude predominates. In some quarters, however, the Coué Formula is treated with scorn. We find, for instance, the English psycho-analytic authority, Ernest Jones, dismissing the new gospel as "a repetition of the more elementary of the truisms enunciated by the Nancy School of forty or fifty years ago"; while Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, is even more devastating. In one of his *Evening Standard* articles he utters a spirited protest against what he calls the prevailing orgy of irrationalism. "The intellect is useless—how pleasant to know this, when it is so much trouble to cultivate it! The will is worse than useless; for the more men will to cure a bad habit the more often they fall into it!" Dr. Inge is not impressed by

the new kind of prayer. "Bury your face in the bedclothes and repeat ten or twenty times 'with religious earnestness' the words, 'Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better.'" The Dean contrasts this affirmation with the Christian supplication, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This "epidemic of irrationalism," he continues, "has given us pragmatism in philosophy, pseudo-Catholicism and Christian Science in religion, antinomianism in morals, post-impressionism in art, and Bolshevism in politics. At least, they all come from the father of lies, so I suppose they are closely related to each other, and I think I can see some relation between them. They will begin by saying: 'The true is what I choose to believe, and if I choose persistently enough I can make it so.'"

Dr. Inge believes this philosophy of life to be especially popular in America. "The Americans," he says, "make fortunes by bluffing each other, so they have begun to believe in bluffing themselves, and are ready even for a game of poker with Dame Nature. Their country, accordingly, is the happy hunting-ground for every kind of quack." They all say: "Have faith in the remedy and it will cure you." M. Baudouin, author of "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion," declares: "Every new method for the treatment of chronic tuberculosis, provided that it is harmless, will give satisfactory results." Dr. Inge roundly declares that he will have nothing to do with this world of make-believe.

"It is an abomination to me. I believe that my reason was given to me that I may know things as they are, and my will that I may bring my refractory disposition into harmony with the laws of my Creator. I will neither twist up the corners of my mouth when I am in the dumps nor tell myself that in all respects I am getting better and younger and handsomer every day. If I can help it, I will play no tricks with my soul, in the faith that tho bluff may sometimes pay very well in this world, it will cut a very poor figure in the next."

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF ALL THE APPLICATIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

NOWADAYS, when every man, woman and child can take a picture with a camera, it might not be easy to name offhand the supreme triumph of photography. It has been made in the field of astronomy, asserts that gifted searcher of the skies, Professor George Forbes, in *Chambers's Journal*, and proof is afforded by the most recent pictures of the shape and structure of the nebulæ. The photography of which the astronomer is so fond is forever advancing, always astounding him with fresh evidence of the unfathomable nature of the universe.

The existence of these photographs is the principal reason why, in these days, all who are interested in the heavens can follow the discoveries regarding these strange spots far better than an astronomer like Herschel could. It is not every searcher of the skies who can build for himself an observatory like that at Mount Wilson. The average lover of astronomy cannot build for himself even an ordinarily large telescope or take the time to look through it often. The man in the street possesses one advantage. The huge telescope denied to him may cost a million dollars or more. To-day, for a half dollar or less, the average man can become the possessor of a print of any one of these nebulæ, containing nearly all the details that can be detected by the astronomer himself who controls the priceless observatory. It is impossible in mere words to set forth the feelings of wonder which fill even the sophisticated mind when confronting a full series of these photographs from the great observatories.

In the latest photographs details hitherto unseen are portrayed; and we can, in imagination, almost trace the course of events. Two great clusters of innumerable suns would seem to have collided indirectly and not centrally. And so they may have been sent spin-

ning and drawing out their trains of stars into two united spirals. This is the most striking example of all the spiral nebulæ. It is in the Hunting Dogs, below the tail of the Great Bear. Others of a similar shape, and nearly as wonderful, are in the Virgin and the Great Bear. In shape they are like the strings of a mop when twirled round its handle. Or they look like the Catherine-wheels of a firework display.

All of them suggest motion, rotation,



SPIRAL NEBULA IN URSA MAJOR

Luminous matter, in every variety of physical and chemical state, is available for study in the most diverse celestial objects, from the spiral and irregular nebulæ through all the types of stars. Doctor van Maanen's measures of the Mount Wilson photographs indicate outward motion along the arms of spiral nebulæ, while the spectroscope shows them to be whirling at enormous velocities. This remarkable picture, like the other one reproduced, is from a brilliant study of the new heavens by Professor George Ellery Hale, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, published by the Scribners.



THE TRIFID NEBULA IN SAGITTARIUS

The gas "nebullum," not yet found on the earth, is the most characteristic constituent of irregular nebulae. Nebullum is recognized by two green lines in its spectrum, which cause the green color of nebulae of the gaseous type.

a force of attraction, and myriads of years as having combined to develop these marvelous structures. All this is at a distance from us so great that each one of them may be of enormous size, and may well comprize a duplicate of our own complete stellar system and Milky Way.

The nebulae are not uniformly scattered over the sky. They are localized in many ways. The constellation Virgo contains hosts of these telescopic objects, while the opposite region of the celestial sphere is comparatively bare of them. All spiral nebulae are not so placed as to be seen by us "full-face." The great Andromeda nebula presents a three-quarter face portrait, and many are seen side-face or edge-on. In the photographs of these last we may see

a luminous, bun-shaped, central glowing mass, probably made up of stars, and its spiral ring is seen as a long band of light cutting through the central nucleus. Often along the middle of this band there is a black central line, showing up well against the bright nucleus. This suggests that the outer regions of the spiral ring are neither luminous nor transparent, but made of cold, dustlike matter that is opaque.

Then, again, we see queer things happening. The spirals are supposed to be the milky way of each nebula. Now, in the milky way of the Andromeda nebula a great many "new stars" have been seen to burst forth, to shine for a time, and disappear, just as they do in our own Milky Way. Of course, they are hundreds of thousands of times feebler, owing to their great distance from us.

No one can doubt, after inspecting the photographs of the spiral nebulae, that these enormous masses, or independent universes, are in rotation, even before any confirmation is forthcoming. So we are not surprized to learn that, in the last few years, actual measurements have been made of rotation in one or two of them.

Photographs of the "planetary" nebulae add still more to our wonderment, for their variety of shape, their constitution, their movements, their position in space and their evident relationships to certain stars all seem to supply a basis for far-reaching speculation, altho little can be set down as positive knowledge.

In the last few years, the distances of some of the planetaries have actually been measured. This enables us to learn their diameters. These are enormous. If we take as our unit the distance from the earth to the sun, the diameter of the smallest planetary that has been measured is thirteen hundred and fifty times the length of that unit, and the largest yet measured is ten thousand times the length of our unit. A sphere that would envelop the whole solar system would be only a small fraction of the smallest planetary nebula in size.

Planetaries are not the only nebulae that are made of gas. The brightest, and in many ways the most wonderful, nebula in the sky is the great Orion nebula, and, like all those classed as irregular, it is made of gas. In form it looks like a sunlit thundercloud, torn by conflicting internal forces.

There are many other gaseous nebulae easily found in Orion and the neighboring constellations. And the whole of that region of the sky, when photographed with a wide-angle lens in a

camera, is, after many hours' exposure, found to be aglow with nebulous light. The gases or vapors which we find to exist in these nebulae are, in all cases, the same; they are the lightest gases known upon the earth, hydrogen and helium. But, in addition, the spectrum declares still more emphatically the existence of a new chemical element, unknown upon this globe; and to it has been appropriately given the name "nebulium." We shall hear more and more of it hereafter.

A PHYSICIAN'S RECONTANTION OF HIS FAITH IN PSYCHOANALYSIS

THE practice of orthodox Freudian psychoanalysis with its sexual and symbolic interpretation of nervous symptoms is little above the level of the performances of the Indian medicine man in scientific importance or value, declares Doctor Samuel A. Tannenbaum in the *New York Herald*. The physician who thus recants his belief in Freud and the use of psychoanalysis in the treatment of mental ailments is a well-known specialist who has been in general practice for years, during twelve of which he applied the Freudian method.

Having studied what he calls "this pseudo-science" long and faithfully, Doctor Tannenbaum has concluded that psychoanalysis is a clever system of suggestive psychotherapeutics practiced by a few physicians and a large number of untrained laymen. Doctor Tannenbaum does not charge the practitioners of this "cult" with being imposters, but he believes that those who deem the Freudian principles to be scientific verities are limited in the logical faculty or in capacity to think scientifically. Since Professor Sigmund Freud—the founder of psychoanalysis—first propounded his psychoanalysis theories in Vienna, there have been added three more important theories which have been used as working bases for practicing psychoanalysis. All of

these are more or less unscientific, says this physician, and each of them touches only one phase of the psychology of the human being.

What Doctor Tannenbaum takes exception to are the four fundamental theories underlying Freud's teaching and method. These include the assumption that there exists an unconscious mind which in turn depends upon the assumption that all unpleasant and forbidden things are repressed and banished into the unconscious. Doctor Tannenbaum takes exception likewise to the idea that all neurotic states or "nervousness" arise from disturbances in the sexual or love life of the person and the idea that nothing, no matter how trivial, happens in the mental realm without a meaning and purpose. These theories can be called the theory of the unconscious, the theory of repression, the theory of sexual interpretation and the theory of psychic determinism. The Doctor writes:

"One thing that made me doubt the existence of the unconscious was the fact that we don't fall out of bed when we are asleep. I asked a number of psychoanalysts and psychologists abroad for an explanation of this phenomenon. None could or would answer the question. Finally it became apparent after some thought that we do not fall out of bed when we are asleep because we are conscious of

the fact that we are asleep, *i. e.*, that we are really never wholly asleep and do not wholly forget our environment. An example which explains this in a measure is the fact that no member of my household awakes when the telephone rings at night, whereas I do at the slightest tinkle. On the other hand, any mother awakes at night when her baby stirs or moans, even tho the father does not hear it. We all ignore the sounds heard in sleep which it is unnecessary for us to take notice of."

In our sleep we know that we are dreaming, proceeds Doctor Tannenbaum, and that there is nothing of an unconscious nature about our dreams. As a matter of fact, dreams are nothing more than associated ideas aroused by our usual waking thoughts. If you are worried about paying a bill before retiring you'll have one or more fantastic pictures in your sleep to represent this to you. These pictures will in turn, by the law of association, arouse other images. Dreams are foolish and illogical only because the individual is not using his intellectual processes the way he does in his waking state. His thoughts are like the workings of children's minds, much like what we see manifested in the random utterances of a child talking to itself.

There are unconscious mental processes, but only in the sense of being performed unwittingly, unawares or without a definitely conscious intention. We forget to pick up our umbrella or we make some other kind of mistake because of the failure of our mental processes to coordinate properly—not

necessarily because we associate that umbrella with something unpleasant.

There are times when we do form an unpleasant association with an object or even a word. But the psychoanalysts always manage to find some hidden meaning of a wicked, criminal, disgusting or sexual nature in these acts. Freud, of course, finds a sexual one. The unconscious, that dungeon full of raging beasts, starts to work, and we find ourselves forgetting to stop at 6 Pearl Street because a woman named Pearl, we were once disappointed to learn, was an immoral woman.

One who has practiced psychoanalysis strictly according to rule for as many years knows that for the sake of therapeutic success or in vindication of his theories the analyst often has to resort to certain subterfuges. That he is sincere in them does not make them any the less subterfuges.

In relation to forgetting painful things reflection and common sense tell us that, on the contrary, these are the things we are most sure to remember, because they are the most useful memories. It is biologically necessary for us to be able to recall readily painful experiences so that we do not duplicate our errors and suffer again, or perhaps even endanger our lives.

To explain certain mental processes, the operation of the instincts, by referring them to the unconscious is an unscientific makeshift; it only puts the explanation a step further back, for we are not told what this unconscious is, why it is or how it operates.

AGREEABLE PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF DEATH

THERE is every reason to suspect that death by hanging is accompanied by voluptuous sensations. It seems very probable that many violent deaths are in no way terrible and often are attended with little or no pain. Even in cases of death from being torn to pieces by wild beasts, physical pain is surprisingly absent. The sensation

is dreamy. These are details which have to be considered when meditating upon the last hours of many early Christian martyrs. Their fate from the purely physical point of view was less terrible than we imagine.

Likewise, persons torn on mountain rocks after a long and deep fall have observed that agony was not present—

there was a strange exhilaration, just as persons drowning will report that in the crisis they heard agreeable sounds. One of the least painful of violent deaths, adds Doctor Arthur Macdonald, writing in *The Indian Medical Record*, is that caused by loss of blood. When one is shot through the head there is no pain possible owing to want of time, in the event of instant death, for the nerve current to reach the brain and to be felt. So death is probably painless in all cases where sudden physical violence causes it—as, for example, when we are crushed beneath a weight of rock. There seems no physical pain from death by decapitation. There is probably no physical sensation at all.

“‘Death-agony’ is therefore a falsehood, for in most cases, as just noted, a person dying is unconscious of the final stages of his disease, labored breathing and convulsive struggles do not indicate any suffering on the part of the patient. In epileptic convulsions the muscles may even be torn and the tongue bitten, but the patient has no knowledge of it. Some diseases ending fatally may be attended with much pain, but this is not the dying hour which puts an end to the sufferings. On the other hand, many fatal diseases have little physical pain.

“The idea that dying is accompanied with severe suffering may arise from misinterpretation of the physical and pathological bodily phenomena accompanying it; also the death act is confounded with the symptoms of disease, which precede and lead to it, which are as severe and often more so in those who recover. Dying begins after these symptoms have subsided, there seems to be a pause in nature, the disease has conquered, the battle is over, the body is fatigued by its efforts to sustain itself, it is ready to die and all is tranquillity.

“In even the most severe inflammation of the lungs, there may be little or no pain, tho the difficulty of breathing, cough and fever, which accompany it frequently, exhaust the feelings as much as pain; in chronic forms, however, it is often but little distress in even these last ways.

“In serious and specially tedious illness, there is usually sufficient bodily suffering and change or perversion of tastes, to

blunt the sensibility, so that the love of life lessens. There are also those to whom death comes so easily that not a ruffle is seen on the body, when it is very difficult to fix the moment when life has gone. Here dozing may be dying. In old age, especially, death is often the last sleep, not showing any difference from normal sleep.

“From the experience and observations of many living in all generations, almost from the beginning of history, the general conclusion is that the ideas of the dreadfulness of death and its physical pain are for the most part in the imagination.”

An English surgeon of long experience said that he never witnessed but two instances of expiring persons who entertained the least fear of death and these were in unexpected hemorrhages which it was impossible to suppress. An eminent physician who had made a special study of the subject added to this evidence that there is nothing terrible to the dying in the face of death nor in any of its attendant circumstances. Three medical men, narrowly escaping drowning under very different conditions, said all fear left them when their fate seemed certain. One, for instance, did not have the least fear until he began to wonder whether the rescue boat would reach him. There are instances in medical practice, by no means uncommon, in which patients dragged from the jaws of death by their physicians have proved anything but grateful for the service thus rendered them. There are cases in which the process of death has actually begun and yet has been arrested. The evidence of individuals thus halted on their journey into the land beyond this is to the effect that they found the experience on the whole pleasant. Death has agreeable physical aspects even if disease has none.

These agreeable physical aspects of death may account for the displays of something very like genius which the dying often make. When a man is dying he may exhibit unsuspected mental powers, a gift for poetical composition or a strengthening of the powers of memory. Goethe unexpectedly spoke Greek and recited verses of Homer.

DOUBTS OF THE BINET-SIMON ABILITY TESTS

TO make up for loss of the old pedagog's intimate knowledge of the ability of a pupil, many efforts have been made to measure the mental ability of children apart from the routine knowledge to which they may have attained by diligent attendance at school. This work, says the London *Lancet*, is inseparably associated with the names of Binet and Simon, two French investigators whose tests have been generally accepted as the basis for a standardization of tests of mentality which can be of practical value.

The Binet and Simon scale, as explained by Professor Howard C. Warren, of Princeton, consists of a large number of tests involving various sorts of mental states—perception, memory, imagery and reasoning—and is so graded that the child's success in performing these tests, measured and averaged, will indicate his general intellectual level.

For example, the growth of memory is tested by ability to repeat sentences of various lengths and series of numbers of three, four, five and more figures. Rational thought is tested by making statements containing some absurdity, which the child is asked to point out.

The success of the Binet scale as a measure of intellect, according to Professor Warren, is due to the fact that the intellectual development of children is relatively simple; they have not yet developed a great variety of complex mental traits. By examining all the children in a large school and comparing those of each age, it is found that 50 per cent. of the 10-year-old children succeed in a certain number of these tests. This is taken as the measure of the average level of intellect at that age. The same procedure is used in determining the standard for 9 years, etc. Those children of 10 years who only attain the 9-year standard are said to

be 1 year backward; their "mental age" is 9 years. And so for other ages.

Some results attained of late by the educational authorities of London show that the Binet-Simon scale is less a pure test of mental capacity than is thought. It is clear from this London experience that a mental age cannot be so definitely defined as Binet seems to have supposed. There is a very considerable overlap. To measure intelligence by the yearly stages of intellectual growth, says Doctor Burt, of the London school system, is like measuring stature by means of a tape where the lines that separate the inches and the figure are so broad, so blurred, and so ill centered that any one division may be confused with the next. He says there can be little doubt that with the Binet-Simon scale a child's mental age is a measure not only of the plane of intelligence with which he is congenitally endowed, not only of the plane of intelligence at which in the course of life and growth he has eventually arrived, it is also an index, largely if not mainly of the mass of scholastic information and skill which, in virtue of attendance more or less regular, by dint of instruction more or less effective, he has progressively accumulated in school.

If this be true of children of the elementary schools, how much more will it be true of children in some smaller schools where a system of education is in practice which distinctly cultivates the powers of expression of the children, comments the London *Lancet*. To the children of such schools many of the tests of the scale are such as they are accustomed to practise in daily work, a condition which necessarily renders the tests valueless to them—a fact which is recognized as a possible end-result of the common use of these tests in schools.

Some of these tests might well have been modified, because as presented to the child they completely foil their pur-

pose. Instances can be supplied easily. A half-tone reproduction of a drawing showed a pair of unhappy individuals, man and boy, hauling at a rickety hand-cart laden with damaged goods. It is suggestive of a retreat in Poland.

"It is not even definite in its drawing, for a sharp boy of 9, on being shown it, and asked what it represented, immediately pointed to the boy's head and said, "A boy with a dog's head." And sure enough the right hand of the man and the tousled head of the boy do together make a very good head of a bobtailed sheep-dog. It turned out on inquiry that this boy had been exercising his wits with

puzzle pictures, in which he was invited to "find the villain" and the like.

"The line drawings for comparison of faces, and for the discovery of missing features, are equally unpleasant. All these figures have been reproduced in many textbooks on these scales, and it is time that some drawing less pathological in appearance should be shown to the children. There is no merit in melancholy ugliness. The Porteus maze tests are not altogether free from difficulty, seeing that the response to them may be very unequal: one small boy of 7 years, who has not as yet shown any special ability, did the whole series up to that supposed to be suitable for the age of 14 years with little or no hesitation, and then asked for more."

THE ESSENTIALS OF A POWERFUL WILL

IT is not necessarily lack of vital energy that paralyzes the will. It is rather that the emotions, the tendencies to act, do not find a clear or continuous outlet.

We know that every impression tries to translate itself into action of some sort, but the mind is stored with the results of previous impressions, and it is not likely that the newcomer will get a perfectly clear run. The very wealth of a person's mind may set up so many conflicting tendencies as to be fatal to decisive or determined action.

What we call energy, proceeds Professor Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, in his study of the will, is a matter partly of heredity and partly of physical health. What determines strength of will is less energy than singleness of purpose. If the desired action can be steadily held before the mind to the exclusion of all else, the action itself, within the limits of physical possibility, will follow as a matter of course.

The classical example of a man of exuberant energy and yet of fluctuating and uncertain will, is Hamlet. When Hamlet has once got a clear lead, when he has no alternative course or action to consider, he acts with a volcanic force that carries all before it. The man who will lead a boarding party against the pirate ship, who will whip

out his sword and transfix what he takes to be a monarch behind an arras, who will follow a ghost to the remote battlements of the castle, is surely not what we should call a weakling. Hamlet is in fact strong to the point of brutality.

Unfortunately, if he has a second to reflect, so many conflicting tendencies arise in his mind that he temporizes and throws away every opportunity, while such inferior character as Claudius, Fortinbras, and even Laertes are realizing their simpler purposes in deeds.

The essentials of a strong will are therefore threefold, declares Professor Wingfield-Stratford. First is vital energy, which is rather a physical than a mental property. Next comes attention, which means that the tendency to act shall find a clear outlet and not be counteracted by other tendencies. Finally, there is concentration, which means that the tendency shall be continuous as well as unimpeded, that the mind shall not only be clear as to what action is required, but continue clear until the action is performed.*

"We may say at once that our application of these words is, perhaps, more definite than custom warrants. Their

* THE OPEN ROAD TO MIND TRAINING. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

meanings are, in fact, apt to overlap, and we have here, for greater convenience, taken concentration to imply continuous attention. Thus we see that our third essential of will-power, concentration, is really the second, attention, with the time element added. It is with concentration, then, that we are to deal in this chapter.

"The importance of fixing the mind upon one purpose, to the exclusion of all others, is best realized by considering what happens in hypnotism. We know that hypnotized people are capable of displaying a concentration upon one suggested purpose that renders them capable of undergoing surgical operations without feeling them, of perceiving things to which they are ordinarily insensible, and of evincing a determination of which they might have been supposed incapable. The theory that has found most general acceptance, and which alone appears to cover the facts, is that one group or complex of ideas, the one concerned with the suggestion, gets

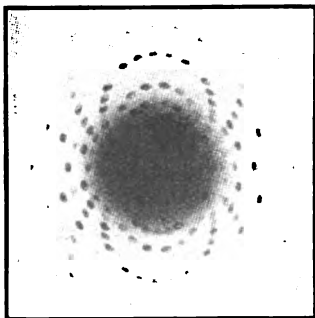
altogether dissociated from the rest of the mind, and has an absolutely free outlet into action, unimpeded by any other considerations. This accounts for the fact that the patient generally forgets what he has done during the trance. The awful strength displayed sometimes by madmen and epileptics is probably to be explained by similar causes, the whole force of the mind, above and below the surface, is flung, like the last reserves of an army, into one set of muscular actions.

"Ordinarily, whenever we decide upon one course of action, other tendencies of the mind are like little cords or brakes, too feeble to stop the action altogether, but strong enough, tho unperceived, to take off its edge, to weaken it to an undefinable extent. If we could only master the secret of performing our actions with absolute singleness of purpose, of knowing exactly what we wanted to do before we set out to do it, we should be not far off from being supermen."

A SECRET OF MATTER DISCLOSED BY THE LAUE EFFECT

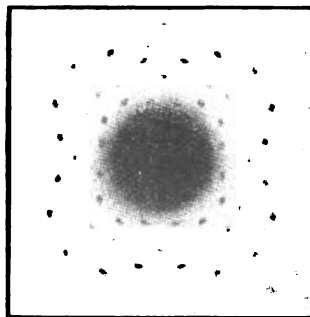
MORE than two thousand years ago, Democritus and Leukippos formulated a theory of the inner structure of all things. Everything in the nature of matter, said these sages, is built up out of an infinitely

of the structure of the universe could not possibly have been based upon actual observation. In fact, for hundreds and hundreds of years this idea that the world consisted only of a lot of cunningly arranged dots did not appeal



ANHYDRITE

Every diagram of the structure of the atom made in the last few years is based in part upon pictures like this.



ROCK SALT

Here is a "Laue effect" of a common substance obtained by photography by means of the splitting of an X-ray.

great number of tiny points, moving in and out and about—the atoms. Between these is vacant space. This idea

to scientists as anything more than a poetical assumption, possibly forever unverifiable. Only a few years ago

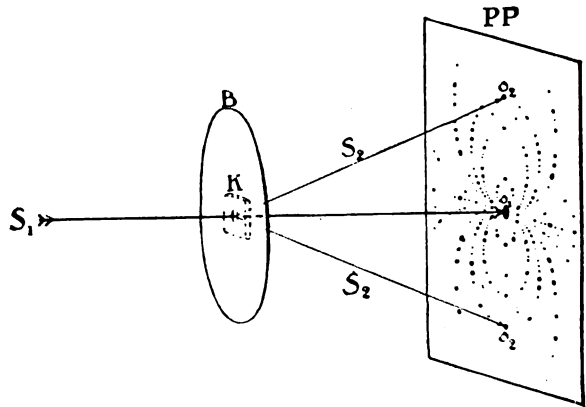
there were chemists of renown who insisted that their science could get along without any kind of atomic theory whatever.

To-day, writes Professor Friedrich Rinne, the physicist, in the *Illustrierte Zeitung*, all doubters are convinced. The atomic theory of the ancients is the foundation of all physico-chemical conceptions of matter, altho the theory has been modified in details that do not effect its general validity.

A simple and in its results unassailable procedure established the formal proof of this ancient proposition—the experiment of the brilliant Max von Laue, whose work just preceded the outbreak of the war and whose name is only beginning to be heard outside of the laboratories.

The Laue experiment was undertaken originally for the sake of finding out the true nature of the mysterious X-rays, called in honor of their discoverer the Röntgen rays. Were they, like ordinary light, a wave movement? In that case the fact could be made evident by diffraction effects like those familiar to us when we see the light of the sun through finely woven curtains at a window or when we get light rays disintegrated through street lamps somewhat out of repair. Lines of light seem to play fantastically in unusual effects of color through such diffraction.

All efforts to attain such diffraction with the X-rays did not succeed, however carefully the grating employed in view of the shortness of the wave lengths involved. Then it occurred to Max von Laue to employ crystals as a grating through which Röntgen rays could pass. Crystals had for some time been regarded as geometrical in structure, and there seemed reason to infer that they had three dimensions in space. Such a grating, with minute intervals between each constituent part, seemed



THE EXPERIMENT THAT MADE ATOM DIAGRAMS POSSIBLE

Here is exemplified the regular diffraction or splitting of an X-ray that is made to pass through a crystal. S_1 is the primary ray. B is a dark slide or screen. K is the crystal. S_2 is a ray bent out of its course. S_1 S_2 indicate the effect of the rays on the photographic plate PP .

just suited for the diffraction of X-rays. An X-ray was duly isolated by means of a dark screen and then sent through a crystal and caught on a photographic plate. After its development it revealed the expected picture of an atomic structure or arrangement. All about the imprint of the primary ray was developed a pattern of diffracted rays.

Three great scientific facts were established by this simple experiment. The nature of crystalline structure was disclosed. The X-ray was established as a wave movement. The reality of the atom was proved beyond cavil. The fundamental idea of the Laue experiment is gradually spreading throughout the scientific world and finds confirmation and development in the laboratory work of many investigators. It has been possible to present in diagram form the atomic structure of common salt and of rock-salt, and to disclose sometimes in photographic plates and sometimes in line drawings the arrangement of the constituents of many elements, infinitely minute as these are. Almost daily discoveries are made in this world of "leptones," for it has been necessary to create a new word for the diminutive units that come into the reckoning as the field is explored.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SUPERIOR CHILD AT SCHOOL

IT is the laggard and the "slow poke" in our schools who have been provided with special teachers and special facilities for learning, Professor Donald A. Laird points out in *The Yale Review*. This is to be expected to a certain extent. The disregarding of the inferior pupils results in a whole array of glaring delinquencies which are of national and even racial consequence. It is probable, nevertheless, that to neglect the superior child is really quite as serious as to neglect the inferior one. Few realize that in our public schools there are as many potentially superior children as there are potentially inferior ones. Mental tests have brought this fact to light recently.

The great majority have been found by the tests to be approximately equal in mental capacity and these are called normal. There are a few whose development is above the normal. These are the superior children—the possible leaders.

The experience of the schools seems to reveal an excess of inferior children, altho recent mental tests have shown an equality of superiors and inferiors. There are two recognized inferiors for one recognized superior. This means either that the schools fail to distinguish all the superior children that attend them or, what is more likely, they fail to bring out their greater ability. The intelligent child can be disregarded and passed unnoticed without stripping the gears of the educational machine. To neglect the inferior child means retardation of the work and other baneful consequences. The inferiors simply demand attention and their presence is soon announced. Many, if not most, of the superior children go through our public schools with their unusual mental capability undetected. The superior child is almost entirely neglected in educational programs of to-day in all the public schools.

The chief reason why there appear

to be fewer superior children, adds Professor Laird, is that the potentially superior do not receive either at home or in the school a stimulus to exhibit and utilize their qualities. Since they can be slighted and still do average work at school they are expected to shift more or less for themselves. They can to an astonishing extent take care of their own educational progress in a fairly natural manner when abandoned to their own resources. That is one of the marks of their superiority, but it is no excuse for their present scandalous state of neglect. By this treatment their achievement is kept down to the prevailing level of mediocrity.

Educators have only recently come to realize that the child capable of unusual attainments should, in justice to himself and his value to the nation, be given special opportunities just as these have been accorded to the drags and derelicts. The organization of "opportunity classes" and "select classes" on any extensive scale, however, is a new development and is still in the stage of an innovation.

Almost without exception, students of higher human types were formerly concerned with the strikingly exceptional and rare, with geniuses and their peculiarities and weaknesses, with infant prodigies and their adult failures, with mathematical wizards who cannot figure a laundry bill, and with individuals who are apparently capable of remarkable accomplishments only in a limited field. The all-round superior child, well balanced and adapted to a wide variety of situations, the basis for social and racial progress, has passed unnoticed and unstudied. While it should perhaps be admitted that the accomplishments of the individual of high general intelligence are usually not of the same magnitude as those of the genius, still number, or quantity, is biologically as determining a factor as quality. Socially, the occasional genius

may serve as the nucleus for the organization of progressive groups. But if these groups do not have a large number of capable sub-leaders, they lose the impetus necessary to help forward real progress.

It is natural to inquire at this point what makes for general and worthwhile accomplishment. Do superior children possess certain mental qualities not common to the race? What can we do in their education to conserve and develop them?

Superior individuals are marked off from inferiors psychologically by the increased functional development of certain mental characteristics. They differ from normals and the inferiors in a quantitative rather than in a qualitative way. The inventor does not have a special "inventive faculty," as the popular belief suggests. He simply has a creative imagination and a special body of information developed to a better degree of usefulness than is the case with the great majority.

Experimental studies have lately been made of superior children that determine just what it is that contributes to the capacity for a high grade of performance. The most recent and most valuable investigation is that of Professor William T. Root, of the University of Pittsburgh. He made an intensive study of fifty-three superior children in the public schools and compared their accomplishments with those of various groups of average children.

He found that the superior children had a high degree of "general intelligence." This evidence is not specially relevant, for the accomplishment on this measuring scale was used as one of the means of finding children with well-developed capacities. It is also extremely improbable that this scale measures the hypothetical general factor of intelligence. It would be more accurate to say that this "intelligence" is one of the evidences of superiority rather than a cause.

These children were also shown to have a fertility of mental association far in excess of the normal child. There

was a greater tendency for one idea to suggest another; in difficult situations they were much more resourceful, and their associations were of greater practical value than those of the groups of ordinary children. Individuals who are gifted with a wealth of associations attain, of course, a richness of thought that cannot be expected of the less favored.

Another mental factor underlying superiority was found to be comprehension. The group of fifty-three children excelled the others in their ability to understand situations and directions. Obviously, this increased capacity to grasp the more significant features of the environment gives a child who is endowed with it a great advantage. For him a situation that is barren of meaning for an inferior mentality becomes pregnant with possibilities.

The children in the group of fifty-three were also more capable than the others of keeping a certain "set of mind," or the attitude necessary to the efficient adjustment of themselves to the experimental situation. As the superior individual's accomplishment in daily life comes partly through his ability to keep his mind centered on some definite aspect of his environment, whether it be the stock market, the forum, the school, the machine-shop or the home, the importance of this capacity will be readily seen. Closely allied to this mental factor was the remarkable tenacity of the superior children. Not only did they keep a given "set of mind" in a more effective manner than the normal groups, but they manifested a greater endurance or persistence of thought in working on a particular task until they had finished it.

Thus, says Professor Laird, has experiment shown that marked fertility of thought, a greater capacity for comprehension, a remarkable persistence of attitudes and ideas, mental "stick-to-itiveness" and an exceptional zeal for accomplishment are the main psychological qualities that set the superior child above the average child.

MARK TWAIN'S UNCOMPLIMENTARY PORTRAIT OF BRET HARTE

THE republication in London of "Snowbound at Eagle's," "Cressey," and of other of Bret Harte's stories lends special timeliness to a pen-portrait of Harte which appears in one of the "Unpublished Chapters from the Autobiography of Mark Twain" now running in *Harper's Magazine*. It seems that Mark Twain first came into intimate association with Bret Harte in the 'sixties in San Francisco. Mark was earning his living as a reporter on the *Morning Call*, while Harte, on an upper floor in the *Call* building, was acting as private secretary to a Mr. Swain, superintendent of the United States Mint. Mark Twain and Harte were both writing for a paper called the *Californian*, which also numbered among its contributors Prentiss Mulford, Charles Warren Stoddard and Ambrose Bierce.

Bret Harte, says Mark Twain, was "one of the pleasantest men I have ever known. He was also one of the unpleasantest men I have ever known." We read further:

"He was showy, meretricious, insincere; and he constantly advertized these qualities in his dress. He was distinctly pretty, in spite of the fact that his face was badly pitted with smallpox. In the days when he could afford it—and in the days when he couldn't—his clothes always exceeded the fashion by a shade or two. He was always conspicuously a little more intensely fashionable than the fashionablest of the rest of the community. He had good taste in clothes. With all his conspicuousness there was never anything really loud or offensive about them. They always had a single smart little accent, effectively located, and that accent would have distinguished Harte from any other of the ultra-fashionables. Oftenest it was his necktie. Always it was of a single color, and intense. Most frequently, perhaps, it was crimson—a flash of flame under his chin; or it was indigo-blue, and as hot and vivid as if one of those splendid and luminous Brazilian butter-

flies had lighted there. Harte's dainty self-complacencies extended to his carriage and gait. His carriage was graceful and easy, his gait was of the mincing sort, but was the right gait for him."

Mark Twain knew Harte intimately in the days in San Francisco. He knew him intimately when Harte came East five years later, in 1870, to take the editorship of the proposed *Lakeside Magazine* in Chicago, and "crossed the continent through such a blaze of national interest and excitement that one might have supposed he was the Viceroy of India on a progress, or Halley's comet come again after seventy-five years of lamented absence." He knew him pretty intimately thenceforth until he crossed the ocean to be Consul, first at Crefeld, in Germany, and afterward in Glasgow. Harte never returned to America.

Once, on a visit to Mark Twain in Hartford, Harte declared that his fame was an accident—an accident that he much regretted for a while. The "Heathen Chinees" had been written in jest. The explosion of delight that it caused was not entirely welcome for the reason that Harte was already at work on such things as "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Tennessee's Partner."

In this as in other matters Harte was not as fortunate as he seemed to be. It might have been better, Mark Twain goes so far as to say, if Harte had died in the first flush of his fame. When he started East in his new-born glory, with the eyes of the world upon him, "he had lived all of his life that was worth living." He was "entering upon a career of poverty, debt, bitterness and a world-wide fame which must have often been odious to him." The article concludes:

"There was a happy Bret Harte, a contented Bret Harte, an ambitious Bret Harte, a hopeful Bret Harte, a bright,

cheerful, easy-laughing Bret Harte, a Bret Harte to whom it was a bubbling and effervescent joy to be alive. That Bret Harte died in San Francisco. It was the corpse of that Bret Harte that swept in splendor across the continent; that refused to go to the Chicago banquet given in its honor because there had been a breach of etiquette—a carriage had not been sent for it; that resumed its eastward jour-

ney, leaving behind the grand scheme of the *Lakeside Monthly* in sorrowful collapse; that undertook to give all the product of its brain for one year to an Eastern magazine for ten thousand dollars—a stupendous sum in those days—but collected and spent the money before the year was out, and then began a dismal and harassing death-in-life which was to cease only at the grave."

A PAINTER OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

By Henry Wellington Wack

SANDOR LANDEAU, an American painter, born in New York City about fifty years ago and now living in East Aurora, near Buffalo, has spent most of his nomadic life in the capitals and the more remote places of the world. The greater term of his art training was had in Paris, under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. He was a frequent exhibitor in the French Salon until the Great War. He made his début there with a large canvas, "Remorse of Judas," which had immediate and favorable critical notice in the European press. This imposing work was followed by his "Samson and Delilah"; and this by "The Village Story Teller," painted in Holland. Thereafter he appeared by a very large canvas of numerous figures—"Christ casting out the Evil Spirit." His full-length portrait, "La Dame à l'Echarpe," was awarded honorable mention. His successes followed each other rapidly.

On the coast of France, near Boulogne, in the small fishing village which was the early home of Charles Cazin, Landeau painted his large, masterful canvas, "Prayer for the Lost at Sea," which won for him the Salon gold medal in 1907.

This superb canvas was, in many respects, his *tour de force*, and appears to have been the climax of his first full creative period. He was then thirty-seven years of age and had behind him twenty years of ardent study, active travel and an eventful career.



THE IDEALIST OF EAST AURORA

Sandor Landeau, who paints in the village that Elbert Hubbard has made famous, appeals to the spiritual side of a world that he feels has been well-nigh destroyed by the lust for material things.



SANDOR LANDEAU'S MASTERPIECE

This striking canvas, "Prayer for the Lost at Sea," was inspired by the life of fisher-folk on the coast of France, and established Landeau among the great religious artists of our time. It won a Salon gold medal in Paris, and has been exhibited in American cities.

The subject of this splendidly wrought picture presents a group of ten life-size figures of sturdy seafaring people in attitudes of a becoming *recueillement*, for the occasion is prayer. A deep, spontaneous spirit is manifest for one of their humble community, lost in the Arctic seas of Iceland, where they often sail in their stout little boats for cod. There is no pomp of the church, no priest in vestments nor ecclesiastic spectacle, to enhance the impressiveness of the time and place of this manifestation of the godly spirit in man. These are humble folk. This work by Landeau reveals the big simplicity of life, after all, in the natural world. A prayer for him who loved them in life. It is a dramatic picture and a true interpretation of the fisher-folk of France.

The Government of France, through Dujardin-Beaumetz, then Minister of Fine Arts, offered to purchase "Prayer for the Lost at Sea" for the State, affording the artist the privilege of the

choice of any museum save the one he then hoped for as a depository of his masterpiece. Friends intervened with advice to the artist to defer the sale indefinitely, which alone accounts for the presence of this exceptional work in America. As a study of opposing daylight and the glow of candles; rugged character in the attitude of devotional humility; of the taciturnity of the stoical men and women of the sea; of a broad and masterful technique; of a religious feeling aptly interpretative of this humble group, "Prayer for the Lost at Sea" firmly establishes Landeau with the best of the religious painters of the past century. The very large size of this painting has operated against its general exhibition throughout the United States. In 1908 it was shown at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and thereafter in Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and Buffalo. It is now on exhibition with a group of later works by Landeau at East Aurora. It will

undoubtedly find a permanent place in one of our large museums.

Landeau's other large canvas, "Toilers of the Fields," reveals quite another set of human traits. A toil-worn elderly couple are portrayed returning from the day's work afield, near Moret, at the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Here we have the French peasant, in the early evening, in that beautiful region of François Millet, the "Men of Thirty," the Barbizon masters. We look upon the illuminated countenances of these hardy folks as the sun departs beyond the grain field, and we find again that prayerful mood, that glow of divine satisfaction and humility upon the bronzed faces of genuine peasant character, which Landeau paints with such consum-



TOILERS OF THE FIELDS

We see here French peasants returning home at nightfall in that prayerful mood, that glow of divine satisfaction and humility, which Landeau paints with such consummate skill.



LANDEAU'S SYLVAN MOOD

This study of "Woodland Pool and Nymphs" is the vivid pagan expression of a painter whose dominant note is spiritual.

mate skill. The moon is already rising over the Marne and producing that strange mystery of the suffusion of sun and moon at the end of a glorious day. This picture was also exhibited in the French Salon and evoked the praise of responsible continental art critics.

Since the "Toilers of the Fields" was painted, the artist has gradually been allured by the more purely spiritual subject—as his three striking war canvases indicate. "Abide with Me," "Christ Ministering to a Fallen Soldier" and "On the Fields of Flanders," or, as it is sometimes called, "No Man's Land," are three canvases poignantly expressive of this later phase. Following the stronger and deeper moods is evidently Landeau's subcon-

scious purpose, for from the religiously symbolical he seems on occasion to turn to the pagan subject, as in his "The Dance of Pan," with its troubled light; or "The Passing of Pantheism," or his "Grove of Venus," or "Spring Dance" and "Spring Phantasy"—all finely tempered, richly conceived and harmonious canvases.

Then, again, in his fine painting of "The Three Wise Men" the artist holds us with the grave spirit of the birth of Christianity.

Landeau's versatility is not the defect it might be in an artist of superficial training and power. He produces vivacity and a fervor in his work that justify his temperamental excursions. He says himself that "to love one's art above the material things that so compellingly and urgently surround us and

not to swerve from the higher purpose; to strive for the ideal which, even in modest measure, may be helpful and illuminating—these are the canons of a noble art."

Landeau is at present quietly working in his East Aurora Studio, near which the public-spirited citizens of that charming village maintain a goodly public exhibition of half a hundred of his best canvases. Visitors from all over the country attend this exhibit, and during the spring and summer months, when the famous Roycroft Inn harbors pilgrims from all over the world, Sandor Landeau and his beautiful pictures are one of the town's greatest attractions—since that prelate of the human heart, Elbert Hubbard, sank into the sea from the hull of the steamship *Lusitania*.

FUTILITY OF THE REVOLT AGAINST SHAKESPEARE

NOT so many years ago there were signs that educators both in this country and in England, and literary critics everywhere had made up their minds that Shakespeare received an excessive amount of attention. It was argued that his world was one that had passed, a world if not in ruins at any rate superseded. His theater was inferred to be superannuated. His diction was archaic.

The revolt seemed for a time formidable, especially as such great names as Tolstoy and Brunetière were used, a little recklessly, in bolstering it up. In the end it collapsed and Shakespeare is enthroned more serenely than before. One reason is the overwhelming nature of his genius. In the field of the fine arts generally we may be inferior to the ancients, as a great poet has said, but in the drama we can confront the Greeks themselves with Shakespeare. The next point in his favor is the lack of any substitute for him. When a famous Englishman said "we are all the subjects of King Shakespeare" he

expressed the function of the poet. He is to the English-speaking peoples what Homer was to the ancient Greeks, a symbol of their unity. A revolt against him is like a rebellion against the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, spiritually and politically.

In bringing out these points, Professor Raymond M. Alden, of Stanford University, notes that some keen and learned critics of Shakespeare have gone so far that the sympathetic reader of the poet actually trembles before their disillusioning strokes, or "when they occasionally admit some extraordinary beauty or power in Shakespeare's workmanship, feels a thrill of gratitude for the condescension, as with Biblical critics of the corresponding school." There have been in the past symptoms of a revolt against the supremacy of Shakespeare, but the revolts came to nothing because there is no ammunition that can be used against Hamlet, against Romeo and Juliet, against the Shakespearianisms in the speech of the people, there is no name

with such magic as suffices to break the spell of Shakespeare, no tradition to run counter to his. It is significant that leaders of revolts against Shakespeare are literary men with little direct experience of life, or teachers in elementary schools who find the drudgery of the classroom prejudicial to the formation of a correct taste in the young.*

Nevertheless, says Professor Alden, so long as Shakespeare is a vital element in the life of the English-speaking world, there can be no hardened unanimity in Shakespearian criticism. Views will differ and there will be a rising tide and a falling one, but the poet can never be superseded, a truth pointed out by Johnson in his imperishable sentence about the stream of time and the adamant of Shakespeare.*

"Shakespeare, tho not an original thinker in abstract terms, is the writer who has thought most inclusively and effectively in terms of concrete human feeling and conduct. Thoughtful men cannot but lament, now and again, that he who did so much should not have done more—that there could not have been combined with our greatest poet the maker of a system of thought for his race. Yet we may suppose that if he had written to illustrate a philosophy of abstract validity, unspoiled by the particular persons and deeds which interested his age, the very fact would have doomed it to be temporary, as every human system is doomed to have its day and cease to be. Thus Dante, despite the greatness of both his soul and his art, is much further from us than his distance in time alone would make necessary; and Goethe is already more distant than Shakespeare. For Shakespeare, doing his thinking in concrete detail of personality, took only the common stuff of the passions for his essential material; hence the temporary fashions in which he clothed it drop aside, and since the passions are unchanged the process is valid still. Of course, this is also true of Homer, and in varying degrees of every master spirit of poetry."

Here we have a sufficient explanation of the futility of all efforts to dethrone Shakespeare, to put him upon a level

lower than that to which the homage of a race has elevated him. Yet there is another reason for his unshaken reign and this is to be found in his gift for the expression of human experience in poetical terms, to render it supremely interesting in a beautiful manner without distorting any picture or robbing human nature of its convincing reality. He gradually perfected a style which, says Professor Alden, united the reality of dramatic utterance with the transfiguring powers of poetry. This achievement of form is only a symbol of something deeper. How enormous would be our loss if the poetic interpretation of thought and action were blotted out! There is little danger that the poetic interpretation of thought can be so blotted out, for lyric poetry, the characteristic form in the modern world, is so intertwined with all the reflective processes of the race that wherever we go its interpretations are certain to follow.

"But *dramatic* poetry, the poetic interpretation of action, is in peril for those who speak the English tongue—or would be were it not for the vitality of Shakespeare. He still shows us what it means to lift the level of word and feeling and deed—not as 'recollected in tranquillity,' but as coming swiftly from the moment of dramatic stress—to the high places of a poet's insight and a poet's expression. We hesitate over this type of art, because of our overdone training in the representation of life in terms of the 'natural' or the 'real' . . .

"Strange it is, and all irrational, that we insist on talking of his persons, their deeds and their passions, as if they had actually lived, and were still living, in the real world with ourselves, tho we are able to trace their origin to this earlier play, this old romance, this need or fashion of the dramatist's time. But nothing can stop us. When all the truth of historical interpretation is learned, the truth of absolute poetic humanism remains. And this is because Shakespeare enjoyed not only the sources which we dutifully set down in our books, but the 'source of untaught things,' so that his *work* became 'a power like one of Nature's,' and abides, 'creative and enduring,' among mankind."

* SHAKESPEARE. By Raymond M. Alden. New York: Duffield and Company.

LITERATURE AND THE SENSE OF SIN

THE fact that so many contemporary novels are frankly based on the quest for sensation and that modern writers often fail to make any real distinction between good and evil, appeals to an editorial writer in the London *New Statesman* as an ominous sign of the times. "The noblest buildings in Europe," he says, "have been born out of man's sense of sin. Our noblest literature—the Greek drama, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton—was born out of man's sense of sin. Without this sense of the eternal contrast and conflict between good and evil there can be no moving tragedy, no understanding of the history of a great soul." Without it art becomes merely the self-flattery of men. Without it, "Helen herself becomes no more interesting than a stage *divorcée*, and Hamlet's outcries would be meaningless except to the psychoanalyst." The same writer continues:

"Frankly, we cannot become enthusiastic over the world of which we read the worst in the Sunday papers. It seems to us obvious that standards are disappearing among increasing numbers of human beings, and we are not sure that new standards are being set up in their place. A hundred years ago Byron sinned as successfully as the thing could be done even at the present day, but at least he suffered remorse, and his sense of sin was so vehement that he wished to have his daughter brought up a Catholic. A Byron to-day would feel no remorse; he would be as pleased with himself as if he had been a follower of Samuel Smiles. Sin, it is often forgotten nowadays, is interesting only if it is accompanied by suffering. Helen and Paris, Tristram and Iseult, Antony and Cleopatra—there are no happy illicit lovers who have conquered the world's imagination as they have done. Hence, we are afraid that if the sense of sin disappears literature will perish. Certain moralists tell us that society will perish, too. For these reasons, we think it is as well that in every generation the cry should go up that the world is going to the dogs. It is well that men should live conscious of the existence of a standard of perfection,

even if it shows up their own imperfections in a sensational light. We may call that standard beauty or holiness or honor. Whatever we may call it, it will leave us under no illusion that this is the best of all possible worlds. And thus we may be saved from becoming a world of dull and mediocre self-flatterers, which is the doom of an age that has lost the sense of the tremendous reality of sin."

All of which, in the view of the *New York Globe*, is "only an Anglo-Saxon admission, and a very partial one at that—one prone to stress the memory of Milton at the expense of Chaucer, and putting at the fore the Victorian period of literature, which supplied enough fiction with motives of sin (as in the novels of George Eliot) to make up for the shortcomings in that particular of all periods preceding." The *Globe* proceeds:

"It is man's ineffectuality rather than his wickedness that has inspired the pens of masters. Mankind's unceasing struggle with external forces—this is the theme that great literature perpetually celebrates. (Has the writer for the English weekly so soon forgotten his Hardy?) And speaking of notes missing in present-day writing, it were better to mourn the loss of that note of mystery which this struggle implied. Characters in modern fiction face their world all too comprehendingly; they revolt, but against forces shorn of terror and awe."

With the London writer's efforts to rouse contemporary fiction from its warm bath of sensuality the *Globe* confesses its sympathy. "Let us not wish, however," it says, "to put beneath its feet cold stones of repentance. Let us encourage it rather to go and dry itself in the sun. For the literature of the future should be free of brooding as well as perversity. It should find that sphere beyond good and evil, where virtue and sin as separate categories no longer exist—a sphere, in fact, in which great books have already been written."

WHY BYRON STILL HOLDS OUR IMAGINATION

THE appearance of two new volumes of "Lord Byron's Correspondence" (Scribner's) is hailed as a great event in the literary world—and why? Is it because Byron was a great poet? The answer to this question would seem to be that Byron's reputation as a poet has declined and that, outside of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Don Juan" and a few lyrics, he is not much read to-day. Is it because he was a picturesque and romantic figure of a man? Here again one can only point out that his romance, once so inspiring, and his picturesqueness, once so compelling, are tarnished now, and that his vulgarity and bad taste are glaringly revealed. Is it because he was a remarkable letter-writer? He was that, but the new letters add little or nothing to his reputation as a letter-writer.

If Byron's fame stands high, the reason must be sought in another direction. "It stands high," says Percy Lubbock, in the *New York Independent*; "because for the last ten or fifteen years a battle has been fought over him that has had nothing to do with his genius or his heroism. The real, true cause of his separation from his wife—in that question, not in 'Childe Harold' or 'Don Juan,' lies the title of Byron's fame after the century that has nearly passed since his death." So it would really seem, for critics on both sides of the Atlantic have fallen on the new volumes to discover, first and foremost, whether they throw new light on the scandal which Byron's grandson, the late Lord Lovelace, in his book "Astarte," drew from

its ancestral slumber and cast into the circle of controversy.

That scandal has to do with Byron's alleged guilty relations with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, and its survival, after a hundred years, furnishes, as Lord Ernle has written in the *Nineteenth Century*, "a remarkable example of the longevity of baffled curiosity." Lord Ernle, in the same article, spoke of the "end of the Byron mystery," and said that he was unconvinced by the evidence offered by Lord Lovelace. But the end, it is clear, is not yet.

In an introduction to the new volumes, John Murray, grandson of the John Murray who was Byron's first pub-



From a Painting by A. D'Orsay

BYRON IN ITALY

The new "Correspondence" of Byron deals with his vices rather than with his genius, and can only have the effect of postponing a true estimate of his place in English letters.



From a Sketch by Sir George Hayter

BYRON'S HALF-SISTER

Augusta Leigh is the storm-center of what has been called the "Byron mystery." She was cheerful, childish, affectionate, arch, but "her moral ideas," her friend Mrs. Villiers says, "were much confused."

lisher, is still inclined, as he has been in the past, to deny the truth of the charge made against Byron. He points out that Lord Lovelace himself emphatically denied the truth of the charge in a letter to the London *Daily News* in 1869, and again by word of mouth and in writing in 1898. He also quotes, from "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton (J. C. Hobhouse), Byron's literary executor, the deliberate judgment of his most intimate friends, at the time of his separation from Lady Byron, that he "had not been guilty of any enormity, and that the whole charge against him would amount merely to such offenses as are more often committed than complained of, and however to be regretted as subversive of matri-

monial felicity, would not render him answerable to the laws of any court."

Mr. Lubbock, in his article in the *Independent*, takes similar ground. "If you were not convinced by Lord Lovelace's evidence," he remarks, "you may still say 'not proven'; if you were convinced and others were not, you may still invoke the rumor of documents, lying unpublished and perhaps unpublishable, which would utterly and absolutely prove the worst."

The weightiest argument that we have seen in support of Byron's guilt is that of S. M. Ellis in the *Fortnightly Review*. He recalls a passage in "Astarte" in which it was said that Mrs. Leigh had a child by Byron named Elisabeth Medora Leigh and born on April 15, 1814, and that confirmation would be found in Byron's letters (then unpublished) to Lady Melbourne. "That statement," according to Mr. Ellis, "proves to be correct." In the present volumes there is a letter dated April 25,

1814—ten days after the birth of the child—with what Mr. Ellis describes as "this undeniable allusion" to the event:

"Oh! but it is 'worth while,' I can't tell you why, and it is *not* an 'Ape,' and if it is, that must be my fault; however, I will positively reform. You must, however, allow that it is utterly impossible I can ever be half so well liked elsewhere, and I have been all my life trying to make someone love me, and never got the sort that I preferred before. But positively she and I will grow good and all that, and so we are *now* and shall be these three weeks and more too."

There are other passages in Byron's letters to Lady Melbourne which Mr. Ellis regards as equally "incriminatory":

"You are quite mistaken, however, as to *her*, and it must be from some misrepresentation of mine, that you throw the blame so completely on the side least deserving, and least able to bear it. I dare say I made the best of my own story, as one always does from natural selfishness without intending it, but it was not her fault, but my own *folly* (give it what name may suit it better) and her weakness, for the intentions of both were very different, and for some time adhered to, and when not, it was entirely my own—in short, I know no name for my conduct. Pray do not speak so harshly of her to me—the cause of all."

"Really and truly—as I hope mercy and happiness for her—by that God who made me for my own misery, and not much for the good of others, *she* was not to blame one thousandth part in comparison. She was not aware of her own peril till it was too late, and I can only account for her subsequent '*abandon*' by an observation which I think is not unjust, that women are much more *attached* than men if they are treated with anything like fairness or tenderness."

"It is true she married a fool, but she *would* have him; they agreed, and agree very well, and I never heard a complaint, but many vindications, of him. As for me, brought up as I was, and sent into the world as I was, both physically and morally, nothing better could be expected, and it is odd that I always had a foreboding, and I remember when a child reading the Roman history about a *marriage* I will tell you of when we meet, asking *ma mère* why I should not marry X."

"All that you say is exceedingly true; but whoever said, or supposed, that you were not shocked, and all that? You *have* done everything in your power; and more than any other person breathing would have done for me, to make me act rationally; but there is an old saying (excuse the Latin, which I won't quote, but translate), 'Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first

madden.' . . . I will not persuade *her* into any *fugitive* piece of absurdity, but more I cannot promise."

Whatever the view one may take of this unsavory episode in Byron's life, it is easy to agree with Mr. Lubbock that the excessive emphasis laid on the whole affair has been unfortunate. Some years ago, it seemed as if the time was at hand for a serious appraisal at last, of the writings of Byron; and then rumors and scandals diverted public attention from his books to his private affairs. There was every reason to think, Mr. Lubbock declares, that by the end of the last century, a couple of generations and more after his death,



From a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

BYRON'S CONFIDANTE

Lady Melbourne, who is shown here with her baby son, was forty years older than Byron at the time when he wrote her the letters printed in his new "*Correspondence*." She was mother-in-law of the Lady Caroline Lamb who figures so often in the letters, and aunt of the Anna Milbanke whom Byron later married.

Byron's poetic repute might at last come to rest, like a pendulum after its long and violent oscillations. Of Wordsworth, of Shelley, of Keats, we can speak without ever remembering the time when the matter of their genius was a matter of debate. But the moment we begin to speak of Byron, the change in our tone is evident. "We argue about Byron; we urge his claims and we insist and we try to convince; we deny his claims and insist more emphatically still; if we find anything great and strong and various in his poetry, we defend our judgment as tho we expected (and we expect with reason) to be contradicted." It is actually absurd that a poet who died in 1824 should be in such a position—that the affairs of his genius, so to speak, should be still in such disorder.

This disorder is attributed by Mr. Lubbock to the wild exaggerations of his fame in his lifetime, when his Giaours and Corsairs and Laras dazzled the eyes of a vulgar age, and to the persistent misconception among French critics of his place in our literature. Mr. Lubbock concludes:

"For us the Giaour, with most of the verse that he wrote before 1816 (when he left his wife and left England for good), is dead beyond recall; it is the work of his Italian years—the second half of 'Childe Harold,' 'Don Juan,' the 'Vision of Judgment'—which alone (almost alone) we now consider. And in considering it, in trying to do it justice, we are forced to make a double effort; we have to forget our prejudice against rhetoric in poetry, and we have to leave off expecting from poetry, from all poetry always, the insinuating magic of words and phrases; we have to remount, in fact, the stream of our poetry till we reach the point where Keats was not—for it was Keats, more than anyone else, who bequeathed to Tennyson and to the Pre-Raphaelites and to the later comers the meaning that the name of poetry had for them and that it still has for ourselves. All this is difficult enough; and it is disturbing, in the midst of our attempt, to note how foreign criticism has wandered astray, time after time, in its celebration of the supremacy of Byron."

Byron in literary history, the London *Nation* points out, seems to lead the double life of an actor. There is the Byron who stands in the middle of the stage in the fierce light that beats upon a poet, and who declaims—

The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

And there is Byron behind the scenes—the Byron who might have been invented by Mr. Shaw as an example of the moral irresponsibility of the artistic temperament. The *Nation* continues:

"It may be doubted whether any artist of the first rank could have written such a letter as Byron wrote to Hobhouse in 1818, announcing that his illegitimate daughter, Allegra, had been brought out to Italy from England by Shelley. His reference to the child he had not yet seen runs:

"'Shelley has got to Milan with the bastard, and its mother; but won't send the child, unless I will go and see the mother. . . .'

Shelley, for his part, when he is writing to Byron to ask what he is to do with the child (who is left on his hands month after month), never mentions it but with a delight at least equal to his anxiety to get rid of it. 'I think,' he tells Byron, 'she is the most lovely and engaging child I ever beheld.' Shelley's letters to Byron are the letters of a good man, but they are not good letters. They are the formal utterances of an angel. Byron's letters, on the other hand, are good letters, tho they are not the letters of a good man. They are the informal utterances of a devil, or, it might be fairer to say, of a man possessed by a devil. But whether he was as black as he painted himself it is impossible to be sure. His letters, for the most part, take us into the comic recesses of his mind: perhaps this comic Byron is the immortal Byron. But in the letters, as in the legend of his death and in his poems, there are hints of that greater Byron whom Shelley tried to summon into being—a Byron who would have been Byron with a touch of Shelley—a nobler being a little more remote from the flames of Hell, a candidate for Paradise."

AN EXCITING CONCEPTION OF MAN AS A TIME-BINDER

THERE has never been a true definition of man nor a just conception of his part in the drama of the world. Hence there has never been a proper principle or starting-point for a science of humanity. It has never been realized that man is a being of a dimension or type different from that of animals. The characteristic nature of man has, therefore, not been understood.

All this is laid down by Alfred Korzybski in his remarkable work on what he terms the science of human engineering.* Man, he points out, has always been regarded as an animal or as a supernatural phenomenon. The facts are that man is not supernatural but is literally a part of nature, declares Korzybski, and that human beings are not animals: animals are truly characterized by their autonomous mobility—their space-binding capacity. Animals are space-binders. That is, the animals use the highly dynamic products of the chemistry-binding-class—the plants—as food, and those products, the result of plant transformation, undergo in animals a further transformation into yet higher forms. The animals are correspondingly a more dynamic class of life. Their energy is kinetic. They have a remarkable power and freedom which the plants do not possess, the freedom and the faculty to move about in space, and Korzybski therefore calls the animals the space-binding class of life.

"Like the animals, human beings do indeed possess the space-binding capacity but, over and above that, human beings possess a most remarkable capacity which is entirely peculiar to them—I mean the capacity to summarize, digest and appropriate the labors and experiences of the past; I mean the capacity to use the fruits of past labors and experiences as intellectual or spiritual capital for developments in the present; I mean the capacity to em-

ploy as instruments of increasing power the accumulated achievements of the all-precious lives of the past generations spent in trial and error, trial and success; I mean the capacity of human beings to conduct their lives in the ever-increasing light of inherited wisdom; I mean the capacity in virtue of which man is at once the heritor of the by-gone ages and the trustee of posterity. And because humanity is just this magnificent natural agency by which the past lives in the present and the present for the future, I define humanity, in the universal tongue of mathematics and mechanics, to be the time-binding class of life."

It does not matter at all how the first man, the first time-binder, was produced. The fact remains that he was somewhere, somehow, produced. To know anything to-day that is of fundamental interest about man we have to analyze man in three capacities—namely, his chemistry, his activities in space and especially his activities in time. In the study of animals we have to consider only two factors—their chemistry and their activities in space.

"Let us imagine that the aboriginal—original human specimen was one of two brother apes, *A* and *B*; they were alike in every respect; both were animal space-binders; but something strange happened to *B*; he became the first time-binder, a human. No matter how, this 'something' made the change in him that lifted him to a higher dimension; it is enough that in somewise, over and above his animal capacity for binding space, there was superadded the marvelous new capacity for binding time. He had thus a new faculty, he belonged to a new dimension; but, of course, he did not realize it; and because he had this new capacity he was able to analyze his brother '*A*'; he observed '*A* is my brother; he is an animal; but he is my brother; therefore I am an animal.' This fatal first conclusion, reached by false analogy, by neglecting a fact, has been the chief source of human woe for half a million years and it still survives."

* MANHOOD OF HUMANITY. By Alfred Korzybski. New York: Dutton.



IS IT POSSIBLE that literary England is jealous of the United States, which has so long been complacently regarded as an English literary colonial possession? A problem that cries for settlement at some sort of International Literary Peace Conference is the growth of a definitely national literature on this side of the Atlantic. Accepted by France, Italy and Japan—our three allies who can feel no resentment at our suddenly developing an American school of writing as opposed to the traditional English influence—this abrupt self-determination in the world of belles-lettres has seemed to Great Britain a challenge that is as disloyal as it must be impertinent. Are New York and Chicago, inquires a critic-anthologist, Louis Untermeyer, in the *Nation*, to be allowed to build two realistic novels to every one produced in London? Is the Hudson to be set ablaze with suspicious fires of such “foreign” brands as Hergesheimer, Hecht, Cather, Don Passos, Mencken, Dreiser, while the Thames is undisturbed save for a few spasmodic fireworks? Are we to confine our literary purchases to the home markets and quietly boycott the product of the mother country?

Not if England can help it, we are assured by Mr. Untermeyer who, in the domain of poetry, exhibits in the *Nation* some significant examples of long-distance sniping disguised as criticism. From the London *Nation* and *Athenæum* is quoted:

“The present reviewer has to confess that he finds it hard to share the American enthusiasm for ‘North of Boston.’ It is sound, intelligent work; but, frankly, it is also dull work and the surface quality, the verbal texture of the po-

etry, is as poor and flat as the texture of a bad painting. . . . Miss Teasdale is a lyricist who produces her effects like a conjurer producing rabbits from an empty hat. . . . And then there is E. A. Robinson. To us he seems even duller than Frost. We should be grateful to anyone who would tell us why ‘The Man Against the Sky’ is considered a good book.”

The *Saturday Review* takes up the burden and, reviewing an anthology entitled “Modern American Poetry,” thus sums up the matter: “Mr. Oppenheim, Miss Amy Lowell, Mr. J. G. Fletcher and Mr. Sandburg are names which have already reached us. We turn with peculiar interest to the selections from these writers, and from Mr. E. A. Robinson, Mr. Frost and others of the same ebullient generation. Their compositions are, to a strange degree, like one another. . . . Poetry must have music and it must have wings. And these are, it seems, almost entirely neglected by the ‘Imagists,’ as the clan of journalistic verse-writers now dominant in New York style themselves. . . . Not merely have Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy done better during the same period, but half a dozen smaller European countries have produced much more striking talents.” Much the same note is struck by the *New Statesman* and other English periodicals, with varying degrees of intensity. In his retort courteous, the *Nation* critic is moved to admire our self-restraint in not hooting or even resenting the low estimate put upon our creative taste “when the faded properties of traditional English verse are offered to us for the hundredth time by such feeble Georgians as J. C. Squire, John Freeman, Edward Shanks, Thomas Moulton”

and others. Incidentally the editor of the London *Mercury* recently paid a flying visit to America and left, among other tokens of the event, a book of "Poems; Second Series" (Doran), which displays a keen mind that grasps imaginatively the forces that work complexly behind the facts and experiences of life. It is as a parodist, however, that he is more successful than as an original poet, in our opinion. Most of the poems in this collection are too long for quotation, but the two following are fairly representative:

AN IMPRESSION RECEIVED FROM
A SYMPHONY

BY J. C. SQUIRE

THERE was a day when I, if that
was I,
Surrendered lay beneath a burning sky,
Where overhead the azure ached with
heat,
And many red fierce poppies splashed the
wheat;
Motion was dead, and silence was com-
plete,
And stains of red fierce poppies splashed
the wheat,

And as I lay upon a scent-warm bank,
I fell away, slipped back from earth, and
sank,
I lost the place of sky and field and tree.
One covering face obscured the world for
me,
And for an hour I knew eternity
For one fixed face suspended Time for me.

O had those eyes in that extreme of bliss
Shed one more wise and culminating kiss,
My end had come, nor had I lived to quail
Frightened and dumb as things must do
that fail,
And in this last black devil-mocking gale,
Battered and dumb to fight the dark and
fail.

WARS AND RUMORS, 1920

BY J. C. SQUIRE

BLOOD, hatred, appetite and apathy,
The sodden many and the struggling
strong,
Who care not now tho for another wrong
Another myriad innocents should die.
At candid savagery or oily lie

We laugh, or, turning, join the noisy
throng
Which buries the dead with gluttony
and song.
Suppose this very evening from on high
Breaks on the world that unexampled
flame
The choir-thronged sky, and Thou, de-
scending, Lord;
What agony of horror, fear, and shame,
For those who knew and wearied of
Thy word,
I dare not even think, who am confest
Idle, malignant, lustful as the rest.

In "Aspects and Impressions" (Scrib-
ners), by Edmund Gosse, who dedicates
his book to J. C. Squire, we find a son-
net by Samuel Butler which we agree
is "one of the most amazing pieces
of self-revelation in literature." The
woman whom the poem commemorates
was for twenty years "absorbingly, un-
alterably in love with the author of
'The Way of All Flesh,' yet the anomaly
of their relations never struck Butler
to whom she was a comrade of perfect
sympathy, no more." Butler did not
observe until Miss Savage was dead
that she had felt toward him otherwise
than he felt toward her. Then he wrote:

ELIZA MARY ANN SAVAGE

BY SAMUEL BUTLER

AND now, tho twenty years have come
and gone,
That little lame lady's face is with me
still;
Never a day but what, on every one,
She dwells with me as dwell she ever
will.
She said she wished I knew not wrong
from right;
It was not that; I knew, and would have
chosen
Wrong if I could, but, in my own despite,
Power to choose wrong in my chilled
veins was frozen.
'Tis said that if a woman woo, no man
Should leave her till she have prevailed;
and true,
A man will yield for pity if he can,
But if the flesh rebels, what can he do?
I could not; hence I grieve my whole life
long
The wrong I did in that I did no wrong.

The following lines, which we find in the *Sun Dial* of the *New York Sun*, may not be poetry but they provoke thought and reflection:

TO A DEMOCRACY
BY DON MARQUIS

PITY the weak,
And minister unto them—
But do not let them rule you.

The maimed, the lame, the halt and the blind,
Be merciful to them,
Remove their disabilities . . .
Lighten the miseries of the defeated,
Be kind to the idiot, the degenerate and the failure,
But do not let them rule you.

For the thing more cruel than cruelty
Is sentimentality . . .

The diseased, the outcast, the unlucky
The enslaved, the unfortunate, the foolish,
All those that have been crushed by the manifold injustices
Permitted by the gods,—
Give them of your life,
Lavish your love upon them,
Resurrect them from death-in-being,
Restore them to humanity—
But be sure that you have really raised them from the dead
Before you give them sovereignty over you,
For it profits the soul nothing
To bow down to the lazar-house and the grave.

In another newspaper column, the *Bowling Green* of the *New York Evening Post*, we come across the following sonnet which seems to us to transcend the average flight of newspaper verse:

AND NOW THESE JONQUILS
BY DAVID MORTON

BY night there came a clearing in the sky,
And soft airs blowing since the rain was done;
Hushed in the dark, a warm, wet wind went by,
And—now, these jonquils shining in the sun!
Some secret, hurried rendezvous was held,
Of hidden seed and airs of April mirth,

Some happy, hushed conspiracy that spelled
This glittering line of laughter for the earth.

Who was aware of beauty in the night,
Of blossom-breaking muffled through the dark,
Or any glimmering shafts of yellow light?
Too secret and too hushed for us to mark,
Up from the South a warm, wet wind had strayed,
And—now these jonquils joyously arrayed!

In the young person of Oscar Williams a new poet is taking what bids fair to be a conspicuous place in the American choir. Echoes of other poets may be detected now and then in his slight volume, "The Golden Darkness" (Yale University Press), but it is the true voice that sings such songs as the following:

WONDER

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

COME out with me and watch a line of mountains
Crawl like a huge blue snake across the distance;
Or hear a row of trees like glittering fountains
Splash in the sun with sibilant insistence;

Come out and see how goldenrods are burning
Where spring brushed by and left a fire that lingers,
Or try to touch them, all the while discerning
How in the breeze they shy beneath your fingers;

And some rapt windless night come out and listen
To the gold glimmering stars silently flowing
Over the world, a stone in a stream where glisten
Strange lights from skies of which there is no knowing;—

And through your spirit's unlit deep will blunder
Like dusk, a hush and holiness and wonder. . . .

TREES

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

THE fruit of living trees is sweet
And autumn goes and spring comes
back;

But all the fruit that dead trees bear
Is hopeless, bitter, black.

The living trees grow lustily,
The ocean running through their veins;
The dead trees squat in smoke and dust
And never lift their heads in rains.

The living trees have one blue roof
Enough for all on hill and cloud;
The dead trees have no room in life,
And so, black roof on roof, they crowd.

The living trees have silver stars
To rustle down their leafy streams;
The only stars the dead trees have
Are starved and stunted dreams!

THE TRAVELER

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

I SHALL come back with memories
Of opal seas and sapphire skies,
A thousand winds upon my lips,
A thousand strangers in my eyes.

I shall come back with fragrant tales
Of glamor in an alien land,
Where shadow-fingered twilights sift
The golden stars, like grains of sand.

I shall come back with memories
Whose shadows on my face will fall;
Pray God they do not strangely tell
That I have not come back at all.

I shall come back with fragrant tales,
That will say much but not the whole;
I shall say all, if I come back
With silence in my soul.

There is a degree of magic in the following verse that impresses us as being a good deal more than verbal. It is one of a group of poems which Mr. Freeman publishes in the *Liberator*:

THE DANCERS

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

FAR from the turmoil and the dust of
trade
From daily slaveries, the dancers spin:
Dear jeweled ladies, are you not afraid

Of all those pallid faces looking in?
Some night the rhythm of the dance may
crack,

The lights may vanish and the music halt,
And all these revelries may falter back
Like echoes dying in a hollow vault.

Then darkness will rush over you and cry
With voices full of agony and death;
The halt, the lame, the blind will stumble
by

And you will feel the anger in their
breath;

There will be torches and a trail of fire
And free hearts singing of a new desire.

Positively, declares a writer in the *Bookman*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle must give ghosts and fairies a rest and tell us some more earthly romances of the detective—which sentiment has inspired the following poem which we find in the same periodical:

SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD

WHEN Sherlock Holmes, ingenious
man, pursued his strange career,
We followed his deductions with an interest sincere;

Altho in time his victories monotonous
became,
We must confess since he quit work life's
never been the same.

He always kept his wits on tap, he always
had a clue,

He always could foretell just what a criminal
would do;

A bit of string, a button, or a half-smoked
cigaret

Made up the only evidence that Sherlock
Holmes need get.

And when he bagged his man and had him
safe behind the bars,

He'd tell the tale to Watson over coffee
and cigars;

Friend Watson then would spin a yarn
from details of the case,

And label it "The Tonkin Three" or "Mystery of a Face."

We have detectives who are shrewd, detectives
who are wise,

Detectives who, like M. Lecoq, are experts
at disguise;

We have detectives whose brave deeds
would fill a dozen tomes,

But never one that can compare with Mr.
Sherlock Holmes.

Dupin's "Rue Morgue" deductions we to-day vote rather "slow,"
 For Sherlock would have solved the case
 in half a day or so;
 The novels of Gaboriau, the tales of Mrs. Green,
 Were tossed aside when Sherlock Holmes
 appeared upon the scene.

So here's to Sherlock Holmes and may his
 glory never dim,
 And here's to his friend Watson for his
 faithfulness to him;
 And here's to Conan Doyle, may he attain
 the prophet's span,
 And all his life just write of Holmes, that
 great and noble man.

There is a patriotic cry of mingled
 warning and interrogation in the fol-
 lowing sonnet, from *All's Well*, that bids
 us stop, look and listen:

VISTA

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

I, STABBED awake, have heard my land
 assailed,
 Its greatness questioned darkly and dis-
 missed
 As something not yet proved, and spied
 nor hailed
 As other than a haven on the list
 Of this freebooter and that anarchist.
 How long to them shall its true self be
 veiled,
 As was the Christ who, in the crimson
 mist,
 Shone in the glory of the light that failed?

What shall we do against the coming
 night?
 Courage we have to-day, but do we move
 Upward and onward eaglewise in flight,
 Taloned yet loath to strike—and victor
 prove
 On the great battlefield that yonder lies
 Hushed as the thunder is in dreaming
 skies?

In publishing the first of the two
 poems that follow, the *Literary Review*
 of the New York *Evening Post* de-
 scribes the author as "the only ragged
 genius we have met for moons." We
 have not met the poet but we detect a
 quite unusual quality in the poems, the
 second of which is from the *Bookman*:

MIDDAY

BY PASCAL D'ANGELO

THE road is like a little child running
 ahead of me and then hiding be-
 hind a curve—

Perhaps to surprise me when I reach
 there.

The sun has built a nest of light under
 the eaves of noon;
 A lark drops down from the cloudless sky
 Like a singing arrow, wet with blue, sped
 from the bow of space.

But my eyes pierce the soft azure, far, far
 beyond,
 To where roam eternal lovers
 Along the broad blue ways
 Of silence.

SONG OF LIGHT

BY PASCAL D'ANGELO

THE sun robed with noons stands on the
 pulpit of heaven,
 Like an anchorite preaching his faith of
 light to listening space.

And I am one of the sun's lost words,
 A ray that pierces through endless empti-
 ness on emptiness,
 Seeking in vain to be freed of its burden
 of splendor.

In the sturdy optimism of the follow-
 ing poem, which appears in the *Smart*
Set, is a tonic quality all too rarely dis-
 coverable in contemporary verse:

I HAVE CURSED WINTER

BY JOHN R. MCCARTHY

I HAVE cursed winter when the moon
 was white
 Between white clouds above the white,
 white snow;
 I have cursed winter for his howling death
 And for his silent death
 And for his fear.

I have cursed sorrow when no tears would
 come
 To ease the smarting of the dry, dry eyes;
 I have cursed sorrow for her vanity
 And for her emptiness
 And for her strength.

Yet on the winds of winter I have come
 To April, flowered-eyed;
 And on the sands of sorrow I have crept
 To the clear spring of joy.

FORD THROWS A BOMB INTO THE CAMP OF BIG BUSINESS

TAKING the Government to task for not permitting the railroads to reduce their rates and criticizing the railroad executives of the country for their short-sightedness in not wanting to reduce them, Henry Ford, in *System*, declares that the trouble with American industry lies fundamentally in its disposition to charge all that the traffic will bear instead of figuring out what the consumer would pay for a product or service and then making the best product or delivering the best service for that amount. In the case of the railroads in general and his own road, the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, in particular, he declares that if the Interstate Commerce Commission were willing he would cut the rates in half and "the road would make so much more than it is making now that we would cut the rates still more."

Railroads, in his opinion, are for the sole purpose of transportation. They may be twisted for a time to serve some other purpose—but not for long. "A railroad is successful only to the degree to which such service is efficiently and economically provided. . . . If its rates are so high as to discourage transportation it cannot make profits enough to pay for the trouble of running trains. The intelligent railroad executive then will [or should] seek to make the rates as low as possible, just as an intelligent manufacturer will put the lowest possible price upon his goods. The manufacturer who doesn't think first of the consumer is not a business man. He's a nut. Unless it is profitable for the consumer to trade with him, he can't hope to get a profit for himself, and unless he puts the price within reach of the largest possible number of consumers he doesn't expect his profits to be very great."

"Now that's the trouble with the railroads. They have been forever trying to boost rates—trying to scare the

public from indulging in transportation. And the public, instead of attacking their intelligence, has been attacking their greed and placing all sorts of legal handicaps in the way of railroading. It is admitted that the railroads by cooperating with each other *could* give more efficient service than they otherwise can; but it has been assumed that they *wouldn't* give better service and so cooperation has been a crime. In order to check the greed of the railroads we have made railroading complex and difficult, and in order to be 'fair' to them, we have made it illegal to demonstrate how economically railroading could be carried on."

"The railroads should be allowed to combine. They should be allowed to perfect every possible economy. There should be one railroad system throughout the United States managed by some one who understands this first principle of business—that the only way to make an institution pay is to make it serve."

Ford maintains, in a supplementary interview with Charles W. Wood, in the *New York World*, that what he calls an unearned profit, in which the customer does not participate, is contrary to the fundamental principles of manufacturing and cannot be permanent. As soon as a manufacturer forgets or neglects the consumer his business begins to go wrong. And that, he emphasizes, is exactly what ails our business system today, including that of the railroads. For "the whole system is breaking down. The new order is here, and those who fail to recognize it must take the consequences. There are a lot of people doing a lot of useless kicking about the Money Power to-day; but the fact is that Wall Street has lost its power. If it had the power which it once had it would get industry going. But it can't do that. It doesn't know how. I admit that the old crowd is in the saddle but the horse is dead."

Drawing an analogy between the

bicycle manufacturing business which developed 20-pound machines capable of carrying 200-pound riders, Mr. Ford characterizes the freight cars of to-day as absurdly heavy. He sees no reason why much stronger steel cars should not be made at about one-third their present weight. The weight, he argues, ought to be in the load, not in the car, and it would be if we were concentrating intelligently all along the line on the idea that the first business of a railroad is to serve the consumer.

"Then there is the absurd waste of power. We get about 6 per cent. of the power out of coal in the locomotive of to-day. If the primary purpose of a railroad is to buy coal, as some men in the coal business may suppose it is, then there is nothing vitally wrong with the situation. But if the purpose is to move goods as economically as possible, we cannot continue to waste this power. Electric power is far cheaper, far more abundant, far more serviceable, and means emancipation from smoke and noise. It is waiting for us, in water-power form, all over the country. It will take a good deal of capital to develop it, but when that is accomplished, life in America should be twice as big as before.

"The overhead in railroading is, of course, ridiculously high. This is partly due to the attempt to maintain so many different roads with so many separate administrations, instead of having a unified and simplified system. It is due even more to the theory that the railroad exists for

the railroad company instead of for the transportation of goods.

"One of the big expenses is the maintenance of way and of equipment. Our cars are so heavy that they not only shake the road to pieces, but shake themselves to pieces too. Lighter equipment is the answer—lighter, stronger and better. The locomotives of to-day seem to me to be unnecessarily big and heavy. Much smaller locomotives could pull a much larger quantity of goods if we only had light and sensible cars."

The whole problem reduces itself to working back from the consumer to the product. In the case of the Ford car it has always been the practice of the manufacturer to fix on a selling price and then work back. Every price has been a challenge to Ford and his associates. It has always been below the lowest cost they could figure out in advance. Then they have gone ahead with that price hanging over them and found so many new, better and less expensive ways of doing business that the price which once, under the ordinary method of calculation, would have been considered impossible, became very profitable.

The only excuse which exists for high prices of automobiles is a wide variety of styles and models to select from. At the same time, he believes, far too much attention may be and is paid to standardization. Concentrate on a few models, is his doctrine, and fix a reasonable price—or else go to the wall.

WHY AND WHERE A DOLLAR IS A VERITABLE FORTUNE

ILLUSTRATING the difference between the value of the American dollar and that of the inflated currencies of Central Europe is cited the experience of a traveler in a Vienna restaurant who, in paying for an almost luxurious dinner, offered a \$20 gold coin to the waiter. The bewildered waiter did not seem to know how much he ought to give in change and consulted the proprietor. Returning to the customer, he answered: "I am to give

you as much change, sir, as you desire." Joseph Szebenyei, who relates this incident, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, goes on to say that the business men, professional men and even day laborers east of France and Switzerland are exchange mad and gambling is their main occupation, the American dollar is beyond the reach of most of the speculators. In Vienna, at this writing, a one-dollar bill will buy 10,000 kronen, a sum that represented \$2,000 in 1914.

In Russia one of our dollars is worth 200,000 rubles. In Poland a traveler was asked by a bank teller whether he had brought along a push-cart when he presented \$150 at a bank for exchange. And the teller was quite serious.

Just now the Polish mark has increased in value almost 500 per cent. and as a consequence there are widespread labor troubles. For the goods that are exported from Poland are paid for in foreign currency, and the amount of Polish marks that can be bought in exchange for the foreign currency has been greatly reduced. Naturally, employers are compelled to reduce wages, which, of course, means strikes and disorders. Among the stricken countries there are some that actually lose money on the printing of their paper currency; the cost of printing a one-kroner bill, for instance, considerably exceeds its purchasing value. The same may be said of the Russian ruble. For that reason, the Russian Government is now printing ruble notes in denominations of 10,000 rubles; and soon these notes will be the smallest denomination circulating, among the merchants at least.

Those that tell of erstwhile millionaires, princes and magnates going begging, and formerly poor peasants weighing out bills by the pound, or using paper money to stuff their straw ticks with, are too common to relate. The peasant who is paid 100 kronen, Polish marks, or rubles for an apple, and has 200 healthy apple trees, and who is not willing, or, perhaps, not able, to count up to one hundred, will naturally resort to weighing, in order to balance accounts. The erstwhile millionaire, who finds that a suit of clothes costs him one-tenth of his fortune, will certainly get into the poorhouse in a very short time if he indulges himself too frequently. Nowadays, a battered derby hat is worth as much as a share of the best bank. Stocks of financial institutions are not regarded as assets to be stored away as a source of income. Stocks to-day are, in fact, only media for gambling. In the years before the

war the *rentier*, that is, the man who has retired from business and is living on the dividends of his shares, was a citizen of standing, *par excellence*. In France these people still retain their status, tho to a lesser degree than before the war. In Central Europe the type has entirely disappeared.

Thousands of peasants, following a time-honored custom, buried their silver coins against a rainy day. These silver coins naturally retained their formal value. But the hoarding was done on such an extensive scale that, as early as 1918, all silver coins had disappeared from circulation in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Yugoslavia, Roumania and Poland. To-day, we read, a peasant who buried one hundred five-kroner pieces is a millionaire; he can exchange the five hundred kronen in silver for one million kronen in paper money. In Austria-Hungary alone there had been in circulation something like 200,000,000 kronen worth of silver money before the war. It would take Austria the enormous sum of 200,000,000,000 kronen to buy up her half of this hoarded silver currency.

It is not an uncommon occurrence, says the writer in the *Atlantic*, for a man who leaves London with 500 pounds sterling, on a pleasure-trip to the Continent, and stops for several weeks in five different capitals, living in luxury and spending money lavishly, to return to London with more pounds sterling than he had when he started. The only currency that commands respect in Central Europe is the "high exchange" currency, such as American, English, Swiss and Scandinavian.

The dollar is supreme all over Europe, but most particularly in Central and Eastern Europe. It is strange to find that the larger the denomination the greater the valuation of each unit. A \$100 bill, for instance, is worth \$110 worth of currency; that is, as much as 110 single dollar bills.

There are two hundred million people in Central and Eastern Europe who, we are assured, talk, think and dream of nothing else than 'high-exchange' cur-

rency. A dollar bill is a fortune. How are they to get dollar bills? Thousands of people have taken up a novel occupation. In Munich, Vienna, Warsaw and Budapest the possession of a New York or a Chicago telephone directory constitutes a valuable business asset. There are so many thousands of addresses in it! All Americans, every one of them the owner of a certain number of dollar bills! Having nothing to offer in exchange for the dollar, the only expedient left is to beg for it. Thousands of men are offering American addresses at five dollars in United States currency per thousand; also, texts of most ingenious begging letters. The begging letters usually pretend to come from a poor, sick woman, mother of five children, whose husband was killed in the war; or from a sixteen-year-old, beautiful girl (photo enclosed), who begs for just one dollar to save her aged mother and younger sisters from starvation; adding, with tearful entreaty, that, unless she gets the dollar, she will have no other choice than to sell her honor to the first-comer. Now, if this story does not touch you to the extent of a dollar, nothing will. The writer, however, is not a sixteen-year-old girl, but a fifty-year-old swindler, frequently of some prison experience, who in this way receives donations from abroad to the tune of fifty or a hundred dollars a month, and lives in luxury.

The story is told of a Hungarian gentleman who had a very profitable experience with Swiss francs. He forgot to declare some cigars for duty. This happened in July, 1916, when a Swiss franc was worth one Hungarian crown. An argument arose between the home-bound Hungarian traveler and the Swiss customs officer. A blow followed, and the consequence was that the Swiss gendarme arrested the traveler. The judge ruled that the prisoner was to deposit one thousand francs with the court, and could then continue his trip. The fine was to be deducted from that sum, and the rest of the money was to reach him through the Swiss consulate in Budapest. It was four years before

the Hungarian got his money. In 1916 the thousand francs were equal to a thousand Hungarian kronen. From these a fine of twenty-five francs was to be deducted. Had the Hungarian received his money in 1916, the amount would have been simply 975 Hungarian kronen. But in 1920, when the 975 francs finally reached him, he received 260,000 Hungarian kronen. The blow that he gave the Swiss customs officer netted him over a quarter of a million!

In *Our World*, Vernon Kellogg reports that the Austrian Government has printed more than two hundred billion kronen in paper money, all of which could be bought for \$20,000,000. About half of it has been used to subsidize food, especially bread. Now in an effort to approach more nearly to balancing its budget the government proposes to try to abolish the food subsidies. This will mean the increase of the present artificially maintained price of a loaf of bread of thirty-six kronen to an open market price of from four to five hundred kronen. Can the people pay it? Will they starve quietly, or riot?

This writer points out that the economic situation in Europe is entirely man-created. For "there is surplus wheat in Roumania and Bulgaria and America, that is, surplus bread available to feed everyone. And the coal and oil to warm the people and drive the wheels in the factories are lying ready to take out of the ground and be used. Yet millions of people are starving and freezing and millions are out of work and rioting or preparing to riot, when work was never so much needed before as now. Millions of people are cursing God because of something that man, not God, has done to them."

Forty-six German merchants arrived at Yokohama recently by one boat from Trieste to resume their pre-war activities. A number of German financiers are expected to visit Japan shortly.

Queensland has undertaken the production and distribution of electricity on an extensive scale for irrigation by means of wells and pumps installed in scores of land holdings.

A PIONEER COURT THAT SOLVES TRADE PROBLEMS

MORE than 200 commercial disputes have been settled in four months by the first International Court of Commercial Arbitration which sits continuously in Chicago and which is attracting world-wide attention. In a single week a dozen towns in Mexico and six in South America have had cases decided satisfactorily by this world court, while commercial bodies in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, San Francisco and Minneapolis sought information with a view to establishing similar tribunals or directing litigants to the Chicago court.

In the *Dearborn Independent* we read that justice is placed ahead of technicality by the court, whose jurisdiction is defined under the Illinois Arbitration and Awards Act. Its speed may be reckoned when it is considered that its presiding arbiter, J. Kent Greene, alone handled twice as many cases as one ordinary judge without a jury and ten times as many as a court with a jury. This is largely due to the elimination of red tape and other time-taking frills that cumber the average law court.

Describing its methods of procedure, Edward J. Dies, in the aforementioned publication, says that a diamond miner in South Africa whose claim is disputed by a jeweler in Medicine Hat, Alberta, may have the case adjudicated in Chicago, even tho the precious stones never passed through the United States. Only the agreement of the two parties to arbitrate is necessary. A Baltimore exporter and a Chicago manufacturer may sub-

mit their cases and go on about their business. If necessary, the court will gravitate between the two cities, gathering evidence and testimony. Neither party to the conference is forced to appear as a witness in open court. This prevents the revealing of important trade secrets and dissemination of objectionable publicity that frequently involves financial loss and business disturbance.

The court has authority to try any civil action except divorce and quasi



HE PRESIDES OVER THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL COURT OF COMMERCIAL ARBITRATION

J. Kent Greene is his name and the court, which is located in Chicago, is saving millions of dollars annually to American industry.

criminal cases. When a controversy is submitted to it, Mr. Greene is automatically appointed arbitrator. But the parties may also select additional arbitrators from their respective trades or from a list of attorneys and commercial experts provided by the arbitration bureau.

The court may administer oaths, subpoena and examine witnesses, take depositions and issue subpoenas *duces tecum* requiring production of documents. Obedience is enforced by application to a court of law. The arbitrator often inspects premises, examines goods in process of manufacture and, moving quickly from place to place, in a few days gathers evidence which immobile courts would be months in obtaining under the handicap of red tape.

"When arguments have been heard the arbitrator gives his decision covering the entire controversy. Frequently the award defines rights of both parties under a contract where no right of action has yet accrued. In such cases a court of law could not entertain an ordinary suit until damages had accumulated through breach of contract.

"All questions of law and of fact are decided. Conclusions of fact are final. Questions of law may be revised by the court selected by the litigants. As in any other case, an appeal may be made to the higher courts on questions of law. When the final award is filed, the court has jurisdiction over the liti-

gants. Therefore the trade court is quasi judicial and quasi public in character. Should a party to arbitration fail to comply with an award, the opposing party may within a year file the award in court. Judgment can be obtained and then contempt of court proceedings begun if there is still a refusal to comply with court instructions."

Proof of the high efficiency of this pioneer world trade court lies in the statement that of the first 200 cases decided, only two were carried further, and one of these appeals was to clear up a legal technicality. This almost unprecedented record is due largely to the practice of having competent advisers in place of jurors picked at random and usually ignorant of the intricacies of commerce. It is recorded that in ninety per cent. of the cases tried the disputants have come to friendly terms.

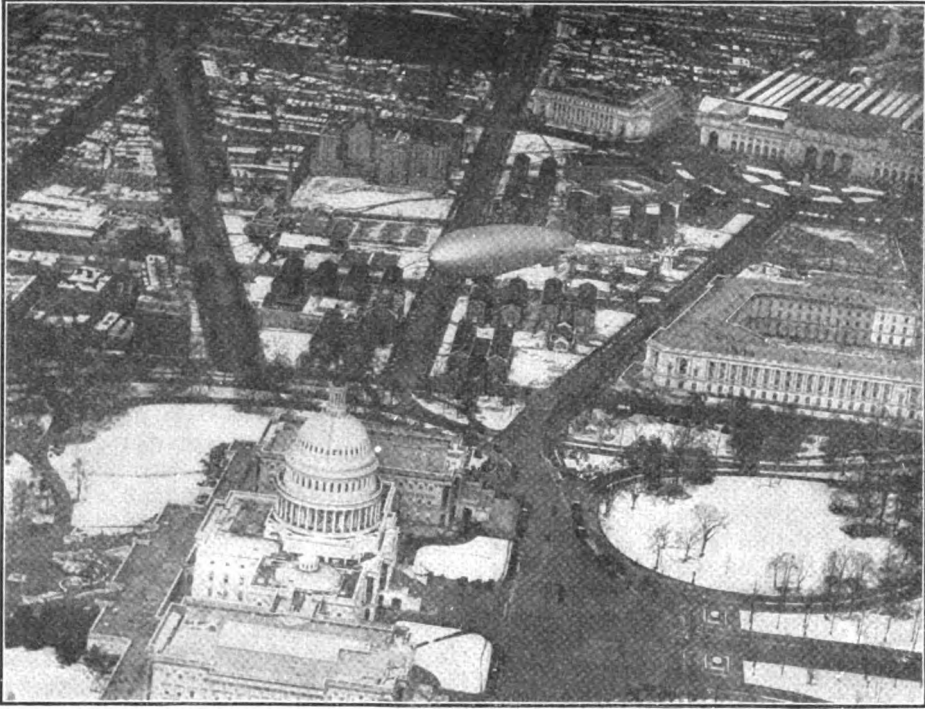
The fees charged are almost negligible as compared with the cost of settling the average commercial dispute in a law court. Where the amount involved is as small as \$200 the fee is \$5. There is a graduated scale up to \$5,000. Where more than \$5,000 is involved the fee is one per cent. of the total sum. Fees are paid by the unsuccessful party to the Chicago Association of Commerce which brought about the trade court and which pays the salary of Arbiter Greene, who, incidentally, is the only paid employee and who receives no part of the fees collected.

VAST SUPERIORITY OF HELIUM OVER HYDROGEN IN AVIATION

FOLLOWING what is described as the epoch-marking round-trip flight of the helium-filled U. S. Navy blimp C-7 between Hampton Roads, Virginia, and Washington, D. C., without a hitch or jar, aerial experts are confident that there never need be any repetition of the catastrophe which befell the U. S. Army dirigible *Roma* last February. Reaching Washington the C-7 circled over the White House,

the Navy Department and the Capitol, then crossing the Potomac settled to earth at the Anacostia Naval Air Station and was inspected by members of the army and navy air services and by experts of the Bureau of Mines who had much to do with the development and operation of the war-time experimental helium plants at Fort Worth and Petrolia, Texas.

It is interesting to read, in *Com-*



THE C-7, FILLED WITH HELIUM, MAKING ITS PIONEER FLIGHT OVER WASHINGTON
Her commander states that the helium-filled dirigible is steadier, faster and far safer than any hydrogen-filled airship—and helium does not escape from the envelope.

pressed Air Magazine, that the C-7 was maneuvered to the ground and sent aloft again without "valving." That is, she was handled with her full measure of buoyancy without discharging any of her lifting gas and was controlled in the air entirely by the action of her rudders in the reverse order of a submarine. The fact that she did not have to expend any of her helium in descending is of importance, because this gas is far more costly than hydrogen which is commonly used for the inflation of the gas bags of lighter-than-air vessels.

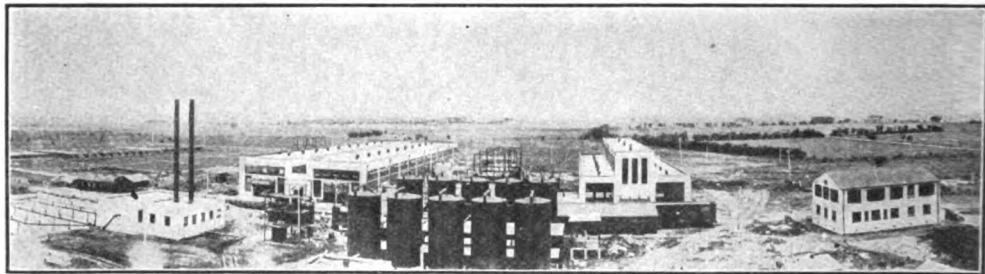
Lt.-Commander Wood, who piloted the C-7, states, in the *Science News Bulletin* (Washington), that the helium-filled ship is steadier and moves with greater momentum than any hydrogen-filled airship with which he has had experience. Paradoxical tho it may seem, the helium gas, twice as heavy as hydrogen with ninety-two per cent. of its lifting power, acts, in an airship, just as a heavy automobile on a road at

high speed, in comparison with a light car. Wind currents do not deflect it easily from its path, and after it gets under way it travels more smoothly.

Helium, unlike hydrogen, diffuses more slowly through the enveloping fabric of the gas bag; and it seems that the C-7 had as much of this precious gas within her bag upon her return to Hampton Roads as she had at the start.

In time, of course, the external air works its way in through the rubberized texture, displaces a measure of the helium, and reduces the buoyant value of the remaining gas.

It is the usual practice, when hydrogen is employed, to expel the depleted hydrogen and to fill the envelope afresh with full-strength gas. This does not entail any serious sacrifice because of the relative cheapness of hydrogen. This course, however, cannot be permitted in the case of helium, which involves an outlay of anywhere from \$56 to about \$150 a thousand cubic feet.



A PLANT WHERE HELIUM IS BEING RECOVERED UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
It is located at Fort Worth, Texas, and, whereas the gas was once valued at \$1,700 a cubic foot, it can now be produced for about 7 cents a cubic foot.

Dr. R. B. Moore, chief chemist of the Bureau of Mines, who has directed the work of developing helium gas recovery from the natural gas wells of the country, declares the United States is the only nation that can produce sufficient amounts of helium gas to take care of its army and navy needs and have a considerable amount left over for commercial purposes. The helium used in the C-7 was shipped from Texas plants in cylinders each containing 200 cubic feet of the gas compressed.

Up to the time of the war less than 100 cubic feet of the gas had been captured and stored. It was then valued at \$1,700 a cubic foot. At the Petrolia plant, Dr. Moore says, it can be produced for about seven cents per cubic

foot at present. Eventually, he says, it would be possible to produce it at about two or three cents per cubic foot. The capacity of the Petrolia plant is about 40,000 cubic feet of ninety-two per cent. pure helium per day. The Government has spent about \$7,000,000 so far in its research work, building plants and producing helium.

Sir William Ramsay is acknowledged to have been the discoverer of helium in 1894. His discovery was accidental, and was based upon findings of Dr. W. F. Hillebrand, of the U. S. Geological Survey, in 1888, connected with a study of gases from certain minerals containing uranium. Its presence on the sun was discovered by astronomers more than fifty years ago.

NOW FOR AUTOMOBILE RAILWAY CARS AND SWITCH ENGINES

A NEW chapter in the development of transportation has opened with the operation of the first automobile railway car on a division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford and of a pioneer gasoline switch locomotive at the Allentown, Pennsylvania, plant of the International Motor Company. The New Haven road has purchased three of these combination automobile-railroad cars, each having a seating capacity of 35 and also a compartment for baggage. The control of the car, which develops a speed of 35 miles an hour, is similar to that of a motor truck,

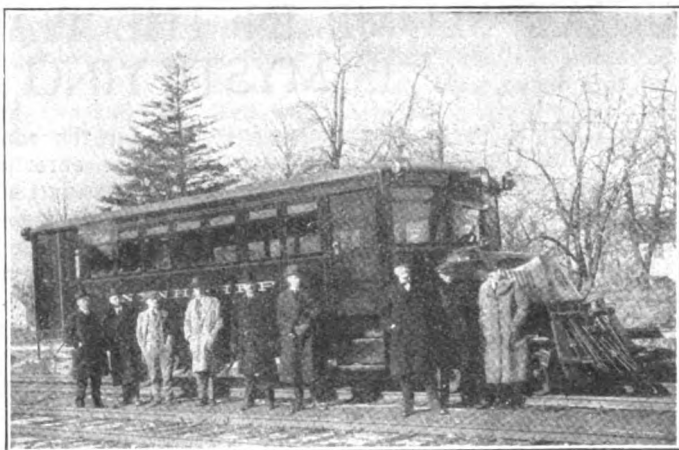
except that the wheel held by the driver does not steer but operates the emergency brake. The car has both air and mechanical brakes for both front and rear wheels. Beneath the front end is a wheel truck of railroad type with four small wheels. At the rear is a pair of larger steel wheels. The motor develops 60 horse-power and the total weight of the car when fully loaded is estimated at 29,000 pounds.

Approximately \$36,000 is saved in initial expense and 50 per cent. in operating expense for every gasoline car installed in short-haul service. Other

advantages claimed for it are that one man may serve as operator and conductor; the elimination of the usual terminal facilities, such as coal, storage, water tanks and ash pits; the greatly reduced capital investment, as compared with steam equipment; and the removal of the necessity of operating mixed trains of freight and passenger cars, with attending delays to passengers while freight is being handled.

The *Railway Review* is of the opinion that the gasoline locomotive, such as is being operated in Pennsylvania, affords many possibilities for improving and reducing the cost of light switching service. It has demonstrated its capacity for starting and accelerating a 600-ton train on level track. Also, it can be operated by one man and entails no engine terminal expense when not in service. Naturally, it eliminates smoke and any fire risk occasioned by sparks.

The locomotive is of the familiar steeple-cab type, with an engine located longitudinally at each end and an operating cab between, under the floor of

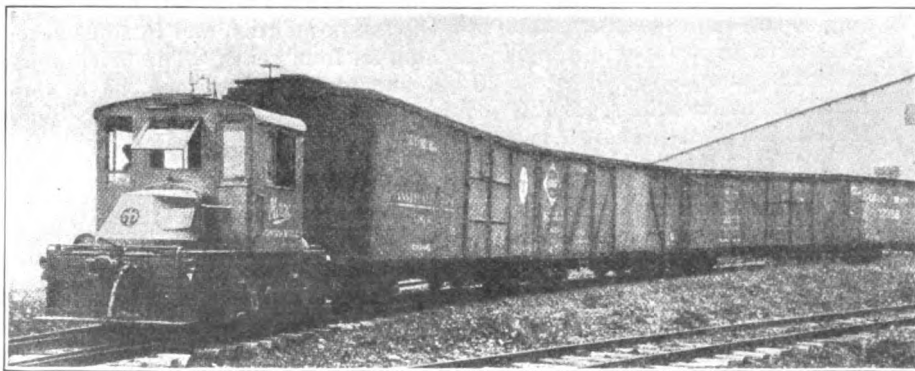


PIONEER AUTOMOBILE RAILWAY CAR

It is now operating successfully on the New York, New Haven and Hartford and is especially adapted to suburban passenger and freight traffic.

which is located the transmission. It weighs 66,000 pounds, is 18 feet 9 inches long and develops 80 horsepower. This new wrinkle in railroading is a pronounced success and "it has proved more economical than anything else that could have been secured for such switching service."

Coincidentally with the operation of these gas-driven railway cars and engines, we are informed that for the first time in history gasoline-propelled cars have been put into city railway service to replace trolley cars. This movement toward gas as a substitute for electricity is a curious phenomenon.



AN ECONOMICAL AND EFFICIENT AUTO SWITCH ENGINE AT WORK

Capable of moving a 600-ton train on level track. It is operated by one man, is smokeless and entails no engine terminal expense when not in service.

GREAT SLUMP IN THE PIANO TRADE IS MYSTIFYING

BEGINNING with our entrance into the World War, public interest in music in this country has been enormously stimulated, and not only interest in the music of the day as such but in community music, music-week celebrations in cities and State occasions and in musical contests of various sorts in the schools and colleges, including an ambitious plan for contests between the college glee clubs of each and a national contest by the winners. Yet in the face of this growing interest in things musical, manufacturers of musical instruments, particularly pianos, are said to be going through one of the worst selling periods in the history of the industry.

Many industries, in reporting a slump in sales and consequently in production, base their calculations on figures for 1920 or 1919. The piano men, on the contrary, report a total production of instruments last year that was less than half the output in 1913 and 1914, considered as normal years. In other words, says the *Musical Record*, there were approximately 135,000 pianos, player pianos and reproducing pianos of all kinds manufactured last year as compared with nearly 300,000 made and sold in 1913. These figures, in the face of increased sales and advertizing efforts, have proved distinctly discouraging to the manufacturers, who have not been able as yet to find a logical reason for the slump.

There has been much said regarding the "buyers' strike" that prevailed last year; of the disinclination of wage-earners to invest in luxuries and of the tendency to force lower prices by delayed purchases. But why should the piano men suffer more than manufacturers in other industries?

In the great majority of cultured homes, not necessarily those of the rich alone, the piano, in some form or another, has been regarded as an essen-

tial for the education of the children and for entertainment. The Government put on the industry its stamp of approval when during the war piano making was permitted to continue practically undisturbed as an essential when other industries were curtailed heavily. The luxury charge, therefore, has little bearing on the situation. The profiteering question can also be disposed of readily, for by the end of 1920 piano production costs had increased on an average of 113 per cent., while prices had been advanced on an average less than 100 per cent. During the last year prices have been materially reduced and the fact strongly advertized, yet there was sold only one piano or player to each 900 of population. When it is considered that in some States there is said to be one automobile to every seven of population, the average of pianos, selling at less than automobiles, is low indeed.

In addition to making price reductions, the piano men have gone back to the long instalment terms that have been so strongly criticized by credit men generally, and it is now possible, in many instances, for the individual to have a valuable piano or player-piano delivered on a down payment as low as \$10, with the balance stretched out in small payments extending over thirty or thirty-six months, and in some cases as long as four years. The price question should not, therefore, be a very important factor in the existing poor business, for the piano dealer "holds the bag."

The piano men are in the position of contributing very substantially to the support of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which has been most successful in its work of arousing musical interest throughout the country, and then failing to realize on their investment to any substantial degree. In fact, business is worse now,

with the bureau in action, than it was eight or nine years ago and before the bureau was established.

Coincidentally, we read, the talking machine or phonograph trade also is passing through a period of readjustment that has threatened its stability. The boom years for the talking machine business were 1915 to 1919, inclusive, and saw great expansion on the part of many established companies and the entrance of many new manufacturers, or, rather, "assemblers," into the field. Late in 1920 a booming business in talking machines suddenly fell flat and

left a large number of concerns with millions of dollars' worth of manufactured products on their hands and limited cash assets. The result was a rush to unload and the selling of machines of poor standing or no standing at all at prices even below replacement values. Altho the public rose to the bait of bargain prices fairly well, the unloading was too rapid, and to-day many merchants—a large proportion of whom never handled talking machines before—are overstocked with no prospect of a steady or ready market. It is an anomalous situation.

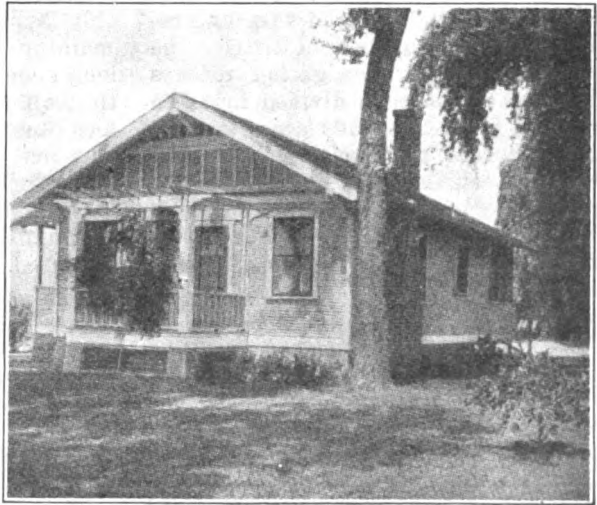
CALIFORNIA SCORES A TRIUMPH IN COMMUNITY FARMING

CALIFORNIA is conducting an experiment in farm community colonization on a large scale that is being studied with interest by agricultural commissions from more than two score foreign countries and by official delegations from half the commonwealths in this country. The Chicago office of the agricultural commissioner of the Sante Fe Railroad writes that in six months it has received over five thousand letters of inquiry about what are called the California state settlements, and the head office of the California Land Commission at Berkeley, California, has thousands of inquiries from this and other countries asking when the next farms will be thrown open. The interest aroused in the work recalls the famous Oklahoma rush of a generation or more ago.

Elwood Mead, chairman of the commission, reviews, in the *Survey*, the remarkable results accomplished since what is known as the Durham colony was established under the California Land Settlement Act four years

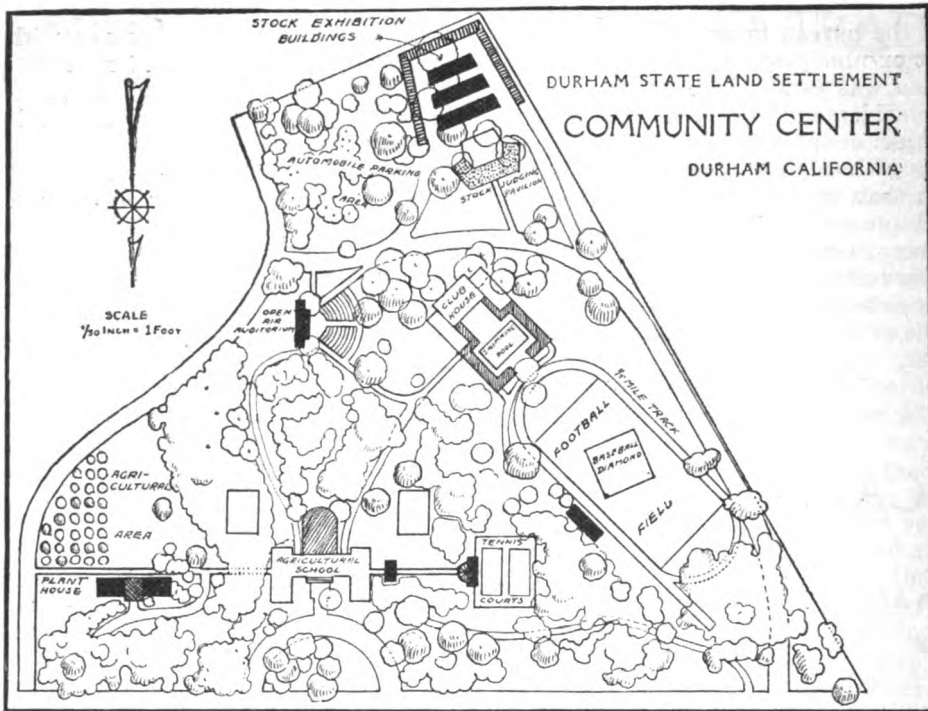
ago. More than \$3,000,000 in money has been appropriated and the State Legislature has authorized bond issues of \$13,000,000 to extend the work.

The commission, we are told, bought 6,219 acres of land for the pioneer settlement which took the name Durham from the Southern Pacific railway station half a mile away. No owner had lived on the land for twenty years. The



THE FIRST FARM HOUSE AT THE DURHAM COMMUNITY CENTER

It typifies the houses constructed in one of the California land settlements now attracting the attention of the agricultural world.



A CALIFORNIA COOPERATIVE FARMING SETTLEMENT THAT IS ATTRACTING INTERNATIONAL ATTENTION

farm, or ranch, houses were dilapidated. There was a rudimentary irrigation system, but the locality was "a malarial marsh unfitted for human habitation." Sanitary experts changed this by creating a mosquito abatement district, the land was drained, irrigation ditches built and the acreage divided into 125 farms of from 10 to 160 acres, and 28 farm laborers allotments of one and two acres which latter could be taken without regard to capital. The farm applicant, however, must not only satisfy the board as to his personal fitness, but must have \$1,500 in money or its equivalent.

The settlers were helped in choosing their farms by a soil map which showed which land was silt loam and which was adobe, what was good for orchards and what was good only for grain. The valuations of the different farms varied with the quality of the soil and the distance from the town of Durham, the idea being to make all equally attractive. The prices of the farms varied

from \$48 to \$250 an acre, but so nicely had these prices been adjusted that every farm was the first choice of some settler. The first payment on land was only 5 per cent. of the cost, the remaining payments extending over a long enough period to be earned out of the soil. Land payments in the colonies thus far established, including Durham and Delhi in the San Joaquin valley, extend over 36½ years and bear 5 per cent. interest. To this is added an annual 1 per cent. payment on the principal, or more, as the farmer may be able to pay. Each colony has a superintendent to act as a practical adviser; also a farmstead engineer to make plans for houses and the layout and improvement of farms. A rural credit system enables settlers to borrow money for improvements and buy livestock and equipment.

The phenomenal success of these colonies is attributed primarily to the low rate of interest on initial loans to settlers at critical times.



BOOKS IN BRIEF



A Revision of the Treaty, by John Maynard Keynes (Harcourt), lacks the prophetic fire of its author's earlier book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," but continues the argument of that book. Mr. Keynes claims that almost everyone has now come round to his point of view. We practically all recognize, he says, the over-severity of the reparation clauses written into the Versailles Treaty. He wants to reduce the 138 milliard gold marks fixed by the Reparations Commission to 30 milliards, the sum to which he believes the Allies are really entitled under the armistice terms. His general plan is thus summarized: (1) Great Britain and, if possible, America too, to cancel all the debts owing to them from the governments of Europe and to waive their claims to any share of German reparations; (2) Germany to pay 1,260 million gold marks (£63,000,000 gold) per annum for thirty years, and to hold available a lump sum of 1,000 million gold marks for assistance to Poland and Austria; (3) this annual payment to be assigned in the shares 1,080 million gold marks to France and 180 million to Belgium.

American Portraits, by Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton Mifflin), is the first of a series in which the author hopes to cover American history, proceeding backwards with four volumes on the nineteenth century, two on the eighteenth, and one on the seventeenth. The present volume deals with Mark Twain, Henry James, James G. Blaine, J. McNeill Whistler, Henry Adams, Sidney Lanier, Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Bradford tells us that his final, total impression of Mark Twain is desolating. "I cannot escape the image of a person groping in the dark, with his hands blindly stretched before him, ignorant of whence he comes and whither he is going, yet with it all suddenly bursting out into peals of laughter." On Henry Adams we get this verdict: "What he really needed was to be de-educated. He needed not to think, but to live."

Aspects and Impressions, by Edmund Gosse (Scribner's), opens with an essay on George Eliot in which we find the statement: "It may seem paradoxical to see the peculiar characteristics of Zola or of Mr. George Moore in 'Middlemarch,' but there is much to be said for the view that George Eliot was the direct forerunner of those naturalistic novelists." After this come essays dealing with the personal sides of Henry James and Samuel Butler. The latter is described as "a man of extraordinary talent who, for some unfathomable reason, the love was in his heart, was forever out of harmony with the world, and suspicious of those whom he fain would have ingratiated." Other subjects treated are: "Malherbe and the Classical Reaction," "Rousseau in England in the Nineteenth Century," and "The Writings of M. Clemenceau." Mr. Gosse pays a notable tribute to Remy de Gourmont as the ablest and most ingenious representative of that critical school which arose, between 1890 and 1905, not only in France and England, but all over Europe, and which aimed at "a supreme delicacy of execution, an exquisite avoidance of everything vulgar and second-hand."

My Boyhood: An Autobiography, by John Burroughs (Doubleday), is a record of farm life in the Catskills in the 'forties of last century. "We have in this book," a reviewer in the New York *Evening Post* notes, "as distinctly, if not as poetically, as in Virgil's 'Georgics' the whole work and environment of the farm. . . . An ignoramus could almost learn the routine of farming from it." The phrases of the dairy industry are reviewed with zest. The scent and the flavor of pork are in our nostrils and mouths. We go through the processes of washing and clipping sheep and of carding their wool. We see, through the mellowing haze of time, the Spring plowing, the sowing, the haying, even the road-making. It is all a story of something that has passed and cannot be recaptured. "The large, picturesque and

original characters who improved the farms and paid for them," Mr. Burroughs says, "are almost all gone. The social and neighborhood spirit is not the same. No more huskings, or quiltings, or apple cuts, or raisings, or 'bees' of any sort." The country is more civilized, but less interesting.

Up Stream, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Boni and Liveright), is an uncommonly vigorous book. Every man who has battled against overwhelming odds will find here something of his experience. Mr. Lewisohn was born in Berlin of Jewish parents. He came to this country as a child and lived for years in a South Carolina village. His ambitions were literary and intellectual; his psychical life was "Aryan through and through"; he even renounced his Judaism and joined the Methodist Church. But everywhere he felt that he was discriminated against. His first offense was that he was a Jew. His second and even graver offense—as it turned out when the War broke—was that he was a German. Mr. Lewisohn has taught in several universities, has published a number of books, and is at present on the editorial staff of the New York Nation. His career, as careers go, has not been unsuccessful. But he writes at white heat when he thinks of the seamy side of American life and thought. He intends, he says, not to be "assimilated," but "rather to assimilate America, to mitigate Puritan barbarism by the influence of my spirit and the example of my life." This book is a challenge, represented by Brander Matthews in the New York Times, praised by Robert Morss Lovett in the New Republic, and dismissed by Donald Adams in the New York Herald as "obnoxiously egotistic."

Children of the Market Place, by Edgar Lee Masters (Macmillan), is a novel built around Stephen Douglas and may lead to a revival of interest in one of the most significant political figures that America has produced. We think of Douglas chiefly in his relation to Lincoln, and the Lincoln-Douglas debates figure in the story. But it is Mr. Masters' object to show that Douglas was great in his own right, and he gives a most winning portrait of the "little giant" who wanted to extend the territory of the United States to include all of North America, and who differed from Lincoln on the slavery question chiefly in his desire to make it a matter for state jurisdiction. This story, in the

largest sense, is a chapter in the history of the American soul. It makes us feel that both Douglas and Lincoln were pushed onward by forces stronger than themselves. "Mr. Masters," says Frank Waller Allen in the *Illinois State Journal*, "has written a book as sound and distinctive in its way, yet without its more grotesque features, as his 'Spoon River Anthology.' It will achieve a place in our literature."

Mr. Prohack, by Arnold Bennett (Doran), is an illustration of the idea that the important thing in a story is not what you say, but how you say it. Mr. Bennett has taken the shop-worn theme of the man who suddenly inherits money. He spends 300 closely printed pages in an effort to convey the emotions and to describe the acts of this *nouveau riche*. The net result is what Hunter Staggs, in the *Reviewer*, calls "an utterly useless story" that yet intrigues and fascinates us. One critic, Walter Prichard Eaton, in *Judge*, goes so far as to say that "Mr. Prohack" is Bennett's best since "The Old Wives' Tale," while Grant Overton, in the New York Herald, points out that in light social comedy, such as "Mr. Prohack," Mr. Bennett seldom gives place to anybody.

Joanna Godden, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton), is the story of a young Englishwoman of farmer stock, who, loving the soil and knowing how to deal with it, attempts to manage the large farm that her father has bequeathed to her. Her friends and neighbors try to dissuade her, for, this being back in the 'nineties, it was considered in Sussex and Kent that it was not seemly for a woman to engage in such a mannish employment. But Joanna does not heed what they say, and she makes a success of her farm, after many setbacks. Of her life itself she makes rather a bungle. Her first accepted lover, son of a Baronet, is stricken with pneumonia and dies. Her second, a Cockney clerk met at the seaside, turns out to be a waster. She has compromised herself with him, but she dismisses him, and we see her, at the end of the story, selling her place and leaving it in what she conceives to be the interest of her unborn child. Joanna is a woman who lives by her instincts, but always at the root of her character is the conscience. She is "one of the memorable women of fiction," Louise Maunsell Field writes in the New York Times, "vivid, faulty, human, real, through and through."



Sir Philip Gibbs, the famous war correspondent, now editor of the *English Review of Reviews*, looks extremely young to be the father of a nineteen-year-old son. When a New York City interviewer commented on this fact, Sir Philip related the following "jolly good" story: "I had an interview with President Harding shortly after my arrival in America, and I introduced my son. The President was very much surprised that I have a son at all, much less one nineteen years of age, and he said it reminded him of when Justice Day, who is a very little man, introduced his son, who is six foot four, to Chief Justice White. The Chief Justice looked at this pair and said: 'A block of the old chip, I guess.'"

Optimism

The pessimist was suffering from rheumatism.

"Every bone in my body aches," he complained.

"You ought to be glad you are not a herring," said the optimist.—London *Ideas*.

Thackeray and the Oyster

In "My Memories of Eighty Years" (Scribner's), Chauncey M. Depew tells an amusing story in connection with William Makepeace Thackeray's visit to this country. It seems that Thackeray was taken to the Century Club in New York for dinner and given what was the usual Centurian supper of those days—saddlerock oysters.

The saddlerock of that time was nearly as large as a dinner plate. Thackeray said to his host, "What do I do with this animal?"

The host answered: "We Americans swallow them whole."

Thackeray, always equal to the demand of American hospitality, closed his eyes and swallowed

the oyster, and the oyster went down. When he had recovered he remarked: "I feel as if I had swallowed a live baby."

Etiquet Simplified

The main trouble with books on etiquette, says Arthur H. Folwell in *Leslie's Weekly*, is that they make one feel so small. Particularly if they be illustrated books. An illustration in an etiquette book is usually captioned thus:

"A very serious blunder is being made by one of the men in this picture. Do you know what it is?" Or,

"Mistakes in public are often very embarrassing. Do you know what's wrong in this picture?"

And for the life and soul of us, we never do. The people in the pictures, we confess to ourselves, seem extremely well bred and nice mannered. Yet they are set forth as horrible examples of something; as social delinquents.

Illustrations of this type are humiliating. They crush us; make us feel hopeless of ever being house-broken, let alone cultured. The task of ever knowing "what is wrong" seems so colossal that we flunk the whole exam. right off, and



SEVERAL BAD BREAKS ARE BEING MADE BY THE MAN IN THIS PICTURE. CAN YOU POINT THEM OUT?

—W. E. Hill in *Leslie's Weekly*.

go out and keep on our hat in an elevator,
or take up our oysters with sugar tongs.

Lessons in etiquette books should be
graded, just as lessons in spelling are
graded, or in mathematics. Nobody flashes
conic sections on a kindergarten kid,
and the same consideration should be
shown beginners in etiquette. Primary stuff
should come first. Some day, the makers
of etiquette books will acknowledge this and
then, instead of advanced graduate work,
ambitious but lowly students will start
with such problems as: When is the right
time to wear evening dress? Or, What
kind of a knife should I use in eating fish?

A Backward Looking Man

The controversy raging between evolu-
tionists and anti-evolutionists is reflected
in the following poem by James J. Mon-
tague in the *New York Tribune*:

"I wanted my descendants
"To be bullfrogs," said the newt.
"A frog has independence,
He's crafty and astute.
He needn't dwell forever
In one unending groove—

But Mr. Bryan never
Would approve."

"The families I've founded,"
Observed the jellyfish,
"I hoped might be surrounded
By all a fish could wish.
But there is no use tryin'
To give the kids a lift—
For William Jennings Bryan
Would be miffed."

"I haven't the ambition,"
The wombat used to whine,
"To better the condition
Of progeny of mine.
My soul it much embitters
To think they have no chance—
But Bryan says us critters
Can't advance."

And so these timid creatures,
Emotionless and mute,
Retained their ancient features
And didn't evolve.
The newt might be a lion,
The jellyfish a trout—
But William Jennings Bryan
Scared 'em out!



TRANSATLANTIC VISITOR: "SAY, MISTER. THAT'S SOME ELECTRIC FAN YOU'VE GOT FOR
COOLING YOUR COWS!"

—*Passing Show (London).*



Guardians of the Circuits

The telephone at your elbow seems so simple an instrument, it does its work so quietly and quickly, that it is difficult to realize the vast and complex equipment, the delicate and manifold adjustments, the ceaseless human care "behind the scenes" in the central offices.

Behind the scenes is the terminal of all the underground and overhead lines on the streets and highways. Here are the cable vaults; the great steel frames containing the thousands of separate wires and fuses for the subscribers' lines; the dynamos and storage batteries; the giant switchboards through which your telephone is connected with the other thirteen million telephones in the Bell System.

And here, in charge of this equipment, are the guardians of the

circuits—the wire chief and his assistants—master electricians and experts in telephony. Their first duty is the *prevention* of "trouble." By day and by night they are constantly testing the central office equipment, the overhead and underground lines, the subscribers' individual wires. And when, from some cause beyond control, "trouble" does occur, nine times out of ten it is repaired before the telephone subscriber suffers the slightest inconvenience.

It is the skill of the men behind the scenes, together with scientific development and construction, efficient maintenance and operation, which make it possible for you to rely upon the telephone day and night.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



They Overlooked the Diamonds

THERE is modern flippancy to the effect that, "What you don't know won't hurt you." It is also a fallacy. For instance:

The farmers of Kimberley were a disgusted, disheartened lot. They said the soil was too rocky to earn them a living. Some of them left. Others died in poverty.

And all the time their children were playing with diamonds.

But the farmers *didn't know*. They thought the priceless gems were pebbles.

Don't be like those Kimberley farmers. *Know!*

Don't seek opportunity in some distant place and overlook the diamonds that are daily within your grasp. *Know!*

Advertising is a mine of opportunity. It tells of values you wouldn't know about if it were not there to guide you.

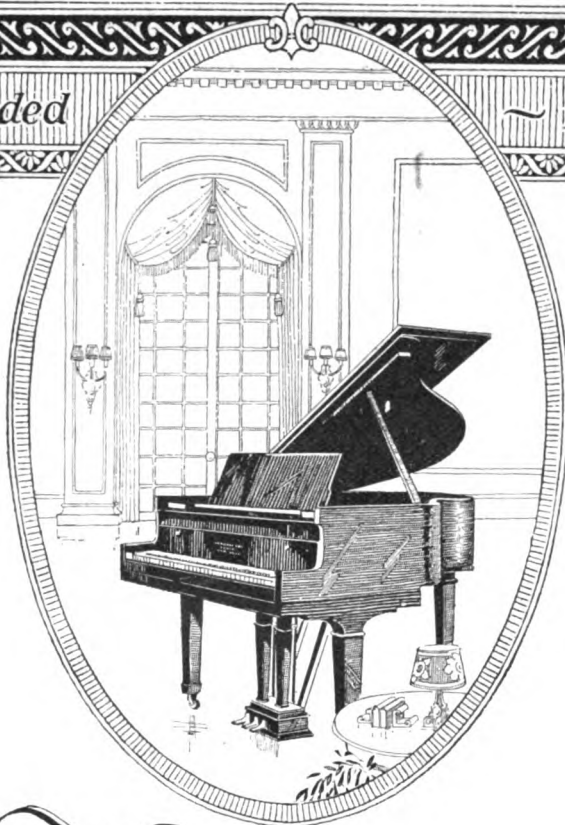
The secret of economical buying is information. The man or woman who is best informed is the one who buys to best advantage.



Read the advertisements. Know!

Founded

~ 1869



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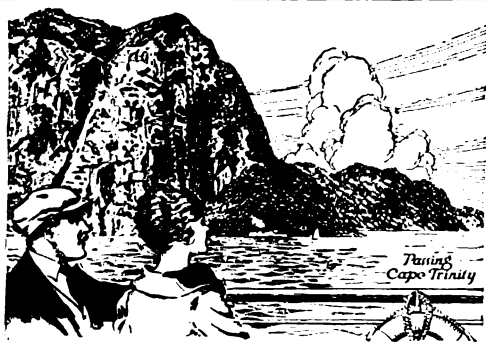
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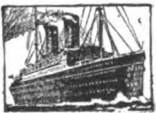
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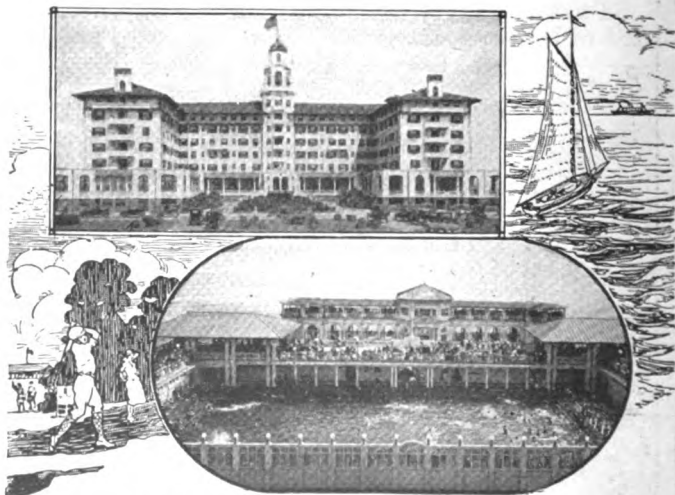
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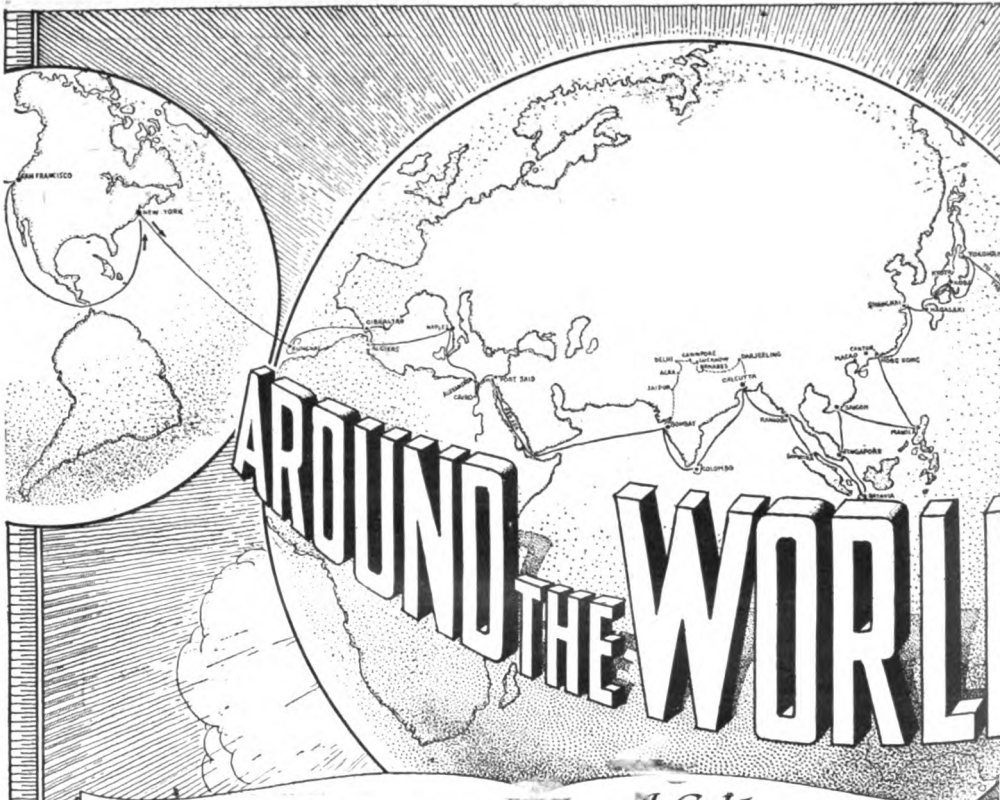


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A Magazine De Luxe



FROM EAGLE, BROOKLYN,
New York
Oct. 23, 1921

Arts and Decoration

IT is always a pleasure to me when I can unreservedly praise what is being done by one of the art journals of the country.

FROM FREE PRESS,
Detroit, Mich.

Oct. 15, 1921

THE beauty of "ARTS AND DECORATION," as well as the diversity of its subject matter, ought to have a profound influence on the promotion and appreciation of the fine and industrial arts. The current number contains articles on art in the drama, music, industrial art, and the art of the world. The department on architecture has a descriptive article on statues and images, both in old and modern architecture. (New York: The Joseph A. Judd Co., Inc.)

FROM THE ENQUIRER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 9, 1921

THE October number of ARTS AND DECORATION sets new standards for splendor of printing and engraving. The magazine, with its breadth of taste, embracing architecture, sculpture, music, painting, drama and interior decoration, is now one of the most attractively prepared in existence, here or abroad. This copy contains a portrait of President Harding by Walter Tittle; special articles by Mailack Price, Harvey M. Watts and Gardner Teall, and some exquisite examples of modern stage-craft reproduced by the camera.

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FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THOSE who closely follow the trend of business with a view to more accurately shaping their future course are accustomed, at times, to draw down what may be termed an "Economic Balance Sheet." Upon one side of the account is enumerated "Favorable Conditions." On the other, "Unfavorable Conditions." A careful weighing of the two factors, one against the other, is often found helpful. Nothing like mathematical accuracy can, of course, be obtained. Nevertheless, such an arrangement of facts helps, in a large measure, to "Take the guess out of Business."

At the present time the Balance Sheet presents the following:

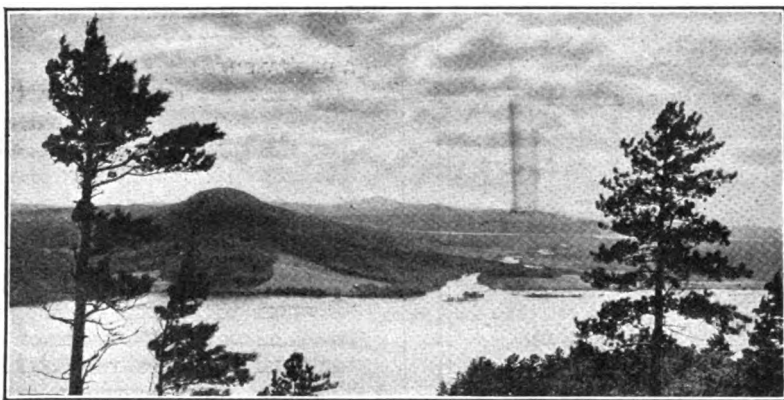
<i>Favorable</i>	<i>Unfavorable</i>
Underproduction	Unsettled European conditions
Empty shelves	Abnormal Exchange rates
Abundance of Money in Banks	Declining foreign trade
Low interest rate	High tariff menace
Liquidation of bank loans	Soldiers' bonus menace
Liquidated commodity prices	Coal and other strikes
Improving Federal Reserve bank ratio	Non-liquidation of labor
Enormous Supply of Gold	Disturbed (tho improving) Railroad conditions
Active bond market	

Following a long period of depression the stock market can usually be relied upon to show the first signs of improvement. In times of depression bank deposits increase as loans are liquidated, and holders of idle funds, not daring to expand their legitimate business for

fear the bottom hasn't been reached, naturally seek a temporary outlet in the stock market. This is what has been going on ever since last summer and is responsible for the advancing market which finally terminated in a full-fledged "bull" movement—the first since 1919.

The effect of banking conditions on business cycles and on stock market trends cannot be too strongly emphasized. We are all familiar with the so-called "Reserve Ratio" of the Federal Reserve banks published every week in the newspapers. It carries the information that, on a certain day, the "ratio of reserves to deposits and Federal Reserve Note liabilities combined" was so and so per cent. At the present time this ratio is about 78 per cent. A year ago it stood at about 55. It means that these banks now hold reserves in gold, liquid commercial paper and government securities to the amount of 78 per cent. of their deposits and outstanding currency. The ratio has been progressively increasing, week by week and month by month, for the past year. A knowledge of the increasingly strong position of the banks is a stimulant to business. Its effect cannot long be delayed. It is being felt in the stock and bond market.

There is another bank ratio which exercises even a more potent influence on stock market and business trends than the "Reserve Ratio." It is little known, however, and seldom published. Each investigator must dig it out for himself—and the figures are always at hand for the purpose. We refer to the ratio of bank loans to bank deposits in any given locality. When this ratio is



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MEMO

For Your Secretary

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high, or increasing, meaning that loans are running in excess of deposits, it is a pretty sure sign that the stock market is declining, or will shortly decline. When the ratio is low, or declining, indicating that loans are being liquidated and deposits increasing, the reflection is soon seen in a rising market. This rule follows in both short and long market swings.

That the "favorable" side of the "Economic Balance Sheet" outweighs the "unfavorable" is seen on all hands, for business is surely on the mend. There is as yet, however, no great preponderance of the former over the latter. The "unfavorable" evidence is too weighty to be entirely neglected.

It is maintained that this country never can be wholly prosperous until our railroads are wholly prosperous. Signs of improvement in their condition are evident, altho a long distance must be traveled by them before they can be lifted out of the Slough of Despond through which they have been compelled to wade for so long owing to the drastic regulation imposed by their master, the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It is maintained that this country can never be wholly prosperous, so long as its foreign trade languishes, as it now does. Economists tell us that the foreign trade of the United States amounts, in normal times, to approximately twelve per cent. of our total business, and that this twelve per cent. amounts to just the difference between prosperity and mediocrity. The export business of this country reached unprecedented amounts in 1918, 1919 and 1920 without its compensating import. The result has been the piling up of billions of dollars of thoroly frozen credits without much prospect of their being soon thawed out. It is the disinclination to add to these credits that is responsible for the falling off of our export trade. It is the knowledge of the fact that the high tariff to which the present administration is pledged will make it impossible to carry on an extensive import trade that is acting as a disturbing element because we cannot long export unless we import.

All of these considerations, together with the fact of the soldiers' bonus, which would take several billion dollars

out of productive channels, and the fact that labor has declined to be deflated along with everything else, have tended to hold business back. They make for a lack of confidence—and confidence is a prime necessity to advancement. But the resiliency of the American people is proverbial.

Meanwhile, the bond market was never better nor more active and, as funds available for investment increase, prices rise and yields decline. A year ago perfectly good bonds had a speculative as well as an investment value. Now the former feature is lacking. There isn't much speculative inducement in buying New York City bonds on a 4.11 per cent. basis; nor in Canadian government 5 per cent. bonds at 101; in Liberty bonds at around par. Except in spotted instances bond buyers now are purely investment seekers.

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2. Your proposed venture in the purchase of notes in a land development near Los Angeles is in the speculative class unless these notes are based on a first mortgage of the property—a matter you do not make clear. The fact that "a reputable trust company at Los Angeles" acts as trustee is irrelevant.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CURRENT OPINION, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1922.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred Dolan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Current Opinion, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Current Literature Publishing Co.,
50 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.
Editors, Edward J. Wheeler and Dr. Frank Crane,
50 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, Fred Dolan,
50 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:
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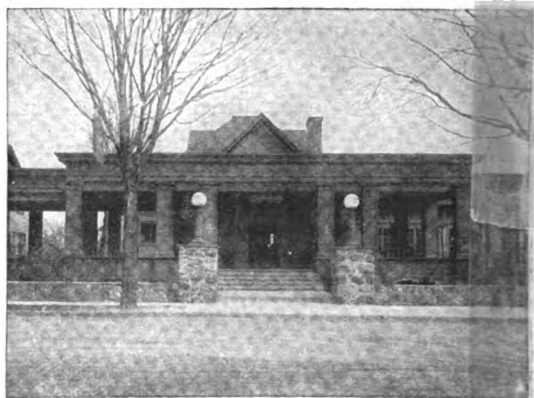
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, and other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation by whom such interest in the stock is held, and that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED DOLAN, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1922.
[Seal] ALBERT B. BEELAND,

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(My commission expires March 30, 1922.)



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